



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



For

25267,
5

*poetry,
of Scottish.*





A. R. COCKING & SONS

R. ACKIE & SON GLASGOW EDINBURGH & LONDON

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH SONG



LOWE & PESSY BELONG TO THE WAY.

BLACKIE & SON Digitized by Google
Glasgow Edinburgh & London

THE
BOOK OF SCOTTISH SONG;

COLLECTED AND ILLUSTRATED

WITH

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

AND

AN ESSAY ON THE SONG-WRITERS OF SCOTLAND.

By ALEX. WHITELAW.



BLACKIE AND SON:
QUEEN STREET, GLASGOW; SOUTH COLLEGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON.

MDCCCLV.

25264.5

1884, June 3

Stirling, Fife.

8/

GLASGOW:
W. G. BLACKIE AND CO., PRINTERS,
VILLASFIELD.

AULD SCOTIA'S SANGS.

[WRITTEN for this Work by JOHN IMLAN.]

AULD SCOTIA'S SANGS! Auld Scotia's Sangs!—the strains o' youth and yore!—
O hilt to me, and I will list—will list them o'er and o'er; .
Though mak' me wae, or mak' me wud,—or changefu' as a child,
Yet hilt to me, and I will list—the “native wood notes wild!”

They mak' me present wi' the past—they bring up, fresh and fair,
The Bonnie Broom o' Cowden Knowes, the Bush abune Traquair,
The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow, or the Birks o' Invermay,
Or Catrine's green and yellow Woods in autamn's dwinning day!

They bring me back the holms and howes whar siller burnles shine,
The Lea-rig whar the gowans glint we pu'd in Auld Lang Syne;
And, mair than a', the Trystin' Thorn that blossom'd down the vale,
Whar gloamin' breathed sae sweetly—but far sweeter luv'e's fond tale!

Now melt we o'er the lay that wails for Flodden's day o' dule,—
And now some rant will gar us loup like daffin' youth at Yule;
Now o'er young luv'e's impassion'd strain our conscious heart will yearn,—
And now our blude fires at the call o' Bruce o' Bannockburn!

O! lovely in the licht o' sang the Ettrick and the Tweed,
Whar shepherd swains were wont to blaw auld Scotia's lyric reed;—
The Logan and the Lugar, too, but, hallow'd meikle mair,
The Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doun,—the Afton and the Ayr!

The hind whase hands are on the pleugh—the shepherd wi' his crook—
The maiden o'er the milkin' pail, or by the ingle neuk,
Lo'e weel to croon auld Scotia's sangs—O may they ever sae!
And it may be a daffin' lilt—may be a dowie lay!

Though warldly grief and warldling's guile maun I like ithers dree,
Maun thole the sair saigh rive my brest—the het tear scald my e'e!
But let me list the melodies o' some o' Scotia's sangs,
And I will a' forget my wae—will a' forgie my wrangs!

O! born o' feeling's warmest depths—o' fancy's wildest dreams,
They're twined wi' monie lovely thochts, wi' monie lo'esome themes;
They gar the glass o' memorie glint back wi' brighter shine
On far aff scenes, and far aff friends—and Auld Lang Syne!

Auld Scotia's Sangs!—Auld Scotia's Sangs!—her “native wood notes wild!”
Her monie artless melodies, that move me like a child;
Sing on—sing on! and I will list—will list them o'er and o'er,—
Auld Scotia's Sangs!—Auld Scotia's Sangs!—the sangs o' youth and yore!

Song sweetens toll, howe'er rude the sound:
All at her work the billage maiden sings;
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Beholdes the sad vicissitude of things.

GIFFARD.

PREFACE.

THIS work was undertaken with the object of laying before the public, in a single volume, and at a moderate price, A COMPREHENSIVE COLLECTION OF THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND, ancient and modern, accompanied with such particulars regarding their history, age, or authorship, as could be gathered from the literary records of the country, or might be elicited from personal inquiry and research among the lovers of song. It may excite surprise to know, but nevertheless it is undeniable, that no publication of the kind here aimed at, whether as regards extent of design in text and commentary, or adaptation in size and price for general circulation, has hitherto been attempted, amid the multifarious song-collections that have issued from the press. Ritson, near the close of the last century, was the first, as an editor of Scottish song, who endeavoured to ascertain the age and authorship of the pieces in his work,* and his example has been followed by one or two other editors; but the compilations adverted to are at once limited in their range, and removed by their cost beyond the reach of ordinary purchasers. Ritson's collection did not, in all, amount to more than ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY songs, and the collections of succeeding editors, though in some instances extending to several volumes, do not in any case contain ONE HALF of the number of songs given in the present publication.

The great majority of song books, whether of elegant or humble exterior, display, as every body must be aware, a total want of any thing like histori-

* 'Scottish Songs: In Two Volumes, London MDCCXCIV.' Misprint in title page of first volume, 'MDCCXIV.' It is amusing to contemplate what effect this blunder, when discovered, would have upon a man of Ritson's excessive love of accuracy, punctilious adherence to literal facts, and infirmity of temper.

cal or biographical information: even the names of the authors are in most instances dispensed with; and, altogether, the songs are in general collected and distributed with the disdainful indifference that might be supposed to accompany the handling of a pitchfork. One consequence of this is, that, putting aside those of modern date, a wide-spread ignorance prevails regarding the history of most of our lyrics; and on no literary points of inquiry, we venture to say, is more darkness to be found, even among the well-informed and intelligent classes, than on those connected with the songs of bygone generations. All that people, in most cases, can say of any one of them is, that it is an 'old' song, because they know it was a favourite with their grandmother, or because they may happen to have it in some old collection; but as to its precise antiquity, or any other point of its history, they are wholly unacquainted. It has been one leading object of the present work to fix, as far as possible, the date and authorship of all the lyrics quoted, so that the reader may be put in possession of what is positively known regarding the ancient as well as modern Songs of Scotland. By stating where a song first appeared, or in what publication it was first printed, some definite notion is obtained as to its age; and even in those cases where its original appearance cannot be traced, the reader has at least the comfort of being assured, that he knows all that is to be known on the subject.

The difficulties encountered in following up the ambitious design of this work, of giving at once a complete and unobjectionable collection of Scottish Song, accompanied with illustrative notices, could not be readily comprehended by any but those who are in some measure familiar with the wide field of research—(rugged, dark, and dangerous in many places, though studded by numberless spots of delicious verdure)—over which it was necessary to wander; and it would be idle here, if not ungracious, to insist on the subject. Whatever, at all events, might be the difficulties encountered in accomplishing a work, which, though small in bulk, is more comprehensive in its scope and complete in its aim than any of a similar character hitherto attempted, the Editor is desirous of acknowledging that these difficulties were met under the most favourable auspices. From the first he has been encouraged in his labours by the interest which many of his countrymen have manifested in the work, attaching to it the importance of a national repository, and by the liberality with which the most successful song-writers of the day have permitted him to quote their verses. In the number of those who have honour-

ed him with their correspondence, he has, besides, been fortunate. To Captain Charles Gray, R. M., in particular, he has been largely indebted for many valuable communications on the subject of Scottish song—a subject on which the Captain's enthusiasm and information go hand in hand—as well as for pointing out and furnishing a number of useful authorities. He has also to express his obligations to Alexander Laing, Esq., David Vedder, Esq., Patrick Maxwell, Esq., Thomas C. Latto, Esq., Robert White, Esq., Dr. Andrew Crawford, and various other correspondents in a lesser degree, for serviceable information in the course of his labours.

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH SONG contains, in all, somewhere about TWELVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY songs; and it is presumed that every standard lyric in the language—every song of established reputation—is included within its pages. Some omissions may possibly have been made; but the Editor trusts that they are of a very unimportant character.† A large number of the songs in the collection are taken from hitherto unexplored sources, and may be considered (to use Coleridge's phrase) 'as good as manuscript.' Another portion, though not so large, are *bona fide* 'originals,' that is to say, they have the claim to originality at least, in having been here first printed. Of this portion, about ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY in all, many, it is confidently trusted, will be admitted even by the most fastidious, to possess very superior merit, while the whole, though forming but a subordinate feature of the work, will be found, it is hoped, to add no inconsiderable or unworthy heap to the lofty and ever-accumulating cairn of Scottish song.

In order that the reader might possess a connected history of the lyric poetry of the country, we have drawn out an Essay on the Song-writers of Scotland, which will be found to follow the Preface, and which embraces summaries of

† The Index of First Lines, which is constructed on the strictest alphabetical arrangement, and given at the end of the volume, will be the reader's best guide for finding out any particular song. In cases where the first line is not known or remembered, the Index of Authors may be of service. An Index of Titles was at one time contemplated, but the impracticability of arranging these in a satisfactory manner caused it to be abandoned as a table of reference all but useless. In consulting the Index of First Lines, great accuracy is of course necessary on the part of the consulter as to the opening word, otherwise he may be disappointed in his search, and hastily conclude that the song he wants is not in the book, while it actually is. The omission or addition of the exclamation 'O' at the beginning of a song may, for example, lead him wrong. When he is not sure in cases of this kind, he had better try the line with and without the 'O.'

the lives of those poets who have distinguished themselves in the province of Song. This Essay did not appear in the early impressions of the work, as the publication was at first limited to a stipulated size; but it has been thought advisable now to extend the book an additional sheet, so as to admit the Essay, which, it is trusted, will prove of service to the reader, and give completeness to the collection. It only remains in this place to take a brief chronological view of the leading authorities in Scottish song to which this compilation has been indebted, beginning with the earliest traces to be found on record of the lyrical muse.

A love of music and song can be traced in the earliest literature of Scotland, in the works of James I., Dunbar, and Gawin Douglas; and the songs of these days seem to have been characterized by a gay and jovial spirit, little in accordance with the alleged austerity of the national character. In 'Peebles to the Play,' (ascribed to James I., 1424-37), two songs are mentioned as being then in popular use:—'There fure ane man to the holt,' (There went a man to the wood), and 'There shall be mirth at our meeting yet.' These songs, which are both lost, may be called the first of which we have any notice, with the exception of a rhyme mentioned by Andrew Wynton, made on the death of Alexander III., (1286), and two or three taunting doggrels made by the Scots on the English, especially one on the siege of Berwick, (1296), and one on the victory of Bannockburn, (1314), none of which can properly be considered in the light of song, according to our modern meaning. About the same time as the reign of James I., or a little later, a humorous poem was composed, called 'Cockelby's Sow,' (preserved in the Bannatyne MS.) which refers to a number of songs and tunes then in popular use,—such as 'Joly Lemmane,' 'Tras and Trenass,' 'The Bass,' 'Trolly Lolly,' 'Cok craw thou qll day,' 'Twysbank,' 'Terway,' 'Be yon wodsyd,' 'Lait, lait in evinnynis,' 'Joly Martene with a mok,' 'Rusty Bully with a bek,' &c. Of all these the words are lost, and if the tunes exist, they do so, with one or two exceptions, under different titles. The next intimation of song which occurs in our literature is in Gawin Douglas's prologues to his translation of Virgil, written about 1512,* wherein four different songs are adverted to, viz. 'The ship sails ower the saxt faem,' 'I will be blithe and licht,' 'I come

* Mr. Daune, in his valuable Introduction to 'Ancient Scottish Melodies, from a MS. of the reign of king James VI.,' p. 47, gives some fragments of song found in the Minute Book of Burgh Sasines of Aberdeen, 1503-07! Mr. Daune's publication proves beyond all question the antiquity of a number of our finest Scottish airs.

hither to woo,' and 'The joly day now dawis.' All these are lost, unless a fragment preserved in the Fairfax MS., beginning,

'This day day dawes, this gentil day dawes, and I must home gone,'

belong to the latter. 'The day dawes' was long a popular tune in Scotland. In 1549 was printed at St. Andrews a curious work entitled 'Vedderburn's Complainge of Scotlande,' in which are preserved the titles of no less than thirty-seven songs. We are tempted to quote these, although pressed for room; for a melancholy interest, we consider, attaches itself to even the titles of lays that charmed or cheered our ancestors three hundred years ago. — 'Pastance vitht gude companye,' 'The breir byndes me soir,' 'Still vnder the leynis grene,' 'Cou thou me the raschis grene,' 'Allace I vyit zour tua fayr ene' 'Gode zou gude day vil boy,' 'Lady help zour prisoneir,' 'King Vilzamis note,' 'The lang nounge nou,' 'The cheapel valk,' 'Faytht is there none,' 'Skald a bellis nou,' 'The Aberdenis nou,' 'Brume, brume on hil,' 'Allone I veip in grit distress,' 'Trolee, lolee lemendou,' 'Bill vill thou cum by a lute and belt thee in Sanct Francis cord,' 'The frog cam to the myl dur,' 'The sang of Gil-quiskar,' 'Rycht soirly musing in my mynd,' 'God sen the Duke had bidden in France, and Delabaute had nevyr cum hame,' 'Al musing of meruellis a mys hef I gone,' 'Maestress fayr ze vil forfoyr,' 'O lusty May vitht Flora quene,' 'O myne harte hay this is my sang,' 'The battel of the Hayrlaw,' 'The huntis of Cheuet,' 'Sal I go vitht you to Rumbelo fayr,' 'Greuit is my sorrow,' 'Turne the sweit Ville to me,' 'My lufe is lyand seik, send him joy, send him joy,' 'Fair luf lend thou me thy mantil joy,' 'The Persee and the Mongumrye met, that day, that gentil day,' 'My luf is layd upone ane knyght,' 'Allace that samyn sweit face,' 'In ane mirthful morou,' 'My hart is leinit on the land.'—Of these songs, all are lost, with the exception of 'Still under the leaves green,' 'Cull to me the rushes green,' 'O lusty May with Flora queen,' 'Greived is my sorrow,' and the three historical ballads, 'The battle of Harlaw,' 'The Hunts of Cheviot,' and 'The Percy and the Montgomery.' Some of them, however, are found parodied in 'A Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, collected out of sundrie parts of the Scripture, with sundrie of other ballats, chainged out of profane Songs, for avoiding of Sinne and Harlotrie,' printed in 1590 and 1621. (See Note to 'John come kiss me now,' p. 578.)

The earliest song book published in Scotland was a musical collection, entitled, *Cantus, Songs, and Fancies to several Musical Parts, both apt for Voices*

25264.5

1908. April 3

Glasgow, Fla.

81

GLASGOW:
W. G. BLACKIE AND CO., PRINTERS,
VILLAFIELD.

AULD SCOTIA'S SANGS.

[WRITTEN for this Work by JOHN IMLAH.]

AULD SCOTIA'S SANGS! Auld Scotia's Sangs!—the strains o' youth and yore!—
O lilt to me, and I will list—will list them o'er and o'er; .
Though mak' me wae, or mak' me wud,—or changefu' as a child,
Yet lilt to me, and I will list—the "native wood notes wild!"

They mak' me present wi' the past—they bring up, fresh and fair,
The Bonnie Broom o' Cowden Knowes, the Bush abune Traquair,
The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow, or the Birks o' Invermay,
Or Catrine's green and yellow Woods in autumn's dwinning day!

They bring me back the holms and howes whar siller burnies shine,
The Lea-rig whar the gowans glint we pu'd in Auld Lang Syne;
And, mair than a', the Trystin' Thorn that blossom'd down the vale,
Whar gloamin' breathed sae sweetly—but far sweeter luv's fond tale!

Now melt we o'er the lay that wails for Flodden's day o' dule,—
And now some rant will gar us loup like daffin' youth at Yule;—
Now o'er young luv's impassion'd strain our conscious heart will yearn,—
And now our blude fires at the call o' Bruce o' Bannockburn!

O! lovely in the licht o' sang the Etrick and the Tweed,
Whar shepherd swains were wont to blaw auld Scotia's lyric reed;—
The Logan and the Lugar, too, but, hallow'd meikle mair,
The Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doun,—the Afton and the Ayr!

The hind whase hands are on the pleugh—the shepherd wi' his crook—
The maiden o'er the milkin' pail, or by the ingle neuk,
Lo'e weel to croon auld Scotia's sangs—O may they ever sae!
And it may be a daffin' lilt—may be a dowie lay!

Though warldly grief and warldling's gulle maun I like ithers dree,
Maun thole the sair saigh rive my breist—the het tear scald my e'e!
But let me list the melodies o' some o' Scotia's sangs,
And I will a' forget my wae—will a' forgie my wrangs!

O! born o' feeling's warmest depths—o' fancy's wildest dreams,
They're twined wi' monie lovely thochts, wi' monie loesome themes;
They gar the glass o' memorie glint back wi' brighter shine
On far aff scenes, and far aff friends—and Auld Lang Syne!

Auld Scotia's Sangs!—Auld Scotia's Sangs!—her "native wood notes wild!"
Her monie artless melodies, that move me like a child;
Sing on—sing on! and I will list—will list them o'er and o'er,—
Auld Scotia's Sangs!—Auld Scotia's Sangs!—the sangs o' youth and yore!

Song sweetens toil, however rude the sound:
All at her work the billage maiden sings;
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Redoubles the sad vicissitude of things.

GIFFARD.

PREFACE.

THIS work was undertaken with the object of laying before the public, in a single volume, and at a moderate price, A COMPREHENSIVE COLLECTION OF THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND, ancient and modern, accompanied with such particulars regarding their history, age, or authorship, as could be gathered from the literary records of the country, or might be elicited from personal inquiry and research among the lovers of song. It may excite surprise to know, but nevertheless it is undeniable, that no publication of the kind here aimed at, whether as regards extent of design in text and commentary, or adaptation in size and price for general circulation, has hitherto been attempted, amid the multifarious song-collections that have issued from the press. Ritson, near the close of the last century, was the first, as an editor of Scottish song, who endeavoured to ascertain the age and authorship of the pieces in his work,* and his example has been followed by one or two other editors; but the compilations adverted to are at once limited in their range, and removed by their cost beyond the reach of ordinary purchasers. Ritson's collection did not, in all, amount to more than ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY songs, and the collections of succeeding editors, though in some instances extending to several volumes, do not in any case contain ONE HALF of the number of songs given in the present publication.

The great majority of song books, whether of elegant or humble exterior, display, as every body must be aware, a total want of any thing like histori-

* 'Scottish Songs: In Two Volumes, London MDCCXCIV.' Misprint in title page of first volume, 'MDCCXIV.' It is amusing to contemplate what effect this blunder, when discovered, would have upon a man of Ritson's excessive love of accuracy, punctilious adherence to literal facts, and infirmity of temper.

cal or biographical information: even the names of the authors are in most instances dispensed with; and, altogether, the songs are in general collected and distributed with the disdainful indifference that might be supposed to accompany the handling of a pitchfork. One consequence of this is, that, putting aside those of modern date, a wide-spread ignorance prevails regarding the history of most of our lyrics; and on no literary points of inquiry, we venture to say, is more darkness to be found, even among the well-informed and intelligent classes, than on those connected with the songs of bygone generations. All that people, in most cases, can say of any one of them is, that it is an 'old' song, because they know it was a favourite with their grandmother, or because they may happen to have it in some old collection; but as to its precise antiquity, or any other point of its history, they are wholly unacquainted. It has been one leading object of the present work to fix, as far as possible, the date and authorship of all the lyrics quoted, so that the reader may be put in possession of what is positively known regarding the ancient as well as modern Songs of Scotland. By stating where a song first appeared, or in what publication it was first printed, some definite notion is obtained as to its age; and even in those cases where its original appearance cannot be traced, the reader has at least the comfort of being assured, that he knows all that is to be known on the subject.

The difficulties encountered in following up the ambitious design of this work, of giving at once a complete and unobjectionable collection of Scottish Song, accompanied with illustrative notices, could not be readily comprehended by any but those who are in some measure familiar with the wide field of research—(rugged, dark, and dangerous in many places, though studded by numberless spots of delicious verdure)—over which it was necessary to wander; and it would be idle here, if not ungracious, to insist on the subject. Whatever, at all events, might be the difficulties encountered in accomplishing a work, which, though small in bulk, is more comprehensive in its scope and complete in its aim than any of a similar character hitherto attempted, the Editor is desirous of acknowledging that these difficulties were met under the most favourable auspices. From the first he has been encouraged in his labours by the interest which many of his countrymen have manifested in the work, attaching to it the importance of a national repository, and by the liberality with which the most successful song-writers of the day have permitted him to quote their verses. In the number of those who have honour-

ed him with their correspondence, he has, besides, been fortunate. To Captain Charles Gray, R. M., in particular, he has been largely indebted for many valuable communications on the subject of Scottish song—a subject on which the Captain's enthusiasm and information go hand in hand—as well as for pointing out and furnishing a number of useful authorities. He has also to express his obligations to Alexander Laing, Esq., David Vedder, Esq., Patrick Maxwell, Esq., Thomas C. Latto, Esq., Robert White, Esq., Dr. Andrew Crawford, and various other correspondents in a lesser degree, for serviceable information in the course of his labours.

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH SONG contains, in all, somewhere about TWELVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY songs; and it is presumed that every standard lyric in the language—every song of established reputation—is included within its pages. Some omissions may possibly have been made; but the Editor trusts that they are of a very unimportant character.† A large number of the songs in the collection are taken from hitherto unexplored sources, and may be considered (to use Coleridge's phrase) 'as good as manuscript.' Another portion, though not so large, are *bona fide* 'originals,' that is to say, they have the claim to originality at least, in having been here first printed. Of this portion, about ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY in all, many, it is confidently trusted, will be admitted even by the most fastidious, to possess very superior merit, while the whole, though forming but a subordinate feature of the work, will be found, it is hoped, to add no inconsiderable or unworthy heap to the lofty and ever-accumulating cairn of Scottish song.

In order that the reader might possess a connected history of the lyric poetry of the country, we have drawn out an Essay on the Song-writers of Scotland, which will be found to follow the Preface, and which embraces summaries of

† The Index of First Lines, which is constructed on the strictest alphabetical arrangement, and given at the end of the volume, will be the reader's best guide for finding out any particular song. In cases where the first line is not known or remembered, the Index of Authors may be of service. An Index of Titles was at one time contemplated, but the impracticability of arranging these in a satisfactory manner caused it to be abandoned as a table of reference all but useless. In consulting the Index of First Lines, great accuracy is of course necessary on the part of the consulter as to the opening word, otherwise he may be disappointed in his search, and hastily conclude that the song he wants is not in the book, while it actually is. The omission or addition of the exclamation 'O' at the beginning of a song may, for example, lead him wrong. When he is not sure in cases of this kind, he had better try the line with and without the 'O.'

the lives of those poets who have distinguished themselves in the province of Song. This Essay did not appear in the early impressions of the work, as the publication was at first limited to a stipulated size; but it has been thought advisable now to extend the book an additional sheet, so as to admit the Essay, which, it is trusted, will prove of service to the reader, and give completeness to the collection. It only remains in this place to take a brief chronological view of the leading authorities in Scottish song to which this compilation has been indebted, beginning with the earliest traces to be found on record of the lyrical muse.

A love of music and song can be traced in the earliest literature of Scotland, in the works of James I., Dunbar, and Gawin Douglas; and the songs of these days seem to have been characterized by a gay and jovial spirit, little in accordance with the alleged austerity of the national character. In 'Peebles to the Play,' (ascribed to James I., 1424-37), two songs are mentioned as being then in popular use:—'There fure ane man to the holt,' (There went a man to the wood), and 'There shall be mirth at our meeting yet.' These songs, which are both lost, may be called the first of which we have any notice, with the exception of a rhyme mentioned by Andrew Wynton, made on the death of Alexander III., (1286), and two or three taunting doggrels made by the Scots on the English, especially one on the siege of Berwick, (1296), and one on the victory of Bannockburn, (1314), none of which can properly be considered in the light of song, according to our modern meaning. About the same time as the reign of James I., or a little later, a humorous poem was composed, called 'Cockelby's Sow,' (preserved in the Bannatyne MS.) which refers to a number of songs and tunes then in popular use,—such as 'Joly Lemmane,' 'Tras and Trenass,' 'The Bass,' 'Trolly Lolly,' 'Cok craw thou qll day,' 'Twysbank,' 'Terway,' 'Be yon wodsyd,' 'Lait, lait in evinnynia,' 'Joly Martene with a mok,' 'Rusty Bully with a bek,' &c. Of all these the words are lost, and if the tunes exist, they do so, with one or two exceptions, under different titles. The next intimation of song which occurs in our literature is in Gawin Douglas's prologues to his translation of Virgil, written about 1512,* wherein four different songs are adverted to, viz. 'The ship sails owre the salt faem,' 'I will be blithe and licht,' 'I come

* Mr. Daune, in his valuable Introduction to 'Ancient Scottish Melodies, from a MS. of the reign of king James VI.,' p. 47, gives some fragments of song found in the Minute Book of Burgh Sasines of Aberdeen, 1508-07! Mr. Daune's publication proves beyond all question the antiquity of a number of our finest Scottish airs.

hither to woo,' and 'The joly day now dawis.' All these are lost, unless a fragment preserved in the Fairfax MS., beginning,

'This day day dawes, this gentil day dawes, and I must home gone,'

belong to the latter. 'The day dawes' was long a popular tune in Scotland. In 1549 was printed at St. Andrews a curious work entitled 'Vedderburn's Complainge of Scotlande,' in which are preserved the titles of no less than thirty-seven songs. We are tempted to quote these, although pressed for room; for a melancholy interest, we consider, attaches itself to even the titles of lays that charmed or cheered our ancestors three hundred years ago. — 'Pastance vitht gude companye,' 'The breir byndes me soir,' 'Still vnder the leyuis grene,' 'Cou thou me the raschis grene,' 'Allace I vyit zour tua fayr ene' 'Gode zou gude day vil boy,' 'Lady help zour prisoneir,' 'King Vilzamis note,' 'The lang nounge nou,' 'The cheapel vnk,' 'Faytht is there none,' 'Skald a bellis nou,' 'The Aberdenis nou,' 'Brume, brume on hil,' 'Allone I veip in grit distress,' 'Trolee, lolee lemondou,' 'Bill vill thou cum by a lute and belt thee in Sanct Francis cord,' 'The frog cam to the myl dur,' 'The sang of Gil-quiskar,' 'Rycht soirly musing in my mynd,' 'God sen the Duke had bidden in France, and Delabaute had nevyr cum hame,' 'Al musing of meruellis a mys hef I gone,' 'Maestress fayr ze vil forfoyr,' 'O lusty May vitht Flora quene,' 'O myne harte hay this is my sang,' 'The battel of the Hayrlaw,' 'The huntis of Cheuet,' 'Sal I go vitht you to Rumbelo fayr,' 'Greuit is my sorrow,' 'Turne the sweit Ville to me,' 'My lufe is lyand seik, send him joy, send him joy,' 'Fair luf lend thou me thy mantil joy,' 'The Persee and the Mongumrye met, that day, that gentil day,' 'My luf is layd upone ane knyght,' 'Allace that samyn sweit face,' 'In ane mirthful morou,' 'My hart is leinit on the land.'—Of these songs, all are lost, with the exception of 'Still under the leaves green,' 'Cull to me the rushes green,' 'O lusty May with Flora queen,' 'Greived is my sorrow,' and the three historical ballads, 'The battle of Harlaw,' 'The Hunts of Cheviot,' and 'The Percy and the Montgomery.' Some of them, however, are found parodied in 'A Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, collected out of sundrie parts of the Scripture, with sundrie of other ballats, chainged out of profane Songs, for avoiding of Sinne and Harlotrie,' printed in 1590 and 1621. (See Note to 'John come kiss me now,' p. 578.)

The earliest song book published in Scotland was a musical collection, entitled, *Cantus, Songs, and Fancies to several Musical Parts, both apt for Voices*

and Viols,' &c., printed by John Forbes, Aberdeen: first edition, 1662; other editions, 1666 and 1682. This collection, however, does not contain, properly speaking, a single Scottish song or Scottish melody, for it was not till nearly half a century later that the national music became fashionable. Some of the songs are taken from the 'Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs,' mentioned above, and other words are quoted from the old Scottish poets of the previous century: the music is chiefly English, and apparently adapted for church service.

About the close of the seventeenth century, a taste for Scottish music became prevalent among the upper classes of society, and Scottish airs were introduced at all places of public amusement in London and elsewhere. Thomas D'Urfey, an obscene humorist of this period, wrote several imitations of Scottish song, all of which are to be found in his 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' collected in six vols., 1719; and his example was followed by other London poetasters. These 'Anglo-Scottish' productions (as Burns calls them) are generally of the most execrable character; but we have been obliged to give in the present collection two or three of the best, as they at one time held an established place among our Scottish songs. (See Notes to 'Jockey met wi' Jenny,' p. 145, 'Diel tak' the wars,' p. 177, 'As Jamie Gay gang'd blythe his way,' 176, 'My Jeanie and I,' 317, 'Glancing of her Apron,' 522, 'Sweet Annie,' 550, &c.) A single verse of one of Tom D'Urfey's 'Scotch Songs' may be given here as a specimen of the whole. It is the original of 'Within a mile of Edinburgh town.'

'Twas within a furlong of Edinborough town,
In the rosie time of the year when the grass was down:
Bonnie Jockey, blythe and gay,
Said to Jenny making hay,
Let's sit a little, dear, and prattle,
'Tis a sultry day:
He long had courted the black-brow'd maid,
But Jockey was a wag and would ne'er consent to wed;
Which made her pahaw and phoo, and cry out it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, monnot buckle too.

'He told her marriage was grown a meer joke,
And that no one wedded now but the scoundrel folk,'
&c., &c.

In 1706 the first part of a collection of 'Comic and Serious Scots Poems' was printed by James Watson at Edinburgh; a second part was issued in 1709, and a third in 1710. This collection contains 'Fy, let us a' to the bridal,' and other pieces mentioned in the course of the present compilation.

In 1724 appeared the first volume of Ramsay's 'Tea Table Miscellany'—a work which may be said to form the foundation of all other collections of Scottish song. A second and a third volume were issued by the year 1727, and a fourth some time after the year 1733. The extreme rarity of the early editions prevents us from stating their exact dates. The copy in our possession is said to be 'the twelfth edition,' and is printed at London in 1763; but we understand there are other two 'twelfth editions,' one printed at Glasgow in 1753, and one at Edinburgh in 1760. The 'Tea Table Miscellany' is valuable as being the repository in which many of our best and most popular old songs, which had been floating on the memory of generations, or at best but enjoying the doubtful security of a ballad broadside, were first preserved:—it is also valuable as containing a number of songs by Ramsay himself, and by Ramsay's contributors, the most distinguished of whom were Robert Crawford and Hamilton of Bangour. Beyond this, its merits do not go; for Ramsay unfortunately had little reverence for antiquarian lore; numerous old ditties he altered and remodelled according to his own discretion, without apparently the slightest remorse, or without apprizing the reader of the extent of the alterations; and throughout the whole four volumes he does not give a single note or commentary, or even an author's name! All that we have to guide us in the work is the following notification affixed to the Index: 'The songs marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c. are new words by different hands; X, the authors unknown; Z, old songs; Q, old songs with additions.' This note, meagre though it be, is yet of eminent service; and the reader will see, in glancing over the present compilation, of what use it has been in pointing out the songs that were considered old in Ramsay's day, in specifying those that had undergone alterations from his own pen, and in enabling us to guess at the productions of his contributors. If it is to be lamented that Ramsay did not favour us with any traditional information (which must have been rife in his day,) regarding the many old songs which he has preserved, let it never be forgotten how much the lyrical literature of the country owes to him,—first, for collecting and introducing to the upper circles of society (for his Miscellany, as its title imports, aimed at the patronage of those who indulged in the then

aristocratic beverage of *tea*,) many admirable rustic effusions that otherwise might have remained unnoted or altogether perished, and above all, for his own contributions to the stock of Scottish song. These latter unquestionably 'led the way' to many of the triumphs that have since been achieved in modern song-writing, and, after more than a century's trial, they still hold a foremost rank in the dazzling and crowded scroll of the lyrical muse of Scotland. As a song-writer, indeed, the author of 'The Gentle Shepherd' is not surpassed for honest warmth and heartiness of feeling and expression, while in the modulation of his rhythm and style of versification, he has, we consider, no equal among all his successors. In exquisite delicacy of ear, Ramsay appears to us to be among Scottish poets what Milton is among English poets on the same point—unrivalled.

The number of editions through which the 'Tea Table Miscellany' ran, not in Scotland only but in England, proves that Scottish song enjoyed, during the early half of last century, a wide-spread popularity. In confirmation of this, and illustrative also of the fashionable favour in which our native lyrics were held, William Thomson, a teacher of music in London, brought out in 1725, a collection of Scottish songs set to music, which he called 'Orpheus Caledonius,' and dedicated to the Princess of Wales, afterwards consort of George II. In 1733 he published two other volumes, with the same title, the first dedicated 'To the Queen,' and the second 'To her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton.' Most of the songs in the 'Orpheus Caledonius' are taken from the 'Tea Table Miscellany,' without acknowledgment; and honest Allan thus good-temperedly adverts to the circumstance in the preface to the 'twelfth edition': 'From this and the following volume, Mr Thomson (who is allowed by all to be a good teacher and singer of Scots songs,) culled his Orpheus Caledonius, the musick for both the voice and flute, and the words of the songs finely engraven in a folio book, for the use of persons of the highest quality in Britain, and dedicated to the late Queen. This, by the bye, I thought proper to intimate, and do myself that justice which the publisher neglected; since he ought to have acquainted *his illustrious list of subscribers* that the most of the songs were mine, the musick abstracted.'

After the 'Tea Table Miscellany,' the most important collection was David Herd's 'Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.' originally published in 1769, in one volume, and afterwards in 1776, enlarged to two volumes. This collection the reader will find repeatedly referred to in the

course of the present work, as the place where many of our very best old Scottish songs first appeared in print. Herd was at once a most successful and most faithful collector.* 'The rough, the polished,' says Allan Cunningham, 'the rude, the courtly, the pure, the gross, the imperfect, and the complete, were all welcome to honest and indiscriminating David—he loved them all, and he published them all. He seemed to have an art of his own in finding curious old songs: he was not a poet, and could not create them; he was no wizard, and could not evoke them from the dust; yet he had the good fortune to find them, and the courage to publish them without mitigation or abatement. Whatever contained a vivid picture of old manners, whatever presented a lively image of other days, and whatever atoned for its freedom by its humour, or for its indelicacy by its well-flavoured wit, was dear to the good old Scotchman.'

Early in the year 1787, the first volume of Johnson's 'Scots Musical Museum' was published. This work was undertaken by James Johnson, Engraver and Music-seller in Edinburgh,† at the suggestion of William Tytler of Woodhouselee and Dr. Blacklock, and its professed object was 'to unite the songs and music of Scotland in one general collection.' It was intended to extend to two volumes only;‡ but before the first volume was completed, Johnson got acquainted with ROBERT BURNS, who was then in the zenith of his popularity in Edinburgh—and from that hour, the 'Scots Musical Museum,' which in all probability would have gone down to the dust, expanded its wings, and became immortal. Every reader is familiar with the history of

* David Herd was a native of St. Cyrus in Kincardineshire, but spent most of his life as clerk in an accountant's office in Edinburgh. He died in 1810, at the age of seventy-eight. 'He was known,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'and generally esteemed for his shrewd, manly common sense and antiquarian science, mixed with much good nature and great modesty. His hardy and antique mould of countenance, and his venerable grizzled locks, procured him, amongst his acquaintance, the name of *Greystell*.'

† Johnson died at Edinburgh in February, 1811, in indigent circumstances. He is said to have been the first who engraved music on *pewter*, by which a great saving was effected. The 'Museum' is engraved on pewter plates.

‡ Johnson's 'Museum' eventually ran the length of *six* volumes. The second was published in 1788, the third in 1790, the fourth in 1792, the fifth in 1797, (a year after the poet's death, but he had contributed largely to its contents before that event) and the sixth in 1803. A new edition of the 'Museum' was brought out in 1839, with Notes by the late William Stenhouse, and additional Illustrations by Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh. To these Notes and Illustrations we have been much indebted for information in the course of this work.

Burns's life, and knows with what enthusiasm he entered into the spirit of Johnson's undertaking, and afterwards of Mr. George Thomson's—the latter a work more ambitious in its character, and much more select and elegant in its design and execution. The services which he rendered to the lyric poetry of his country, by restoring and animating with life and vigour many a half-forgotten lay of the olden time, are incalculable; while his own contributions to that much-loved department of literature—inimitable as they are for their truth of feeling, simplicity and grace of expression, passionate tenderness, exquisite pathos, and felicitous humour—for ever constitute him the 'High Chief of Scottish Song.' No single sentence (and to such we are now limited,) can express the obligations which the lyric literature of Scotland owes to ROBERT BURNS; but with the present volume in his hand, the reader may partly guess at these; and *here* may be appropriately inscribed, as applicable to the poet, the words of Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's cathedral—'*Si monumentum requiras, circumspice*'—'If you seek for his monument, look around.'

Of the Collections of the present century, we can but barely allude to the more important. In 1816 was printed at the University Press of Glasgow, in 2 vols., 'The Pocket Encyclopedia of Songs'—a rather valuable collection, and now extremely scarce. In 1819, was published at Paisley, 'The Harp of Renfrewshire,' a work containing a large number of 'original' songs, and preceded by an 'Essay on the Poets of Renfrewshire,' from the pen of William Motherwell, then a very young man. In 1821, Mr. John Struthers brought out at Glasgow, his 'Harp of Caledonia,' a very comprehensive collection in 3 vols., accompanied by an able 'Essay on Scottish Songwriters.' In 1825 appeared at London, in 4 vols., 'The Songs of Scotland,' by Allan Cunningham, and in 1835, in 2 vols., 'The Songs of England and Scotland,' by Peter Cunningham, the latter work, though limited in its scope, a more faithful guide than the former. In 1829 Mr. Robert Chambers brought out at Edinburgh in 2 vols. his 'Scottish Songs,' a collection of great value, preceded by an 'Historical Essay on Scottish Song,' written in the editor's usual clear and discriminating manner. To this list may be added two musical collections: R. A. Smith's 'Scottish Minstrel,' Edinburgh, 1820, &c., 6 vols., and Mr. Peter Macleod's 'National Melodies,' Edinburgh, 1838. From all these works, the present publication has derived more or less benefit; and it now humbly claims a place by their side, in the hope of being in its turn of service to future collectors.

ESSAY ON THE SONG-WRITERS OF SCOTLAND.

In tracing the early literary history of any nation, it will be uniformly found, that, in point of antiquity, Poetry takes precedence of Prose. The rudest and most barbarous tribes of which we have any information—with the exception, perhaps, of the aborigines of certain tracts of Australasia—are known to possess snatches of music and song, which they cultivate and cherish long before they have risen above the savage state, or have attained anything approaching to a written language. In the beginning of their history, like Pope in his infancy, they "*lisp in numbers*;" and *Song* forms the first medium through which they venture to express their loftier passions and emotions, or to record the triumphant deeds of their race.

The early inhabitants of our own country, while yet Pagans and unmixed Celts, are represented to have had a class of poets called Bards or Skalds, whose leading duty was to celebrate the heroic actions of their chiefs; and on the faith of this fact, supported by certain dim traditional memorials of names and events, Macpherson constructed his splendid Ossianic fragments. At a later period, during what is called the Middle Ages, when the Celtic was no longer the prevalent language of Scotland,* but was

supplanted by the Anglo-Saxon and Norman, there flourished what were called Minstrels, an order of professional rhyme-makers or reciters,

by the Celts of Argyleshire, and the gradual establishment of the Lowland Scottish language over the Celtic. Antiquaries are divided as to whether the Picts or Pehls were Goths or Celts, but the stronger evidence, as well as stronger probability, lies in favour of the latter supposition. Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, concludes that a Gothic dialect was unknown in ancient Scotland or Pictland, from the fact that the names of all the rivers, mountains, towns and castles of any note or antiquity are Celtic, not a Saxon name being found older than the twelfth century. If the Pictish tongue had been essentially different from the Gaelic, it is remarkable that no vestige of it should remain,* or if the

* "No vestige."—This is not strictly the case, for, it seems, one single Pictish word has come down to us, which has been a fruitful source of dispute among antiquaries. The word is *Paenlhel*, or *Benal*, which Bede preserves as the Pictish name of a certain place at the east end of Antonine's wall. Sir Walter Scott, in his inimitable novel of "*The Antiquary*," although himself deeply imbued with an archæological spirit, had too keen a sense of the ludicrous not to enjoy the absurd lengths to which antiquaries went in their speculations; and accordingly he makes this solitary word a bone of fierce contention between Jonathan Oldbuck and Sir Arthur Wardour. The scene is at once instructive and laughable, and our readers will thank us, we are sure, for quoting a portion of it.

"There was once a people called the Picts," said Oldbuck.

"More properly Picts," interrupted the baronet.

"I say the Pihar, Pihar, Plochtar, Pighter or Peughtar," vociferated Oldbuck: "they spoke a Gothic dialect."

"Genuine Celtic," again assuaged the knight.

* No questions in Scottish history have more perplexed inquirers than the overthrow and apparent annihilation of the kingdom of Pictland.

common to the more civilized countries of Europe, who cultivated the arts of poetry and music, and sung in the halls of the rich and power-

ful, to the accompaniment of the harp, versified romances "of love, and war, and glamourie." These Minstrels, who at one time were honour-

Picts themselves had been a different race from the Celts, the blending or amalgamation of them with the Irish-Scots of Argyshire under king Kenneth III. about the middle of the ninth century is difficult to conceive. As to their total annihilation, no one now entertains the notion: their name only, we may suppose, came to be lost or merged in the general term of *Scots* after their dominion was acquired by the Scots of the West. In the middle of the eleventh century, and even down to its close, the language of all Scotland was the Gaelic, with the exceptions of the Merse and Lothians, which were for some time in the possession of the Anglo-Saxons, and of Scandinavian settlements in Orkney, Caithness, and Sutherland. When Malcolm Canmore, who ascended the throne in 1056, married

a Saxon princess, it is recorded that he was obliged to stand interpreter between her and the assembled clergy of his kingdom. That princess brought many Saxon relations and domestics in her train, and this would undoubtedly have considerable influence in rendering the Saxon a court language in Scotland. After the Norman conquest, too, many Saxons sought and found an asylum in Scotland. Malcolm himself, in an eruption he made into England in 1070, carried off such a number of captives, that Saxon servants were to be found in almost every house in the land, so late as the reign of David I. The new dynasty of Scottish kings who succeeded Malcolm opened also liberally the country to Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and Flemish colonists, until the Celtic, which had been long exploded

'Gothic! Gothic! I'll go to death upon it' counter-asserted the squire.

'Why gentlemen,' said Lovel, 'I conceive this is a dispute which may be easily settled by philologists, if there are any remains of the language.'

'There is but one word,' said the baronet, 'but, in spite of Mr Oldbuck's pertinacity, it is decisive of the question.'

'Yes, in my favour,' said Oldbuck: 'Mr. Lovel, you shall be judge. I have the learned Pinkerton on my side.'

'I, on mine, the indefatigable and erudite Chalmers.'

'Gordon comes into my opinion.'

'Sir Robert Sibbald holds mine.'

'I am with me!' vociferated Oldbuck.

'Ritson has no doubt!' shouted the baronet.

'Truly gentlemen,' said Lovel, 'before you muster your forces, and overwhelm me with authorities, I should like to know the word in dispute.'

'Beowulf,' said both disputants at once.

'Which signifies *caput valli*,' said Sir Arthur.

'The head of the wall,' echoed Oldbuck.

'There was a deep pause.—'It is rather a narrow foundation to build a hypothesis upon,' observed the arbiter.

'Not a whit, not a whit,' said Oldbuck; 'men fight best in a narrow ring—an inch is as good as a mile for a home-thrust.'

'It is decidedly Celtic,' said the baronet, 'every hill in the Highlands begins with a Ben.'

'But what say you to Val, Sir Arthur?—is it not decidedly the Saxon wall?'

'It is the Roman *vallum*,' said Sir Arthur.—'the Picts borrowed that part of the word.'

'No such thing: if they borrowed any thing, it must have been your Ben, which they might have from the neighbouring Britons of Strath Chyd.

'The Pika or Picta,' said Lovel, 'must have been singularly poor in dialect, since in the only remaining word of their vocabulary, and that consisting of only two syllables, they have been confessedly obliged to borrow one of them from another language. But what strikes me most is the poverty of the language which has left such slight vestiges behind it.'

'You are in error,' said Sir Arthur: 'it was a copious language, and they were a great and powerful people; built two steeples—one at Brechin, one at Abernethy. The Pictish maidens of the blood-royal were kept in Edinburgh Castle, thence called *Castrum Puellarum*.'

'A childish legend,' said Oldbuck, 'invented to give consequence to trumpety womankind. It was called the Maiden Castle, quasi *lucus a non lucendo*, because it resisted every attack, and women never do.'

'There is a list of Pictish kings,' persisted Sir Arthur, 'well authenticated, from *Crethminatheryne* (the date of whose reign is somewhat uncertain) down to *Drustastone*, whose death concluded their dynasty. Half of them have the Celtic patronymic Mac prefixed,—*id est filius*,—what do you say to that, Mr Oldbuck? There is *Drust Macmorachin*, *Trynel Macchiachlin*, (first of that ancient clan, as may be judged), and *Gormach Macdonald*, *Alpin Macmetegus*, *Drust Macallargam*,—(here he was interrupted by a fit of coughing),—ugh, ugh, ugh—*Golgarg Macchach*—ugh, ugh—*Macchach*—ugh—*Macchachnail*, *Keanech*—ugh, ugh—*Macferedith*, *Rachan Macfingus*—and twenty more, decidedly Celtic names, which I could repeat, if this damned cough would let me.'

'Take a glass of wine, Sir Arthur, and drink down that bead-roll of unbaptised jargon, that would choke the devil. Why, that last fellow has the only intelligible name you repeated: they are all of the tribe of *Macfingus*—mushroom monarchs every one of them.'

ed and patronized by prince and peer as the chroniclers of their deeds, and the companions of their festive hours, gradually sunk in importance with the decline of chivalry, and the progress of arts and letters, until, not long after the introduction of printing, we find them classed among sturdy beggars, rogues, and vagabonds," and described as "drunken sockets and bawdy parasites, that sing unclean songs in ale-houses, inns, and other public assemblies." The Harpers, in short, had degenerated, before the close of the sixteenth century, into mere "crowd-ers" or violin players, the frequenters of fairs and festivals, with no higher status in society than our modern street ballad mongers, or the humbler portion of our street musicians.

A number of our old heroic and romantic ballads either owed their origin to the metrical romances of the ancient Minstrels or formed the germ of these productions. Dr Leyden inclines to the former, Motherwell to the latter hypothesis. "Many of the wild romantic ballads which are still common in the Lowlands of Scotland," says Leyden, "have the appearance of episodes, which, in the progress of traditional recitation, have been detached from the romances of which they originally formed a part. Several of the ancient songs in the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, and in the Minstrelsy of the Border, are of this description. The popular songs which relate to

in the Southern and South Eastern parts of Scotland, gradually gave way before its more literate rival in other parts of the lowlands, and kept possession only of the hills and islands of the North and West.

* Still, so late as the time of James VI., there is an exception made in favour of the Minstrels of great lords and the Minstrels of towns, who are not to be placed in the category of "ydill and strang beggaris and vagaboundis" if they are "avowit in speciall service be sam of the lords of parliament or greit harronis, or be the held burrowis and citeis, for their common minstrells."

dragons and monsters, authenticate their legitimate derivation from the tales of chivalry. Another class of popular songs, which describe the unnatural involvement of the passion of love, may, with propriety, be referred to the ancient romances." "It appears to me more probable," says Motherwell, "that romance has been indebted to the ballads rather than the reverse. As society advanced in refinement, and the rudeness and simplicity of earlier ages partially disappeared, the historic ballad, like the butterfly bursting the crust of its chrysalis state, and expanding itself in winged pride under the gladdening and creative influence of warmer suns and more genial skies, became speedily transmuted into the Romance of Chivalry." Neither of these views, adopted exclusively, is probably the correct one: in some cases, the Ballad would be in all likelihood but a versification for the common ear of the Historical Romance; in others, the Metrical Romance might be formed on the ancient traditional Ballad.

The romance of "Sir Tristrem," by THOMAS THE RHYMER, or True Thomas of Errolsdoune, in Berwickshire, who flourished in the 13th century, is of higher antiquity than any English production of a similar class. The language does not differ in any material manner from that of England at the same period, and indeed in that particular a wonderful resemblance exists between the old poets of both countries. "If," says Sir Walter Scott, "Thomas of Errolsdoune did not translate from the French, but composed an original poem, founded upon Celtic tradition, it will follow that the first classical English Romance was written in part of what is now called Scotland."

Thomas the Rhymer preceded by a hundred years, JOHN BARROW, archdeacon of Aberdeen, [born about 1316; died 1396.] who is generally recognised as the earliest of our distinguished Scottish poets, and whose "Life of King Robert

de Brus" forms an interesting metrical epic on the deeds of Scotland's greatest royal hero. After Barbour, flourished ANDREW WYNTOUN, prior of Lochleven, and BLIND HARRY or Henry the Minstrel, the former author of a Chronicle of Scotland, in rhyme, and the latter the celebrator of the exploits of Sir William Wallace, in verses of vigorous strength, which even in the vulgarized paraphrase of William Hamilton of Glibertfield,* have roused and cherished the patriotism of many a generation, and which Burns confessed had poured into his young veins "a tide of Scottish prejudice that would continue to boil there till the floodgates of life were shut in everlasting rest."

None of the names here mentioned belong properly to the Song-writers of Scotland; but Barbour refers to the ballade of his day,† and in Wyntoun's Chronicle is preserved what is considered to be the most ancient specimen of Scottish song extant, a lamentation, namely, on the calamitous death of Alexander III., who was killed by a fall from his horse in 1286. Wyntoun says,

This falyhyd fra he deyed suddanly,
THIS SANO was made of him for thi.

Quhen Alysander, oure kyng, was dede,
That Scotland led in lewe and le,
A way was sons of ale and brede,
Off wyne and wax, off gamyn and gle;
Owre gold was changyd into lede:
Cryst, borne into vergynyte,
Suecour Scotland and remede
That stad is in perplexitie.

* Hamilton's version of Blind Harry was first published in the year 1729, and has since gone through innumerable editions.

† See particularly his allusion to a victory which the governor of Eskdale gained over a body of English, and

— quhaes likes thai may hear
Young women, quhen thai play,
Sing it amang them ilk day.
The Bruce.—Book xvi.

Other snatches of song or popular rhyme occur at dates somewhat later. Ritson quotes from an old Harleian MS. a taunt made by the Scots upon the siege of Berwick (1296,) while yet the English were unsuccessful in their attempts to take the place.

Wend kyng Edewarde, with his lange shankes
To have gete Berwyke, al our unthanked?
Gas pikes him,
And after gas dike him.‡

The town, however, was eventually taken by Edward, and such was the exasperation of the victors that the garrison and inhabitants were brutally massacred. Boece says, that a mill might have gone two days with the streams of blood from the slain!

In 1314 was fought the ever-memorable battle of Bannockburn; and Fabyan, an English chronicler, relates, that "the Scottes, enflamed with pride, in derysyon of the English, made this ryme as foloweth:

Maydens of Englande, sore may ye morne,
For your lemman [lovers] ye have lost at
Bannockysborne,

With *Heue a love!*
What! weneth [imageth] the king of Eng-
land
So soone to have won Scotland?
With *Rumbylows!*§

‡ Gas should probably be *ger*, which is the Scotch for *cause* or *make*. *Dikes* alludes to the dykes or walls by which the town was protected

§ These lines Ritson pronounces not "inelegant for the time, nor improper for the occasion." *Heue a love* and *Rumbylows* were probably old choruses or burthens. Thus, in "Pebble to the Play,"

Hop, Caislie, and Cadrons,
Gathered out thick-fald;
With heigh, and howe, rumbelow,
The young folks were full bawd.

"Thys songe," continues Fabian, "was after many daies song in daunces in the carols of the maidens and mynstrelles of Scotland, to the reproffe and disdayne of Englyshemen, with dyuers others, whych I overpasse."

One hundred years after Bannockburn,—for during that long period no further traces of Scottish song worth recording occur—and we reach the reign of a prince, JAMES I., the most illustrious of the house of Stuart, who may be pronounced, in addition to his eminence in serious and imaginative poetry, as the first who, in his "Pebilis to the Play," opened up that store of rich, humorous, and graphic description of common life by which the Scottish muse has been ever since so prominently distinguished. James was born in Dunfermline in 1394, and in 1405, while on his way to France to have his education completed, and to be beyond the reach of his uncle Albany's plots, his vessel was seized by a fleet of English merchantmen (though England and Scotland were then under a truce of peace) and he himself delivered into the hands of Henry IV., who most unjustly detained him prisoner, jestingly remarking that he could teach him French as well as the king of France. The captivity of the young prince in England lasted for no less than nineteen years (the same period during which his unfortunate descendant, Mary, was held captive by Elizabeth,) but, saving the confinement, he seems to have been not rigorously treated, and he received the benefit of an excellent education. While detained in Windsor castle, he saw walking in the garden, and fell passionately in love with, the daughter of the duke of Somerset. This circumstance is beautifully depicted in his poem called "The King's Quhair," or Book, and has often been made the subject alike of the poet's

Some consider them to be sea phrases, and to bear allusion to Edward's narrow escape by sea after the battle.

pen and the painter's pencil.* James eventually obtained his liberty, on the faith of a ransom of forty thousand pounds, which was never fully paid, and which certainly was a claim sound

* He thus describes his weary imprisonment, and the appearance of his mistress as he first saw her from Windsor Castle:—

Where as in ward full oft I would bewail
My deadly life, full of pain and penance,
Saying right thus, what have I guilt to faile,
My freedom in this world, and my plesance?
Sen every wight has thereof suffiance,
That I behold, and I a creature
Put from all this, hard is mine aventure?

The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,
They live in freedom everich in his kind;
And I a man, and lacketh liberty;
What shall I sayne, what reason may I find,
That fortune should do so? Thus in my mind,
My folk, I would argue, but all for nought,
Was none that might that on my paynes wrought.

Then would I say, Gif God me had devised
To live my life in thraldom thus and pyne,
What was the cause that he more me comprised,
Than other folk to live, in such ruine?
I suffer alone among the figuris nine,
Ane woeful wretch that to no wight may speed,
And yet of every lyvis help has need.

The long dayes and the nyghtis eke,
I would bewail my fortune in this wise.
For which again distress comfort to seek,
My custom was, on mornis, for to rise,
Early as day: O happy exercise!
By thee came I to joy out of torment,
But now to purpose of my first intent,

Bewalling in my chamber thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tirit of my thought and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy,
To see the world and folk that went forby,
As for the time though I of mirthis food,
Might have no more, to look, it did me good.

on injustice. At the same time, he was married to the lady who had captivated his heart and inspired his muse at Windsor, receiving as her marriage portion a discharge for ten thousand pounds of his ransom money! It was in 1424,

Now was there made, fast by the touris wall,
A garden fair, and in the corners set
Ane herbe green, with wandis long and
small,
Bailed about, and so with treis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That life was non walking there forby,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

And on the smalle greene twistis sate
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrate
Of lufs use, now soft now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song, and on the copill next
Of their sweet harmony, and lo the text.

Worship, O ye that lovers bene this May,
For of your bliss the kalendis are begun,
And sing with us, Away, winter, away,
Come summer, come, the sweet season and
sun:

Awake, for shame! that have your hevynis won,
And amorously lift up your hedis all,
Thank love that list you to his mercy call.

And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Where as I saw walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new cumyn her to playne,
The fairest and the freshest younge flower,
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour:
For which sudden abate, anon astert,
The blood of all my body to my heart.

Of her array the form gif I shall write,
Toward her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit with perils white,
And greate balas lemyng as the fire,
With many an emerant and fair sapphire,
And on her head a chaplet fresh of huse,
Of plumys parted red, and white, and blue.

In the thirtieth year of his age, that James was restored to his liberty and kingdom; and on returning to his native land, he devoted himself to checking feudal oppression,* and curbing the power of the nobility. By all accounts, his zeal in this cause overran his discretion, and he raised to himself, among a fierce and powerful aristocracy, a number of enemies, who only waited a fitting opportunity to accomplish his destruction. He was assassinated at Perth in

About her neck, white as the fyre amalle,
A goodly chain of small orfrevyre,
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane hearty shapen verily,
That, as a spark of lowe so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now gif there was good perde, God it wote.

And for to walk that freshe Maye's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen toforowe,
As I suppose, and girt she was a yte;
Thus halfying loose for haste, to such delight,
It was to see her youth in goodlibhead,
That for radeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble port,
Bounty, riches, and womanly faiture,
God better wot than my pen can report,
Wisdom, largesse estate, and conyng sure
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in contenance,
That nature might no more her child avance.

* As an instance of the savage justice with which James prosecuted his purpose, and also of the barbarity of the age, we may cite the following. One Macdonald, a petty chieftain of the north, displeased with a widow on his estate for threatening to appeal to the king, had ordered her feet to be shod with iron plates nailed to the soles; and then insultingly told her that she was thus armed against the rough roads. The widow, however, found means to send her story to James, who seized Macdonald, with twelve of his associates, whom he shod with iron in a similar manner, and having exposed them for several days in Edinburgh, gave them over to the executioner.

Feb. 1436-7, in the 42d year of his age, the principal conspirators being the Earl of Athol, Sir Robert Graham, uncle to the Earl of Strathern and Robert Stuart, the king's nephew.*

James I. was a prince of universal accomplishments, and particularly distinguished himself in the sister arts of poetry and music. On the very night of his assassination, he is described to have been engaged "yn redyng of romans, yn syngyng and pyppyng, in harpyng, and in other honest solaces of grete pleaseaunce and disport." Boethius, as translated by Bellenden, says, "He was richt crafty in playing baith of the lute and harp;" and Bower, a cotemporary of James, in his continuation of Fordun's history, mentions the following instruments upon which he was a proficient:—the tabour, the bag-pipe, the psaltery, the organ, the flute, the harp, the trumpet, and the shepherd's reed. John Major, an historian (born about 1470, died 1550) says, "He was a most ingenious composer in his native or vernacular language, and his numerous poems and songs are still held in the highest estimation among the Scottish people." Such, indeed, was his reputation as a musician, that he is represented by Tassoni, the Italian poet, in his "*Pensieri Diversi*," published in 1630, as the *inventor* of Scottish music, and this idea has been supported by other writers. Tassoni, in enumerating the illustrious persons in ancient and modern times who had cultivated music, says, "We, again, may reckon among us moderns, James king of Scotland, who not only composed many sacred pieces of vocal music, but also, of himself, invented a new kind of

music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all others; in which he has been imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who, in our age, has improved music with new and admirable inventions." It will be observed that Tassoni here does not specify which James of Scotland had so distinguished himself, but there can be no doubt that James the First, from his pre-eminence as a musician and other circumstances, was the monarch meant.† Tassoni, however, in attributing the invention of Scottish music to James, is not borne out by the evidence of any historian, and his view is at variance with the probability of things. "Whatever obligations we owe to this most talented and patriotic monarch," says Mr Dauney, in his Preliminary Dissertation to the *Ancient Melodies of Scotland*, "we should just as soon think of ascribing to him the invention of our language as of our music. . . . Neither Bower, who was James's cotemporary, nor Boethius nor Major, both of whom wrote nearly a hundred years after his death, and who successively treat of his musical skill, and accomplishments, says one word which would lead us to suppose that he composed Scottish music. Boethius says that he instituted regular choirs in the churches, and introduced into the cathedrals and abbeys organs of an improved construction; and Major's observations, which have been sometimes misapprehended, and supposed to relate to the composition of music, obviously point to his literary and not to his musical works." At the same time, Mr Dauney admits it to be no unfeasible hypothesis, that this monarch improved the music of his kingdom, and says that "considering his extraordinary musical taste and acquirements, if our national music had been

* Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Eugene IV., who was in Scotland as Legate at the time, says that he was at a loss which most to applaud, the universal grief that overspread the nation on the death of the king, or the resentment to which it was roused, and the just vengeance with which his inhuman murderers were pursued.

† Pinkerton supposes James V. to be intended, and Ritson hints at James VI., although the latter was, when Tassoni wrote, reigning king of England, and would have been spoken of accordingly.

Burns's life, and knows with what enthusiasm he entered into the spirit of Johnson's undertaking, and afterwards of Mr. George Thomson's—the latter a work more ambitious in its character, and much more select and elegant in its design and execution. The services which he rendered to the lyric poetry of his country, by restoring and animating with life and vigour many a half-forgotten lay of the olden time, are incalculable; while his own contributions to that much-loved department of literature—inimitable as they are for their truth of feeling, simplicity and grace of expression, passionate tenderness, exquisite pathos, and felicitous humour—for ever constitute him the 'High Chief of Scottish Song.' No single sentence (and to such we are now limited,) can express the obligations which the lyric literature of Scotland owes to ROBERT BURNS; but with the present volume in his hand, the reader may partly guess at these; and *here* may be appropriately inscribed, as applicable to the poet, the words of Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's cathedral—'*Si monumentum requiras, circumspecte*'—'If you seek for his monument, look around.'

Of the Collections of the present century, we can but barely allude to the more important. In 1816 was printed at the University Press of Glasgow, in 2 vols., 'The Pocket Encyclopedia of Songs'—a rather valuable collection, and now extremely scarce. In 1819, was published at Paisley, 'The Harp of Renfrewshire,' a work containing a large number of 'original' songs, and preceded by an 'Essay on the Poets of Renfrewshire,' from the pen of William Motherwell, then a very young man. In 1821, Mr. John Struthers brought out at Glasgow, his 'Harp of Caledonia,' a very comprehensive collection in 3 vols., accompanied by an able 'Essay on Scottish Songwriters.' In 1825 appeared at London, in 4 vols., 'The Songs of Scotland,' by Allan Cunningham, and in 1835, in 2 vols., 'The Songs of England and Scotland,' by Peter Cunningham, the latter work, though limited in its scope, a more faithful guide than the former. In 1829 Mr. Robert Chambers brought out at Edinburgh in 2 vols. his 'Scottish Songs,' a collection of great value, preceded by an 'Historical Essay on Scottish Song,' written in the editor's usual clear and discriminating manner. To this list may be added two musical collections: R. A. Smith's 'Scottish Minstrel,' Edinburgh, 1820, &c., 6 vols., and Mr. Peter Macleod's 'National Melodies,' Edinburgh, 1838. From all these works, the present publication has derived more or less benefit; and it now humbly claims a place by their side, in the hope of being in its turn of service to future collectors.

ESSAY ON THE SONG-WRITERS OF SCOTLAND.

In tracing the early literary history of any nation, it will be uniformly found, that, in point of antiquity, Poetry takes precedence of Prose. The rudest and most barbarous tribes of which we have any information—with the exception, perhaps, of the aborigines of certain tracts of Australasia—are known to possess snatches of music and song, which they cultivate and cherish long before they have risen above the savage state, or have attained anything approaching to a written language. In the beginning of their history, like Pope in his infancy, they "*lisp in numbers*;" and Song forms the first medium through which they venture to express their loftier passions and emotions, or to record the triumphant deeds of their race.

The early inhabitants of our own country, while yet Pagans and unmixed Celts, are represented to have had a class of poets called Bards or Skalds, whose leading duty was to celebrate the heroic actions of their chiefs; and on the faith of this fact, supported by certain dim traditional memorials of names and events, Macpherson constructed his splendid Ossianic fragments. At a later period, during what is called the Middle Ages, when the Celtic was no longer the prevalent language of Scotland,* but was

supplanted by the Anglo-Saxon and Norman, there flourished what were called Minstrels, an order of professional rhyme-makers or reciters,

by the Celts of Argyleshire, and the gradual establishment of the Lowland Scottish language over the Celtic. Antiquaries are divided as to whether the Picts or Pechts were Goths or Celts, but the stronger evidence, as well as stronger probability, lies in favour of the latter supposition. Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, concludes that a Gothic dialect was unknown in ancient Scotland or Pictland, from the fact that the names of all the rivers, mountains, towns and castles of any note or antiquity are Celtic, not a Saxon name being found older than the twelfth century. If the Pictish tongue had been essentially different from the Gaelic, it is remarkable that no vestige of it should remain,* or if the

* "No vestige."—This is not strictly the case, for, it seems, one single Pictish word has come down to us, which has been a fruitful source of dispute among antiquaries. The word is *Paenfael*, or *Benval*, which Bede preserves as the Pictish name of a certain place at the east end of Antonine's wall. Sir Walter Scott, in his inimitable novel of "*The Antiquary*," although himself deeply imbued with an archæological spirit, had too keen a sense of the ludicrous not to enjoy the absurd lengths to which antiquaries went in their speculations; and accordingly he makes this solitary word a bone of fierce contention between Jonathan Oldbuck and Sir Arthur Wardour. The scene is at once instructive and laughable, and our readers will thank us, we are sure, for quoting a portion of it.

"There was once a people called the Picts," said Oldbuck.

"More properly Picts," interrupted the baronet.

"I say the Piktir, Piktir, Pictchar, Pichtir or Penghtir," vociferated Oldbuck: "they spoke a Gothic dialect!"

"Genuine Celtic," again asseverated the knight.

* No questions in Scottish history have more perplexed inquirers than the overthrow and apparent annihilation of the kingdom of Pictland

common to the more civilized countries of Europe, who cultivated the arts of poetry and music, and sung in the halls of the rich and power-

ful, to the accompaniment of the harp, versified romances "of love, and war, and glamourie." These Minstrels, who at one time were honour-

Picts themselves had been a different race from the Celts, the blending or amalgamation of them with the Irish-Scots of Argyleshire under king Kenneth III. about the middle of the ninth century is difficult to conceive. As to their total annihilation, no one now entertains the notion: their name only, we may suppose, came to be lost or merged in the general term of *Scots* after their dominion was acquired by the Scots of the West. In the middle of the eleventh century, and even down to its close, the language of all Scotland was the Gaelic, with the exceptions of the Morae and Lothians, which were for some time in the possession of the Anglo-Saxons, and of Scandinavian settlements in Orkney, Caithness, and Sutherland. When Malcolm Canmore, who ascended the throne in 1056, married

a Saxon princess, it is recorded that he was obliged to stand interpreter between her and the assembled clergy of his kingdom. That princess brought many Saxon relations and domestics in her train, and this would undoubtedly have considerable influence in rendering the Saxon a court language in Scotland. After the Norman conquest, too, many Saxons sought and found an asylum in Scotland. Malcolm himself, in an eruption he made into England in 1070, carried off such a number of captives, that Saxon servants were to be found in almost every house in the land, so late as the reign of David I. The new dynasty of Scottish kings who succeeded Malcolm opened also liberally the country to Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and Flemish colonists, until the Celtic, which had been long exploded

'Gothic! Gothic! I'll go to death upon it!' counter-accused the squire.

'Why gentlemen,' said Lovel, 'I conceive this is a dispute which may be easily settled by philologists, if there are any remains of the language.'

'There is but one word,' said the baronet, 'but, in spite of Mr Oldbuck's pertinacity, it is decisive of the question.'

'Yes, in my favour,' said Oldbuck: 'Mr. Lovel, you shall be judge. I have the learned Pinkerton on my side.'

'I, on mine, the indefatigable and erudite Chalmers.'

'Gordon comes into my opinion.'

'Sir Robert Sibbald holds mine.'

'Innes is with me!' vociferated Oldbuck.

'Ritson has no doubt!' shouted the baronet.

'Truly gentlemen,' said Lovel, 'before you muster your forces, and overwhelm me with authorities, I should like to know the word in dispute.'

'Beawal,' said both disputants at once.

'Which signifies *osput walli*,' said Sir Arthur.

'The head of the wall,' echoed Oldbuck.

'There was a deep pause.—'It is rather a narrow foundation to build a hypothesis upon,' observed the arbiter.

'Not a whit, not a whit,' said Oldbuck; 'men fight best in a narrow ring—an inch is as good as a mile for a home-thrust.'

'It is decidedly Celtic,' said the baronet, 'every hill in the Highlands begins with a Ben.'

'But what say you to Val, Sir Arthur?—is it not decidedly the Saxon wall?'

'It is the Roman vallum,' said Sir Arthur.—'the Picts borrowed that part of the word.'

'No such thing: if they borrowed any thing, it must have been your Ben, which they might have from the neighbouring Britons of Strath Chyd.'

'The Pika or Picta,' said Lovel, 'must have been singularly poor in dialect, since in the only remaining word of their vocabulary, and that consisting of only two syllables, they have been compelled to borrow one of them from another language. But what strikes me most is the poverty of the language which has left such slight vestiges behind it.'

'You are in error,' said Sir Arthur: 'it was a copious language, and they were a great and powerful people; built two steeples—one at Brechin, one at Abernethy. The Pictish maidens of the blood-royal were kept in Edinburgh Castle, thence called *Castrum Puellarum*.'

'A childish legend,' said Oldbuck, 'invented to give consequence to trumpery womankind. It was called the Maiden Castle, quasi *lucus a non lucendo*, because it resisted every attack, and women never do.'

'There is a list of Pictish kings,' persisted Sir Arthur, 'well authenticated, from *Creatheminatheryne* (the date of whose reign is somewhat uncertain) down to *Drustertstone*, whose death concluded their dynasty. Half of them have the Celtic patrymonic Mac prefixed,—*id est filius*,—what do you say to that, Mr Oldbuck? There is *Drust Macmorachin*, *Trynel Maciachlein*, (first of that ancient clan, as may be judged), and *Gormach Macdonald*, *Alpin Macmetegus*, *Drust Macallargam*,—(here he was interrupted by a fit of coughing)—'ugh, ugh, ugh—*Golarie Macchan*—ugh, ugh—*Macchanas*—ugh—*Macchansai*, *Keneth*—ugh, ugh—*Macferdith*, *Rachan Macfugus*—and twenty more, decidedly Celtic names, which I could repeat, if this damned cough would let me.'

'Take a glass of wine, Sir Arthur, and drink down that head-roll of unbaptised jargon, that would choke the devil. Why, that last fellow has the only intelligible name you repeated: they are all of the tribe of *Macfugus*—*maskroom* monarchs every one of them.'

ed and patronized by prince and peer as the chroniclers of their deeds, and the companions of their festive hours, gradually sunk in importance with the decline of chivalry, and the progress of arts and letters, until, not long after the introduction of printing, we find them classed among sturdy beggars, rogues, and vagabonds,* and described as "drunken sockets and bawdy parasites, that sing unclean songs in ale-houses, inns, and other public assemblies." The Harpers, in short, had degenerated, before the close of the sixteenth century, into mere "crowders" or violin players, the frequenters of fairs and festivals, with no higher status in society than our modern street ballad mongers, or the humbler portion of our street musicians.

A number of our old heroic and romantic ballads either owed their origin to the metrical romances of the ancient Minstrels or formed the germ of these productions. Dr Leyden inclines to the former, Motherwell to the latter hypothesis. "Many of the wild romantic ballads which are still common in the Lowlands of Scotland," says Leyden, "have the appearance of episodes, which, in the progress of traditional recitation, have been detached from the romances of which they originally formed a part. Several of the ancient songs in the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, and in the Minstrelsy of the Border, are of this description. The popular songs which relate to

in the Southern and South Eastern parts of Scotland, gradually gave way before its more literate rival in other parts of the lowlands, and kept possession only of the hills and islands of the North and West.

* Still, so late as the time of James VI., there is an exception made in favour of the Minstrels of great lords and the Minstrels of towns, who are not to be placed in the category of "ydill and strang beggaris and vagaboundis" if they are "awoit in speall service be sam of the lords of parliament or greit baronis, or be the held burrows and citeis, for their common minstrellis."

dragons and monsters, authenticate their legitimate derivation from the tales of chivalry. Another class of popular songs, which describe the unnatural involvement of the passion of love, may, with propriety, be referred to the ancient romances." "It appears to me more probable," says Motherwell, "that romance has been indebted to the ballads rather than the reverse. As society advanced in refinement, and the rudeness and simplicity of earlier ages partially disappeared, the historic ballad, like the butterfly bursting the crust of its chrysalis state, and expanding itself in winged pride under the gladdening and creative influence of warmer suns and more genial skies, became speedily transmuted into the Romance of Chivalry." Neither of these views, adopted exclusively, is probably the correct one: in some cases, the Ballad would be in all likelihood but a versification for the common ear of the Historical Romance; in others, the Metrical Romance might be formed on the ancient traditional Ballad.

The romance of "Sir Tristrem," by THOMAS THE RHYMER, or True Thomas of Erceuldoune, in Berwickshire, who flourished in the 13th century, is of higher antiquity than any English production of a similar class. The language does not differ in any material manner from that of England at the same period, and indeed in that particular a wonderful resemblance exists between the old poets of both countries. "If," says Sir Walter Scott, "Thomas of Erceuldoune did not translate from the French, but composed an original poem, founded upon Celtic tradition, it will follow that the first classical English Romance was written in part of what is now called Scotland."

Thomas the Rhymer preceded by a hundred years, JOHN BARRON, archdeacon of Aberdeen, [born about 1316; died 1396], who is generally recognised as the earliest of our distinguished Scottish poets, and whose "Life of King Robert

de Brus" forms an interesting metrical epic on the deeds of Scotland's greatest royal hero. After Barbour, flourished ANDREW WYNTOUN, prior of Lochleven, and BLIND HARRY or Henry the Minstrel, the former author of a Chronicle of Scotland, in rhyme, and the latter the celebrator of the exploits of Sir William Wallace, in verses of vigorous strength, which even in the vulgarized paraphrase of William Hamilton of Gilbertfield,* have roused and cherished the patriotism of many a generation, and which Burns confessed had poured into his young veins "a tide of Scottish prejudice that would continue to boil there till the floodgates of life were shut in everlasting rest."

None of the names here mentioned belong properly to the Song-writers of Scotland; but Barbour refers to the ballads of his day,† and in Wyntoun's Chronicle is preserved what is considered to be the most ancient specimen of Scottish song extant, a lamentation, namely, on the calamitous death of Alexander III., who was killed by a fall from his horse in 1286. Wyntoun says,

This falyhyd fra he deyed suddanly,
THIS SANG was made of him for thi.
Quhen Alysander, oure kyng, was dede,
That Scotland led in lewe and le,
A way was sons of ale and brede,
Off wyne and wax, off gamyn and gis;
Owe gold was changyd into lede:
Cryst, borne into vergynyte,
Succour Scotland and remede
That stad is in perplexitie.

* Hamilton's version of Blind Harry was first published in the year 1723, and has since gone through innumerable editions.

† See particularly his allusion to a victory which the governor of Eskdale gained over a body of English, and

— quhasse likes thai may hear
Young women, quhen thai play,
Sing it amang them lik day.
The Bruce.—Book xvi.

Other snatches of song or popular rhyme occur at dates somewhat later. Ritson quotes from an old Harleian MS. a taunt made by the Scots upon the siege of Berwick (1296,) while yet the English were unsuccessful in their attempts to take the place.

Wend kyng Edwarde, with his lange shankes
To have gete Berwyke, al our unthanked?
Gas pikes him,
And after gas dikes him.‡

The town, however, was eventually taken by Edward, and such was the exasperation of the victors that the garrison and inhabitants were brutally massacred. Boece says, that a mill might have gone two days with the streams of blood from the slain!

In 1314 was fought the ever-memorable battle of Bannockburn; and Fabian, an English chronicler, relates, that "the Scottes, enflamed with pride, in derysson of the English, made this ryme as foloweth:

Maydens of Englande, sore may ye morne,
For your lemmans [lovers] ye have lost at
Bannocksborne,
With *Hewe a love!*
What! weneth [imagineth] the king of Eng-
land
So soone to have won Scotland?
With *Rumbylows!*§

‡ *Gas* should probably be *gar*, which is the Scotch for *cause* or *make*. *Dikes* alludes to the dykes or walls by which the town was protected.
§ These lines Ritson pronounces not "inelegant for the time, nor improper for the occasion." *Hewe a love* and *Rumbylows* were probably old choruses or burthens. Thus, in "Pebble to the Play,"

Hop, Cailzie, and Cadrona,
Gathered ont thick-fald;
With heigh, and howe, rumbelow,
The young folks were full band.

"Thys songe," continues Fabian, "was after many daies song in daunces in the carols of the maidens and mynstrelles of Scotland, to the reprofe and disdayne of Englyshemen, with dyuers others, whych I ouerpasse."

One hundred years after Bannockburn,—for during that long period no further traces of Scottish song worth reording occur—and we reach the reign of a prince, JAMES I., the most illustrious of the house of Stuart, who may be pronounced, in addition to his eminence in serious and imaginative poetry, as the first who, in his "Pebils to the Play," opened up that store of rich, humorous, and graphic description of common life by which the Scottish muse has been ever since so prominently distinguished. James was born in Dunfermline in 1394, and in 1405, while on his way to France to have his education completed, and to be beyond the reach of his uncle Albany's plots, his vessel was seized by a fleet of English merchantmen (though England and Scotland were then under a truce of peace) and he himself delivered into the hands of Henry IV., who most unjustly detained him prisoner, jestingly remarking that he could teach him French as well as the king of France. The captivity of the young prince in England lasted for no less than nineteen years (the same period during which his unfortunate descendant, Mary, was held captive by Elizabeth,) but, saving the confinement, he seems to have been not rigorously treated, and he received the benefit of an excellent education. While detained in Windsor castle, he saw walking in the garden, and fell passionately in love with, the daughter of the duke of Somerset. This circumstance is beautifully depicted in his poem called "The King's Quhair," or Book, and has often been made the subject alike of the poet's

Some consider them to be sea phrases, and to bear allusion to Edward's narrow escape by sea after the battle.

pen and the painter's pencil.* James eventually obtained his liberty, on the faith of a ransom of forty thousand pounds, which was never fully paid, and which certainly was a claim founded

* He thus describes his weary imprisonment, and the appearance of his mistress as he first saw her from Windsor Castle :—

Where as in ward full oft I would bewail
My deadly life, full of pain and penance,
Saying right thus, what have I guilt to faille,
My freedom in this world, and my plesance?
Sen every wight has thereof suffisance,
That I behold, and I a creature
Put from all this, hard is mine aventure?

The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,
They live in freedom everich in his kind;
And I a man, and lacketh liberty;
What shall I sayne, what reason may I find,
That fortunes should do so? Thus in my mind,
My folk, I would argue, but all for nought,
Was none that might that on my peynes wrought.

Then would I say, Gif God me had devised
To live my life in thraldome thus and pyne,
What was the cause that he more me com-
prised,
Than other folk to live, in such ruynes?
I suffer alone among the figuris nine,
Ane woeful wretch that to no wight may
speed,
And yet of every lyris help has need.

The long dayes and the nyghtis eke,
I would bewail my fortune in this wise
For which again distress comfort to seek,
My custom was, on mornis, for to rise,
Early as day: O happy exercise!
By thee came I to joy out of torment,
But now to purpose of my first intent.

Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tirt of my thought and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy,
To see the world and folk that went forby,
As for the time though I of mirthis food,
Might have no more, to look, it did me good.

on injustice. At the same time, he was married to the lady who had captivated his heart and inspired his muse at Windsor, receiving as her marriage portion a discharge for ten thousand pounds of his ransom money! It was in 1424,

Now was there made, fast by the touris wall,
A garden fair, and in the corners set
Ane herbere green, with wandis long and
small,

Bailed about, and so with treis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That life was non walking there forby,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

And on the smalle greene twistis sate
The little sweets nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrate
Of iufs use, now soft now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song, and on the copill next
Of their sweet harmony, and lo the text.

Worship, O ye that lovers bene this May,
For of your bliss the kalendis are begun,
And sing with us, Away, winter, away,
Come summer, come, the sweet season and
sun:

A wake, for a hame! that have your hevynis won,
And amorously lift up your hedis all,
Thank love that list you to his mercy call.

And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Where as I saw walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new camyn her to playne,
The fairest and the freshest younge flower,
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour:
For which sudden abate, anon astert,
The blood of all my body to his heart.

Of her array the form gif I shall write,
Toward her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit with perils white,
And greate balas lemyng as the fire,
With many an emerant and fair sapphire,
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumys parted red, and white, and blue.

in the thirtieth year of his age, that James was restored to his liberty and kingdom; and on returning to his native land, he devoted himself to checking feudal oppression,* and curbing the power of the nobility. By all accounts, his zeal in this cause overran his discretion, and he raised to himself, among a fierce and powerful aristocracy, a number of enemies, who only waited a fitting opportunity to accomplish his destruction. He was assassinated at Perth in

About her neck, white as the fyre amalle,
A goodly chain of small orfeyverie,
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to a nearty shapen verily,
That, as a spark of lowe so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now gif there was good perde, God it wote.

And for to walk that freshe Maye's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen toforowe,
As I suppose, and girt she was al yte;
Thus halfyng loose for haste, to such delight,
It was to see her youth in goodlihead,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble port,
Bounty, riches, and womanly faiture,
God better wot than my pen can report,
Wisdom, largesse estate, and conyng sure
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in contenance,
That nature might no more her child avance.

* As an instance of the savage justice with which James prosecuted his purpose, and also of the barbarity of the age, we may cite the following. One Macdonald, a petty chieftain of the north, displeased with a widow on his estate for threatening to appeal to the king, had ordered her feet to be shod with iron plates nailed to the soles; and then insultingly told her that she was thus armed against the rough roads. The widow, however, found means to send her story to James, who seized Macdonald, with twelve of his associates, whom he shod with iron in a similar manner, and having exposed them for several days in Edinburgh, gave them over to the executioner.

Feb. 1436-7, in the 43d year of his age, the principal conspirators being the Earl of Athol, Sir Robert Graham, uncle to the Earl of Strathern, and Robert Steuart, the king's nephew.*

James I. was a prince of universal accomplishments, and particularly distinguished himself in the sister arts of poetry and music. On the very night of his assassination, he is described to have been engaged "yn redyng of romans, yn syngyng and pyppe, and in other honest solaces of grete pleasaunce and disport." Boethius, as translated by Bellenden, says, "He was richt crafty in playing bath of the lute and harp;" and Bower, a cotemporary of James, in his continuation of Fordun's history, mentions the following instruments upon which he was a proficient:—the tabour, the bag-pipe, the pealtery, the organ, the flute, the harp, the trumpet, and the shepherd's reed. John Major, an historian (born about 1470, died 1550) says, "He was a most ingenious composer in his native or vernacular language, and his numerous poems and songs are still held in the highest estimation among the Scottish people." Such, indeed, was his reputation as a musician, that he is represented by Tassoni, the Italian poet, in his "*Pensieri Diversi*," published in 1620, as the *inventor* of Scottish music, and this idea has been supported by other writers. Tassoni, in enumerating the illustrious persons in ancient and modern times who had cultivated music, says, "We, again, may reckon among us moderns, James king of Scotland, who not only composed many sacred pieces of vocal music, but also, of himself, invented a new kind of

music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all others; in which he has been imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who, in our age, has improved music with new and admirable inventions." It will be observed that Tassoni here does not specify *which* James of Scotland had so distinguished himself, but there can be no doubt that James the First, from his pre-eminence as a musician and other circumstances, was the monarch meant.† Tassoni, however, in attributing the *invention* of Scottish music to James, is not borne out by the evidence of any historian, and his view is at variance with the probability of things. "Whatever obligations we owe to this most talented and patriotic monarch," says Mr Daunev, in his Preliminary Dissertation to the *Ancient Melodies* of Scotland, "we should just as soon think of ascribing to him the invention of our language as of our music. . . . Neither Bower, who was James's cotemporary, nor Boethius nor Major, both of whom wrote nearly a hundred years after his death, and who successively treat of his musical skill, and accomplishments, says one word which would lead us to suppose that he composed Scottish music. Boethius says that he instituted regular choirs in the churches, and introduced into the cathedrals and abbeyes organs of an improved construction; and Major's observations, which have been sometimes misapprehended, and supposed to relate to the composition of music, obviously point to his literary and not to his musical works." At the same time, Mr Daunev admits it to be no unfeasible hypothesis, that this monarch improved the music of his kingdom, and says that "considering his extraordinary musical taste and acquirements, if our national music had been

* Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Eugene IV., who was in Scotland as Legate at the time, says that he was at a loss which most to applaud, the universal grief that overspread the nation on the death of the king, or the resentment to which it was roused, and the just vengeance with which his inhuman murderers were pursued.

† Pinkerton supposes James V. to be intended, and Ritson hints at James VI., although the latter was, when Tassoni wrote, reigning king of England, and would have been spoken of accordingly.

ameliorated in his time, no one was, perhaps, so well qualified for the task."

Lord Kames, in his *Sketches* (1774), was the first to direct attention to the passage of Tassoni, and it is dwelt upon with great exultation by Mr Tytler, in his *Dissertation on Scottish Music* (1779). One portion, however, of the paragraph is misconstrued by these writers, who read it as if the Prince of Venosa imitated the Scottish music, whereas Tassoni only meant to say that the prince imitated the *conduct* of king James as a cultivator and inventor of music. None of the Prince of Venosa's compositions bear any resemblance to the Scottish melodies, as is shown by Dr Burney, and the true interpretation of the passage undoubtedly is, that the prince formed a parallel, in his musical inventions, to the Scottish monarch.*

Major, as we have already quoted, mentions James as the composer of numerous poems and *songs held in the highest estimation*, but none of

* Two of king James's daughters seem to have inherited a portion of their father's spirit and love of poetry. Margaret, the eldest daughter, was married to the Dauphin of France, (afterwards Louis XI.) at Tours, in 1436. In the *Abbe Massieu's History of French Poetry*, it is recorded, that, while walking through the gallery of the palace, and seeing the poet Alain Chartier asleep, she kissed him; and on being remonstrated with by the ladies in attendance on the impropriety of the action, she said, that she did not kiss the man, but the mouth, which had uttered so many fine sayings. "That kiss," it was remarked, "will immortalize her." Margaret lived an unhappy life with her husband, the gloomy tyrant so masterly portrayed in Sir Walter Scott's romance of "Quentin Durward." She died in 1445, at the early age of twenty-six, deeply mourned by all France. An *Elegy* written on her, in French, was ordered by her brother, James II., to be translated into her native tongue.—Eleanore, a sister of Margaret's, was married in 1448 to Sigismund, the Archduke of Austria; and translated the romance of "Ipomydon," for the amusement of her husband.

these songs have come down to us. His "Pebilis to the Play" (particularly specified by Major)† is the only piece of his in the vernacular tongue that has been preserved.‡ In that poem the titles of two songs are incidentally mentioned ("There fure ane man to the holt," and "There sall be mirth at our meeting yet,") both of which are lost.§ In a ludicrous poem called Cockelby's Sow, written shortly after the era of king James, the titles of a number of other

† As Major lived not long after the reign of James I., his testimony as to the authorship of "Pebilis to the Play" is considered both by Bishop Percy and Ritson as conclusive. It, at all events, proves that James V. was not the author, as some have imagined.

‡ Unless we also include "A Song on Absence," beginning,

"Sen yat the eyne that works my weilfaire,"

(given in Sibbald's *Chronicles of Scottish Poetry*), which may probably be the same with a piece specified by Major as beginning "*Yas sen*," a corruption for "*Sen yat*" [since that].

§ They are thus introduced in stanzas sixth and twenty-fifth of "Pebilis to the Play."

Ane young man stert into that steid,
As cant as ony oolt,
Ane birken hat upon his heid,
With ane bow and ane bolt;
Said, Merrie maidens, think not lang;
The weather is fair and smolt;
He cleikit up ane his rough Sang,
"There fure ane man to the holt,"
Quod he,
Of Pebilis to the Play.

He fipplit like ane fatherless foal,
And said, Be still, my sweet thing.
By the Haly Rude of Pebilis,
I may nocht rest for greiting.
He quibillit and he pyplit baith,
To mak her blythe that melting
My bonny heart, how says the Sang?
"There sall be mirth at our meeting
Yet"
Of Pebilis to the Play.

songs are given as then in popular use, all of Henry VII. of England—a marriage momentous in its consequences as leading to the ultimate union of the crowns and union of the kingdoms—he celebrates in his beautiful poem, entitled, “The Thistle and the Rose.” Dunbar was a hanger on for church preferment, but seems to have died comparatively neglected. In one of his latest poems, “Lament for the Death of the Makkaris” or Poets, he speaks in great despondency of his own state, while he commemorates with generous warmth the names of his brother bards.† Kennedy even, with whom he held the celebrated “Flying,” is affectionately spoken of; but indeed we incline to believe with those who think that the “Flying” was a mere trial of wit and skill, and that no real rancour, but on the contrary the utmost good humour, existed between the parties.

The century which elapsed between the reigns of James I. and James V. might be called the Augustan age of Scottish poetry. During that period flourished, not to mention names of minor note, Henryson, Dunbar, Gawin Douglas, and Sir David Lyndsay. None of these, with the exception of Henryson, can be called song-writers, yet, for the sake of connection, a word may be said of each.

ROBERT HENRYSON, a preceptor in the Benedictine convent of Dunfermline [born 1425; died 1495.] was author, among other things, of the earliest known pastoral ballad in the language, and one of great merit, entitled, “Robene and Makyne,” which opens thus:—

Robene sat on gud grene hill,
Keipand a flock of fle,
Mirry Makyne said him till,
Robene thou rew on me:
I haef the lovit, lowd and still,
Thes yeris two or thre
My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,
Doubtless bot dreid I die.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, who holds beyond dispute the first rank among our elder Scottish poets, was born about 1465, and died about 1520. Almost all that is known of him is to be gathered from his own writings. He was a native of Lothian, and in his youth appears to have travelled through France and England as a novice of the Franciscan order, and in more advanced years to have been a constant attendant at the court of James IVth, whose marriage with Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of

GAWIN DOUGLAS, bishop of Dunkeld, is well known for his poetical version of the whole *Æneid* of Virgil, a task which he finished in the year 1513, and which was published in 1553, with original prologues to each book of great beauty. This translation preceded any English versification of Virgil, that classic being only known to the English reader through a romance on the siege of Troy published by Caxton, which Bishop Douglas humorously pronounces to be no more like Virgil than the devil is like St. Austin.

SIR DAVID LYNDSEY of the Mount [born about 1490; died 1557.] was in his youth page and companion to James V., and afterwards in 1530 appointed Lyon king at Arms. He espoused the principles of the Reformation, and by his dramas and satiric descriptions forwarded the cause. His works are numerous. Perhaps his

* See the Preface p. iv, v. to the present work, There the titles are enumerated, and also those mentioned in later productions—Gawin Douglas's Prologues, and the Complaint of Scotland.

† It is worthy of note, that of twenty-three poets mentioned by Dunbar, most of them his own contemporaries, the writings of no less than thirteen are, with the exception of one or two fragments, lost.

best is his last—"Squire Meldrum." In the parliaments of 1544, 45, 46, he represented Capar in Fife, of which county he was a native.

"The Gaberlunzie-man" and "The Jollie Beggar,"† two songs of sterling humour, are said to belong to the age of JAMES THE VTH, and indeed their authorship is ascribed to that merry yet unfortunate monarch himself. James was called the *King of the Commons*, from his popular manners and pursuits, and it is well known that he was in the habit of strolling about the country in disguise, with the double view, probably, of indulging his natural love of adventure, and of ascertaining the real wants and undisguised opinions of his subjects.‡ If,

* Gaberlunzie, from *gaber* a wallet, and *lunzie* the loins. Hence a travelling tinker or beggar, carrying a wallet on his side, was called a Gaberlunzie man. "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet" is the title of a work recently published at Edinburgh by Mr James Ballantine, which contains a number of Scottish poems and songs of great merit. The title, however, it will be observed from the above definition, is open to the charge of tautology.

† We were reluctantly obliged, from the subject of the piece, to omit the "Jollie Beggar" in the present collection. It is remarkable, that during the winter of 1844-45, the song seems to have been resuscitated among the populace, for it became remarkably popular as a street song, and nothing was to be heard from ballad-monsters but

"We'll gang nae mair a-roving, a-roving in the night,

We'll gang nae mair a-roving, tho' the moon shine ne'er so bright."

‡ The story of the *Gudeman of Ballanalogh* is well known. The following, however, may be new to most of our readers. James, on one occasion, disguised as a pedlar or the like, heard himself abused by a country lad as a tyrant and all that was odious, until, unable to restrain himself, he threw off his disguise, and told he was king. "Are you really the king?" said the lad, retaining his self-possession; "Weel, ye'll maybe ha'e heard o' my father: he gaed daft three

therefore, he was not the author of the songs, he might be the subject of them, and may in his gallantries have figured both as the identical Gaberlunzie-man and Jolly Beggar. But other circumstances place it at least not beyond the bounds of probability that he was actually the author of the songs. John Bellenden and Sir David Lyndsay (his cotemporaries) both speak of him as one who indulged in poetry, and Drummond of Hawthornden says, "James V. was naturally given to poesie, as many of his works yet extant testify." It is a pity that Drummond does not specify any of these works; but one celebrated piece—"Christ's Kirk on the Green"—is very generally believed to be a production of James V.§ (pronounced, in particular, to be so by Bishop Percy, Ritson, Sibbald, and George Chalmers, all collectors of learning and discrimination)—and if such were the case, there can be no difficulty in supposing the author of that poem, admirable alike for its truth of description and humour, to be also the author of the two songs. We have sometimes thought that Sir David Lyndsay, who was on terms of personal intimacy with James, and to whom James appears to have sent a poetical "flyting" (a fashion then in vogue among the makkaris,) might be the author of the songs, or might have given them a helping hand, supposing them to belong to that age; but on review-

days regularly every year, and in a' that time spoke nothing but lies and nonsense: now I'm exactly the same way, and this is *ane o' my three days*." The king, it may be readily believed, pardoned the lad for the ingenuity and humour of his escape.

§ A good deal of confusion exists with regard to the authorships of the first and the fifth James, sometimes the same pieces being ascribed to the one, and sometimes to the other; but the opinion of the best critics now is, that James I. wrote "Feesbles to the Play," and that "Christ's Kirk on the Green" was a later production, and was probably written by James V.

ing their style and language, we are compelled to admit our belief, that they in reality belong to a date posterior to James V. "The Gaberlunzie-man" appeared first in Ramsay's Teatable Miscellany, where it bears the signature I, and "The Jollie Beggar" is first found in Herd's collection, 1776.

James Vth was born at Linlithgow in April 1512, and was only about a year and a half old when his father fell at Flodden. He was early called to the administration of the government, and appears to have ruled with equity and firmness. But his reign was by no means fortunate, and the defeat at Solway Moss is said to have hastened his death. He died in Falkland Castle in 1542, leaving only a female child as his successor, a family of several sons having predeceased him. That child, however, was one destined to bear a name which has obtained an universal celebrity, and whose history has awakened the sympathies of every succeeding generation—MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. Of this princess, Ritson ("albeit unused to the melting mood,") speaks with the most enthusiastic tenderness. "Not less remarkable for the accomplishments of her mind," he says, "than for the beauty of her person, she wrote the most elegant songs, and sung to her lute like an angel." He admits, however, that the songs were in French; "but," he adds, "it is by no means improbable that she occasionally condescended to honour her native tongue, which, barbarous and discordant as it sounded in the delicate ears of the French courtiers, she pronounced with such a grace as to make it appear even to them the most sweet and agreeable."^{*}

* A popular tradition prevails, that David Rizzio, the Queen's French secretary, was the composer of many of our finest Scottish tunes, but the tradition is totally unsupported by any authentic record. Thomson, in his Orpheus Caledonius, 1735, and Oswald, in his Scots Tunes, 1740, mark several tunes in their re-

The era of Queen Mary, signalised as it was by religious and political contention, could scarcely be supposed propitious to the cultivation of the Muse, and accordingly few names present themselves during this epoch. ALEXANDER SCOT (of whose history, however, nothing is known) belongs to this period, and his pieces are eminently marked by a lyrical character. One, in particular—his Address to his Heart—might, with a very slight change, pass for a modern production. It opens thus:

Return thee hamewart, Hairt, agane,
And hyde quhair thou was wont to be;
Thou art ane fule to suffer pane
For love of her that loves not thee.
My hairt, lat be sic fantasie:
Love name bot as they mak thee cause;
And let her seek ane hairt for thee;
For feind a crum of thee sche fawis.

spective collections as the composition of David Rizzio, but this was merely to give them additional importance. It is now ascertained that the tunes which Oswald marked as Rizzio's were all Oswald's own. Thomson in the second edition of his Orpheus, 1735, omits Rizzio's name entirely, being probably ashamed of continuing the imposition. Rizzio was not three years in Scotland altogether, when he met his death. Birrel, a contemporary, says, in his Diary, that he was well skilled in poetry and music, but it was the poetry and music of France, where he had received his education. Rizzio's introduction to court was humble enough, and argued no very high distinction as a musician. It is thus narrated by Sir James Melville in his Memoirs:—"Queen Mary had three valets, who sang three parts, and she wanted a person to sing a bass or fourth part. David Rizzio, who had come with the ambassador of Savoy, was recommended as one fit to make the fourth in concert, and thus he was drawn in to sing sometimes with the rest; and afterwards, when her French secretary retired himself to France, this David obtained the said office."

The productions of another poet of a somewhat later period—ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, author of "The Cherrie and the Slae," are also characterised by their lyrical spirit. From his name, and also from his celebrating in some of his pieces Lady Margaret Montgomery, eldest daughter of Hugh the third earl of Eglinton, he was probably connected with the house of Eglinton, a supposition strengthened by the fact of his intimacy with Robert Sempill, fourth lord of that name, a voluminous versifier of that period, belonging to Renfrewshire, and to whose collateral descendants, the Sempills of Beltrees, have been ascribed several popular poems and songs.* In the title-page of his works, Montgomery is styled Captain, and his profession was perhaps that of a soldier. He appears to have died somewhere between the years 1597 and 1615. His allegorical poem of "The Cherrie and the Slae," although condemned by Pinkerton, has been long an established favourite, and his poetical works have been oftener re-printed in recent times than those of any of our other old Scottish poets. From his lyric effusions we may quote the following luscious description of Lady Margaret Montgomery.

Hir curling loks lyk golden rings
About hir hevlin haffats hings;
 Qublik do decoore
Her body more,
 Qubom I adore
 Above all things.

Hir brouls are brent; lyk golden threeds
Hir siluer shining breez;

* Sir James Sempill of Beltrees, a cousin-german of Lord Sempill, was author of "The Packman's Pater Noster," and Francis Sempill, his son, is said to have been the author of "She rose and let me in," "Maggie Lauder," and "The Blythesome Bridal." See farther on.

The bonny blinks my courage feeds
Of hir tua christall ees,
Tunkling illumious,
With beames amorous;
 Qubairin tua nakit boyis resorts,
 Qubais countenance good hope reports;
 For they appeir
 With smyling cheir,
 As they would speir
 At me some sports.

Hir comelle cheeks, of vive colour
Of rid and whyt ymixt,
Ar lyk the sanguene jone-flour
Into the lillie fixt:
Hir mouth mellefuous,
Hir breathing savourous,
Hir rosie lippis most eminent,
Hir teeth lyk pearle of orient,
Hir halse more whyt
Nor I can wryt;
With that perfyt,
And sapient.

Hir vestall breist of Ivorie,
Qubairon ar fixt fast
Tua twins of clene virginitie,
Lyk boullis of alabast.
Out throw hir snaule skin
Maist cleirrie kythes within
Hir saphir veins lyk threids of silk,
Or violets in whyttest milk
If Nature sheu
Hir bevinlle heu
In whyt and blew,
It was that ilk.

Hir armes ar long, hir shuldurs braid,
Hir middill gent and small.
The mold is lost wharin was maid
This a per se of all.*

* Allan Cunningham has freely modernised several of Montgomery's lyrics, and this one

In the preface to the present work, p. v. will be found a list of the titles of songs which appear to have been popular in the sixteenth century, and which titles are given in Wedderburn's Complaints of Scotland. Most of the songs enumerated there are lost, but among those preserved is one (conjectured to be by Alex. Scot) which may be quoted as a favourable specimen of what was fashionable as a song in the 16th century. It is incorporated in the Bannatyne MS. 1568, and is also given in the Aberdeen Cantus so late as 1666. We follow the copy in the latter work.

O lustie May, with Flora quene,
The balm drops from Phoebus sheene
Prelucent beam before the day;
By thee Diana groweth green,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Then Aurora that is so bright
To woful hearts she casts great light,
Right pleasantly before the day,
And shows and sheds forth of that light,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

Birds on the boughs, of every sort,
Send forth their notes, and make great mirth
On banks that bloom, and every brae;
And fare and flee ower every firth,
Through gladness of this lusty May.

And lovers all that are in care
To their ladies they do repair,
In fresh morning before the day;

among the rest. The two last lines which we quote will remind the reader of a similar idea in one of the songs of Burns. Beauty seems to accompany the name of Eglinton. The "Sussanna countess of Eglinton," to whom Ramsay dedicates his Gentle Shepherd, was a lady distinguished for her personal attractions, as well as worth, and she had no fewer than seven daughters, all of whom were equally remarkable for their beauty.

And are in mirth aye mair and mair,
Through gladness of this lusty May.
Of everie moneth in the year
To mirthful May there is no peer;
Her glistering garments are so gay
You lovers all make merry cheer
Through gladness of this lusty May.

The month of May seems to have been the favourite month of the year with all our old Scottish poets, and Dunbar in particular has celebrated it in verses of extreme beauty. In the above piece, there is nothing very characteristic of the Scottish Muse, but here is a fragment belonging to the same period, and preserved by Mr David Laing, which breathes the true pathos of Scottish song.

Farewell, farewell, my yellow hair,
That curlit cleir into my neck!
Allace! that ever it grew sae fair,
Or yet in to a snood was knet.
Quhar I was wont to dance and sing;
Amang my marrows mak repair—
Now am I put furth of the ring,
For fadit is my yellow hair.

My kirtill was of lincum green,
Weill lacit with silken passments rair;
God gif I had never pridefull been,
For fadit is my yellow hair.

God gif my hair had been als black
As evir wes my heart full of calr,
It wald not put me to sic lak,
For fadit is my yellow hair.

Quhen I was young I had great stait,
Weill cherisht baith with less and mair,
For shame now stell I off the gait,
For fadit is my yellow hair.

The accession of James VIth to the English throne in 1603, and union of the two crowns, had in the first instance an unfavourable effect

on the cultivation of Scottish literature. Although that monarch himself never abandoned the use of his mother tongue,* the Scotch language, no longer sanctioned by the authority of a court, ceased to be used in literary composition by writers of reputation, and the leading poets of the country came to cultivate English

* James VIth was an early votary of the Muses. In 1585, he printed at Edinburgh, "The Essayes of a Prentice in the divine Art of Poetrie," to which he affixed "Ane Schort Treatise containing some Reulls and Cautelis, to be observit and eschewit in Scottis Poetrie." This work was published when he was scarcely nineteen, and is on the whole creditable to his talents. In 1591, he produced a second volume of poems, entitled "Poetical Exercises." His other works we need not enumerate, but may only remark that his character as a monarch seems to have had a detrimental influence on his character as an author, and to have sunk his writings in public estimation much lower than they deserve.—It is curious to observe, that out of the six Jameses of Scotland, three of them (James I., V., and VI.) successfully cultivated Scottish poetry, and that even James IV., who fell at Flodden-field, [1513,] was not only a patron of the poets, but occasionally tried his hand at rhyme himself. James IV. gave frequent gratuities to Blind Harry, the minstrel of Wallace's exploits, as may be seen from his treasurer's accounts, and Dunbar was almost wholly dependent on him. The latter distinguished poet says, that his "nobill king" sometimes answered his (Dunbar's) petitions in verse, and he preserves one of the king's answers to a supplication which he had presented, in the character of an old horse, for a house to protect him from the cold against Christmas. The king's reply was as follows:

"After our writings, treasurer,
Take in this grey horse, old Duubar,
Which in my aucht, with service true,
In lyart, changed is his hue:

Gar house him now, against this Yule,
And busk him like a bishop's mule:
For with my hand, I have indost
To pay whatever his trappouris cost."

in its stead. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, afterwards EARL OF STIRLING, [born 1580; died 1640;] SIR ROBERT AYTOUN, secretary to Anne of Denmark, wife of James VI. [born 1570; died 1638;] and WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN [born 1585; died 1640;] were the most distinguished poets of Scotland in the early half of the seventeenth century, but they all wrote in English, and their language is remarkably free from indications of their native country. A song attributed to Aytoun, though not on very good grounds, beginning,

"I do confess thou'r't smooth and fair,"

Burns adopted, by giving it what he calls "a Scots dress," but he was not successful in this instance, and we have not made room for the changeling in this collection. Alexander and Drummond (who were intimate friends) both excelled in the Sonnet: the latter, indeed, is scarcely surpassed in that species of composition by any succeeding poet, whether as regards harmony, elegance, or sentiment. A number of Scotsmen at this period also gave themselves to the cultivation of Latin poetry, which they prosecuted with great success, and a collection of their productions was published under the title of *Delicia Poetarum Scotorum*, a work which Dr Samuel Johnson, notwithstanding his prejudices regarding the attainments of the Scotch in classical learning, said "would have done honour to any nation." But although the educated classes in Scotland were thus for a time estranged from their native language, "the ancient spirit was not dead," and the national Muse of the country still held its supremacy in the hearts of the people. To the seventeenth century, indeed, belong many of our best characteristic old songs, such as "Maggie's Tocher," "Todlen hame," "Andro and his Outty Gun," "Jocky gun, Jenny fain," "The Ewe-buchts," "Jocky said to Jenny," "Mairland Wille," "Katherine Ogilvie," "Auld Rob Morris," "In January last,"

"Nancy's to the greenwood gane," "The Carlisle authoress of "Hardyknute," is also now suspected of having written one or two of our finest ballads, viz. "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Gil Morice." Brief notices of each of these ladies will be found respectively at pp. 135 and 560.

"The eighteenth century opened auspiciously for Scottish song. In the very first year of that century, (1701,) a boy of fifteen was brought by his step-father from the wilds of Crawford-muir to Edinburgh, and apprenticed to a wig-maker. This boy was ALLAN RAMSAY, the great leader, so to speak, of modern Scottish poets, and, until the days of Burns, the most distinguished name of which the lyrical muse of Scotland could boast. Allan was born on the 15th October, 1686, at the village of Leadhills, in the parish of Crawford-muir, upper ward of Lanarkshire, an obscure hamlet on the banks of Glengoner, a stream tributary to the Clyde. He himself thus describes the place of his birth—

"Of Crawford-muir, born in Leadhill,
Where mineral springs Glengoner fill
Which joins sweet flowing Clyde
Between auld Crawford-Lindsay's towers,
And where Deneetne rapid pours
His stream through Glotta's tide:
Native of Clydesdale's Upper Ward,
Bred fifteen summers there," &c.

His father was manager of the lead mines in Crawford-muir belonging to the earl of Hoptoun, and was descended from a branch of the Ramsays of Dalhousie, and his mother, Alice Bower, was the daughter of a person who originally came from Derbyshire as an overseer of the mines. Allan lost his father while yet a child, and his mother marrying a second time, he was brought up under the eye of a step-father, who seems to have given him a good education, and who, as we have said, apprenticed him in his fifteenth year to a wig-maker in

Of the names belonging to the seventeenth century as Scottish song-writers, we can only mention four,—Francis Sempie of Beltrees,—Lord Yester,—Lady Grizel Baillie, and Lady Wardlaw. SEMPIE is the reputed author of "The Blythesome Bridal" (p. 99), "She rose and let me in" (p. 244), and "Maggie Lauder," (p. 259). Notices of him and of his claims will be found appended to the respective songs here specified. LORD YESTER, afterwards Marquis of Tweeddale, who died in 1713, is said to have been the author of the original words to "Tweedside." An account of him will be found at p. 449, where the song is given. LADY GRIZEL BAILLIE was the authoress of the exquisite song, "Were nae my heart licht I wad die," (p. 135), and LADY WARDLAW, the reputed

Edinburgh. In those days, periwigs were in their fullest bloom—the price of a good one, we are told, ranging from 20 to 50 guineas; but Allan abandoned the flourishing profession for that of bookseller, a few years after his apprenticeship was past, inlining more, as he phrases it himself, to “line the inside of the pash” than to “theek the out.” His first shop was “at the sign of the Mercury, opposite to Niddry’s Wynd,” and from this place his early poetical productions emanated. These were printed, as they were written, in single sheets or half-sheets, in which size they found a ready sale, people coming to the habit of sending their children for “Allan Ramsay’s last piece.” In 1716 he published an edition of “Christ’s Kirk on the Green,” with an additional canto of his own. A second edition of it was published in 1718, with a third canto subjoined, and the whole ran through five editions. The estimation in which his own poems were held led him to make a collection of them, which appeared in 1721, 4to, and which was so liberally subscribed for that the poet is said to have realized from it 400 guineas. The specimens of song-writing which he had given to the public having been warmly received, he was led in 1724 to publish the first volume of his collection of songs so often adverted to in this work—“The Tea-Table Miscellany.” Other three volumes followed, and in the course of a few years this Miscellany ran through no less than twelve editions. In the same year (1724) he published “The Evergreen,” being a collection of Scots poems wrote by the Ingenious before 1600,” 2 vols. Most of these were from the Bannatyne MS. in the Advocates’ Library: but one piece of great power and beauty, entitled “The Vision,” a political allegory displaying Jacobitical tendencies, which he gives as an old production, was his own composition. In 1726, he published his celebrated “Gentle Shepherd.” Four years before this, he had issued a pastoral sketch under the title of

“Patie and Roger,” which in 1723 was followed by a sequel under that of “Jenny and Meggy.” These sketches were so much approved of by his friends, that he was induced to extend them to the form of a regular drama, which was enthusiastically received by his countrymen, and the popularity of which became unbounded. Its truth as a picture of national manners was at once recognized by high and low; and although the people of Scotland entertained at this time a stern prejudice against dramatic representations, they made an exception in favour of “The Gentle Shepherd;” and over the whole country—in the laird’s hall, the farmer’s barn, and the village inn,—the piece was performed, or portions of it attempted, by amateur actors of all ranks, “gentle and simple” often combining together in its exhibition, and enacting it in a style which was said to far surpass the attempts of regular Thespians. Indeed, the popularity of “The Gentle Shepherd” penetrated at one time into the obtusest sections of society; and among the most illiterate hynds, nay, even among the serfs of the coal-pit, few were to be found who could not repeat large “blauds” of “Patie and Roger.” This is a popularity which even the poems of Burns have never reached.*

* Of late years, the merits of “The Gentle Shepherd” have come to be discussed in some of the Magazines, and it is satisfactory to find that Ramsay has found an able eulogist in Leigh Hunt, whose scholarship is only surpassed by his critical acumen. In speaking of the comparative merits of the celebrated Greek pastoral writer, Theocritus, and Ramsay, Hunt says, the opening line of one of the latter’s songs has more passion in it than all Theocritus. The critic alludes to the song beginning

“By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,”

see p. 523. The estimate which Thomas Campbell takes of “The Gentle Shepherd,” in his “Specimens of the British Poets,” is so true in itself, and so finely expressed, that we cannot

After the publication of his drama, Ramsay removed his shop from Niddry Street to the Luckenbooths, and instead of Mercury adopted

the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden. Here also he commenced a circulating library, being the first which was established in Scotland. In 1728, he issued a second volume of poems, which was equally successful with the first, and his fame extending to the sister kingdoms, the whole of his poetical works were republished by the London booksellers in 1731, and by the Dublin booksellers in 1733. Pope was an admirer of "The Gentle Shepherd," and Gay, when in Scotland, was a frequent loungee in Ramsay's shop.* By many of the Scottish nobility he was also patronized, and his intercourse with the distinguished men of the day was extensive. In 1730, he published a collection of thirty fables, after which he seems to have discontinued his literary efforts. In 1736, he built at his own expense in Carrubber's Close the first theatre erected in Scotland. The act for licensing the stage, however, was passed during the ensuing year, and the magistrates of Edinburgh ordered him to shut up the house. By this speculation he lost a large sum of money. About 1745, he retired from business, and spent the last twelve years of his life in a house of whimsical construction, which he built on the north side of the castle-hill of

refrain from quoting it here. "The admirers of the Gentle Shepherd," he says, "must perhaps be content to share some suspicion of national partiality, while they do justice to their own feeling of its merit. Yet, as this drama is a picture of rustic Scotland, it would perhaps be saying little for its fidelity, if it yielded no more agreeableness to the breast of a native than he could expound to a stranger by the strict letter of criticism. We should think the painter had finished the likeness of a mother very indifferently, if it did not bring home to her children traits of indefinable expression which had escaped every eye but that of familiar affection. Ramsay had not the force of Burns; but, neither, in just proportion to his merits, is he likely to be felt by an English reader. The fire of Burns's wit and passion glows through an obscure dialect by its confinement to short and concentrated bursts. The interest which Ramsay excites is spread over a long poem, delineating manners more than passions; and the mind must be at home both in the language and manners, to appreciate the skill and comic archness with which he has heightened the display of rustic character without giving it vulgarity, and refined the view of peasant life by situations of sweetness and tenderness, without departing in the least degree from its simplicity. The Gentle Shepherd stands quite apart from the general pastoral poetry of modern Europe. It has no satire, nor featureless simpletons, nor drowsy and still landscapes of nature, but distinct characters and amusing incidents. The principal shepherd never speaks out of consistency with the habits of a peasant; but he moves in that sphere with such a manly spirit, with so much cheerful sensibility to its humble joys, with maxims of life so rational and independent, and with an ascendancy over his fellow-swains so well maintained by his force of character, that if we could suppose the peaceful scenes of the drama to be suddenly changed into situations of trouble and danger, we should, in exact consistency with our former idea of him, expect him to become the leader of the peasants, and the Tell of his native hamlet. Nor is the character of his mistress less beautifully con-

ceived. She is represented like himself, as elevated, by a fortunate discovery, from obscure to opulent life, yet as equally capable of being the ornament of either. A Richardson, or a D'Arbelay, had they continued her history, might have heightened the portrait, but they could not have altered the outline. Like the poetry of Tasso and Ariosto, that of the Gentle Shepherd is engraven on the memory of its native country. Its verses have passed into proverbs; and it continues to be the delight and solace of the peasantry whom it describes."

* A number of the songs in Gay's celebrated "Beggars' Opera" are to Scotch tunes. Gay was patronized by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, by whose invitation he came to Scotland, and resided with them for some time both in Edinburgh and at Drumlanrig.

Edinburgh, and which is still distinguished by the name of Ramsay-garden. He died on the 7th of January, 1768, and was interred in the Gray-friars church-yard. In a memoir appended to a collection of his poems published at Glasgow in 1797, we find it stated that Ramsay died a bankrupt, and that his debts were afterwards paid by his son, Allan Ramsay, the celebrated portrait painter. This in some measure contradicts the usual view given of his success in life, for he is often brought forward as an instance of one of the few poets upon whom Fortune (with the unhappy exception of the Car-rubber's Close playhouse) uniformly smiled, and whose prudence and self-control secured a moderate independence. Are we to understand, then, that even Ramsay did not escape the fate which is too readily said to belong to the poetic genius?

In the Preface to the Tea-Table Miscellany, Ramsay says, that a number of the songs are partly written by the Editor, and partly "done by some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with his undertaking that they generously lent him their assistance." Of these "young gentlemen" we can only specify four, namely, Robert Crawford,—William Hamilton of Gilbertfield,—William Hamilton of Bangour,—and David Mallet. In the present collection no less than ten of CRAWFORD's songs will be found, and at page 449 is given, in the note to "Tweedside," all the information that could be gathered concerning this beautiful song-writer, who was unfortunately drowned in returning from France to his native country in 1738.

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF GILBERTFIELD, an estate in the vicinity of Glasgow, 8 miles to the south-east, was a contributor to Watson's collection of Scots Poems (1706-1710,) and was therefore Ramsay's senior in the poetic field. Ramsay, indeed, in one of his epistles, owns that Hamilton's verses first roused his ambition to be a poet.

"When I begoud first to can verse,
And could your "Ardrie Whins" rehearse,
Where bonnie Heck ran fast and fierce,
It warm'd my breast;
Then emulation did me pierce,
Whilk ne'er since ceas'd."

Hamilton was a lieutenant in the army, holding a commission in Lord Hyndford's regiment.† He appears to have been a gay, handsome fellow, of frank and jovial manners, and a universal favourite. The song "Willie was a wanton wag," (page 30,) is supposed by Mr D. Laing to be a production of his: by others, he is generally understood to be only the subject of the piece. We can scarcely conceive of him being both hero and author, seeing the laudatory way in which "Wanton Willie" is spoken of.

"He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw,"

and other encomiums, would come better from another hand than "Wanton Willie's" own. In Ramsay's poetical works, we find no less than "Seven Familiar Epistles that passed between Lieutenant Hamilton and the author." Those by Hamilton, we think, surpass Ramsay's in natural ease and fluency: he seems, indeed, to be the father of this style of epistle-writing, which has been so much indulged in by all succeeding Scottish poets, and by none more so than Burns. Take a verse or two of Hamilton's first Epistle to Ramsay as a specimen:—

"O fam'd and celebrated Allan!
Renowned Ramsay, canny callan,
There's nowther Highlandman nor Lallan,
In poetrie,
But may as soon ding down Tamtallan
As match wi' thee."

* The title of one of Hamilton's contributions to Watson's collection.

† In one of Mallet's letters, quoted hereafter, we find him called *Captain* Hamilton, so that he probably rose to that rank.

"Wha bours wi' thee had need be wary,
And lear wi' skill thy thrust to parry,
When thou consults thy dictionary
Of ancient words,
Which come from thy poetic quarry,
As sharp as swords.

"Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,
And be as light as Aristotle,
At Edinburgh we sall ha'e a bottle
Of reaming claret,
Gin that my half-pay siller shottle
Can safely spare it.

"At crambo then we'll rack our brain,
Drown ilk dull care and aching pain,
Whilk aften does our spirits drain
Of true content;
Wow, wow! but we'll be wonder fain,
When thus acquaint."

During the latter years of his life, Hamilton resided at Letterick in the county of Lanark, where he died in 1751, at a very advanced age. He was author of the metrical "Life of Sir William Wallace" (from Blind Harry), which enjoys an extensive popularity among the peasantry of Scotland, and to which we have already adverted in a previous page.

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR was a poet of a very different cast from Hamilton of Gilbertfield, being distinguished by the delicacy of his sentiments and the refinement of his taste. He was born, of an ancient family in Ayrshire, in 1704, and received a classical education. He early discovered a genius for poetry, and wrote a number of pieces which were circulated among his personal friends. A collection of these was first published at Glasgow in 1748, without his knowledge or consent, he being at that time abroad. A more complete collection was published from his own MSS. at Edinburgh in 1760, several years after his death. In a memoir appended to this col-

lection, Hamilton is represented to have possessed the social virtues in an eminent degree, and to have been "in the proper sense of the word, a fine gentleman." In politics, he was a keen Jacobite, and on the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745, he joined the standard of Prince Charles, and celebrated its first triumph in an Ode on the battle of Gladsmuir. After the disastrous affair of Culloden, he, like his prince, suffered many hardships as a fugitive in the Highlands before he finally escaped to France. He eventually, however, made his peace with the government, and came home to his paternal estate, but ill health obliged him to return to the Continent, where he continued till his death, which took place at Lyons, in March, 1754. His body was brought to Scotland, and interred in the Abbey-church of Holyrood-house. Four of Hamilton of Bangour's contributions to the Tea-Table Miscellany are given in this work, the most noted of which is his "Braes of Yarrow," beginning,

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,"

a piece written professedly "in imitation of the ancient ballad," but which bears little similitude to that class of compositions. Its many beauties are marred, we conceive, by the perpetual "iteration" of the words, to which even a long familiarity will scarcely reconcile the ear. *Ex. gr.*

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
&c., &c.

DAVID MALLEY (originally *Malloch*) was author of the opening verses of the "Birks of Invermay," (see p. 47.) and also of the well-known ballad "William and Margaret," (given in The Book of Scottish Ballads, p. 78.) He belonged originally to Perthshire, and was resident in Edinburgh when the Tea-Table Miscellany was

going on. While studying at the University there, he obtained a tutorship in the family of the Duke of Montrose, through whose influence he owed much of his after-success in life. In London he mingled with the most distinguished literati of the day, and published a variety of pieces, but his character as a man of probity seems to have been defective, and his name in the literary history of the times is by no means a creditable one. He died in 1768. In one of his early letters to a friend, we find him thus speaking of Hamilton of Glibertfield and Ramsay. "I saw Captain Hamilton some time ago in Edinburgh. He has made public his 'Life of Wallace,' and at the same time so sunk his character with people of taste that he is thought to have treated his hero as unmercifully as did Edward of old. 'Tis the fate of Wallace to be always murdered. Mr Ramsay, again, aspires no higher than humble sonnets" at present: he has published several collections of Scottish songs, and considerably obliged the young creatures of both sexes. *His miscellany songs are wrote by various hands. These are the present entertainments in town.*" In Ramsay's works, we find an Epistle "to Mr David Malloch, on his departure from Scotland," which shows that an intimacy existed between the poet and Mallet.

Mallet enjoyed the friendship of his distinguished countryman, JAMES THOMSON, author of "The Seasons," [born 1700; died 1748.] two of whose songs will be found in the present collection. The "Masque of Alfred," in which the patriotic ode of "Rule Britannia" first appeared, was a joint production of both, but Thomson was author of the ode. It may here be remark-

* *Sonnets* used to be a term applied in Scotland to songs. Burns represents Tam o'Shanter as

"Whyles crooning o'er an auld Scots sonnet."

ed, with a pardonable feeling of national pride, that the two most popular patriotic pieces in the English language are the productions of Scotsmen—"Rule Britannia" by Thomson, and "Ye Mariners of England" by Campbell.†

During a large portion of the last century, Scottish music and Scottish song were much cultivated and patronized by the higher circles of society, and at fashionable evening parties the simple singing of Scottish songs often formed a

† The authorship of another national piece, the King or Queen's Anthem, has often been made a subject of dispute, but recent investigations have pretty satisfactorily proven, that HENRY CAREY, a musician by profession in the early part of the last century, and, if we mistake not, of Irish extraction, composed both the music and the words. Carey was author and composer of "Sally in our Alley," and other, though less popular, songs. He died by his own hand in 1743. Edmund Kean, the great tragedian, whose real name was supposed to be Carey, was descended from him. The most singular point in the history of the National Anthem is, that it was originally a secret Jacobite effusion, and written, shortly before the insurrection of 1716, to welcome the Pretender. The words were, of course, somewhat different from what they now are.

"God save great James our king," &c.

"Send him victorious

Soon to reign over us," &c.

During the rebellion of 1745, the piece (which of course had never been made public in its original form) was altered for the nonce to

"God save great George our king," &c.

and produced with immense effect in the London theatres. Ever since it has been the established Royal Anthem. Many years later, Henry Carey's son endeavoured to establish his father's claim to the authorship, with the view of obtaining a pension, but being obliged to suppress the fact of its original Jacobitical character, he failed in making out his case, and indeed that necessity was the cause of all the mystery that hung over the production.

leading source of amusement. At Corri's celebrated concert rooms in Edinburgh, Scottish melodies were greatly in demand, and the name of Ferdinando Tenducci, a celebrated Italian singer, who established himself in the capital about the middle of the century, is yet remembered for the truth and exquisite pathos with which he sung some of our best lyrics. About this period, it was the ambition of many moving in good society to write verses to Scottish tunes, and ladies, as well as gentlemen, ventured their part. In particular, we may mention Mrs Cockburn and Miss Jane Elliot, the authoresses of the two sets of "The Flowers of the Forest," given at p. 368. It is not very well ascertained which of the sets of the song was first written, but the following biographic notices of the two ladies, which we find in Mr David Laing's Appendix to Johnson's Museum, will doubtless interest the reader, especially as they furnish glimpses of Edinburgh society at this period, and of the parents of Sir Walter Scott.

"Mrs Cockburn was a daughter of Robert Rutherford of Fernalee, in the county of Selkirk, and born probably about 1710 or 1712. In 1731 she married Patrick Cockburn, youngest son of Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice-Clerk, who died 16th of April, 1735, in the 79th year of his age. Patrick was admitted advocate, 27th of January, 1728; but died, 'after a tedious illness,' at Musselburgh, 29th of April, 1733. Her pathetic verses, 'I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,' are printed in 'The Lark,' p. 37, Edinburgh, 1765, with some occasional variations. She survived her husband for more than forty years. From family intimacy, this lady was well known to Sir Walter Scott in his youth, and on several occasions he has mentioned her in terms of great regard. 'Even at an age,' he says, 'advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination, and an activity of intellect, which must have been attractive and delightful

in youth, but were almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration. The Editor, who knew her well, takes this opportunity of doing justice to his own feelings; and they are in unison with those of all who knew his regretted friend.' (Border Minstrelsy, vol. iii. p. 338, edit. 1833.) See also Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. i. pp. 9, 86, 88, 97, 133; and vol. ii. p. 358.

"Sir Walter Scott communicated at considerable length to Mr Robert Chambers, when publishing his 'Scottish Songs, in 1820, his personal recollections of Mrs Cockburn; and these, as possessed of more than common interest, are here copied from the preface to that collection.

"Mrs Catherine Cockburn, authoress of those verses to the tune of the Flowers of the Forest, which begin,

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,

was daughter to — Rutherford, Esq. of Fairnalee in Selkirkshire. A turret in the old house of Fairnalee is still shown as the place where the poem was written. The occasion was a calamitous period in Selkirkshire, or Ettrick Forest, when no fewer than seven lairds or proprietors, men of ancient family and inheritance, having been engaged in some imprudent speculations, became insolvent in one year.

"Miss C. Rutherford was married to — Cockburn, son of Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland. Mr Cockburn acted as Commissioner for the Duke of Hamilton of that day; and being, as might be expected from his family, a sincere friend to the Revolution and Protestant succession, he used his interest with his principal to prevent him from joining in the intrigues which preceded the insurrection of 1745, to which his Grace is supposed to have had a strong inclination.

"Mrs Cockburn was herself a keen Whig. I remember having heard repeated a parody on

Prince Charles's proclamation, in burlesque, to the tune of "Clout the Caldron." In the midst of the siege or blockade of the Castle of Edinburgh, the carriage in which Mrs Cockburn was returning from a visit to Ravelstone, was stopped by the Highland guard at the West Port; and, as she had a copy of the parody about her person, she was not a little alarmed at the consequences; especially as the officer talked of searching the carriage for letters and correspondence with the Whigs in the city. Fortunately, the arms on the coach were recognized as belonging to a gentleman favourable to the cause of the Adventurer, so that Mrs Cockburn escaped, with the caution not to carry political squibs about her person in future.

"Apparently, she was fond of parody; as I have heard a very clever one of her writing, upon the old song, "Nancy's to the greenwood gane." The occasion of her writing it, was the rejection of her brother's hand by a fantastic young lady of fashion. The first verse ran thus:—

Nancy's to the Assembly gane,
To hear the fops a' chattering,
And Willie he has followed her,
To win her love by flattering.

"I farther remember only the last verse, which describes the sort of exquisite then in fashion:—

Wad ye ha'e bonnie Nancy?
Na, I'll ha'e ane has learned to fence,
And that can please my fancy;
Ane that can flatter, bow, and dance,
And make love to the ladies,
That kens how folk behave in France,
And's bauld among the cadies.*

* "An old-fashioned species of servicable attendants, between the street-porter and the valet-de-place, peculiar to Edinburgh. A great num-

ber were always hanging about the doors of the Assembly Rooms.—*Chambers.*

"Mrs Cockburn was authoress of many other little pieces, particularly a set of toasts descriptive of some of her friends, and sent to a company where most of them were assembled. They were so accurately drawn, that each was at once referred to the person characterised. One runs thus:—

To a thing that's uncommon—a youth of discretion,
Who, though vastly handsome, despises flirtation;
Is the friend in affliction, the soul of affection,
Who may hear the last trump without dread of detection.

This was written for my father, then a young and remarkably handsome man.

"The intimacy was great between my mother and Mrs Cockburn. She resided in Crichton Street, and, my father's house being in George's Square, the intercourse of that day, which was of a very close and unceremonious character, was constantly maintained with little trouble. My mother and Mrs Cockburn were related, in what degree I know not, but sufficiently near to induce Mrs Cockburn to distinguish her in her will. Mrs Cockburn had the misfortune to lose an only son, Patrick Cockburn, who had the rank of Captain in the Dragoons, several years before her own death; which last event took place about forty years since.

"Mrs Cockburn was one of those persons whose talents for conversation made a stronger impression on her contemporaries, than her writings can be expected to produce. In person and features she somewhat resembled Queen Elizabeth; but the nose was rather more aquiline. She was proud of her auburn hair, which remained unbleached by time, even when she

ber were always hanging about the doors of the Assembly Rooms.—*Chambers.*

was upwards of eighty years old. She maintained the rank in the society of Edinburgh, which French women of talents usually do in that of Paris; and her little parlour used to assemble a very distinguished and accomplished circle, among whom David Hume, John Home, Lord Monboddo, and many other men of name, were frequently to be found. Her evening parties were very frequent, and included society distinguished both for condition and talents. The *petit souper* which always concluded the evening, was like that of Stella, which she used to quote on the occasion:—

A supper like her mighty self,
Four nothings on four plates of delf.

But they passed off more gaily than many costlier entertainments.

“She spoke both wittily and well, and maintained an extensive correspondence, which, if it continues to exist, must contain many things highly curious and interesting. My recollection is, that her conversation brought her much nearer to a Frenchwoman than to a native of England; and, as I have the same impression with respect to ladies of the same period and the same rank in society, I am apt to think that the *vieille cour* of Edinburgh rather resembled that of Paris than that of St James’s; and particularly, that the Scotch imitated the Parisians in laying aside much of the expense and form of those little parties in which wit and good-humour were allowed to supersede all occasion of display. The lodging where Mrs Cockburn received the best society of her time, would not now offer accommodation to a very inferior person.”

“It will be remarked that Sir Walter Scott has styled Mrs Cockburn, Miss Catherine Rutherford and Mrs Catherine Cockburn. From the following entry of her marriage in the Parish Register of Ormiston, it is certain that Sir Walter was mistaken:—

‘12th March, 1731, Mr Patrick Cockburn, Advocate, in this parish, and Miss Alison Rutherford, in the Parish of Galaahiele, were contracted in order to marriage, and after due proclamation were married.’

“Mrs Alison Cockburn died at Edinburgh on the 24th of November, 1794.

“Miss JANE ELLIOT was the second daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart., one of the Lords of Session, and Lord Justice-Clerk (who died 16th of April, 1766, aged 73), and Helen Stuart, daughter of Sir Robert Stuart of Allantank. She was born in the year 1727. Her song, ‘The Flowers of the Forest,’ is said to have been written about the year 1755; and when first published it passed as an old ballad. In Herd’s Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads, 1776, and in other copies, both Miss Elliot’s and Mrs Cockburn’s stanzas are incorporated as part of a long narrative ballad, which begins,

From Spey to the Border was peace and good order,

The sway of our monarch was mild as the May;
Peace he adored, which Southrons abhorred,
Our marches they plunder, our wardens they slay.

“These stanzas are altogether inferior, and of a modern cast; and it may safely be alleged that neither Miss Elliot nor Mrs Cockburn had any concern in writing them. Miss Elliot’s elegy long remained anonymous. Sir Walter Scott, in printing it, in the *Border Minstrelsy*, 1803, says, ‘The following well-known and beautiful stanzas were composed, many years ago, by a lady of family in Roxburghshire. The manner of the ancient Minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince the Editor that the song was of modern date.’

“For many years, at least from 1783 to 1804, Miss Elliot resided in Brown Square, Edin-

burgh; but she died at her brother, Admiral Elliot's seat, at Mount Teviot, Roxburghshire, on the 29th of March, 1806."

While Scottish song was thus cultivated and patronized by the higher classes of society in Edinburgh, a young Scottish poet of undoubted genius, and whose name stands second only to Burns, was suffered to waste his few years of manhood as copying clerk to a lawyer in that city, at a small weekly pittance, and finally to perish, with all his senses about him, in the dismal cell of an old mad-house! The fate of Robert Burns has been much and justly deplored, but that of his great precursor, ROSS FERGUSON, was by many degrees more lamentably unhappy. He was born in Edinburgh, of parents who originally came from Aberdeen-shire, on the 17th October, 1750, and after receiving a good elementary education, he was, in his thirteenth year, entered as a bursar at the university of St Andrews, with an ultimate view on the part of his parents to the clerical profession. The bursary, or, as it is called in England, the exhibition, (an endowment by a Mr Ferguson for young men of the same name) lasted four years, and on its expiration the poet quitted St Andrews, and returned to Edinburgh. His father (who had held the situation of an accountant to the British Linen Company) was now dead, and want of pecuniary means probably prevented Ferguson from prosecuting his academical career. He now obtained employment as a copyist of legal papers, and continued at this drudgery during the few short years of his life, relieving his mind, however, as opportunity offered, by the composition of pieces of poetry, which were regularly inserted in *Eddiman's Weekly Magazine*, and attracted a considerable share of attention. In that periodical first appeared his "*Farmer's Ingle*" (which gave more than the hint to Burns's *Otter's Saturday Night*), his "*Braid Clath*," "*Cauler*

Oysters," "*Cauler Water*," "*Leith Races*," and other pieces remarkable for facility of versification, humour, and vigorous description. In 1773, these and other pieces were collected into a volume, but the poet did not realize a shilling by the publication. His company, however, was much sought after, for, like Burns, his conversational powers are said to have been even more captivating than his written productions. The result was that he was drawn into dissipated company, and his constitution, originally far from strong, seriously injured. An accidental interview, also, which he had with the famous Bible annotator, the Rev. John Brown of Haddington, threw him into religious despondency, and his disease was aggravated by a fall in descending a stair, by which his head was seriously cut, and his mind thrown into a state of delirium. At last, his reason seemed to be in a great measure destroyed, and his widowed mother, with whom he resided, was compelled to assign him to the public asylum, which then consisted of a wretched series of dens near the city wall, not fit for the confinement of wild beasts, far less of human beings labouring under the direct calamities. The unfortunate young man had often feared that this would be his final home: at the moment of his entrance, a consciousness of where he was broke upon his mind, and he uttered a cry of despair, which was echoed by the inmates of the adjoining cells, and thrilled with pity and horror the friends who accompanied him. A few days before his dissolution, his reason appears to have entirely returned, and his mother, who had received a remittance from her elder son, Henry, then at sea, was preparing to have him removed home, when a message was brought her that Robert was no more. He expired in his cell, on the 16th October, 1774, after a confinement of about two months. His age was only twenty-four years. Burns, as is well-known, erected a monument over his grave in the Canongate

churchyard, and in his works, on more than one occasion, he speaks of him with affectionate enthusiasm. On a copy of Fergusson's poems presented to a young lady, he says,

"Curse on ungrateful man that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of his pleasure !
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
Why is the bard unfitted for the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?"

An incident, strikingly illustrative of the unhappy destiny of the young poet, and at the same time of the honourable esteem in which he was held by those who best knew him, must not remain untold. Shortly after his death a letter came from India directed to him, inclosing a draught for one hundred pounds, and inviting him thither, where a lucrative situation was promised him. The letter and draught were from an old and attached school-fellow, a Mr Burnet, whose name deserves to be for ever linked with Fergusson's for this act of munificent, though fruitless, generosity.

No authentic portrait of Fergusson exists; but his personal appearance is thus described by those who knew him. In stature he was about five feet nine inches, slender and handsome. His countenance was rather effeminate when in repose, but this was not felt when he was animated, and his large black eyes sparkled with intelligence. His complexion was uniformly pale or yellow, and betokened delicate health. His forehead was elevated, and he wore his own fair brown hair, with a long massive curl on each side of the head, terminating in a queue, dressed with a black silk ribbon. He was noted for the gentleness and humanity of his disposition, and is said, in his manners, to have united the sprightliness and innocence of a child with the knowledge of a profound and judicious thinker.

There are only two songs in the present collection with the name of Robert Fergusson, and we doubt if one of them ("Hallow Fair," page 100,) was really written by him, for though generally attributed to him, we do not find it in the collected editions of his works. Fergusson, indeed, did not much cultivate the lyrical muse of his country, which is the more remarkable as he possessed an excellent voice, and sung beautifully. When labouring under insanity, we are told, he sometimes burst forth into one or other of his favourite melodies—"The Birks of Invermay" was the chief—and on those occasions, he is said to have executed them with a power and pathos, which far surpassed his finest exertions when in health, and invariably moved his listeners to tears.*

About the period of which we now treat, the North of Scotland produced at least four song-writers, some of whose pieces have been eminently popular and still retain a place in the collections. We name them in the order of their seniority:—Alexander Ross, Rev. John Skinner, Dr Alexander Geddes, and James Tytler.

ALEXANDER ROSS was the son of a farmer in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, where he was born in April, 1699. He received a regular classical education at the Marischal college of Aberdeen, but his ambition never seems to have gone beyond that of a parish schoolmaster, for though offered a settlement in the church, if he would study divinity, he de-

* It is curious to trace the revivification of family likeness and family talent in an after generation. Fergusson's eldest sister was married to a Mr David Inverarity, a cabinet-maker in Edinburgh, from whom is descended the celebrated vocalist, Miss Inverarity, late of Covent-Garden Theatre. This lady, who is now married and retired from the stage, is grand-niece to the poet, and is said to bear a striking resemblance to her distinguished relative.

clined it on the modest plea that he did not think himself worthy of the office of a clergyman. He taught in several places, till he was finally settled, in the year 1782, as parochial schoolmaster of Lochlea, a wild and thinly-peopled parish in the very heart of the Grampians, at the head of the valley of the North Esk. This humble but useful situation he held till his death on the 20th of May, 1784, a period of not less than fifty-two years, during which time his emoluments did not exceed twenty pounds a year, exclusive of the use of a glebe, but on which he contrived to live, with a wife and family, in comfort and independence, and is described by Dr Beattie, who knew him in his latter days, as "a good-humoured, social, happy, old man, modest without clownishness, and lively without petulance." Ross had nearly reached the patriarchal age of seventy before he became author. In 1778 he published at Aberdeen, "The Fortunate Shepherdess, a pastoral tale in the Scottish dialect, to which are added a few songs." The story of "The Fortunate Shepherdess" is very ill-constructed and extremely unsatisfactory to the reader—(for the *fortune* of the Shepherdess consists in being wedded to a wealthy wooer, not in obtaining the object of her first affection, with whom she had spent her early years)—but the poem itself abounds in many descriptive beauties, and is still popular in the north of Scotland. Of Ross's songs, we have quoted two of his best—"The Bock and the wee pickle Tow," and "The Bridal o't." The first is a universal favourite, and the latter deserves to be preserved were it for nothing else than the spirited description of Scotch dancing in the last verse:—

"He dances best that dances fast,
And loupes at ilka reeing o't,
And claps his hands frae bough to bough,
And furls about the feezings o't!"

The Rev. JOHN SKINNER, author of "Tullochgorum," and other admired songs, was a clergyman of the Scottish episcopal church, and held the charge of a small congregation at Longside, near Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, for no less a period than sixty-five years. He resided in a cottage at Linhart, near Longside, where, on a scanty income, he reared a large family, and lived to see his eldest son ordained bishop over his own diocese. He was author of an Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, published in 1788, and other works in connection with his profession; but his name will probably be longest preserved by the songs he wrote, which are not many in number, but all admirable in character. Their titles will at once remind the reader how much is due to Skinner as a song-writer:—"Tullochgorum," "O why should old age so much wound us, O," "John o' Badenyon," "The Ewie wi' the crooked horn," "Tune your fiddles," and "Lixy Liberty." Skinner was born at Balfour, in the parish of Birse, Aberdeenshire, in 1721, and died in 1807. Burns and he corresponded, but they never had the fortune to meet personally.*

* In a letter from Burns to Skinner, without date, but written from Edinburgh in October, 1787, Burns says, "I regret, and while I live I shall regret, that, when I was in the north, I had not the pleasure of paying a younger brother's dutiful respect to the author of the best Scotch song Scotland ever saw—'Tullochgorum's my delight!' The world may think slightly of the craft of song-making, if they please, but, as Job says,—'O, that mine adversary had written a book!'—let them try. There is a certain something in the old Scotch songs, a wild happiness of thought and expression, which peculiarly marks them, not only from English songs, but also from the modern efforts of song-writers, in our native manner and language. The only remains of this enchantment, these spells of the imagination, rest with you. Our true brother Ross, of Lochlea, was likewise

ALEXANDER GEDDES, LL.D., author of the well-known songs "Lewie Gordon" and "The Wee Winkie," was another clerical character in the north, but he belonged to the Roman Catholic church, and officiated for many years as priest, until he came to be suspended or deposed by his bishop for entertaining certain liberal notions, and particularly for occasionally attending a Protestant house of worship. He finally settled in London, where he published a number of political and polemical pamphlets, his great work, however, being an English translation of the Bible, upon which he was engaged for a number of years. He died in 1802. His native place was Banffshire, where he was born in 1737.

OF JAMES TYTLER, the author of "Loch Feroch side," "The Bonnie Brucket Lassie," &c., some account will be found in the introductory notices to these songs—(see p. 241 and 370.) Other song-writers belonging to about this period may be here only referred to, as brief notices of them are given in the body of the present collection, and their importance as lyrical writers does not demand a more extended account.—DR. AUSTIN, (p. 190.) REV. DR. BLACKLOCK, (p. 399.) SIR JOHN CLERK, (p. 178.) WILLIAM DUDGEON, (p. 5.) SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, (p. 134.) LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HARRY ERSKINE, (p. 436.) HON. ANDREW ERSKINE, (p. 442.) RICHARD HEWIT, (p. 175.) LADY ANN LINDSAY, (p. 304.) REV. JOHN LOGAN, (p. 399.) JOHN LOWE, (p. 151.) JOHN MATYNE, (p. 24.) W. J. MICKLE, (p. 112.) REV. DR. JAMES MUIRHEAD, (p. 17.) ISABEL PAGAN, (p. 466.) ADAM SKERVING, (p. 129.) and REV. DR. WEBSTER, (p. 227.)

We now reach the era of ROBERT BURNS—the most voluminous, the most versatile, and, at the same time, the truest, the tenderest, and

the most impassioned lyrical poet which this or any other country can boast. The first edition of Burns's poems was published in 1786, and he died in 1796; so that his career of living fame and detraction—of human glory and abasement—of extravagant joy and profound misery—of brilliant hopes and dark despair—was comprehended within the limited cycle of ten years. He was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a cottage situated about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr, and in the immediate vicinity of Alloway kirk and the Auld Brig of Doon. His father, William Burnes, a native of Kincardineshire, was a gardener and farm overseer, at the time of the poet's birth, in the employment of Mr Ferguson of Doonholm; his mother, Agnes Brown, was the daughter of Gilbert Brown, farmer of Craigenton, in the parish of Kirkoswald, on the Carrick coast of Ayrshire. It is often said, that the child partakes more of the mother than the father, and certainly in many cases of distinguished men the mothers have been remarkable for superior wit or judgment, but as a general rule we believe that the offspring is more deeply imbued with the idiosyncrasy, mental and corporeal, of the father than the mother. In the lower animals this is prominently the case, the virtue of the stock being found to rest almost exclusively in the character of the male parent. Burns, however, resembled his mother more than his father in personal aspect, and to her he was indebted for his earliest knowledge of the ballads and songs of his country. It is gratifying to know, that she lived to enjoy the fruits of his fame: her death did not take place till 1830, at the great age of eighty-eight. The childhood of Burns up to his seventh year was spent where he was born; but in 1766, the father took a lease of the farm of Mount Oliphant in the neighbourhood, and here the poet lived till his eighteenth year, receiving snatches of education at the parish-school of Dalrymple, about three miles distant,

'owre cannie'—a wild warlock—but now he sings among the 'sons of the morning' "

and also privately from his father, and Mr Murdoch, a teacher by profession and intimate friend of the family; but the far greater portion of his time was occupied in the labours of the farm, where, long before he reached manhood, he had to perform, with his father and brother Gilbert, the work of a man. Mount Oliphant, owing to the poverty of the soil and the want of capital, proved a ruinous speculation; and in the year 1777, William Burness, availing himself of a break in the lease, removed to Lochlea, a larger and better farm, about ten miles off, in the parish of Tarbolton.* Here Burns remained—(with the exception of a summer spent at Kirkoswald, with the view of learning mensuration, surveying, &c., at a noted school there;† and six months spent in the town of Irvine in 1781, where he made an unsuccessful endeavour to establish himself as a flax-dresser)—till the death of his father in 1784, when he and his brother Gilbert took the farm of Mossiel, in the neighbourhood of Mauchline. Owing to late springs and frosty autumns, the tillage of this farm proved also unfortunate, and Burns,—who by this time had formed a private connection with Jean Armour, equivalent in Scotland to an irregular marriage, but

which was cruelly broken off at the instigation of the young woman's parents, notwithstanding that she had presented him with twins,—resolved to cross the Atlantic, and try his fortune in Jamaica. Before doing so; he was advised by his friend and landlord, Gavin Hamilton, Esq., to publish a collection of his poems; and from the humble printing-office of Johnnie Wilson in Kilmarnock (upon whom the epitaph of *Hic jacet Wee Johnnie* was written,) issued the first copies of a book, which was destined to make a stronger and more lasting impression on the public mind than any other single work of modern days. By the Kilmarnock edition, which consisted of 600 copies, the poet realized about twenty pounds, and out of that sum he had actually paid nine guineas as steerage money in a vessel from the Clyde to Jamaica, when the contents of a letter from Dr Blacklock of Edinburgh to the Rev. Dr Laurie minister of London, were communicated to him, which opened new prospects to his ambition, by testifying the utmost confidence that a new edition of his poems published in the capital would meet with universal encouragement. On the faith of this, Burns set out on foot for Edinburgh in the end of November, 1786, and all the way, he tells us, his ears were ringing with the old doggerel:

“As I cam in by Glenapp,
I met an aged woman;
She tauld me to keep up my heart,
For the best of my days were coming.”

His reception in Edinburgh, says one of his biographers, “was more like an agreeable change of fortune in a romance, than like an event in ordinary life. His company was everywhere sought for; and it was soon found that the admiration which his poetry had excited, was but a part of what was due to the general eminence of his mental faculties. His natural eloquence, and his warm and social heart, expanding under the influence of prosperity—

* It has often struck us as singular, that people should manifest so much interest in visiting the cottage where Burns merely was born, and at the same time betray a total indifference as to places with which he had a much deeper connection—the places, namely, where the best years of his boyhood, youth, and manhood were spent—Mount Oliphant and Lochlea.

† We cannot speak as to the fact, but we think it not unlikely that this school would be taught by a famed arithmetician, who flourished in Ayrshire at this time, of the name of Halbert. Halbert published in 1788 a treatise on Arithmetic, which was esteemed the best in its day. We have seen the book, and among the list of subscribers given at the end, we found the following name: “Robert Burns of Parnassus!”

which, with all the pride of genius, retained a quick and versatile sympathy with every variety of human character—made him equally fascinating in the most refined and convivial societies. For a while he reigned the fashion and idol of his native capital."

The Edinburgh edition of Burns's poems was issued in April, 1787, under the patronage of the Caledonian Hunt—(a patronage obtained through the influence of the earl of Glencairn)—each member of which subscribed for at least one copy at the rate of a guinea, although the selling price was only six shillings, but many of them took a number more, and it is pleasing to observe that the then earl of Eglington stands highest in the list of subscribers, his name being down for forty-two copies, thus evincing that he must have been a worthy progenitor of the present earl, whose generous and manly conduct as Chairman at the great Burns' Festival, held in the autumn of 1844, excited the admiration and respect of the whole country. Burns was now enabled to gratify a wish which he had long cherished of visiting the more remarkable places in his native country; and in the course of 1787, he made two or three tours of considerable extent, one embracing the Borders and south of Scotland, and others embracing the western and northern Highlands. In his last tour, he visited Blair Athol, and was entertained at Athol House by the Duchess of Athol. Here he made the acquaintance of Graham of Fintry, who shortly afterwards obtained for him a situation in the excise, and proved throughout his firm friend. The poet spent two days at Athol House, and often mentioned them as among the happiest of his life. The surrounding scenery captivated him. Professor Walker, then a tutor in the family, describing an evening walk which he had with Burns, says, "When we reached a rustic hut on the river Tilt, where it is overhung by a woody precipice, from which there is a noble waterfall,

he threw himself on the heathy seat, and gave himself up to a tender, abstracted, and voluptuous enthusiasm of imagination. It was with much difficulty I prevailed on him to quit the spot, and to be introduced in proper time for supper." The curious may be interested to know, that this very spot was the favourite one of Queen Victoria during her recent sojourn [1844] in Blair Athol, and that she almost daily made lengthened visits to it. Here, then, a happy fancy might indulge itself in tracing a sympathy of tastes between the Peasant Poet of Scotland and the crowned Queen of the Empire, and here might be proved the truth of Shakespeare's ennobling axiom,—

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

In the spring of 1788, Burns obtained a final settlement with his publisher (the well-known Bailie Creech of Edinburgh), and found himself in possession of about five hundred pounds, after deducting all his previous expenditure. Two hundred of this he transmitted to his brother Gilbert at Mosgiel, with whom his mother resided, and the remainder was devoted to the stocking of the farm of Ellisland, of which he had obtained a favourable lease from Mr Miller of Dalawinton, the earliest patron of steamboats. Upon this farm, which is finely situated on the Nith, about eight miles above Dumfries, he entered at Whitsunday, 1788, and, as soon as circumstances permitted, brought home Jean Armour as his now legally married wife. About the same time, he received, at his own request, through the influence, as we have said, of Mr Graham of Fintry, an appointment in the Excise, and was nominated for the district where he resided. This was an unfortunate combination of employments—farmer and exciseman—and did not work well. The farm, abandoned chiefly to servants, was unproductive; and after holding it for three years and a half, Burns renounced his lease of Ellisland, re-

moved to the town of Dumfries, and trusted wholly for support to his salary as an exciseman, now amounting to £70 a year. Here his official duties could generally be accomplished in the forenoon, and the afternoons were too often devoted to convivial enjoyment, to which his fame as a poet and a wit, not to speak of the social habits of the place and age, especially exposed him. By the close of 1795, his constitution—worn with early toil, tumultuous passions, worldly cares, and late excesses,—began to decline: in the summer of 1796, he tried the effects of sea-bathing at Brow, on the Solway Firth, without receiving any benefit; and in July he was brought home in a small spring cart, with an access of fever, which terminated his earthly existence on the 31st of that month, before he had completed his thirty-eighth year.

The life and character of Burns are familiar to every reader in Scotland out of childhood, and need not be dwelt on here, even if our limits permitted. In the present collection, we have given no fewer than one hundred and sixty-six of his songs (either entirely his or partly his), and appended to many of these will be found, notices of the circumstances under which they were written, their subject, date, time, &c. Burns composed few songs in early life: on turning to the first Edinburgh edition of his Poems, we find only nine altogether, and these embrace, with the exception of two or three puerile efforts, all that he had written before 1786. In the December of that year, he got acquainted with James Johnson, then engaged in bringing out the "Scots Musical Museum," and from that period he cultivated, almost too exclusively, the lyrical muse. His original contributions to the Museum were not only numerous, but during the progress of the work, he revised and amended many old ditties that had become too coarse for modern days, and supplied a number of songs and melodies which he had saved from oral tradition. "By

adapting unexceptionable verses," says the Rev. Hamilton Paul, "to our delightful and plaintive national melodies, by substituting delicate words for the gross ribaldry of the former age, and by reforming the licentious character of the Scottish ballad, he has conferred an obligation of no ordinary magnitude on his native land. It was truly lamentable, previous to the epoch of this reformation, to hear songs, stained with such indecencies as 'Dainty Davie,' 'Duncan Gray,' 'Logan Water,' 'On a Bank of Flowers,' 'Down the Burn Davie,' 'She rose and loot me in'—sung in concert by young men and maidens—but Burns by the changes which he has introduced has furnished the lovers of harmony with a series of the sweetest lyrics that ever appeared in any language, which chastity herself may read without inward reproach, and modesty listen to without a blush."

In September, 1793, Mr George Thomson of Edinburgh commenced the publication of his "Select Melodies of Scotland," and applied to Burns with a request that he should be a contributor to the work, and furnish a certain number of new songs to airs which he would point out. The spirit with which Burns met Mr Thomson's request is well known: from the period of the application till his death, he composed a large number of his best songs for the collection, besides giving Thomson the privilege of choosing from Johnson's Museum any which he had contributed to that work. The "Select Melodies of Scotland" contain in all above one hundred and twenty of Burns's songs, and for these he rejected any pecuniary remuneration, until the close of his career, when, as he calls it himself, "the terrors of a jail" forced him to beg a remittance of five pounds. Into the history of this melancholy matter, we cannot here enter, but we may refer to what is said on the subject in the illustrated edition of Burns issued by the publishers of this work.

Hector Macneill was born considerably

anterior to Burns, yet his chief productions did not appear till near or after the death of the latter. He was descended from an old Highland family in Argyleshire, but born at Rosebank, near Roalin, on the 22d October, 1746. His father was a retired captain in the 43d regiment. At the age of fourteen, Hector was sent to a relation in Bristol, who despatched him to the West Indies. There he spent several years, but on his return to Scotland, he again took to a wandering life—made two cruises in the grand fleet under Kempenfelt, and afterwards went to India, where he remained three years, returning finally to Scotland, and settling himself in the neighbourhood of Stirling on a small annuity. In 1796, appeared his chief poetical work, "Scotland's Skith, or the History of Will and Jean," which was followed next year by the sequel, "The Wae o' War." These compositions had an immense sale, which was extended beyond perhaps what they would naturally have commanded, by benevolent individuals distributing copies among the peasantry as a check to the indulgence of intemperance. The poet's want of health and fortune, however, again drove him to the West Indies, where he met with a wealthy friend who settled on him an annuity of £100, which, with other bequests, enabled him to return to his native country, and the last fifteen years of his life were spent in a state of comparative affluence in Edinburgh. He died on the 15th March, 1818. The songs of Macneill, of which nine will be found in the present collection, are mostly constructed in the form of dialogue between two parties, and evince skill in the management of the story. But in several cases a simplicity is affected which amounts to mere childishness, and absolutely repels for the want of common manliness of expression. This is especially exemplified in his well-known song, "My boy Tammy," (p. 474.) where a mother interrogates a son as to the wife he has brought home, and, from the language

used, one would be led to conclude that the "boy Tammy" had not reached the era of breeches, and that his bride was yet in her pinafore.

A song-writer imbued with a truer simplicity than Macneill, and higher sentiment, appeared in the person of ROBERT TANNAHILL, the son of a silk-gauze weaver in Paisley. Robert was born in that town on the 8d of June, 1774.* and after receiving the common school education of reading and writing, was sent to the loom. About this time, the weaving of cotton was introduced into Paisley; and the high wages realized by it, induced parents to teach their children the trade at an early age, so that their apprenticeships were generally finished by the time they reached fifteen or sixteen. The flow of money, which persons thus so young could command by the exercise of a flourishing handicraft, led to the early marriages for which Paisley has been noted; and no town at the time abounded in more merrymakings, or presented a more gay and thriving community. Tannahill participated in the prosperity of the time and place. Dancing parties and rural excursions were frequent among the young people of both sexes, and in these he often joined. He then formed many of those poetical attachments, which he afterwards celebrated in song. With the exception of two years of his youth spent in Bolton, England, where he was employed on figured loom-work, Tannahill resided all his days in his native town. About 1803, he had the good fortune to become acquainted with the late Mr R. A. Smith, a gentleman of distinguished talent as a composer, who set to music and arranged some of his finest songs. He also

* In this slight notice of Tannahill, it may be as well to state, that we abridge from a memoir which was furnished to Chambers's Lives of Eminent Scotsmen, and which was compiled on information received direct from the poet's relatives.

formed an intimacy with several other individuals possessed of good judgment in musical matters, who were of service to him in improving his taste for composition, and in encouraging him in his love of song. The first edition of his "Poems and Songs" appeared in the year 1807, and was favourably received by the public. But the author speedily came to regret that he had so prematurely given it to the world. Errors and faults he now detected in it, which had before escaped him, and he began assiduously to correct and re-write all his pieces, with a view to a second edition. He continued also to add to the number of his songs, and in these reached a high degree of excellence. Some of them, indeed, may be pronounced to be the very perfection of song-writing, so far as that consists in simple and natural expression of feelings common to all. The extensive popularity which they attained indicates how universally were felt and understood the sentiments which they recorded.

But his celebrity as a song-writer brought its annoyances, and the sensitive poet fell into a confirmed melancholy, which ended in mental aberration, and finally suicide. On the 27th May, 1810, he was found drowned in a pool in the vicinity of Paisley. Previous to this he had destroyed all his MS. songs.

Tannahill was small in stature, and in manners diffident almost to bashfulness. In his disposition he was tender and humane, and extremely attached to his home, his kindred, and his friends. His life was simple and unvaried in its details, but even the uneventful character of his existence renders more striking and more affecting its tragic close.

Of his songs we have given in the present collection no fewer than thirty. They are eminently distinguished by elevation and tenderness of sentiment, richness of rural imagery, and simplicity of diction. The lyre of Scotland, in

his hand, retained its native, artless, sweet, and touching notes, and the hills and valleys of Scotland recognized and welcomed the Doric strain.

With Tannahill, we must here close the present sketch. Of some of his contemporaries or immediate successors, (RICHARD GALL, ALEX. WILSON, SIR ALEX. BOSWELL, ROBERT ALLAN, &c.) notices will be found in the body of the work, to which the Index of Authors will direct the reader. It may be thought that we should have come later down with this review, and embraced the living lyrists, but the task, we fear, would be an invidious one, and would require, in too many instances, perhaps, a delicacy of handling that would interfere with the honesty of the performance. Four names might here be dwelt upon, without this objection,—for, alas! we can no longer reckon them among our living lyrists,—SIR WALTER SCOTT, THOMAS CAMPBELL, JAMES HOGG, and ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. But to mention their names must in this place be held sufficient: to go farther would require limits equal, at least, to those which we have exhausted. Scott and Campbell—the latter especially—may scarcely be classed, strictly speaking, as writers of *Scottish* songs; yet the Great Novelist has left a number of spirited pieces on Scottish subjects, and Campbell, as a lyrical writer, stands in the foremost rank of ancient and modern poets. The songs of James Hogg and Allan Cunningham, on the other hand, may be said to be exclusively Scottish in subject, language, and style; and, coupling their names with those of Ramsay and Burns, we feel that, though a number of our songs are due to the educated and even noble of the land, the great bulk of them have emanated from the people themselves whose hearts have been stirred by them—the peasant and artisan of humble life.

Scottish Songs.



Tullochgorum.

[This "first of songs," (as Burns calls it) was written by the Rev. JOHN SKINNER, in the house of a lady named Montgomery, in the town of Ellon, Aberdeenshire, where he happened to be on a visit. The lady is said to have asked for a song after dinner, in order to put a stop to a political dispute, and at the same time to have expressed surprise that the fine old strathspey, called *The Reel of Tullochgorum*, had no appropriate words to it. On this hint, Mr. Skinner produced the present song, and it was first printed in the Scots Weekly Magazine for April, 1776. Mr. Skinner was for many years pastor of the episcopal chapel at Longside, near Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, and died in 1807, at the advanced age of eighty-six.]

Come, gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide

For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree,

To drop their Whig-mig-morum;
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To spend the night in mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry
Blythe and merry we's be a',
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.

Blythe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be a' great a' phrases,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie' our ain strathspeys,
For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let waridly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fears of want, and double cress,
And sullen sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we see sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we see sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we see sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' 'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot!
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum

But for the dirty, fawning fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be, that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum!

Etrick Banks.

[THIS favourite old song is of unknown antiquity and authorship. It appears in the Tea Table Miscellany, (1724—1733) but belongs to an earlier period than that. The Etrick is a river in Selkirkshire, but, from the allusions of the song, the lover of the nymph seems to have resided on the banks of Loch Erne in Perthshire.]

On Etrick banks, as simmer's night,
At gloamin', when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie, braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lane.
My heart grew light;—I ran,—I sang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fu' lang,
My words they were na monie feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye gang
To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn?
I'll gi'e thee baith a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig o' Earn:
At Leith auld meal comes in, neer fash,
And herrings at the Broomielaw;
Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
There's gear to win ye never saw.

A' day when we ha'e wrought enough,
When winter frosts and snaw begin
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring:
And thus the weary night will end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne, when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans gient o'er lika bel',
I'll meet my lass among the broom,
And lead you to my simmer shiel.
Then, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That mak' the kindly heart their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the longest day seem short.

See him, Father.

[THIS beautifully simple song first appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776. Fraser, a hautbois player in Edinburgh, and acquainted with Burns, distinguished himself by his manner of playing the air. "When he plays it slow," says Burns, "he makes it, in fact, the language of despair." Fraser died in 1825.]

Saw ye Johnny comin', quo' she,
Saw ye Johnny comin'.
Saw ye Johnny comin', quo' she,
Saw ye Johnny comin';
Saw ye Johnny comin', quo' she,
Saw ye Johnny comin';
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie rinnin', quo' she,
And his doggie rinnin'?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel-doin';
And a' the wark about the house,
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he,
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I ha'e nane to gi'e him.
I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,
And aye o' them I'll gi'e him;
And for a merk o' mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him;
 For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him.
 O see him, father, see him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, see him;
 He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

Scornfu' Nancy.

[THIS humorous and once popular song appears in the first edition of the *Orpheus Caledonius*, along with the music, in 1725. It is, however, of much earlier date, as Ramsay, in his *Miscellany*, marks it as one, even in his day, of an unknown age. Gay, the poet, selected the air (which goes by the name of *Nancy's to the greenwood gane*,) for one of his songs, beginning,

"In war we've nought but death to fear."]

NANCY's to the greenwood gane,
 To hear the gowdspink chaff'ring,
 And Willie he has follow'd her,
 To gain her love by flatter'ing:
 But a' that he could say or do,
 She geek'd and scorned at him;
 And aye when he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails you at my dad, quoth he,
 My minny, or my auntie?
 With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
 Langhale and ranty-tanty:
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped stocks fu' butter'd weel;
 And was not that right dainty?

Although my father was nae laird,
 ('Tis daftin to be vauntie,)
 He kept aye a good hale yard,
 A ha'-house, and a pantry;
 A guid blue-bonnet on his head,
 An o'erlay 'bout his craigie;
 And aye until the day he died
 He rade on guid shanks-naigie.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye ha'e bonnie Nancy?
 Wad ye compare yonself to me,
 A docken to a pansie?

I ha'e a wooer o' my ain,
 They ca' him souple Sandy,
 And weel I wat his bonnie mou'
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nancy, what needs a' this din?
 Do I no ken this Sandy?
 I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin
 Was Rab the beggar randy;
 His minny Meg upo' her back
 Bare baith him and his billy;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me, your winsome Willie?

My gutcher left a good braidsword,
 Though it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak' it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heaky.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye wadna mis to get a clout;
 I ken he dinsa fear you:
 See haud your tongue and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy;
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nancy.

The Lea Rig.

[THE first two stanzas of this song are by the ill-fated ROBERT FRASERSON: the others are by the late Mr. WILLIAM EMM, bookseller in Glasgow, who was sometimes fortunate in the additions he made to popular ditties.]

WILL ye gang o'er the lee rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O;
 And cuddle there fu' kindly,
 Wi' me, my kind dearie, O!
 At thorny bush, or birken tree,
 We'll daff, and never weary, O;
 They'll scug ill een frae ye and me,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

Nae herls wi' kent or colly there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye, O;
 But laverocks whistling in the air
 Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.
 While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toll for warld's gear, my jo,
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.

At gloamin', if my lane I be,
 Oh, but I'm wondrous eerie, O:
 And mony a heavy sigh I gie,
 When absent frae my dearie, O;
 But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
 In ev'ning fair and clearie, O,
 Eusaptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,
 When wi' my kind dearie, O.

Where through the birks the burnie rows,
 Aft ha'e I sat fu' cheerie, O,
 Upon the bonnie greensward bowes,
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.
 I've courted till I've heard the crow
 Of honest Chanticleerie, O,
 Yet never mis'd my sleep ava,
 When wi' my kind dearie, O.

For though the night were ne'er sae dark,
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lee rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 While in this weary warld of wae,
 This wilderness sae dreary, O,
 What makes me blythe, and keeps me sae?
 'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

Bide ye yet.

[THIS lively little song first appeared in Herd's Collection, 1769. Its author is unknown. Of late years Mr. Mackay, the comedian, has been instrumental in rendering it a general favourite. In the edition of Herd's Collection, 1776, there is a set of verses to the same tune, written by Miss Janet Graham, and entitled *The Wayward Wife*.]

Gin I had a wee house, an' a canty wee fire,
 An' a bonnie wee wife to praise and admire,
 Wi' a bonnie wee yarlde aside a wee burn,
 Fareweel to the bodles that yammer and mourn.

Sae bide ye yet, an' bide ye yet;
 Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet:
 Some bonnie wee body may fa' to my lot,
 An' I'll aye be canty wi' thinkin' o't.

When I gang a-field, an' come hame at e'en,
 I'll get my wee wife fu' neat an' fu' clean,
 Wi' a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
 That 'll cry papa or daddy to me.
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should ever happen to be
 A difference atween my wee wife and me,
 In hearty good humour, altho' she be teased,
 I'll kiss her an' clap her until she be pleased.
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

Bonnie Chirsty.

[THIS song is by ALLAN RAMSAY. It was probably a favourite of the author's, as it is placed first in his *Tea Table Miscellany*.]

How sweetly smells the summer green;
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry:
 But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
 And wine, though I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms, and weaker powers,
 Compar'd wi' those of Chirsty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No natural beauty wanting;
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in concert chanting!
 But if my Chirsty tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration;
 My thoughts wi' ecstasies rejoice,
 And drop the haill creation.

Where'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And often mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman.
 But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother,
 Wi' secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang biate Edie by a burn,
 His Christy did o'er-hear him;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn;
 But, ere he wist, drew near him.
 She spak' her favour wi' a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her:
 He wisly this white minute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My Christy! witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising!
 I wish this may na be a dream
 O love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for tauk,
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wad na wi' set speeches bauk,
 But wair'd it a' on kisses.

My only jo and dearie, ☉.

[THIS song is the production of RICHARD GALL, a young man who was brought up to the business of a compositor in Edinburgh, but who died in 1801, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was born at Linkhouse near Dunbar. After his death, a collection of his poetical pieces was published by Messrs. Oliver & Boyd, with a Memoir by the Rev. Alex. Stewart.]

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
 My only jo and dearie, O;
 Thy neck is o' the siller dew
 Upon the bank sae brierie, O.
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory;
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee:
 Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,
 Rejoicing in the summer morn,
 Nae care to mak' it eerie, O;
 Ah! little kens the sangster sweet
 Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,
 That gars my restless bosom beat,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
 Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.

Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
 And round about the thorny tree;
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,
 A wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me, O;
 Then I would dawt thee night and day,
 Nae ither waridly care I'd ha'e,
 Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

Up amang pon cliffy rocks.

[THE composition of Mr. WILLIAM DUDGEON, (often by mistake called Robert Dudgeon) the son of a farmer in East Lothian, and himself an extensive farmer for many years at Preston, in Berwickshire. He died in October, 1813, aged about sixty. It will be remembered, that Burns, on his Border tour in May, 1787, fell in with him at Berrywell, and thus records his opinion of him: "Mr. Dudgeon—a poet at times—a worthy remarkable character—natural penetration—a great deal of information, some genius, and extreme modesty."]

Up amang yon cliffy rocks,
 Sweetly rings the rising echo,
 To the maid that tends the goats,
 Liltin' o'er her native notes.
 Hark, she sings, "Young Sandy's kind,
 An' he's promisd aye to lo'e me;
 Here's a breach I ne'er shall time,
 Till he's fairly married to me;
 Drive away, ye drone, Time,
 An' bring about our bridal day.

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 In a strain sae saftly sweet,
 Lammies list'nin' daurna bleat.
 He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 Hardy as the highland heather,
 Wading through the winter snow,
 Keeping aye his flock together:
 But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 He braves the bleakest norlan blast.

"Brawly can he dance and sing,
 Canty glee or highland cronach;
 Nane can ever match his fling,
 At a reel, or round a ring;
 Wightily can he wield a rung,
 In a brawl he's aye the bangster:
 A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 By the longest-winded sangster.
 Songs that sing o' Sandy
 Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae lang."

The Brier Bush.

[We give here two versions of this popular song—the first, that which appears in Johnson's Museum, and which was altered by Burns from some old strain—the second, that which is generally sung in our theatres.]

THERE grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,
 There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard;
 And below the bonnie brier bush there's a lassie
 and a lad,
 And they're busy, busy courting in our kail-yard.

We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard,
 We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard;
 We'll awa' to Athole's green, and there we'll no
 be seen,
 Where the trees and the branches will be our safe
 guard.

Will ye go to the dancin' in Carlisle's ha',
 Will ye go to the dancin' in Carlisle's ha';
 There Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'
 I winna gang to the dancin' in Carlisle's-ha'.

What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa' ?
 What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa' ?
 I will awa' to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,
 And see an onie bonnie lad will fancy me.

He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me,
 He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me;
 A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,
 He's a bonnie, bonnie laddie an yon be he.

[ANOTHER VERSION.]

"THERE grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,
 And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard:
 Like wee bit white cockaunds for our loyal Hieland
 lads;
 And the lasses lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail-
 yard."

"But were they a' true that were far awa' ?
 Oh! were they a' true that were far awa' ?
 They drew up wi' ghaiket Englabers at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot auld frien's when far awa'."

"Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft you've
 been;

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athole's Green;
 Ye lo'ed ower weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'."

"He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me,
 He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me;
 A feather in his bonnet, a ribbon at his knee;
 He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he."

Gree, bairnies, gree.

[THE following excellent little nursery song is by WILLIAM MILLER, author of the highly popular ditty called "Wee Willie Winkle," and is here printed for the first time. Mr. Miller is a working cabinet turner in Glasgow.]

THE moon has row'd her in a cloud,
 Stravagin' wuns begin
 To shoggle and shake the window trods,
 Like loons that wad be in.
 Gae whistle a tune in the lum-head,
 Or craik in saughen tree;
 We're thankfu' for a cooie hame,
 Sae gree, bairnies, gree.

Though gurlin' wuns may blaely blaw;
 Our roasin' fire will thow
 The straggler's tae,—and keep fu' cooh
 My tousie taps-o'-tow.
 O, wha wad eue your kale, my bairns,
 Or bake your bread like me,
 Ye'd get the bit frae out my mouth,
 Sae gree, bairnies, gree.

O, never fling the warmsome boon
 O' bairnhood's love awa';
 Mind how ye sleepit cheek to cheek,
 Atween me and the wa';
 How as kind arm was owre ye baith—
 But, if ye disagree,
 Think on the kindly sowth'rin' soun',
 O, gree, bairnies, gree.

There lies a young lassie.

[THIS song, so favourably known to the public through the singing of Mr. Templeton and other eminent vocalists, is the production of JOHN MILNE. It first appeared, about fifteen years ago, in a collection of pieces by him, entitled, "May Flowers: Poems and Songs, some in the Scottish Dialect." The music is by Joseph de Pinna.]

THREE lives a young lassie
 Far down yon lang glen;
 How I lo'e that lassie
 There's nae ane can ken!
 O! a saint's faith mae vary,
 But faithful I'll be;
 For weel I lo'e Mary,
 An' Mary lo'es me.

Red, red as the rowan
 Her smiling wee mou';
 An' white as the gowan
 Her breast and her brow!
 W! a foot o' a fairy
 She links o'er the lee;
 O! weel I lo'e Mary,
 An' Mary lo'es me.

She sings sweet as onie
 Wee bird of the air,
 And she's blithe as she's bonnie,
 She's guld as she's fair;
 Like a lammie sae airy
 And artless is aye,
 O! weel I lo'e Mary,
 And Mary lo'es me!

Where yon tall forest timmer,
 An' lowly broom bower,
 To the sunshine o' simmer
 Spread verdure an' flower;
 There, when night clouds the cary,
 Beside her I'll be;
 For weel I lo'e Mary,
 And Mary lo'es me.

Bonnie Mary Hay.

[THE author of this song is ARCHIBALD CRAWFORD, a native of Ayr. It originally appeared in the Ayr and Wigtonshire Courier, and was afterwards introduced into one of a series of stories by Mr. Crawford, published at Edinburgh, in 1835, under the title of "Tales of my Grandmother." The composer was R. A. Smith.]

BONNIE Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet;
 For thy eye is the slae, and thy hair is the jet,
 The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek:
 Oh! bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet.

Bonnie Mary Hay, will you gang wi' me,
 When the sun's in the west, to the hawthorn tree?
 To the hawthorn tree in the bonnie berry den?
 And I'll tell you, Mary, how I lo'e you then.

Bonnie Mary Hay, it's haliday to me,
 When thou art coothie, kind, and free:
 There's nae clouds in the lift, nor storms in the sky,
 My bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.

Bonnie Mary Hay, thou maunna say me nay;
 But come to the bow'r, an' the hawthorn brae,
 But come to the bow'r, an' I'll tell ye a' what's true,
 How, Mary! I can ne'er lo'e ane but you.

My wife has ta'en the gee.

[FIRST printed in Herd's Collection, 1789. The words have been set to different airs, but the original is to be found in Gow's fifth collection of Reels.]

A FRIEND of mine came here yestreen,
 And he would ha'e me down
 To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
 In the neist burrows town.
 But, O! indeed it was, Sir,
 Sae far the waur for me;
 For lang or e'er that I came hame
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
 The truth I'll tell to you,
 That ere the middle o' the night,
 We were a' roaring fu.
 My wife sits at the fire-side,
 And the tear blinds aye her e'e,
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
 But sit and tak' the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
 The ne'er a word she spake,
 But monie a sad and sour look,
 And aye her head she'd shake.
 My dear, quoth I, what alleth thee,
 To look sae sour on me?
 I'll never do the like again,
 If ye'll ne'er tak' the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she sang
 Her arms about my neck;
 And twenty kisses in a crack,
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.
 If ye'll ne'er do the like again,
 But bide at hame wi' me,
 I'll lay my life I'ae be the wife
 That's never tak' the gee.

Roy's Wife.

[So *SOMETIMES* erroneously ascribed to the late Mrs. Grant of Laggan. The authoress was Mrs. GRANT OF CARRON, near Elchies, on the river Spey, afterwards married to Dr. Murray of Bath. She was born near Aberlour about 1745, and died about 1814.]

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye haw she cheated me,
 As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine;
 She said she lo'd me best of onie;
 But ah! the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

O, she was a cantle quean,
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Highland Minstrel Boy.

[WRITTEN by HARRY STOR VAN DYK, author of a volume of poems published a dozen years ago, entitled, "The Coronel." Set to music by John Barnett.]

I HA' wander'd mony a night in June,
 Along the banks of Clyde,
 Beneath a bright and bonnie moon,
 Wi' Mary at my side:
 A summer was she to mine e'e,
 And to my heart a joy,
 And weel she loo'd to roam wi' me,
 Her Highland minstrel boy.

Oh, her presence could on ev'ry star
 New brilliancy confer,
 And I thought the flow'rs were sweeter far,
 When they were seen with her:
 Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,
 Her glance was full o' joy,
 And oh, her heart was true to me,
 Her Highland minstrel boy.

I ha'e play'd to ladies fair and gay,
 In mony a southron hall;
 But there was one far far away,
 A world above them all.
 And now, though weary years have fled,
 I think wi' mournful joy,
 Upon the time when Mary wed
 Her Highland minstrel boy.

My Highland home.

[WORDS by MONTGOMERY. Music composed by Henry R. Bishop.]

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
 And cold thy wintry looks,
 Thy mountains crown'd with driven snow,
 And ice-bound are thy brooks!
 But colder far the Briton's heart,
 However far he roam,
 To whom these words no joy impart,
 My native Highland home.

CHORUS.

Then gang wi' me to Scotland dear;
We ne'er again will roam,
And with thy smiles so bonny, cheer
My native Highland home!

When summer comes, the heather bell
Shall tempt thy feet to rove,
The cushet dove within the dell
Invite to peace and love!
For blythsome is the breath of May,
And sweet the bonny broom,
And blythe the dimpling rills that play
Around my Highland home!
Then gang wi' me, &c.

My Nannie, &c.

[THIS is one of BURNS's early songs—and one of his best. The heroine was a servant-girl at Calcothill, near Lochee, by name Agnes Fleming. The air is very old.]

BEHIND yon hills, where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clo'd,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.
The westlin wind blows loud and shrill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;
Nae artit' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The opening gowan wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
My riches a' my penny fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our suld gudeman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel, come wae, I carena by,
I'll tak' what heaven will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life ha'e I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

Mary of Castle-Cary.

[FIRST published at Edinburgh, in May, 1791, in a periodical work, conducted by Dr. Anderson, entitled, "The Bee." The author is HENRY MACNEIL. Tune, "Bonnie Dundee."]

O SAW ye my wee thing? Saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lee?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin'?
Sought she the burnie whar flow'r's the haw tree?
Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:—
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lee;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin',
Down by the burnie whar flow'r's the haw tree.
Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart! modest her nature!
She never lo'ed onie till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:—
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek
grew,

Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e!—
Ye'e rue sair this morning your boasts and your
scorning:

Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling:—

Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling
e'e!

Is it my wee thing! Is it my ain thing!

Is it my true love here that I see!

O Jamie begi'e me; your heart's constant to me;
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!

Hey, my bonnie wee lassie.

[FROM "The Storm and other Poems, by
FRANCIS BENNOCK." The author entitles his
song "Natural Philosophy."]

"HAY, my bonnie wee lassie,
Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,
Will ye wed a canty carle,
Bonnie, bonnie wee lassie?

"I ha'e a sheep an' I ha'e kye,
I ha'e wheat an' I ha'e rye,
An' heaps of siller, lass, forbye,
That ye shall spen' wi' me, lassie!
Hey, my bonnie wee lassie,
Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,
Will ye wed a canty carle,
Bonnie, bonnie wee lassie?

"Ye shall dress in damasks fine,
My gowd and gear shall a' be thine,
And I to ye be ever kind,
Say,—will ye marry me, lassie?
Hey, my bonnie wee lassie,
Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,
Will ye wed a canty carle,—
Bonnie, smiling wee lassie."

"Gae hame, auld man, an' darn your hose,
Fill up your lanky sides wi' brose,
An' at the ingle warm your nose,
But come na courtin' me, carle."

O ye claverin auld carle,
Silly, claverin auld carle,
The hawk an' doo shall pair, I trow,
Before I pair wi' ye, carle!

"Your heart is cauld an' hard as stanes,
Ye ha'e nae marrow in your bones,
An' siller canna buy the brains
That pleasure g'ives to me, carle!
O ye tottering auld carle,
Silly, claverin auld carle,
The bound an' hare may seek ae lair,
But I'll no sleep wi' ye, carle."

"I winna share your gowd wi' ye,
Your withering heart an' watery e'e;
In death I'd sooner shrouded be,
Than wedded to ye, auld carle!
O ye tottering auld carle,
Silly, claverin auld carle,
When roses blaw on wreaths o' snaw,
I'll bloom upon your breast, carle!"

"But there's a lad, an' I'm his ain,
May Heaven blessings on him rais!
Though plackless, he is unco fain,
And he 's the man for me, carle!
O youth an' age can ne'er agree;
Though rich, you're no the man for me,
Gae hame, auld carle, prepare to die;
Pray Heaven to be your bride, carle!"

The Bridal Day.

[WORDS BY W. PAUL. COMPOSED BY J. P. CLARKE.]

O, I maun braid my yellow hair,
An' I maun busk me braw,
An' I maun to the greenwood gang
Whatever may bet';
An' I maun say the word at e'en,
That brings me weel or wae,
For Jamie press'd me sair yestreen,
To set the bridal day.

O little does my father think
That he maun ware his gear,
And little does my minnie think,
The tryin' hour is near;
But yonder blinks the e'enin' star
O'er Roslyn castle gray,
An' I maun to the greenwood gang,
To set the bridal day.

The Bush aboon Traquair.

[THIS was first published in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1734. The author is ROBERT CRAWFORD of Drumsay, not, as is generally stated, William Crawford of Auchinames. The air is very old. "The Bush aboon Traquair," says Mr. Robert Chambers, a native of the district, "was a small grove of birches that formerly adorned the west bank of the Quair water, in Peebles-shire, about a mile from Traquair house, the seat of the Earl of Traquair. But only a few spectral-looking remains now denote the spot so long celebrated in the popular poetry of Scotland. Leafless even in summer, and scarcely to be observed upon the bleak hill-side, they form a truly melancholy memorial of what must once have been an object of great pastoral beauty, as well as the scene of many such fond attachments as that delineated in the following verses."]

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
The bonnie bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to soothe my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender:
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame;
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May;
Its sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains;
Then let her smiles relieve me.

If not, my love will turn despair;
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair;
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

The Widow's Lament.

[THIS beautiful and pathetic "Lament" first appeared in the Scotman newspaper, about two or three years ago. Its author is THOMAS SMIBERT.]

AFORE the Lammas tide
Had dun'd the birken tree,
In a' our water side
Nae wife was blest like me;
A kind gudeman, and twa
Sweet bairns were round me here,
But they're a' ta'en awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Bair trouble cam' our gate,
And made me, when it cam'
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,
For aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca'
In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens
I see him 'mang the ferns,
The lover o' my teens,
The father o' my bairns:
For there his plaid I saw
As gloamin' aye drew near—
But my a's now awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie rigs theirsel'
Recs' my wae to mind,
Our puir dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I ha'e tynd;

For whae our wheat will saw,
And whae our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa'
In the fa' o' the year ?

My hearth is growing cauld,
And will be cauldier still;
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to snear,
When my a' dwin'd awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I tittle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet:
I ken it's fancy a',
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwin'd awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O heav'n abuse !
To aye sae wae and lane,
An' tak' her hamewards sune,
In pity o' her mane:
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
May aye, far far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Nora's Vow.

[WRITTEN by SIR WALTER SCOTT, for Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*, to a Gaelic air, called, "Cha taid m' a' chaoidh," (I will never go with him.) "In the original Gaelic," says the author, "the Lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son, until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add," continues Sir Walter, slyly, "that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—except the vehemence of her protestations."]

HEAR what Highland Nora said:
The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Shoud all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.

For all the gold, and all the gear,
And all the lands, both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I will not wed the Earlie's son.

A maiden's vows, old Callum spoke,
Are lightly made and lightly broke.
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre drop from glen and brae,
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son.

The swan, she said, the lake's clear breast
May harter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben Cruachan fall and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly:
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son.

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
Ben Cruachan stands as fast as ever;
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the flash of foemen's steel
No highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won—
She's wedded to the Earlie's son.

The Laird o' Lamington.

[Words and Music by JAMES HOGG.]

CAN I bear to part wi' thee,
Never mair thy face to see,—
Can I bear to part wi' thee,
Drucken Laird o' Lamington ?

Canty war ye ower your kale,
Toddy jugs, and jaups o' yill;
Heart aye kind, and leal, and hale,—
The honest Laird o' Lamington !

He that swears is but so so;
He that cheats to hell must go;
He that falls in bequoil,
Falls in the devil's frying-pan.

Wha was't ne'er put aith to word,
Never fleech'd to duke or lord,
Never sat at sinfu' board?—
The honest Laird o' Lamington.

He that cheats can ne'er be just;
He that lies is ne'er to trust;
He that drinks to drauk his dunt,
Wha can say that wrang is done?

Wha was't ne'er to fraud inclined?
Never lied sin' he could mind?
Ane whase drouth there's few can find?—
The honest Laird o' Lamington!

I like a man to tak' his glass,
Toast his friend and bonnie lass;
He that winna is an aze—
Dell send him aye to gallop on!

I like a man that's frank and kind,
Meets me when I ha'e a mind,
Sings his sang and drinks me blind,
Like the honest Laird o' Lamington.

Auld Gudeman.

[WRITTEN BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL to the old tune called "The East Neuk o' Fife," and inserted in Thomson's Select Melodies of Scotland.]

AULD gudeman, ye're a drucken carle, drucken
carle; [gaunt;
A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and
O' soddish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and
ill-far'd, dotted ne'er-do-weel. [pearl,

Heh, gudewife! ye're a flyting body, flyting body;
Will ye ha'e; but, guid be praised, the wit ye want.
The puttin' cow should be aye a doddie, aye a doddie.
Mak' na sic an awsome reel.

Ye're a sow, auld man:
Ye get fou, auld man:
Fye for shame, auld man,
To your warne, auld man:
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow,
A plack to cleid your back and pou.
It's a lie, gudewife,
It's your tea, gudewife,
Na, na, gudewife,
Ye spend a', gudewife.

Dinna fa' on me pell mell,
Ye like the drap fu' weel yoursel.

Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and
frolic.

Dare ye say, gooses, I ever liked to tak' a drappy?
An' t'waerena just to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,
Dell a drap wad weel my mou'.

Troth, gudewife, an' ye wadna swither, wadna
swither,
Soon to tak' a cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappy.
But t'waerena years we ha'e fought thegither, fought
thegither;

Time it is to gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John
Ower lang, auld John,
For nought, gude John,
We ha'e fought, gude John;
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
We're far ower fockless now to fight.
Ye're richt, gude Kate;
The night, gude Kate,
Our cup, gude Kate,
We'll sup, gude Kate;
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
And toom the stoup atween us twa.

Fare ye weel, my Auld Wife.

[PRINTED in the 2d vol. of Herd's collection, 1776. It is also given, with the original music, in the 4th vol. of Johnson's Museum.]

AND fare ye weel, my auld wife;
Sing bum, bee, berry, bum;
Fare ye weel, my auld wife;
Sing bum, bum, bum.
Fare ye weel, my auld wife,
The steerer up o' sturt and strife,
The mant' 's abune the meal the night,
Wi' some, some, some.

AND fare ye weel, my pike-staff;
Sing bum, bee, berry, bum;
Fare ye weel, my pike-staff;
Sing bum, bum, bum.
Fare ye weel, my pike-staff,
Wi' you nae mair my wife I'll baff;
The mant' 's abune the meal the night,
Wi' some, some, some.

The Old Scottish Gentleman.

[THIS song, written on the model and to the air of "The Old Country Gentleman," is here printed for the first time.]

THE song I'll sing, though lately made, it tells of olden days,
Of a good old Scottish gentleman,—of good old Scottish ways;
When our barons bold kept house and hold, and sung their olden lays,
And drove with speed across the Tweed "auld Scotland's" bluidy fars,
Like brave old Scottish gentlemen all of the olden time.

His castle old was strongly built and well defended then,
With drawbridge, moat, and portcullis, and true and stalwart men;
His steeds so good all housed stood, prepar'd for fight, and when
His trumpets' shout the charge gave out,—the abbot said, Amen!
The brave old Scottish gentleman all of the olden time.

In sooth it was a goodly sight to see this brave old man,
When border slogan forth had call'd his hardy faithful clan,
As, stoutly marching in their front, he boldly led the van,
Till from their sturdy blows, in dread, the haughty Southrons ran.
The stout old Scottish gentleman all of the olden time.

There's nought so cheer'd his good old heart as round his board to see
His clansmen and retainers true, all join'd in wassail free,
When loudest rose the song and laugh, the loudest laugh gave he,
And aye his toast was, "Scotland's right," "wi' a' the honours three."
The rare old Scottish gentleman all of the olden time.

His door was op'd to ev'ry one who'd fight for Scotland dear:
The stranger cold and harper old were always welcome here;
For aye he lov'd to hear the tale of ancient deeds of weir,
How England's might, on Bannock's field, did quail 'neath Bruce's spear.
The rare old Scottish gentleman all of the olden time.

At length death's arrows, 'gainst which nought avails the temper'd shield,
Met this old man as valiantly he fought in battle field;
Where, though attack'd by three to one, yet still he scorn'd to yield,
But blow for blow he dealt the foe, till death his eyelids seal'd.
So died this Scottish gentleman all of the olden time.

W. G. B.

Two Original Songs

BY TANNAHILL.

[THE following songs, by ROBERT TANNAHILL, are, so far as is known to us, here printed for the first time. We were favoured with them by the poet's brother, Mr. Matthew Tannahill of Paisley, who says they were composed when their author was about 16 or 17 years of age. The first is to the old air of "Good night and joy be wi' you a'." The second is to the tune of "The Lea Rig."] 5

I.

THE evening sun 's gaen down the west,
The birds sit noddin on the tree;
All nature now prepares for rest,
But rest prepared there 's none for me.
The trumpet sounds to war's alarms,
The drums they beat, the fife they play,—
Come, Mary, cheer me wi' thy charms,
For the morn I will be far away.

Good night and joy, good night and joy,
Good night and joy be wi' you a';
For since it 's so that I must go,
Good night and joy be wi' you a'!

I grieve to leave my comrades dear,
I mourn to leave my native shore,—
To leave my aged parents here,
And the bonnie lass whom I adore.
But tender thoughts mair now be hush'd,
When danger calls I must obey.—
The transport waits us on the coast,
And the morn I will be far away.
Good night and joy, &c.

Adieu, dear Scotia's sea-beat coast!
Though bleak and drear thy mountains be,
When on the heaving ocean tost,
I'll cast a wishful look to thee!
And now, dear Mary, fare thee well.
May Providence thy guardian be!
Or in the camp, or on the field,
I'll leave a sigh, and think on thee!
Good night and joy, &c.

II.

[IN introducing this second song, Mr. Matthew Tannahill says in the communication with which we are favoured: "My brother had a strong wish to see Alloway's auld haunted kirk, and he and two or three of his young acquaintances set out to pay it a visit. After seeing the kirk, they visited some of the surrounding scenery. I remember he was well pleased with the jaunt, and, when he returned, he gave me a copy of two verses of a song which he said he wrote in his bed-room the first time he was in the town of Ayr. I know he did not think much of them himself, and I believe he never wrote another copy. I give you them, however, such as they are."] 5

WHEN I the dreary mountains pass'd,
My ain kind dearie, O,
I thought on thee, my bonnie lass,
Although I was na near thee, O.
My heart within me was right sad,
When others they were cheerie, O,
They little kent I thought on thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!

But now an I ha'e won till Ayr,
Although I'm gae an' wearie, O,
I'll tak' a glass into my han',
And drink to you, my dearie, O.
Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
And see you dinna wearie, O;
In twice three oaks, gin I be spared,
I'll come again, and see thee, O.

And row thee up, and row thee down,
And row thee till I wearie, O,
And row thee o'er the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

Blue bonnets o'er the border.

[THIS first appeared in the romance of "The Monastery," by Sir WALTER SCOTT, 1820.]

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the blue bonnets are o'er the border.

Many a banner spread, flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story,
 Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
 Come to the erag where the beacon is blasing;
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding; war-steeds are bounding;
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
 When the blue bonnets came over the border.

Ah, Chloirs.

[THIS elegant lyric appears in the Tea-Table Miscellany, headed *Gilderry*, that being the tune to which it is adapted. It has also been copied into most other Scottish collections of songs, and ascribed to PATERSON FORBES of Culloden. Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, however, has recently discovered it to belong to Sir Charley's Sedley's play of the Mulberry Tree, which was printed in 1675, before President Forbes was born. It can therefore no longer be admitted with propriety into any Scottish collection, and is only reprinted here for the purpose of correcting a long established error.]

Ah, Chloirs! could I now but sit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 No happiness or pain!
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And praised the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine;
 Age from no face takes more away
 Than youth conceal'd in thine:
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection press'd,
 So love, as unperceived, did fly,
 And centre in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid, at my heart,
 Still, as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part,
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art;—
 To make a beauty, she.

The Soldier's Grave.

[THIS first appeared in a small volume of poems by J. FRASER, Edinburgh, published about 1818. It was quoted in the Scotsman newspaper, and became generally popular.]

DEAR land of my birth, of my friends, of my love,
 Shall I never again climb thy mountains:
 Nor wander at eve through some lone leafy grove,
 To list to the dash of thy fountains?
 Shall no hand that I love close my faint beaming
 That darkens 'mid warfare and danger? (eye,
 Ah, no! for I feel that my last heaving sigh
 Must fleet on the gale of the stranger.

Then farewell, ye valleys, ye fresh blooming bow'rs,
 Of childhood the once happy dwelling;
 No more in your haunts shall I chase the gay hours
 For death at my bosom is knelling.
 But proudly the lotus shall bloom o'er my grave,
 And mark where a freeman is sleeping,
 And my grave shall be heard in the Nile's dashing
 wave,
 While the Arab his night watch is keeping.

'Twas a soldier who spoke—but his voice now is
 And lowly the hero is lying; [gone,
 No sound meets the ear, save the crocodile's moan,
 Or the breeze through the palm-tree sighing.
 But lone though he rests where the camel is seen,
 By the wilderness heavily pacing;
 His grave in our bosoms shall ever be green,
 And his monument ne'er know defacing.

The Minstrel Sleeps.

[WRITTEN on the death of Sir Walter Scott, by ROBERT GILFILLAN. Set to Music by Finlay Dun.]

THE Minstrel sleeps! the charm is o'er,
 The bowl beside the fount is broken,
 And we shall hear that harp no more
 Whose tones to every land hath spoken!

The Minstrel sleeps! and common clay
Claims what is only common now;
His eye hath lost its kindling ray,
And darkness sits upon his brow!

The Minstrel sleeps!—the spell is past,
His spirit its last flight hath taken;
The magic wand is broke at last
Whose touch all things to life could waken!

The Minstrel sleeps!—the glory's fled,
The soul's returned back to the giver,
And all that e'er could die is dead
Of him whose name shall live for ever!

The minstrel sleeps!—and genius mourns
In tears of woe, and sighs of sorrow;
For though each day his song returns,
The Minstrel's voice, it knows no morrow!

The Minstrel sleeps!—and death, oh! thou
Hast laid the mighty with the slain—
The mantle fallen is folded now,
And who may it unfold again?

The Rose of Allandale.

[Words by C. JEFFERYS. Music composed by
E. NELSON.]

THE morn was fair, the skies were clear,
No breath came o'er the sea,
When Mary left her Highland cot,
And wander'd forth with me;
Tho' flowers deck'd the mountain's side,
And fragrance fill'd the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there,
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wandered, east or west,
Tho' fate began to lour,
A solace still was she to me,
In sorrow's lonely hour.
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark,
And rent her shiv'ring sail,
One madden form withstood the storm,
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd
On Afric's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
And tales of distant land:

My life had been a wilderness,
Unless'd by fortune's gale,
Had fate not link'd my lot to hers
The Rose of Allandale.

Bess the Gawkie.

[THIS humorous exposition of courtship in
pastoral life is the production of the Rev. Dr.
JAMES MUIRHEAD, minister of the parish of Urr
in Galloway, who died in 1808, at the age of 68.
It first appeared in Herd's Collection, in 1776.]

BETWEEN young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and birds do stray,
And sport awhile wi' Jamie?
Ah, na, lass! I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak' a care,
Nor about Jamie tak' a care,
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle blythens in his face,
Out owre the muir to Maggie?
I wat he ga'e her monie a kiss,
And Maggie took them nae amiss:
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
"That Bess was but a gawkie."

"For when a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll hardly speak:
Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?
But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
She'll gi'e a score without offence;
Now gi'e me ane into the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie."

'O Jamie, ye ha'e monie ta'en,
But I will never stand for ane
Or twa when we do meet again.
So ne'er think me a gawkie.
"Ah, na, lass, that canna be;
She thoughts as thee are far frae me,
Or onie thy sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie."

But, whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet:
Instead o' Meg he kins'd aae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.

"O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I cam' by your gown aae new;
I think you've got it wet wi' dew."
Quoth ahe, 'that's like a gawkie;

'It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane;
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
And tell it to your dawtie.'
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek:
He cried, "O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang anither gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie."

The lasses that frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue,
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they gae owre the muir they sang,
The hills and dales wi' echo rang,
The hills and dales wi' echo rang,
'Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.'

Ⓢ tell me how to woo thee.

[WRITTEN BY MR. GRAHAM OF GARTMORE, AND
first published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish
Border*, 1801.]

Is doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed:
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye,
Shall rue it to his smart.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.

If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skailt to me;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing—
O tell me how to woo!

It fell on a Morning.

[THIS SONG, BY JOANNA BAILLIE, originally ap-
peared in *The Harp of Caledonia*, published at
Glasgow in 1831, and edited by Mr. John Stru-
thers.]

It fell on a morning when we were thrang,
Our kirk was gaun, our cheese was making,
And bannocks on the girdle baking,
That aye at the door chaft loud and lang.
But the auld gudewife and her Mays aae tight,
Of this stirring and din took aae notice, I ween
For a chap at the door, in braid day-light,
Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clocky auld laird of the warlock glen,
Wha stood without, half cower'd, half cheerie,
And yearn'd for a sight of his winsome dearie,
Raised up the latch and came crouzely ben.
His coat was new and his o'erlay was white,
And his hose and his mittens were cooey and bein;
But a wooer that comes in braid day-light,
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlin' and lasses aae braw,
And his bare lyart paw he smoothly straitket,
And looked about, like a body half galket,
On bonnie sweet Nanny the youngest of a'.
"Ha ha!" quo' the carlin, "and look ye that
way?
Hoot! let na sic fancies bewilder ye clean;
An elderlin man i' the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at
e'en."

"Na na!" quo' the panky auld wif, "I trow,
You'll fash na' your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly,
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."
He hem'd and he haw'd and he screw'd in his
mouth,
And he squees'd his blue bonnet his twa hands
between,
For woocers that come when the sun's in the
south,
Are mair aukwart than woocers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge she is prudent."—"What's that
to me?"
"She is eident and sober, has sense in her noddle,
Is douse and respectit."—"I care na a boddle.
I'll banck na' my luve, and my fancy's free."
Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny ran laughing out to the green;
For woocers that come when the sun shines
bright,
Are no like the woocers that come at e'en.

Awa' sung the laird and loud muttered he,
"All the daughters of Eve, between Orkney
and Tweed, O,
Black and fair, young and old, dame, damsel
and widow,
May gang wi' their pride to the dell for me!"
But the auld gudewife and her Mays see tight,
For a' his loud banning cared little, I ween;
For a woocer that comes in braid day-light,
Is no like a woocer that comes at e'en.

Old King Coul.

[This song is to be found in Herd's collection of
1776. Burns made some slight alterations on it
for Johnson's Museum. Old King Coul, according
to fabulous Scottish history, flourished in the fifth
century, and was father of the giant Fin M'Coul.
Coila (Ayrshire) was under his sway.]

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
And old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in fiddlers three;
And every fiddler was a very good fiddler,
And a very good fiddler was he.
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass in a' Scotland,
Compar'd to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in pipers three:
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle went
the pipers three;
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass in a' the land,
Compar'd to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in harpers three:
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the
harpers;
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle,
went the pipers;
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass in a' the land,
Compar'd to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in trumpeters three:
Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, went the trumpeters;
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the
harpers;
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle,
went the pipers;
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass in a' Scotland,
Compar'd to sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
Old King Coul, he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in drummers three:
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummers;
Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, went the trumpeters;
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the
harpers;
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha-diddle, how-diddle,
went the pipers;
Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass in a' the land,
Compar'd to sweet Marjorie.

Willie was a wanton wag.

[THIS song first appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany, vol. II., 1735, with the initials W. W. attached, and its authorship is generally ascribed to WILLIAM WALKINSHAW of Walkinshaw, near Paisley. The hero of it is said to have been William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, Lanarkshire, the poetical correspondent of Ramsay, and author of the metrical Life of Sir William Wallace. Mr. David Laing even inclines to think that Hamilton was not only the hero but the real author of the song, and that the initials merely indicate his well-known *sobriquet* of Wanton Willie.]

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
The blithest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
An' carried aye the gree awa'.
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow! but Willie he was braw,
And at his shoulder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And aye whatever Willie said,
It still was hauden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weaponschaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The ne'er a ane among them a'.

And was na Willie weel worth gowd?
He wan the love o' great and sma';
For after he the bride had kist'd,
He kist'd the lasses hale-sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willie a great loun,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen;
When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,
The bridegroom speir'd where he had been,
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,
Wi' bobbing, baith my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, shame light on his soule smout,
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
Then straught he to the bride did fare,
Says, Weels me on your bonnie face;
Wi' bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, ye'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring ye'll aye be lag,
Unless like Willie ye advance:
O! Willie has a wanton leg;
For wi' he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost aye bears up the ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

Bonnie Lady Ann.

[THIS luxurious description of a beauty first appeared in Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song (London, 1810,) to which work it was contributed by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM as an old production.]

THERE'S kames o' hinnie 'tween my luve's lips,
And gowd amang her hair;
Her brets are lapt in a holy veil;
Nae mortal een keek there.
What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch,
Or what arm o' luve daur span,
The hinnie lips, the creamy hu',
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor sample lip,
Mann touch her ladie mou'.
But a broder'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gowd,
Her jimpy waist maun span:
Oh, she's an armfu' fit for heaven—
My bonnie Lady Ann!

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' siller thread;
And comely sits she in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her silky milky han';
And her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,
My bonnie Lady Ann.

The mornin' clud is tasselt wi' gowd,
Like my luv's broider'd cap;
And on the mantle that my luv wears,
Is mony a golden drap.
Her bonnie ee-bree's a holy arch,
Cast by nae earthly han',
And the breath o' heaven is aween the lips
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I wonderin' gase on her stately steps,
And I beet a hopeless flame!
To my luv, alas! she maunna stoop;
It wad stain her honour'd name.
My een are bauld, they dwell on a place
Where I daurna mint my han';
But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I am but her father's gardener lad,
And pair pair is my fa';
My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
My lady comes, my lady gae,
Wi' a sou and kindly han';
O, the bleasin' o' God maun mix wi' my luv,
And fa' on Lady Ann.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets.

[THIS was one of BURNS's finest contributions to George Thomson's collection. The "Chloris" here celebrated was Jean Lorimer of Craigieburn, in Dumfriesshire, who was also the heroine of "Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks," and other songs. The description is said to have been true to her appearance. She was unfortunate in life, and died so recently as 1831. The air of the song is Irish, and called *Oonagh*.]

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'erarching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wad mak' a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto those rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw;
And, aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad mak' a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and graceful air;
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declared that she could do nae mair:
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And, aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gandy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon,
Fair-beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes her sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By whimpering burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

Sing on, sing on.

[WRITTEN by the ETTRICK SHEPHERD, to the tune of "Prince William Henry's Delight."]

SING on, sing on, my bonnie bird,
The sang ye sang yestreen, O,
When here, aneath the hawthorn wild,
I met my bonnie Jean, O,
My blude ran prinklin through my veins,
My hair began to steer, O;
My heart play'd deep against my breast,
As I beheld my dear, O.

O weels me on my happy lot!
O weels me on my dearie!
O weels me on the charmin' spot,
Where a' o' comin' d to cheer me.
The mavis litit on the bush,
The lavrook on the green, O;
The lily bloom'd, the daisy blash'd,
But a' was nought to Jean, O.

Sing on, sing on, my bonnie thrush,
 Be neither flee'd nor eerie;
 I'll wad your love sits in the leash,
 That gars ye sing me cheerie:
 She may be kind, she may be sweet,
 She may be neat and clean, O;
 But O she's but a drysome mate,
 Compar'd wi' bonnie Jean, O.

If love wad open a' her stores,
 An' a' her bloomin' treasures,
 And bid me rise, an' turn an' choose,
 And taste her chieftest pleasures;
 My choice wad be the rosy cheek,
 The modest beamin' eye, O;
 The yellow hair, the bosom fair,
 The lips o' coral dye, O.

A bramble shade around her head,
 A burnie poplin' by, O;
 Our bed the swaird, our sheet the plaid,
 Our canopy the sky, O.
 And here's the burn, an' there's the bush
 Around the flowerie green, O;
 An' this the plaid, an' sure the lass
 Wad be my bonnie Jean, O.

Hear me, thou bonnie modest moon!
 Ye starnes twinklin' high, O!
 An' a' ye gentle powers aboon,
 That roam athwart the sky, O.
 To see me gratefu' for the past,
 Ye saw me blest yestreen, O;
 An' ever till I breathe my last
 Ye'll see me true to Jean, O.

Jock o' Hazeldean.

[Written by SIR WALTER SCOTT for Albyn's Anthology, a collection of Highland airs edited by Alex. Campbell. There is an old ballad, called *Jock o' Hazelgreen*, from which the poet has borrowed several lines.]

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady—
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye shall be his bride;
 And ye shall be his bride, lady,
 See comely to be seen!"
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale:
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langley dale;
 His step is first in peaceful ha'
 His sword in battle keen!"
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair,
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
 And you, the foremost o' them a',
 Shall ride our forest queen!"
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmered fair;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight were there:
 They sought her baith by bower and ha';
 The ladye was not seen!—
 She's o'er the border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!

The Laird o' Cockpen.

[THIS popular humorous ditty is attributed to Miss FERRIER, the authoress of *Marriage, The Inheritance, and Destiny*, three novels of distinguished merit. The two concluding verses are by another hand. The song is sung to the old air of "When she cam' ben she bobbed."]

THE Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great;
 His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state:
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;
 But favour wi' wooln' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell.
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
 M'Clah's a daughter o' Claverie-ha' Lea.
 A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, as guld as when new,
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
 He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—
 And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and ride cannille—
And rapped at the yett o' Claverie-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cookpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower
wine;
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her match wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;
And what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na,
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumbfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare, and rode cannille;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the
glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cookpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh! for aye I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cookpen."

Naeist time that the Laird and the lady were
seen,
They were gann arm and arm to the kirk on the
green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cook-
pen.

The Emigrant's Farewell.

[WRITTEN by the late THOMAS PRINGLE, in
1819, on his departure to Southern Africa. It first
appeared in the Harp of Oaledonia, Vol. III. and
is adapted to the tune of "My guid Lord John."]

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Tiviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song—
Farewell ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have lov'd so long.

Farewell, the blythesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow—
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
O'erhung with hirk and sloe.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dell—
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the stem
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main—
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Tiviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

Maid of my Heart.

[THIS is another effusion of THOMAS PRINGLE's,
on his leaving his native land. It is adapted to
the tune of "Logan Water."]

MAID of my heart—a long farewell!
The bark is launch'd, the billows swell,
And the vernal gales are blowing free,
To bear me far from love and thee!

I hate Ambition's haughty name,
And the heartless pride of Wealth and Fame,
Yet now I haste through Ocean's roar
To woo them on a distant shore.

Can pain or peril bring relief
To him who bears a darker grief?
Can absence calm this feverish thrill?
—Ah, no!—for thou wilt haunt me still!

Thy artless grace, thy open truth,
Thy form that breath'd of love and youth,
Thy voice by Nature fram'd to suit
The tone of Love's enchanted lute!

Thy dimpling cheek and deep-blue eye,
Where tender thought and feeling lie!
Thine eyelids like the evening cloud
That comes the star of love to shroud!

Each witchery of soul and sense,
Enshrined in angel innocence,
Combin'd to frame the fatal spell—
That blest—and broke my heart—Farewell!

Logan Braes.

[THIS beautiful song is the production of JOHN MAYNE, author of the "Siller Gun," "Glasgow, a poem," &c. Mayne was a native of Dumfries, but spent the early part of his life in Glasgow, where he served an apprenticeship as a compositor under the celebrated printers, Foulis. He afterwards removed to London, and was long connected there with the Star daily newspaper. He died on the 14th March, 1836. "Logan Braes" was first printed in the Star Newspaper on the 23d May, 1786, and we believe consisted originally of only the first two stanzas, to which, indeed, the song, in singing, is generally limited. The four additional stanzas first appeared in the Pocket Encyclopedia of Songs, published at Glasgow in 1816, and are probably not by Mayne. The tune of "Logan Water," to which this and the two following songs are adapted, is of considerable antiquity, and, (before the production of Mayne) used to be sung to words of by no means a scrupulous character, beginning,

Ae simmer night, on Logan braes,
I help'd a lassie on wi' her claes,
First wi' her stockings, and syne wi' her shoon,
&c.]

"By Logan's streams that rin aye deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
Herded sheep, or gather'd claes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.
But wae's my heart! these days are gane,
And I, wi' grief, may herd alane;
While my dear lad maun face his fae,
Far, far frae me, an' Logan braes."

"Nae mair at Logan kirk will be
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk."

I weel may sing these days are gane—
Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his fae,
Far, far frae me, an' Logan braes!

"At e'en, when hope amais is gane,
I dauner out, or sit alane,
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his trust wi' me.
O! cou'd I see these days again,
My lover skaitless, an' my ain!
Belov'd by frien', rever'd by fae,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes."

While for her love she thus did sigh,
She saw a sodger passing by,
Passing by wi' scarlet claes,
While sair she gat on Logan braes:
Says he, "What gars thee greet sae sair,
What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care?
These sporting lads has blythsome days,
An' playin' skip on Logan braes?"

"What can I do but weep and mourn?
I fear my lad will ne'er return,
Ne'er return to ease my wae,
Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes."
Wi' that he clasp'd her in his arms,
And said, "I'm free from war's alarms,
I now ha'e conquer'd a' my fae,
We'll happy live on Logan braes."

Then straight to Logan kirk they went,
And join'd their hands wi' one consent,
Wi' one consent to end their days,
An' live in bliss on Logan braes.
An' now she sings, "these days are gane,
When I wi' grief did herd alane,
While my dear lad did fight his fae,
Far, far frae me an' Logan braes."

For ever, Fortune.

[THE following words are by JAMES THOMSON, author of the Seasons, and they appear in the Orpheus Caledonius so far back as 1725, attached to the tune of Logan Water.]

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part—

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish—the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone.

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, oh, Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

Logan Water.

[THE following are BURNS's words to the tune of Logan Water. They were written four years after the appearance of Mayne's song, and sent to Thomson's collection. Burns was ignorant of Mayne's production at the time, but had heard the burthen of it,—

While my dear lad maun face his face,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes,—
and adopted the lines as a fragment of an old song.]

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinyne ha'e ower us run,
Like Logan to the summer sun:
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drummie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his face,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightful, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Among her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithful mate will share her toil,
Or wif his sang her cares beguile:
But I, wif my sweet nuralings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethern rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

Sailor and Shepherdess.

[THIS appeared in one of the early Notices Ambrosians of Blackwood's Magazine (the Royal Number of 1833.) It is probably from the pen of PROFESSOR WILSON.]

SAILOR.

WHEN lightning parts the thunder-cloud,
That blackens all the sea,
And tempests rough through sail and shroud
Ev'n then I'll think on thee, Mary.

SHEPHERDESS.

I wrap me in that keepsake plaid,
And lie down among the snaw;
While frozen are the tears I shed,
For him that's far awa, Willie!

SAILOR.

We sail past monie a bonnie lea;
Wi' maids the shores are thrang;
Before my e'e there's but a smile,
Within my ear a sang, Mary.

SHEPHERDESS.

In kirk, on every Sabbath-day
For aye on the great deep,
Unto my God I humbly pray—
And while I pray, I weep, Willie.

SAILOR.

The sands are bright wi' golden shells,
The groves wi' blossoms fair;
And I think upon the heather-bells,
That deck thy glossy hair, Mary.

SHEPHERDESS.

I read thy letters sent from far,
And aye I kiss thy name,
And ask my Maker, frae the war
If ever thou'lt come hame, Willie.

SAILOR.

What though your father's hut be lown
 Anent the green hill-side?
 The ship that Willie saild in, blown
 Like chaff by wind and tide, Mary?

SHEPHERDES.

Oh! weel I ken the raging sea,
 And a' the steadfast land,
 Are held, wi' specks like thee and me,
 In the hollow of His hand, Willie.

SAILOR.

He sees thee sitting on the brae,
 Me hinging on the mast;
 And o'er us baith, in dew or spray,
 His saving shield is cast, Mary.

Farewell to Funery.

[THIS is the production of the Rev. Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD, first, minister of Campbelltown, afterwards of Campese, and now of St. Columba's church, Glasgow. It is very popular in the Highlands. The English of the chorus is "Arise and let us go."]

EIRICH agus tiuginn, O!

Eirich agus tiuginn, O!

Eirich agus tiuginn, O!

Farewell, farewell to Funery.

The wind is fair, the day is fine,
 And swiftly, swiftly runs the time;
 The boat is floating on the tide,
 That wafts me off from Funery.
 Eirich, &c.

A thousand, thousand tender ties
 Accept this day my plaintive sighs;
 My heart within me almost dies
 At thought of leaving Funery.
 Eirich, &c.

With pensive steps I've often stroll'd,
 Where Fingal's castle stood of old,
 And listen'd while the shepherds told
 The legend tales of Funery.
 Eirich, &c.

I've often pass'd at close of day,
 Where Osdan sang his martial lay,
 And grieved the sun's departing ray,
 Wandering o'er Dun-Funery.
 Eirich, &c.

Aultan Calneh's gentle stream,
 That murmurs sweetly through the green,
 What happy, joyful days I've seen,
 Beside the banks of Funery.
 Eirich, &c.

Farewell, ye hills of storm and snow,
 The wild resorts of deer and roe;
 In peace the heath-cock long may crow
 Along the moors of Funery.
 Eirich, &c.

It's not the hills nor woody vales,
 Alone my joyless heart bewails,
 But a mournful group this day remains
 Within the manse of Funery.
 Eirich, &c.

Can I forget Glen-turrit's name?
 Farewell, dear father, best of men,
 May heaven's joys with thee remain
 Within the manse of Funery?
 Eirich, &c.

Mother! a name to me so dear,
 Must I, must I, leave thy care,
 And try a world that's full of snare
 Far, far from thee and Funery?
 Eirich, &c.

Brother of my love, farewell—
 Sisters, all your griefs conceal—
 Thy tears suppress—your sorrows quell—
 Be happy while at Funery.
 Eirich, &c.

Archibald! my darling child,
 May heaven thy infant footsteps guide;
 Should I return, Oh! may I find
 Thee smiling still at Funery.
 Eirich, &c.

O must I leave these happy scenes—
 See, they spread the flapping sails—
 Adieu, adieu, my native plains—
 Farewell, farewell to Funery.

Donald Couper.

[THE tune called "Donald Couper" is very old, and it can be traced back at least as far as the middle of the 17th century. The following words from Johnson's Musical Museum, Part IV., 1782, appear a mere fragment.]

HEY, Donald, howe Donald,
Hey Donald Couper!
He's gane awa' to seek a wife,
And he's come hame without her.

O Donald Couper and his man
Held to a Highland fair, man;
And a' to seek a bonnie lass—
But sent a ane was there, man.

At length he got a carlin gray,
And she's come hirplin' hame, man;
And she's fawn over the buffet stool,
And brak' her rumple-bane, man.

The' simmer smiles.

[THE first verse and chorus of this song are by TAMMARELL. The last verse but one is by Motherwell. The other stanzas are by Mr. Gibson, teacher, Greenock. R. A. Smith, who possessed Tammarell's fragment, set it to a Highland air, which he took down from the voice of a country girl in Arran.]

Two' simmer smiles on bank and brae,
An' nature bids the heart be gay;
Yet a' the joys o' flow'ry May,
Wi' pleasure ne'er can move me.

Hey Donald! howe Donald!
Think upon your vow, Donald!
Mind the heathery knows, Donald,
Where ye vow'd to lo'e me.

When first ye climb'd the heath'ry steep,
Wi' me to wear my father's sheep,
The vows ye made ye said ye'd keep,
The vows ye made to lo'e me.
Hey Donald, &c.

But love is but a weary dream,
Its joys are like the summer scene,
Whose beauty is the sunny beam,
That dazzles to deceive me.
Hey Donald, &c.

I downa look on bank or brae,
I downa greet where a' are gay;
But, oh! my heart will break wi' wae,
Gin Donald cease to lo'e me.
Hey Donald, &c.

My father has a haddin' brow,
His setting sun's just gawn to fa',
And Donald thou sall get it a',
My Donald gin ye'll lo'e me.
Hey Donald, &c.

The Waukin' o' the fauld.

[THIS forms the opening song of RAMSAY'S Gentle Shepherd. The "waukin' o' the fauld" alludes to the old pastoral practice of watching the sheep-folds at night, during the weaning of the lambs, on which occasions the shepherd was generally favoured with the company of his sweetheart.]

Mr Peggie is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay:
My Peggie is a young thing,
And I'm nae very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggie speaks sae sweetly
Where'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare:
My Peggie speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggie smiles sae kindly
Where'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown:
My Peggie smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naething gies me sic delight,
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggie sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
Wi' innocence the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld.

Sae put on your pearline, Marion,
And kirtle o' cramasie;
And, as sune as my chin has sae hair on,
I will come west, and see ye.

The Ewe-Bughts.

[Both the words and the beautiful air of The Ewe-Bughts are of undoubted antiquity. They are given in the Orpheus Caledonius, published in 1736, but belong to a period considerably earlier. Ramsay, in his Tea Table Miscellany, marks the song with a Q, signifying that it was an old song with additions. Ramsay's additions were merely a trifling verbal alteration or two.]

Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O, Marion's a bonnie lass,
And the blythe blink 's in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white house-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en, when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glower wi' their e'e,
At kirk when they see my Marion,
But name o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal-day.

And ye've get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat o' London broun;
And wow but ye've be vap'rin'
Whene'er ye gang to the toun.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
Name dances like me on the green;
And, gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

Will ye go to the Indies.

[This simple yet energetic song, to the tune of The Ewe-Bughts, was written by Burns in early life. He afterwards sent it to George Thomson for publication in his collection, and thus wrote of it:—"In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl: it is quite trifling, and has nothing of the merit of the Ewe-Bughts. You must know that all my earlier love-songs were the breathings of ardent passion; and though it might have been easy in after times to have given them a polish, yet that polish to me would have defaced the legend of the heart which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their *race*." Thomson did not at first see the beauty of Burns's words to the tune of the Ewe-Bughts, but afterwards adopted them in his collection.]

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar?

Oh, sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I ha'e sworn by the heavens, my Mary,
I ha'e plighted by the heavens to be true;
And sae may the heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O, plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your illy-white hand.
O, plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We ha'e plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join;
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time!

Lizzy Lindsay.

[THERE is an old ballad called "Lizzy Lindsay," of which some fragments remain. The first verse of the following words was written by Burns for Johnson's Museum, to an old air, "Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay," which he communicated. The present version is sung to the tune of "The Ewe-Bughts."]

Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?

To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be;
For I ken nae the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gann wi'.

O Lizzy, lass, ye maun ken little,
If aye ye dinna ken me;
For my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

Hooly and Fairly.

[THE words of this song belong to about the middle of the last century, but their author's name has escaped being recorded. They are to be found in a collection of songs, called *The Charmer*, published at Edinburgh in 1781, but whether printed there for the first time cannot with certainty be said. The title to the song there given is "*The Druken Wife o' Gallowa*," which title it bears in common with "*Hooly and Fairly*." The air is supposed to be old.]

Down in yon meadow a couple did tarry:
The gudewife she drank naething but sack and
canary; [sairly—
The gudeman complain'd to her friends right
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank
Gairie,
And syne she drank my bonnie gray marie,
That carried me through a' the dubs and the
glaire—
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
And syne she drank her bonnie new gown;
She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely—
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

Wad she drink but her ain things, I wadna care,
But she drinks my claes that I canna weel spare—
When I'm wi' my gossip it angers me sairly—
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

My Sunday's coat she's laid it in wad,
And the best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;
At kirk or at mercat I'm cover'd but barely—
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

My bonnie white mittens I wore on my hands,
Wi' her neibour's wife she laid them in pawns;
My bane-headed staff that I loosed aye dearly—
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

I never was for wranglin' nor strife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts o' life;
For when there's a war, I'm aye for a parley—
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When there's ony money she maun keep the
purse;
If I seek but a bawbee she'll scold and she'll curse;
She lives like a queen—I but scrimpit and sparely—
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;
But when she sits down, oh, the jand she gets fou,
And when she is fou she is unco camstare—
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When she comes to the street she roars and she
rants, [wants;
Has nae fear o' her neibours, nor minds the house
She rants up some fule-sang, like, Up your heart,
Charlie!—
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,
The lasses she ca's baith bitches and jauds,
And ca's mysell an auld cuckie-carlie—
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

Hooly and Fairly.

[WRITTEN by JOANNA BAILLIN for George Thomson's collection of Scottish Melodies.]

Oh, neighbours! what had I ado for to marry,
My wife she drinks possets and wine o' Canary,
And ea's me a niggardly, thraw-gabbit carly,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

She feasts wi' her kimmers on dainties enew,
Aye bowing and smirking and dighting her mou',
While I sit aside and am helpet but sparely,
O gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

To fairs and to bridals and preachings and a',
She gangs aye light-hearted and basket aye braw,
It's ribbons and mantuas that gae me gae barely,
O gin my wife woud spend hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

In the kirk sic commotion last sabbath she made,
Wi' babe o' red roses and briest-knots o'erlaid,
The dominie sticket his psalm very neary,
O gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

She's warring and fytting frae morning till e'en,
And if ye gainsay her, her eye glows aye keen!
Then tongue, neive and cudgel, she'll lay on you sairy!
O gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

When tired wi' her cantraps, she lies in her bed,
The wark a' neglectet, the house ill up-red,
When a' our guid neighbours are stirring right carly,
O gin my wife wad sleep timely and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

A word o' good counsel or grace she'll hear none,
She hardies the elders and mocks at mae John,
And back in his teeth his ain text she flings rarely!
O gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed,
I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead;
Or she in the mools, to dement me nae mair;
lay;
What does't a'vail to cry hooly and fairly?
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
Wasting my breath to cry hooly and fairly!

We're a' noddin'.

L.

[THERE are various readings of this old doggerel. Part of it can be traced in Bishop Percy's MS. as far back as 1560. We give here, first, the version which Burns furnished up for Johnson's Museum. Miss Stephens, we believe, has the praise or blame of introducing the tune, and a modified version of the words, into fashionable society more than twenty years ago.]

GUDDEN to you, kimmer,
And how do ye do?
Hiccup, quo' kimmer,
The better that I'm fou.
We're a' noddin',
Nid, nid, noddin',
We're a' noddin',
At our house at hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
Suppin' hen broo;
Dell tak' Kate,
An' she be na noddin' too!
We're a' noddin', &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye fare?
A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair.
We're a' noddin', &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye thrive?
How many bairns ha'e ye?
Quo' kimmer, I ha'e five.
We're a' noddin', &c.

Are they a' Johnny's
Eh! atweel na:
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johnny was awa'.
We're a' noddin', &c.

Cats like milk,
And dogs like broo,
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too.
We're a' noddin', &c.

II.

[VERSES furnished by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM to
Thomson's Select Melodies of Scotland.]

Our gudewife 's awa',
Now's the time to woo
For the lads like lasses,
And the lasses lads too.
The moon's beaming bright,
And the gowan 's in dew,
And my love 's by my side,
And we're a' happy now.
And we're a' noddin',
Nid, nid noddin',
And we're a' noddin',
At our house at hame.

I have wale of loves,—
Nannie rich and fair,
Bessie brown and bonnie,
And Kate wi' curling hair;
And Bell young and proud,
Wi' gold aboon her brow,
But my Jean has twa e'en
That glow'r me through and through.
And we're a' noddin', &c.

Sair she alights the lads,
Throes lie like to dees,
Four in sorrow listed,
And five flew to the sea.
Nigh her chamber door
A' night they watch in dool,
Ae kind word frae my love
Would charm frae yule to yule.
And we're a' noddin', &c.

Our gudewife 's come hame,
Now mute mean I woo;
My true love's bright glances
Shine a' the chamber through;
O, sweet is her voice,
When she sings at her wark,
Sweet the touch of her hand,
And her vows in the dark.
And we're a' noddin', &c.

III.

[VERSES to the same air—author unknown.
The tune admits of considerable latitude as to the
measure of the line.]

GUDEN to ye, kimmer,
And are ye alone?
O, come and see how blythe are we,
For Jamie he's cam' hame,
And O, but he's been lang awa',
And O, my heart was sair
As I sobbed out a lang farewell—
Maybe to meet nae mair.
Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

O, sair ha'e I fought,
Ear' and late did I toll,
My bairnies for to feed and clead—
My comfort was their smile;
When I thoct on Jamie far awa',
An' o' his love see faim,
A bodin' thrill cam' through my heart
We'd maybe meet again.
Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

When he knocket at the door,
I thoct I kent the rap,
And little Katie cried,
"My daddie he's cam' back,"
A stoun gaed through my anxious breast
As thoctfully I sat,
I raise, I gased, fell in his arms,
And bursted out and grat.
Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

Tibbie Dunbar.

[WRITTEN by BURNS, in 1789, for Johnson's
Museum, to a tune called *Johnnie M'Gill*, from
the name of its composer, John M'Gill, musician,
Girvan, Ayrshire. According to other accounts,
the tune is said to be Irish.]

O, WILT thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar
O, wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse,
Or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side,
O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie,
His lands and his money,
I care na thy kin
Sae high and sae lordly;
But say thou wilt ha'e me
For better for waur—
And come in thy coatie,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

Come under my Plaidie.

[WRITTEN by HECTOR MACNEIL to the same tune as that of the above, namely, *Johnnie M'Gill*, and published in the sixth volume of Johnson's Museum.]

Come under my plaidie; the night's gaun to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the
snow:

Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa;
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw!
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;
Ye might be my gutcher! auld Donald, gae 'wa.
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's
bonnie;

He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw!
Nane dances sae lightly, sae graceful, or tichtly,
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the
snaw!

Dear Marion, let that fee stick fast to the wa';
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The haill o' his pack he has now on his back;
He's thretty, and I am but three score and twa.
Be frank now and kindly—I'll buak ye aye finely;
To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw;
A bein house to hide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My father aye tauld me, my mother and a',
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;
It's true, I lo'e Johnnie; he's young and he's
bonnie;

But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!

I ha'e little tocher; ye've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
Sae gi'e me your plaidie; I'll creep in beside ye;
I thocht ye'd been aulder than three score and twa!

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Where Johnnie was listin', and heard her tell a':
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it danted,
And strack 'gainst his side, as if burstin' in twa.
He wander'd hame wearie, the night it was drearie,
And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep
snow:

The howlet was screaming, while Johnnie cried,
Women

Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw.

O, the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' four score and twa;
The haill o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
Plain love is the caulddest blast now that can blaw.
Auld dotards, be wary! tak' tent wha you marry;
Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whip and
they'll ca',
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthfu'
and bonnie,
And they'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.

The loby lass of Inverness.

[THE first four lines of this song are old. The rest were added by Burns, and published in Johnson's Museum, vol. v. The tune, called *The Lovely Lass of Inverness*, is the composition of Oswald. Drummossie-moor was the field where the battle of Culloden was fought.]

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see,
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
And aye the saut tears blind her ee:
Drummossie muir, Drummossie day,
A wae fu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethern three.

Their winding-sheets, the bluidy clay;
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever bless'd a woman's ee!

Now, wae to thee, thou cruel lord!
A bliddy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

The loblery lass of Inberness.

[WRITTEN BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and first published in Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.]

THREE liv'd a lass in Inverness,
She was the pride of a' the town,
She was blythe as a lark on the flower-tap,
Whan frae the nest it's newly flown.
At kirk she wan the auld folk's love,
At dances she wan the ladies' een;
She was the blythest aye o' the blythe,
At wooer-trystes or Halloween.

As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer-sun was sinking down,
O there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town.
The gray-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying, (sad to see!)
"The flower o' the lads o' Inverness,
Lie blinzie on Culloden-lee!"

She tore her haffet-links of gowd,
And dightit aye her comely e'e;
"My father lies at bluidie Carlisle,
At Preston sleep my brethren three!
I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
Mae tears could never blin' my e'e;
But the fa' o' aye has burst my heart,
A dearer aye there ne'er could be!

"He trysted me o' luv' yestreen,
Of love-tokens he gave me three;
But he's shak'd i' the arms o' gory wier,
O ne'er again to think o' me!
The forest-flowers shall be my bed,
My food shall be the wild-berrie,
The fa' o' the leaf shall co'er me cauld,
And wauken'd again I winna be.

O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames,
Weep till ye blin' a mither's ee;
Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
But naked corse and to see.

O spring is blythesome to the year,
Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie,
But oh! what spring can raise them up,
Whose bluidie weir has seal'd the e'e?

The hand o' God hung heave here,
And lightly touch'd foul tyrannie!
It strake the righteous to the ground,
And lifted the destroyer hie.
But there's a day, quo' my God in prayer,
Whan righteousness shall bear the gree,
I'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
And wauken, in bliss, the gude man's e'e!

Charlie he's my darling.

[Or this popular Jacobite song there are different versions. The following are the words which appear in Johnson's Museum, under the superintendence of Burns. In connection with the last stanza of this song, Sir William Gell relates an affecting anecdote of Sir Walter Scott. Sir William had the honour of acting as clecronie to Sir Walter during his last illness, when on his visit to Naples; and on one occasion, when they were tolling over a rugged pathway in the vicinity of Mount Vesuvius, Sir Walter was observed to be muttering some verses. Sir William listened, wondering what might be passing in his companion's mind, while treading a spot so rich in classical associations. But he soon found that the dying poet's heart was not in Italy, but was reverting, even there, to the scenes of his native land; for the words he caught him repeating were the close of the present song—

"It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroogy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking,
For Charlie and his men."]

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie cam' to our town,
The young Chevalier.

And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonnie lass,
The window looking through.

Sae licht's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel',
To let the liddle in!

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For bravely weel he kenned the way
To please a bonnie lass.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking,
For Charlie and his men.

Broom of Cowdenknows.

[The fine old melody, called "The Broom of Cowdenknows," is of great antiquity, and is known to have existed at least before the union of the crowns of Scotland and England in 1603. Gay adopted it in his *Beggar's Opera*, (first acted in 1728,) for his song beginning "The miser thus a shilling sees." The words to which the tune was originally united are lost, with the exception of the chorus, which ran thus:

O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom of the Cowdenknows;
I wish I were at hame again,
Milking my daddy's ewes.

The two sets of verses here given are both from the *Tes-Table Miscellany* published by Ramsay. The author of the first and most popular set is unknown, but it is subscribed with the initials, S. E. The author of the second set is ROBERT CRAWFORD, second son of Patrick Crawford of Drumsay. "Cowdenknows" is a ridgy district in Lauderdale, Berwickshire, once overgrown with tall and luxuriant broom, but now subjected to the plough.]

[FIRST SET.]

How blythe the ilk morn was I to see
My swain come o'er the hill!
He skipt the burn, and flew to me,
I met him wi' good will.

O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom of the Cowdenknows!
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe, and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O, the broom, &c.

He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'n'ing by;
E'en the dull cattle stood and gazed,
Charm'd wi' his melody.
O, the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though e'er so rich and gay.
O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I loved the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour;
Could I but faithfu' be?
He staw my heart; could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O, the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidie, brooch, and crooked stick,
Maun now lie useless by.
O, the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
Fareweel a' pleasures there!
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
It's a' I crave or care.
O, the broom, &c.

[SECOND SET.]

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves,
Around the ewes and lambskins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my loved song is then the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For sure, so sweet, so soft a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tuned his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,
Oh! how I blam'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For sure, so fresh, so bright a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare;
Not Yarrow banks in flowery May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At e'en among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed and Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my loved Cowdenknows.

A red, red Rose.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Johnson's Museum. Burns says, "The tune of this song is in Neil Gow's first collection, and is there called *Major Graham*." See the following song.]

O, my love's like a red red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O, my love's like the melody,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
See deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Low down i' the Brum.

[THE tune of "Low down in the Brume," or something very like it, is often given to the song above quoted, "A red, red Rose." The words of the present song are ascribed to JAMES CARMICHAEL, Esq. of Balmamoon, near Brechin. They can be traced as far back as to a collection published at Edinburgh in 1765, called "The Lark."]

My daddie is a cankert carle,
He'll no twine wi' his gear;
My minnie she's a scauldin' wife,
Hands a' the house aster.
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me,
For he's low down, he's in the brume,
That's waitin' on me:
Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me:
For he's low down, he's in the brume,
That's waitin' on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightles me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
For ne'er a joe has she.
But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguiled
Wi' Johnnie o' the Glen;
And aye ainsyne she cries, Beware
O' fause deluding men.
But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he cam' wast yestreen,
And speir'd when I saw Pate;
And aye ainsyne the neebors round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them say, &c.

Tell me, thou soul.

[JAMES THOMSON, author of "The Seasons."]

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou free at random roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under every well known tree,
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh visit thou my soothing dream.

Ⓢ the weary siller.

O THE weary siller!
O the weary siller!
Wha wad venture till her,
That hadna got the siller?

She's stately, proud, and shy,
Disdains to speak to onie,
But yet her distant eye
Wad glitter at the money.
O the weary siller, &c.

You'd think her heart was cold,
And never gave a futter,
But touch it with the gold,
'T wad melt like summer butter!
O the weary siller, &c.

Ge'e tak' her for a wife,
She'll wink at onie failing,
And cuddle you through life,
See lang's you keep your malling.
O the weary siller, &c.

But should your purse grow light,
And fortune seek to shun ye,
It's then you'll see her right,
And the Lord ha'e mercy on ye!
O the weary siller!
O the weary siller!
Wha wad venture till her,
That hadna got the siller?

Q. K.

The Trysting Tree.

[ALEX. LAING.—Here printed for the first time.
Air, "The bonniest lass in a' the world."]

THE evening sun has closed the day,
An' silence sleeps on hill an' plain;
The yellow moon is on her way
Wi' a' her glinting starry train.
The moment dawns to love an' me—
The happy moment now is near,
When by our lonely trysting tree,
I'll meet my lovd' Eliza dear.

Where mild the vernal mornings rise,
An' meek the summer evenings fa';
Where soft the breeze of autumn sighs,
An' light the blasts o' winter blow;
Where Keithcock winds her way stream,
By birchen tree an' blooming thorn;
Of love an' bliss we fondly dream,
Till often dawns the early morn.

Her voice like warbled music sweet,
Would lead the minstrels of the grove;
Her form, where a' the graces meet,
Would melt the coldest heart to love;
Her wistfu' look, an' winning smile,
So sweetly fair, so chastely gay,
Would sorrow's mirkest hour beguile,
And chase the deepest grief away.

My lovd' Eliza! wert thou mine!
My ain endear'd—endearing wife,
How blest! around thy heart to twine,
In a' the changing scenes of life:
Though beauty, fancy, rapture, flies
When age his chilling touch imparts;
Yet time, while breaking other ties,
Will closer bind our hands and hearts.

Oh, Poverty.

[FROM a small volume of "Scottish Songs, by ALEXANDER HUME," published at London in 1835.—Air, "The Poole."]—

ELISA was a bonnie lass, an' O, she lo'd me weel;—
 Sic love as canna find a tongue, but only hearts can feel;
 But I was poor, her father dour; he wadna look on me—
 Oh, poverty! oh, poverty! that love should bow to thee.

I went unto her mother; an' I argued, an' I fleeced;
 I spak' o' love an' honesty, an' mair an' mair beseech'd.
 But she was deaf to a' my grief, she wadna look on me—
 Oh, poverty! oh, poverty! that love should bow to thee.

I neist went to her brother, an' I told him a' my pain:
 Oh, he was was, he tried to say, but it was a' in vain;
 Though he was weel in love himsel', nae feeling he'd for me—
 Oh, poverty! oh, poverty! that love should bow to thee.

Oh, wealth, it makes the fool a sage, the knave an honest man;
 An' cankered grey locks young again, gin he ha'e gear an' lan':
 To age maun beauty ope her arms, though wi' a tearfu' e'e—
 Oh, poverty! oh, poverty! that love should bow to thee.

But wait a wee, O love is alee, and winna be said nay;
 It breaks a' chains except its ain, but it maun ha'e its way;
 Auld age was blind, the priest was kind—now happy as can be;
 Oh, poverty! oh, poverty! we're wed in spite o' thee.

My Bessie.

[ALEX. HUME.—Air, "The Poole." This song, set to a beautiful air, was published in "The Monthly Repository" for May, 1834.]

MY Bessie, O, but look upon these bonnie budding flowers,
 O, do na they remember thee o' childhood's happy hours,
 When we upon this very hill sae aft did row an' play,
 An' thou wert like the morning sun, an' life a nightless day.

The gowans—they were bonnie—how I'd pu' them from the stem,
 An' rin in noisly blythesomeness to thee, my Bess, wi' them,
 An' place them in thy white, white breast; for which thou'dst smile on me.—
 I saw nae mair the gowans then—then saw I only thee.

Like twa fair roses on a tree, we flourished an' we grew;
 An' as we grew our loves grew too, for feeling was their dew.
 How aft thou'dst throw thy wee bit arms in love about my neck,
 An' breathe young vows, that after years o' sorrow ha'e na brak.

We'd raise our lipping voices in auld Colla's melting lays,
An' sing that tearfu' tale about Doon's bonnie banks an' braes;
But thocht na we o' banks an' braes, except thae at our feet—
Like yon wee bird, we sang our sang, yet kent na that 'twas sweet.

O, is na this a joyous day? kind Nature's breathing forth
In gladness an' in loveliness owre a' the wide wide earth;
The linties, they are lifting love, on ilka bush an' tree—
O, may sic joys be ever felt, my Bess, by thee an' me.

Bonnie Aggie Lang.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here first printed. Music by Mr. James Ferguson, Edinburgh.]

Oh ere we part, my heart leaps hie, to sing ae bonnie sang,
About my ain sweet lady-love, my darling Aggie Lang;
It is na that her cheeks are like the blooming damaak rose,
It is na that her brow is white as stainless Alpine snows,
It is na that her locks are black as ony raven's wing,
Nor is't her e'e o' winning glee, that mak's me fondly sing.

But oh! her heart's a bonnie well that gushes fresh an' free
O' maiden love, an' happiness, and a' that sweet can be;
Though soft the sang o' simmer winds—the warbling o' the stream,
The carolling o' joyous birds—the murmur o' a dream,—
I'd rather hear ae gentle word frae Aggie's angel tongue,
For weel I ken her heart is mine,—the fountain whar it sprung.

Yestreen I met her in a glen about the gloamin' hour,
The moon was rising o'er the trees, the dew begemmd' ilk flour,
The weary winds were hush'd asleep, an' no a sough cam' nigh,
E'en frae the waukrife stream that ran, in silver glintin' by:
I pressed her milkwhite han' in mine—she smil'd as angels smile,
But ah! frae me, her tale o' love, this warld maunna wile.

I saw the silver light o' heaven fa' on her bonnie brow,
An' glitter on the hinney blade upon her cherry mou';
I saw the lily moonbeams steal the redness o' the rose,
An' sleep upon her downy cheek in beautiful repose.—
The moon rose high, the stream gae'd by, but aye she smiled on me,
An' what she wadna breathe in words she tauld it wi' her e'e.

I've sat within a palace hall amid the grand an' gay,
I've listen'd to the carnival o' merry birds in May,
I've been in joyous companies—the wale o' mirth an' glee,
An' danced in nature's fairy bowers by mountain, lake, and lee.
But never has this heart o' mine career'd in purer pride,
As in that moonlit glen an' bower, wi' Aggie by my side.

Neidpath.

[JAMES MURRAY.—Here first printed.—Tune, "Katy Tyrell."]

ON the green banks of Neidpath, whilst pensively roaming,
 To mark the dull shadows that creep o'er the plain,
 I count the lang hours, and I sigh for the gloaming,
 For then I shall meet with my Anna again.
 I'll watch when the swain to his cottage is wending,
 I'll watch when the bird gangs to sleep on the tree,
 I'll watch when the shadows of eve are descending,
 And then, dearest Anna, I'll hasten to thee.

'Twas lang ere I tauld, though I loved her so dearly,
 'Twas lang ere I ventured my lassie to woo,
 'Twas lang ere my heart felt she loved so sincerely,
 But sighs reveal secrets of love that is true.
 And dark cares may gather—but care shanna fear me;
 The storms of misfortune undaunted I'll see;
 I'll smile when they frown, for if Anna be near me,
 They'll cease 'neath the light of her love-beaming e'e.

Isabell.

[JAMES MURRAY.—Here first printed.—Tune, "The brier bush."]

O, weary fa' that little fairie, our Isabell—
 O, plague be on that wifu' fairie, our Isabell;
 For although we like the lassie weel—and that she kens hersel'—
 Yet over the border, right or wrang, will our Isabell.

O, we'll seldom get a sang at e'en, and scarce a tune a'wa',
 Sae we may sit and hing our lugs when she gangs awa';
 For little Bessie winna croon, and Johnnie scarcely craw,
 They'll be sae dowl and dowie soon when she gangs awa'.

The sky that smiles sae fair at morn, ere night may be o'ercast;
 Sae our dearest pleasures fade away, and downa langer last.
 And it ser's us nought to sit and fret, whatever may befa'—
 But, gude sake, wha wad e'er ha'e thought o' her gaun awa'.

O, we've canker'd folk and canny folk in our house at hame,
 And some that scarce dow bide a joke in our house at hame;
 And we'd ower the border ane and a', if ever we heard tell
 That ony birkie daur'd to gloom at our Isabell.

O, weary fa' that little fairie, our Isabell—
 O, plague be on that wifu' fairie, our Isabell;
 For although we like the gipsie mair than ony tongue can tell,
 Yet, ower the border, right or wrang, will our Isabell.

There was a lass.

[This song, which is remarkable for its beauty and ballad-like simplicity, Burns wrote to the tune of "Bonnie Jean," and sent it to Thomson for his collection. Thomson inserted it, but adapted it to the tune of "Willie was a wanton wag." The heroine was Miss Jean Macmurdo (afterwards Mrs. Crawford) eldest daughter of John Macmurdo, Esq. of Drumlairig. "I have not painted her," says the poet, "in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager."]

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was Bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrillie:
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the gien;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' Bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wistna what her all might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
As e'enin' on the lily lee?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in lily grove;
His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me!
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray among the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

My Jo Janet.

[This appears in Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, but is probably of older date. The tune of "My Jo Janet" is in some old authorities called "The Keeking Glass."]

SWEET sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bae, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keekin' glass, then.
Keek into the draw-wall,
Janet, Janet;
There ye'll see your bonnie sell,
My Jo Janet.

Keekin' in the draw-wall clear,
What if I fa' in, sir?
Then a' my kin' will say and swear
I droun'd mysell for sin, sir.
Hand the better by the bae,
Janet, Janet;
Hand the better by the bae,
My Jo Janet.

Gude sir, for your courtesie,
Comin' through Aberdeen, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair o' sheen, then.

Clout the auld—the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae pair may gain ye hauf a year,
My jo Janet.

But, what if, dancin' on the green,
And skippin' like a maukin,
They should see my clouted sheen,
Of me they will be taukin'.
Dance aye laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syn'e a' their fauts will no be seen,
My jo Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a paein' horse, then.
Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,
My jo Janet.

My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir;
To keep the temper-pin in tiff
Employs right aft my hand, sir.
Mak' the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My jo Janet.

My spouse, Nancy.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Thomson's collection,
to the tune of "My jo Janet."]

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I'm not your slave, sir.
One of two must still obey,
Nance, Nance;
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse Nance?

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so good-bye allegiance!

Sad will I be so bereft,
Nance, Nance;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nance.

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think—think how you will bear it.
I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nance, Nance,
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nance.

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you,
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.
I'll wed another like my dear
Nance, Nance;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nance!

Loudon's bonnie woods.

[WRITTEN by ROBERT TANNHILL, and set to music by R. A. Smith. Loudon castle, in Ayrshire, with its luxuriant woods, is the locality here celebrated, and the song was composed early in the present century, in 1805 or somewhat later, when the earl of Moira, afterwards marquis of Hastings, was commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, and universal preparations were making for active service abroad. His lordship was married in 1804 to Flora Muir Campbell, in her own right, Countess of Loudon—and the song is supposed to depict the parting of the soldier and his young bride. Nothing could exceed its popularity during many years of the war, and it is still a favourite. In 1816, while Governor-General of India, the earl of Moira was created marquis of Hastings: he returned to England in 1823 or 28, and visited Loudon castle, but died at Malta in 1834, of which place he had been appointed governor. The late unfortunate Flora Hastings was daughter of this nobleman.]

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
I maun leave them a', lassie;
Wha can thole when Britain's fies
Would gi'e to Britons law, lassie?

Wha would shun the field o' danger?
 Wha to fame would live a stranger?
 Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
 Wha would shun her ca', lassie?
 Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
 Ha'e seen our happy bridal days,
 And gentle hope shall soothe thy wae,
 When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle rings,
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
 But the doleful' bugle brings
 Waeft' thochts to me, laddie.
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments counting,
 Far frae love and thee, laddie.
 Ower the gory fields o' war,
 Where Vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou'lt maybe be', frae me afa',
 And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

Oh, resume thy wonted smile,
 Oh, suppress thy fears, lassie;
 Glorious honour crowns the toll
 That the soldier shares, lassie:
 Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
 Till the vengeful strife is over;
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
 Till the day we dee, lassie:
 Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
 On Loudon's flowery lea, lassie.

Somebody.

[The following are the old verses to the now popular tune of "Somebody." They appear in the Tea Table Miscellany without signature, and are probably by Ramsay himself.]

For the sake of somebody,
 For the sake of somebody,
 I could wake a winter night,
 For the sake of somebody.
 I am gawn to seek a wife,
 I am gawn to buy a plaidy;
 I have three stane o' woo';
 Carline, is thy daughter ready?
 For the sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, lassie, say't thyself,
 Though thy dame be ill to shoe:
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell;
 Let her fyte, and syne come to.
 What signifies a mother's gloom,
 When love and kisses come in play?
 Should we wither in our bloom,
 And in simmer mak' nae hay?

Bonny lad, I carena by,
 Though I try my luck wi' thee,
 Since ye are content to tie
 The half-mark bridal-band wi' me.
 I'll alip hame and wash my feet,
 And steal on lincens fair and clean;
 Syne at the trysting-place we'll meet,
 To do but what my dame has done.

Now my lovely Betty gives
 Consent in sic a heartsome gate,
 It me frae a' my care relieves,
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate.
 Then let us gae and get the grace;
 For they that have an appetite
 Should eat; and lovers should embrace:
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.

Somebody.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Johnson's Museum. Burns, it will be seen, borrowed two or three lines from the opening stanza of the old verses. Hoger, in his Jacobite Relics, gives a version of the song in which the "Somebody" is made to mean the dethroned Stuart, but it is clearly a fabrication.]

My heart is sair—I daurna tell—
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 I could wake a winter night,
 For the sake of somebody.
 Ochon, for somebody!
 Och hey, for somebody!
 I could range the world round,
 For the sake of somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody!
 Frae lika danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.

Ochon, for somebody!
 Och hey, for somebody!
 I wad do—what wad I not?—
 For the sake of somebody.

Jessie o' the Dell.

[WRITTEN by WILLIAM CAMERON. Music by
 Matthew Wilson.]

On! bright the beaming queen o' night
 Shines in yon flowery vale,
 And softly sheds her silver light
 O'er mountain-path and dale.
 Short is the way, when light's the heart,
 That's bound in love's soft spell;
 See I'll awa' to Armadale,
 To Jessie o' the Dell.

We've pu'd the primrose on the braes,
 Beside my Jessie's cot;
 We've gather'd nuts, we've gather'd sloes,
 In that sweet rural spot.
 The wee short hours danced merrily,
 Like lambkins on the fell,
 As if they join'd in joy wi' me,
 And Jessie o' the Dell.

There's nae to me wi' her can vie,
 I'll love her till I dee,
 For she's me sweet, and bonnie, aye,
 And kind as kind can be.
 This night in mutual kind embrace,
 O wha our joys can tell!
 Then I'll awa' to Armadale,
 To Jessie o' the Dell.

I'll gar our Gudeman.

AN old ditty preserved in a small collection
 called "The Ballad Book," printed at Edinburgh
 in 1834.]

I'LL gar our gudeman trow
 I'll sell the ladle,
 If he winna buy to me
 A bonnie side-saddle,

To ride to kirk and bridal,
 And round about the town;
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
 And gi'e my gown room!

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 I'll tak' the fling-strings,
 If he winna buy to me
 Twal bonnie gowd rings;
 Ane for ilka finger,
 And twa for ilka thoom;
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
 And gi'e my gown room!

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 That I'm gaun to die,
 If he winna fee to me
 Valets twa or three,
 To bear my train up frae the dirt,
 And ush me through the town,
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
 And gi'e my gown room!

Hame, hame, hame.

[CONTRIBUTED by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM to
 Cromek's Remains of Nithdale and Galloway
 Song, where it is said to be printed from a copy
 found in Burns's Common Place Book. In the
 introduction to the Fortunes of Nigel, it will be
 remembered, Sir Walter Scott speaks of this song
 in the most laudatory terms.]

Hame! hame! hame! O hame fain wad I be!
 O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
 When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on
 the tree,
 The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie.
 Hame, hame, hame! O hame fain wad I be!
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning now to fa';
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
 But we'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrann
 nie,
 And fresh it shall blaw in my ain countrie!
 Hame, hame, hame! O hame fain wad I be
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonnie lass,
The window looking through.

Sae licht's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel',
To let the laddie in!

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly weel he kennaed the way
To please a bonnie lass.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking,
For Charlie and his men.

Broom of Cowdenknows.

[THE fine old melody, called "The Broom of Cowdenknows," is of great antiquity, and is known to have existed at least before the union of the crowns of Scotland and England in 1608. Gay adopted it in his Beggar's Opera, (first acted in 1728,) for his song beginning "The miser thus a shilling sees." The words to which the tune was originally united are lost, with the exception of the chorus, which ran thus:

O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom of the Cowdenknows;
I wish I were at hame again,
Milking my daddy's ewes.

The two sets of verses here given are both from the Tea-Table Miscellany published by Ramsay. The author of the first and most popular set is unknown, but it is subscribed with the initials, S. R. The author of the second set is ROBERT CRAWFORD, second son of Patrick Crawford of Drumsoy. "Cowdenknows" is a ridgy district in Lauderdale, Berwickshire, once overgrown with tall and luxuriant broom, but now subjected to the plough.]

[FIRST SET.]

How blythe ilk morn was I to see
My swain come o'er the hill!
He skipt the burn, and flew to me,
I met him wi' good will.

O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom of the Cowdenknows!
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe, and my ewes.

I neither wanted swe nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O, the broom, &c.

He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
E'en the dull cattle stood and gazed,
Charm'd wi' his melody.
O, the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though e'er so rich and gay.
O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I loved the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour;
Could I but faithfu' be?
He staw my heart; could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O, the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidie, brooch, and crooked stick,
Maun now lie useless by.
O, the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
Fareweel a' pleasures there!
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
It's a' I crave or care.
O, the broom, &c.

[SECOND SET.]

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves,
Around the ewes and lambskins fed,
And music fills the groves.

But my loved song is then the broom
So fair on Cowdenknaws;
For sure, so sweet, so soft a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tuned his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,
Oh! how I blam'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdenknaws;
For sure, so fresh, so bright a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot brags, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare;
Not Yarrow banks in flowery May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknaws,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At e'en among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed and Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my loved Cowdenknaws.

A red, red Rose.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Johnson's Museum. Burns says, "The tune of this song is in Neil Gow's first collection, and is there called *Major Graham*." See the following song.]

O, my love's like a red red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O, my love's like the melody,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
See deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Low down t' the Brum.

[THE tune of "Low down in the Brume," or something very like it, is often given to the song above quoted, "A red, red Rose." The words of the present song are ascribed to JAMES CARNEGIE, Esq. of Balmamoon, near Brechin. They can be traced as far back as to a collection published at Edinburgh in 1765, called "The Lark."]

My daddie is a cankert carle,
He'll no twine wi' his gear;
My minnie she's a scauldin' wife,
Hauds a' the house asteer.
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me,
For he's low down, he's in the brume,
That's waitin' on me:
Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me:
For he's low down, he's in the brume,
That's waitin' on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightles me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
For ne'er a joe has she.
But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguiled
Wi' Johnnie o' the Glen;
And aye sinayne she cries, Beware
O' fause deluding men.
But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he cam' wast yestreen,
And speir'd when I saw Pate;
And aye sinayne the neebors round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them say, &c.

Tell me, thou soul.

[JAMES THOMSON, author of "The Seasons."]

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou free at random roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under every well known tree,
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh visit thou my soothing dream.

Ⓢ the weary siller.

O THE weary siller!
O the weary siller!
Wha wad venture till her,
That hadna got the siller?
She's stately, proud, and shy,
Dindains to speak to onie,
But yet her distant eye
Wad glitter at the money.
O the weary siller, &c.

You'd think her heart was cold,
And never gave a flutter,
But touch it with the gold,
'T wad melt like summer butter!
O the weary siller, &c.

Ga'e tak' her for a wife,
She'll wink at onie falling,
And cuddle you through life,
See lang's you keep your malling.
O the weary siller, &c.

But should your purse grow light,
And fortune seek to shun ye,
It's then you'll see her right,
And the Lord ha'e mercy on ye!
O the weary siller!
O the weary siller!
Wha wad venture till her,
That hadna got the siller?
Q. K.

The Trysting Tree.

[ALEX. LAING.—Here printed for the first time.
Air, "The bonniest lass in a' the warld."]

THE evening sun has closed the day,
An' silence sleeps on hill an' plain;
The yellow moon is on her way
Wi' a' her glinting starry train.
The moment dear to love an' me—
The happy moment now is near,
When by our lonely trysting tree,
I'll meet my lov'd Eliza dear.

Where mild the vernal mornings rise,
An' meek the summer evenings fa';
Where soft the breeze of autumn sighs,
An' light the blasts o' winter blaw;
Where Keithcock winds her wavy stream,
By birken tree an' blooming thorn;
Of love an' bliss we fondly dream,
Till often dawns the early morn.

Her voice like warbled music sweet,
Would lead the minstrels of the grove;
Her form, where a' the graces meet,
Would melt the coldest heart to love;
Her wistfu' look, an' winning smile,
So sweetly fair, so chastely gay,
Would sorrow's mirkest hour beguile,
And chase the deepest grief away.

My lov'd Eliza! wert thou mine!
My ain endear'd—endearing wife,
How blest! around thy heart to twine,
In a' the changing scenes of life:
Though beauty, fancy, rapture, flies
When age his chilling touch imparts;
Yet time, while breaking other ties,
Will closer bind our hands and hearts.

Oh, Poverty.

[From a small volume of "Scottish Songs, by ALEXANDER HUME," published at London in 1835.—Air, "The Poisie."]

ELISA was a bonnie lass, an' O, she lo'ed me weel;—
Sic love as canna find a tongue, but only hearts can feel;
But I was poor, her father doore; he wadna look on me—
Oh, poverty! oh, poverty! that love should bow to thee.

I went unto her mother; an' I argued, an' I fiesched;
I spak' o' love an' honesty, an' mair an' mair beseech'd.
But she was deaf to a' my grief, she wadna look on me—
Oh, poverty! oh, poverty! that love should bow to thee.

I neist went to her brother, an' I told him a' my pain:
Oh, he was wae, he tried to say, but it was a' in vain;
Though he was weel in love himsel', nae feeling he'd for me—
Oh, poverty! oh, poverty! that love should bow to thee.

Oh, wealth, it makes the fool a sage, the knave an honest man;
An' cankered grey locks young again, gin he ha'e gear an' lan':
To age maun beauty epe her arms, though wi' a tearfu' e'e—
Oh, poverty! oh, poverty! that love should bow to thee.

But wait a wee, O love is alee, and winna be said nay;
It breaks a' chains except its ain, but it maun ha'e its way;
Auld age was blind, the priest was kind—now happy as can be;
Oh, poverty! oh, poverty! we're wed in spite o' thee.

My Bessie.

[ALEX. HUME.—Air, "The Poisie." This song, set to a beautiful air, was published in "The Monthly Repository" for May, 1834.]

My Bessie, O, but look upon these bonnie budding flowers,
O, do na they remember thee o' childhood's happy hours,
When we upon this very hill sae aft did row an' play,
An' thou wert like the morning sun, an' life a nightless day.

The gowans—they were bonnie—how I'd pu' them from the stem,
An' rin in no'ay blythesomeness to thee, my Bess, wi' them,
An' place them in thy white, white breast; for which thou'dst smile on me.—
I saw nae mair the gowans then—then saw I only thee.

Like twa fair roses on a tree, we flourished an' we grew;
An' as we grew our loves grew too, for feeling was their dew.
How aft thou'dst thrav thy wee bit arms in love about my neck,
An' breathe the young vows, that after years o' sorrow ha'e na brak.

We'd raise our haping voices in auld Colla's melting lays,
 An' sing that tearfu' tale about Doon's bonnie banks an' braes;
 But thocht na we o' banks an' braes, except thae at our feet—
 Like yon wee bird, we sang our sang, yet kent na that 'twas sweet.

O, is na this a joyous day? kind Nature's breathing forth
 In gladness an' in loveliness owre a' the wide wide earth;
 The linties, they are lifting love, on ilka bush an' tree—
 O, may sic joys be ever felt, my Bess, by thee an' me.

Bonnie Aggie Lang.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here first printed. Music by Mr. James Ferguson, Edinburgh.]

ON ere we part, my heart leaps hie, to sing ae bonnie sang,
 About my ain sweet lady-love, my darling Aggie Lang;
 It is na that her cheeks are like the blooming damaak rose,
 It is na that her brow is white as stainless Alpine snows,
 It is na that her locks are black as ony raven's wing,
 Nor is't her e'e o' winning glee, that mak's me fondly sing.

But oh! her heart's a bonnie well that gushes frae an' free
 O' maiden love, an' happiness, and a' that sweet can be;
 Though saft the sang o' simmer winds—the warbling o' the stream,
 The carolling o' joyous birds—the murmur o' a dream,—
 I'd rather hear ae gentle word frae Aggie's angel tongue,
 For weel I ken her heart is mine,—the fountain whar it sprung.

Yestreen I met her in a glen about the gloamin' hour,
 The moon was rising o'er the trees, the dew begemm'd ilk flaur,
 The weary winds were hush'd asleep, an' no a sough cam' nigh,
 E'en frae the waukrife stream that ran, in silver glintin' by:
 I pressed her milkwhite han' in mine—she smil'd as angels smile,
 But ah! frae me, her tale o' love, this waird maunna wile.

I saw the silver light o' heaven fa' on her bonnie brow,
 An' glitter on the hinney blade upon her cherry mou';
 I saw the lily moonbeams steal the redness o' the rose,
 An' sleep upon her downy cheek in beautiful repose.—
 The moon rose high, the stream gaed by, but aye she smiled on me,
 An' what she wadna breathe in words she tauld it wi' her e'e.

I've sat within a palace hall amid the grand an' gay,
 I've listen'd to the carnival o' merry birds in May,
 I've been in joyous companies—the wale o' mirth an' glee,
 An' danced in nature's fairy bowers by mountain, lake, and lea.
 But never has this heart o' mine career'd in purer pride,
 As in that moonlit glen an' bower, wi' Aggie by my side.

Neldpath.

[JAMES MURRAY.—Here first printed.—Tune, "Katy Tyrell."]

On the green banks of Neldpath, whilst pensively roaming,
 To mark the dull shadows that creep o'er the plain,
 I count the lang hours, and I sigh for the gloaming,
 For then I shall meet with my Anna again.
 I'll watch when the swain to his cottage is wending,
 I'll watch when the bird gangs to sleep on the tree,
 I'll watch when the shadows of eve are descending,
 And then, dearest Anna, I'll hasten to thee.

'Twas lang ere I tauld, though I loved her so dearly,
 'Twas lang ere I ventured my lassie to woo,
 'Twas lang ere my heart felt she loved so sincerely,
 But sighs reveal secrets of love that is true.
 And dark cares may gather—but care shanna fear me;
 The storms of misfortune undaunted I'll see;
 I'll smile when they frown, for if Anna be near me,
 They'll cease 'neath the light of her love-beaming e'e.

Isabell.

[JAMES MURRAY.—Here first printed.—Tune, "The brier bush."]

O, WHARY fa' that little fairie, our Isabell—
 O, plague be on that wilfu' fairie, our Isabell;
 For although we like the lassie weel—and that she kens herself—
 Yet ower the border, right or wrang, will our Isabell.

O, we'll seldom get a sang at e'en, and scarce a tune ava,
 Sae we may sit and hing our lugs when she gangs awa';
 For little Bessie winna croon, and Johnnie scarcely craw,
 They'll be sae dowl and dowie soon when she gangs awa'.

The sky that smiles sae fair at morn, ere night may be o'ercast;
 Sae our dearest pleasures fade away, and downa langer last.
 And it eer's us nought to sit and fret, whatever may befa'—
 But, guldake, wha wad e'er ha'e thought o' her gaun awa'.

O, we've canker'd folk and canny folk in our house at hame,
 And some that scarce dowl bide a joke in our house at hame;
 And we'd ower the border ane and a', if ever we heard tell
 That ony birkie daur'd to gloom at our Isabell.

O, weary fa' that little fairie, our Isabell—
 O, plague be on that wilfu' fairie, our Isabell;
 For although we like the gipsie mair than ony tongue can tell,
 Yet, ower the border, right or wrang, will our Isabell.

There was a lass.

[THIS song, which is remarkable for its beauty and ballad-like simplicity, Burns wrote to the tune of "Bonnie Jean," and sent it to Thomson for his collection. Thomson inserted it, but adapted it to the tune of "Willie was a wanton wag." The heroine was Miss Jean Macmurdo (afterwards Mrs. Crawford) eldest daughter of John Macmurdo, Esq. of Drumlairig. "I have not painted her," says the poet, "in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager."]

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was Bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mamma's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrillie;
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,
The flower and pride o' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender Robie,
Within the breast o' Bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mamma's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist'na what her all might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
As e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in lila grove;
His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me!
Or wilt thou leave thy mamma's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray among the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

My Jo Janet.

[THIS appears in Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, but is probably of older date. The tune of "My Jo Janet" is in some old authorities called "The Keeking Glass."]

Sweet sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bae, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keekin' glass, then.
Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
There ye'll see your bonnie sell,
My Jo Janet.

Keekin' in the draw-well clear,
What if I fa' in, sir?
Then a' my kin' will say and swear
I droun'd mysell for sin, sir.
Hand the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Hand the better by the brae,
My Jo Janet.

Gude sir, for your courtesie,
Comin' through Aberdeen, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair o' sheen, then.

Clout the auld—the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
As pair may gain ye hauf a year,
My jo Janet.

But, what if, dancin' on the green,
And skippin' like a maukin,
They should see my clouted sheen,
Of me they will be tankin'.
Dance aye laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their fants will no be seen,
My jo Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacin' horse, then.
Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,
My jo Janet.

My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir;
To keep the temper-pin in tiff
Employs right aft my hand, sir.
Mak' the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My jo Janet.

My spouse, Nancy.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Thomson's collection,
to the tune of "My jo Janet."]

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I'm not your slave, sir.
One of two must still obey,
Nannie, Nannie;
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse Nancy?

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so good-bye allegiance!

Sad will I be so bereft,
Nannie, Nannie;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nannie.

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think—think how you will bear it.
I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nannie, Nannie,
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nannie.

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you,
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid spirits shall haunt you.
I'll wed another like my dear
Nannie, Nannie;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nannie!

Loudon's bonnie woods.

[WRITTEN by ROBERT TANNHILL, and set to music by R. A. Smith. Loudon castle, in Ayrshire, with its luxuriant woods, is the locality here celebrated, and the song was composed early in the present century, in 1806 or somewhat later, when the earl of Moira, afterwards marquis of Hastings, was commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, and universal preparations were making for active service abroad. His lordship was married in 1804 to Flora Muir Campbell, in her own right, Countess of Loudon—and the song is supposed to depict the parting of the soldier and his young bride. Nothing could exceed its popularity during many years of the war, and it is still a favourite. In 1816, while Governor-General of India, the earl of Moira was created marquis of Hastings: he returned to England in 1833 or '35, and visited Loudon castle, but died at Malta in 1836, of which place he had been appointed governor. The late unfortunate Flora Hastings was daughter of this nobleman.]

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
I maun leave them a', lassie;
Wha can thole when Britain's fates
Would gie to Britons law, lassie?

Wha would shun the field o' danger?
 Wha to fame would live a stranger?
 Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
 Wha would shun her ae, lassie?
 Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
 Ha'e seen our happy bridal days,
 And gentle hope shall soothe thy wae,
 When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle rings,
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
 But the doleful bugle brings
 Wae's thoughts to me, laddie.
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments counting,
 Far frae love and thee, laddie.
 O'er the gory fields o' war,
 Where Vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,
 And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

Oh, resume thy wonted smile,
 Oh, suppress thy fears, lassie;
 Glorious honour crowns the toll
 That the soldier shares, lassie:
 Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
 Till the vengeful strife is over;
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
 Till the day we dee, lassie:
 Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
 As blythe's yon lichtsome lamb that plays
 On Loudon's flowery lea, lassie.

Somebody.

[THE following are the old verses to the now popular tune of "Somebody." They appear in the Tea Table Miscellany without signature, and are probably by Ramsay himself.]

For the sake of somebody,
 For the sake of somebody,
 I could wake a winter night,
 For the sake of somebody.
 I am gaun to seek a wife,
 I am gaun to buy a plaid;
 I have three stane o' woo';
 Carline, is thy daughter ready?
 For the sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, lassie, an't thyself,
 Though thy dame be ill to shoe:
 First we'll buckie, then we'll tell;
 Let her fyte, and syne come to.
 What signifies a mother's gloom,
 When love and kisses come in play?
 Should we wither in our bloom,
 And in simmer mak' nae hay?

Bonny lad, I carena by,
 Though I try my luck wi' thee,
 Since ye are content to tie
 The half-mark bridal-band wi' me.
 I'll alip hame and wash my feet,
 And steal on linens fair and clean;
 Syne at the trynging-place we'll meet,
 To do but what my dame has done.

Now my lovely Betty gives
 Consent in sic a heartsome gate,
 It me frae a' my care relieves,
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate.
 Then let us gang and get the grace;
 For they that have an appetite
 Should eat; and lovers should embrace:
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.

Somebody.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS for Johnson's Museum. Burns, it will be seen, borrowed two or three lines from the opening stanza of the old verses. Hogg, in his Jacobite Relics, gives a version of the song in which the "Somebody" is made to mean the dethroned Stuart, but it is clearly a fabrication.]

My heart is sair—I daurna tell—
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 I could wake a winter night,
 For the sake of somebody.
 Ochon, for somebody!
 Och hey, for somebody!
 I could range the warld round,
 For the sake of somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody!
 Frae lika danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.

Ochon, for somebody!
 Och hey, for somebody!
 I wad do—what wad I not?—
 For the sake of somebody.

Jessie o' the Dell.

[WRITTEN BY WILLIAM CAMERON. Music by
 Matthew Wilson.]

Oh! bright the beaming queen o' night
 Shines in yon flowery vale,
 And softly sheds her silver light
 O'er mountain-path and dale.
 Short is the way, when light's the heart,
 That's bound in love's soft spell;
 See I'll awa' to Armadale,
 To Jessie o' the Dell.

We've pu'd the primrose on the brace,
 Beside my Jessie's cot;
 We've gather'd nuts, we've gather'd slae,
 In that sweet rural spot.
 The wee short hours danced merrily,
 Like lambkins on the fell,
 As if they join'd in joy wi' me,
 And Jessie o' the Dell.

There's nae to me wi' her can vie,
 I'll love her till I dee,
 For she's nae sweet, and bonnie, aye,
 And kind as kind can be.
 This night in mutual kind embrace,
 O wha our joys can tell!
 Then I'll awa' to Armadale,
 To Jessie o' the Dell.

I'll gar our Gudeman.

An old ditty preserved in a small collection
 called "The Ballad Book," printed at Edinburgh
 in 1894.]

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 I'll sell the ladie,
 If he winna buy to me
 A bonnie side-saddle,

To ride to kirk and bridal,
 And round about the town;
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
 And gi'e my gown room!

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 I'll tak' the fling-strings,
 If he winna buy to me
 Twal bonnie gowd rings;
 Ane for ilka finger,
 And twa for ilka thoom;
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
 And gi'e my gown room!

I'll gar our gudeman trow
 That I'm gaun to die,
 If he winna see to me
 Valets twa or three,
 To bear my train up frae the dirt,
 And ush me through the town,
 Stand about, ye fisher jauds,
 And gi'e my gown room!

Hame, hame, hame.

[CONTRIBUTED BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM to
 Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway
 Song, where it is said to be printed from a copy
 found in Burns's Common Place Book. In the
 introduction to the *Fortunes of Nigel*, it will be
 remembered, Sir Walter Scott speaks of this song
 in the most laudatory terms.]

Hame! hame! hame! O hame fain wad I be!
 O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
 When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on
 the tree,
 The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie.
 Hame, hame, hame! O hame fain wad I be!
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning now to fa';
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
 But we'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrann
 nie,
 And fresh it shall blaw in my ain countrie!
 Hame, hame, hame! O hame fain wad I be
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

O there's nocht now frae ruin my countrie can
save,

But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs, who died for loyalte,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame! O hame fa'n wad I be!
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great now are gane, wha attempted to save;
The green grass is growing abune their graves;
Yet the sun through the mirk seems to promise
to me

I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame! hame fa'n wad I be!
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

John Highlandman.

[THIS forms the "Rancie Carlina's" song in BURNS's Jolly Beggars. It is given in the fifth volume of George Thomson's collection, to the tune of "The White Cockade." Others adapt it to the tune of "O an ye were dead, guidman."]

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,
The Lawland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithful to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman!
Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the land,
Was match for my John Highlandman!

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,
And gude claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
And lived like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lawland face he feared none,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

They banish'd him beyond the sea;
But, ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.

But, och! they catched him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman!

And now, a widow, I must mourn
Departed joys that ne'er return,
No comfort but a hearty can.
When I think on John Highlandman.

The White Cockade.

[THE following are the old Jacobite verses to the popular tune of "The White Cockade."]

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad—
He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.
O, he's a ranting, roving blade!
O, he's a brisk and a bonny lad!
Betide what may, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

O, leese me on the philabeg,
The hairy hough, and garter'd leg!
But aye the thing that glads my e'e,
Is the white cockade aboon the bree.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling kame, and spinning wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A bradsword and a white cockade.

I'll sell my rokely and my tow,
My gude gray mare and hawket cow,
That ev'ry loyal Buchan lad
May tak' the field wi' his white cockade.

Lament of Flora MacDonald.

[WORDS by JAMES HOOE. Music arranged by Neil Gow, Jun.]

FAR over the hills of the heather so green,
And down by the Corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat weeping her lane,
The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.
She look'd at a boat with the breezes that swung,
Away on the wave like a bird on the main;
And aye as it lessen'd she sigh'd and she sung,
"Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again;
Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young,
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again."

"The moorcock that craws on the brows o' Ben-
Connal,

He kems o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted his ely can claim;
The solan can sleep on his shelve on the shore;
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
But oh! there is aye whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he;
The conflict is past, and our name is no more,
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland an' me.

"The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse, an' the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet o' blue:
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revelled in the blood of the true?
Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy father is torn from thy brow "

Dumbarton's Drums.

[THIS appears in the first vol. of the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1794). Nothing is known of the author. The song does not relate to the drums of the garrisons of Dumbarton on the Clyde, (as many suppose it does,) but to a British regiment, called, as was then the custom, after its first commander, the Earl of Dumbarton, *Dumbarton's regiment*. The Earl was attached to the Stuart family, and died an exile in France in 1692.]

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonnie, O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnnie, O;
How happy am I
When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!
'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,
For his graceful looks do invite me, O;
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,
Gentle, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O.
Though commissions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he'll serve no longer a cadie, O.

A soldier has honour and bravery, O;
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O,
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the king;
For every other care is but slavery, O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady, O,
Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And where'er that beats I'll be ready, O.
Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie, O,
They are sprightly like my dear Johnnie, O.
How happy shall I be
When on my soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!

The Old Man's Song.

[WRITTEN by the Rev. JOHN SKINNER to the tune of "Dumbarton's Drums." The picture here drawn of contented old age was one realized in the venerable author's own life.]

O! WHY should old age so much wound us, O?
There is nothing in't all to confound us, O;
For how happy now am I,
With my old wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our eyes all around us, O.
We began in the world wi' naething, O,
And we've jogged on and toiled for the aye thing, O;
We made use of what we had,
And our thankfu' hearts were glad,
When we got the bit meat and the claithing, O.

We have lived all our lifetime contented, O.
Since the day we became first acquainted, O;
It's true we've been but poor,
And we are so to this hour,
Yet we never pined nor lamented, O.
We ne'er thought o' schemes to be wealthy, O,
By ways that were cunning or stealthie, O;
But we always had the blis—
And what farther could we wis?—
To be pleased wi' ourselves and be healthy, O.

What though we canna boast of our guineas, O,
We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O;
And these, I'm certain, are
More desirable by far,
Than a pock full of poor yellow steen'es, O.

We have seen many a wonder and fertile, O,
Of changes that almost are yearlie, O,
Among rich folks up and down,
Both in country and in town,
Who now live but scrimply and barely, O.

Then why should people brag of prosperity, O ?
A straitened life, we see, is no rarity, O ;
Indeed, we've been in want,
And our living been but scant,
Yet we never were reduced to need charity, O.
In this house we first came together, O,
Where we've long been a father and mother, O ;
And though not of stone and lime,
It will last us a' our time ;
And I hope we shall never need anither, O.

And when we leave this habitation, O,
We'll depart with a good commendation, O ;
We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,
To a better house than this,
To make room for the next generation, O.
Then why should old age so much wound us, O ?
There is nothing in't all to confound us, O ?
For how happy now am I,
With my auld wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our eyes all around us, O !

Our gudeman cam' hame.

[This highly humorous old ditty is preserved in the second edition of David Herd's collection, 1776. Johnson recovered the tune from the singing of an old hair-dresser in Edinburgh, and published it for the first time in the 5th vol. of his Museum.]

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he ;
And there he saw a saddle-horse,
Where nae horse should be.
Oh, how cam' this horse here ?
How can this be ?
How cam' this horse here,
Without the leave o' me ?
A horse ! quo' she ;
Ay, a horse, quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carle,
And blinder mat ye be !
It's but a bonnie milk-cow,
My mitther sent to me.
A milk-cow ! quo' he ;
Ay, a milk-cow, quo' she.

Far ha'e I ridden,
And muckle ha'e I seen ;
But a saddle on a milk-cow
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he ;
He spied a pair o' jack-boots,
Where nae boots should be.
What's this now, gudewife ?
What's this I see ?
How cam' thae boots here,
Without the leave o' me ?
Boots ! quo' she ;
Ay, boots, quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carle,
And blinder mat ye be !
It's but a pair o' water-stoups,
The cooper sent to me.
Water-stoups ! quo' he ;
Ay, water-stoups, quo' she.
Far ha'e I ridden,
And muckle ha'e I seen ;
But siller-spurs on water-stoups
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he,
And there he saw a siller-sword,
Where nae sword should be.
What's this now, gudewife ?
What's this I see ?
O how cam' this sword here,
Without the leave o' me ?
A sword ! quo' she ;
Ay, a sword, quo' he.
Ye auld blind dotard carle,
And blinder mat ye be !
It's but a parridge-spurtle,
My minnie sent to me.
A parridge-spurtle ! quo' he ;
Ay, a parridge-spurtle, quo' she.
Weel, far ha'e I ridden,
And muckle ha'e I seen ;
But siller-handed parridge-spurtles
Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he ;
And there he spied a powder'd wig,
Where nae wig should be.
What's this now, gudewife ?
What's this I see ?
How cam' this wig here,
Without the leave o' me ?

A wig! quo' she;
 Ay, a wig, quo' he.
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,
 And blinder mat ye be!
 'Tis naething but a clooken-hen
 My minnie sent to me.
 A clooken-hen! quo' he;
 Ay, a clooken-hen, quo' she.
 Far ha'e I ridden,
 And muckle ha'e I seen,
 But powder on a clooken-hen
 Saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
 And hame cam' he;
 And there he saw a muckle coat,
 Where nae coat should be.
 How cam' this coat here?
 How can this be?
 How cam' this coat here,
 Without the leave o' me?
 A coat! quo' she;
 Ay, a coat, quo' he.
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,
 and blinder mat ye be!
 It's but a pair o' blankets
 My minnie sent to me.
 Blankets! quo' he,
 Ay, blankets, quo' she.
 Far ha'e I ridden,
 And muckle ha'e I seen;
 But buttons upon blankets
 Saw I never nane!

Ben gaed our gudeman,
 And ben gaed he;
 And there he spied a sturdy man,
 Where nae man should be.
 How cam' this man here?
 How can this be?
 How cam' this man here,
 Without the leave o' me?
 A man! quo' she;
 Ay, a man, quo' he.
 Pair blind body,
 And blinder mat you be!
 It's but a new milkin' maid,
 My mither sent to me.
 A maid! quo' he;
 Ay, a maid, quo' she.
 Far ha'e I ridden,
 And muckle ha'e I seen,
 But lang-bearded maidens
 Saw I never nane.

The Birks of Invermay.

[THE first two stanzas of this song are by DAVID MALLAT (born 1714; died 1766;) the other stanzas are generally ascribed to the Rev. ALEX. BAYNE, minister of Kirknewton (born 1713; died 1786.) Mallat's verses appeared in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, where they are directed to be sung "to a Scotch tune, The Birks of Endermay." They are also given, with the three additional stanzas, in the 4th vol. of the *Tea Table Miscellany*. "Invermay," says Mr Robert Chambers, "is a small woody glen, watered by the rivulet May, which there joins the river Earn. It is about five miles above the bridge of Earn, and nearly nine from Perth. The seat of Mr. Beiches, the proprietor of this poetical region, and who takes from it his territorial designation, stands at the bottom of the glen. Both sides of the little vale are completely wooded, chiefly with birches; and it is altogether, in point of natural loveliness, a scene worthy of the attention of the amatory muse. The course of the May is so sunk among rocks, that it cannot be seen, but it can easily be traced in its progress by another sense. The peculiar sound which it makes in rushing through one particular part of its narrow, rugged, and tortuous channel, has occasioned the descriptive appellation of the *Humble-Bumble* to be attached to that quarter of the vale. Invermay may be at once and correctly described as the fairest possible little miniature specimen of cascade scenery."]

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invites the tuneful birds to sing;
 And, while they warble from the spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them, improve the hour that flies;
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear.
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade.
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they drop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay!

The laverocks, now, and lintwhites sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring;
The mavis and the blackbird vie,
In tuneful strains, to glad the day
The woods now wear their summer suits;
To mirth all nature now invites:
Let us be blithsome, then, and gay,
Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gamboil and dance around their dams:
The busy bees, with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then, sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams:
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they,
Among the birks of Invermay.

Ah, the poor Shepherd.

[This fine lyric is given in the first vol. of Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany without any signature, but it is the production of the accomplished poet, WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, (born 1704; died 1754.) It was written to the tune of "Galashiels," and will be found with the music in the second volume of Johnson's Museum.]

Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!
Yet eager looks and dying sighs
My secret soul discover,
While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air
So fatally beguiling;
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charming, whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then, when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low as thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

Kath'rine Ogie.

[Of the author of this old song nothing is known, but it can be traced as far back as the days of Charles II., before whom it was sung by John Abell of the chapel-royal, a celebrated singer of the period. Single sheets of it, with the music, were published in 1680. In the "Pills to Purge Melancholy," published about twenty years later, an inaccurate reprint of it is given, and also another song to the same tune, called "Kath'rine Logie." Ramsay's version of it in the Tea Table Miscellany differs only in a few words from the original, and is the one generally adopted.]

As walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
From flowers which grew so rarely,
I chanced to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd tho' it was foggy:
I ask'd her name: Kind sir, she said,
My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country maid so neatly:
Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
Like a lily in a bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee;

Thy handsome air and graceful look,
Exceeds each clownish rogue;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O! were I but some shepherd swain,
To feed my flock beside thee;
At buchtin'-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee.
I'd think myself a happier man,
Wi' Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dang'rous stations,
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations,
Might I careen, and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogue
For they're but toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear for me is not decreed
So fair, so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works of nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark, and foggie;
Pity my case, ye Powers above!
I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

Highland Mary.

[Burns thought the words of "Kath'rine Ogie" unworthy of so beautiful an air, and wrote his "Highland Mary" to the same tune. The story of Highland Mary is now familiar to all readers. In a letter to Thomson the poet says, "The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days, and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity"]

Yr banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumble!
There simmer first unfould her robes,
And there the longest tarry!
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging afit to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early!
Now green's the sod, and can'd's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd me fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me so kindly;
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lov'd me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Mary Morison.

[WRITTEN by Burns early in life, and afterwards sent to George Thomson, to be inserted in his collection, to the tune of "Bide ye yet." Hazlitt somewhere quotes the second stanza of this song as one of extreme beauty.]

O, MARY, at thy window be;
It is the wished, the trysted hour:
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor.
How blythely wad I bide the stour,
A weary slave from sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison

Yestreen, when to the stented string
The dance gaed through the lichtit ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast o' a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said among them a',
Ye are na Mary Morison.

O, Mary, canst thou wreak his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only fault is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shewn,
 A thocht ungentle canna be
 The thocht of Mary Morrison.

Jeannie Morrison.

["JEANNIE MORRISON," by the late lamented WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, was first published in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, and was immediately hailed by all parties as one of the truest and tenderest effusions of the Scottish lyrical muse which modern days have produced. Mr. Motherwell was a native of the Barony parish of Glasgow, where he was born on the 19th October, 1797. He long held an official situation in Paisley as deputy Sheriff-clerk, but latterly became editor of the Glasgow Courier newspaper, which he conducted till his death, which took place suddenly on the 1st November, 1835. His "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical," were published at Glasgow in 1833, 12mo.]

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
 Through mony a weary way;
 But never, never, can forget
 The love o' life's young day!
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
 May weel be black gin Yule;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond love grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeannie Morrison,
 The thoughts o' bygone years
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,
 And blind my e'en wi' tears:
 They blind my e'en wi' aunt, aunt tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langyue.

'Twas then we luvit lik iither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part;
 Sweet time—and time! twa bairns at schule,
 Twa lairns, and but as heart!
 'Twas then we sat on as laigh bink,
 To kair lik iither kair;
 And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
 Remember'd ever mair.

I wonder, Jeannie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
 What our wee heads could think?
 When baith bent down ower ae braid page
 Wi' as baulk on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said
 We clee'd'thagither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
 (The schule then skall't at noon),
 When we ran aff to speal the brace—
 The broomy brace o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As aye by aye the thoughts rush back
 O' schule-time and o' thee.
 Oh, mornin' life! Oh, mornin' luvie!
 Oh, lightsome days and lang,
 When himmied hopes around our hearts,
 Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

O mind ye, luvie, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its water croon;
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wud,
 The throosil whuselt sweet.

The throosil whuselt in the wud,
 The burn sung to the trees,
 And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knove abune the burn,
 For hours together sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeannie Morrison,
 Tears tinkled down your cheek,
 Like dew-heads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak!
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young
 When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I ha'e been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye ha'e been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
The love o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygone days and me!

Blue-eyed Anne.

[WRITTEN by the celebrated Dr. SMOLLETT.
The subject of these verses is thought to have been
Miss Anne Lascelles, whom the author met with
in the West Indies, and afterwards made his
wife.]

WHEN the rough north forgets to howl,
And ocean's billows cease to roll;
When Lybian sands are bound in frost,
And cold to Nova Zembla's lost;
When heavenly bodies cease to move,
My blue-eyed Anne I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn,
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn,
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring,
Nor parching heats the dog-star bring,
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-eyed Anne I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found,
Nor pleasures dance their frolic round,
Nor love's light god inhabit earth,
Nor beauty give the passion birth,

Nor heat to summer-sunshine cleave,
When blue-eyed Nanny I decide.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
Inconstancy forgets to range;
When lavish May no more shall bloom,
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume,
When nature from her sphere shall start,
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

Such a parcel of rogues.

[WRITTEN by BURNS, for Johnson's Museum, to the tune of "Such a parcel of rogues in a nation." The song refers to the disgraceful manner in which the union of Scotland with England was effected, by the bribery of many of the Scottish nobles. The beneficial effects of the Union were long in developing themselves—indeed, for nearly the first fifty years, Scotland was positively injured by it; but, apart from this, Burns, like all true-hearted Scotsmen, could never think of the loss of his country's independence without a sigh of regret.]

FAREWELL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
See fam'd in martial story!
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hiring traitors' wages.
The English steal we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, ere I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour
I'll make this declaration,
We're bought and sold for English gold:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

Where, tell me where.

[WRITTEN for George Thomson's collection by MRS. GRANT of Laggan, on the Marquis of Huntly's departure for the continent with his regiment in 1799. Tune, "The Blue Bell of Scotland."]

Oh where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.

O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing follow'd him, the day he went away.

O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.

Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound!
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye.

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds,
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds,
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.

[THE following is another version of the song by an unknown hand.]

O where, and O where, does your Highland laddie dwell?
O where, and O where, does your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue-bells sweetly smell,
And oh, in my heart I love my laddie well.

O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear?
O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear?
A scarlet coat and bannet blue, with bonnie yellow hair;
And none in the world can wi' my love compare.

O where, and O where, is your Highland laddie gane?
O where, and O where, is your Highland laddie gane?
He's gone to fight for George, our king, and left us all alone;
For noble and brave's my loyal Highlandman.

O what, lassie, what, if your Highland lad be slain ?
 O what, lassie, what, if your Highland lad be slain ?
 O no ! true love will be his guard, and bring him safe again ;
 For I never could live without my Highlandman !

O when, and O when, will your Highland lad come hame ?
 O when, and O when, will your Highland lad come hame ?
 Where'er the war is over, he'll return to me with fame ;
 And I'll plait a wreath of flowers for my lovely Highlandman.

O what will you claim for your constancy to him ?
 O what will you claim for your constancy to him ?
 I'll claim a priest to marry us, a clerk to say Amen ;
 And I'll ne'er part again from my bonnie Highlandman.

The Scottish Blue Bells.

[WRITTEN by the late CHARLES DODGE SILLERY. The Music by George Barker.]

LET the proud Indian boast of his Jessamine bowers,
 His pastures of perfume, and rose-covered dells ;
 While humbly I sing of those wild little flowers,
 The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Wave, wave your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the mountain,
 For brave is the chieftain your prowess who quells,
 And dreadful your wrath as the foam-flashing fountain,
 That calms its wild waves 'mid the Scottish blue bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
 The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells,
 And shout in the chorus for ever and ever,
 The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Sublime are your hills when the young day is beaming,
 And green are your groves with their cool crystal wells,
 And bright are your broadsword, like morning dews gleaming
 On blue bells of Scotland, on Scottish blue bells.

Awake ! ye light fairies that trip o'er the heather,
 Ye mermaids, arise from your coralline cells,
 Come forth with your chorus all chanting together,
 The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
 The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells,
 And shout in the chorus for ever and ever,
 The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

John Anderson, my jo.

[WRITTEN by BURNS in 1788, for Johnson's Museum, to a very old tune, called *John Anderson, my jo*. The original John Anderson, according to tradition, is said to have been the town-piper of Kelso. In Bishop Percy's MS. book of ballads (a production of the middle of the 16th century) occur the following verses:—

John Anderson, my Joe, cum in as ye gae by,
And ye sall get a sheip's heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and a baggis in a pat;
John Anderson, my Joe, cum in and ye's get that.

And how doe ye, cummer? and how doe ye thrive?
And how many bairns hae ye? Cummer, I hae five.
Are they to your awin gudeman? Na, cummer, na—
For three o' them were gotten quhan Willie was awa'.

The latter four lines, it will be observed, form a principal portion of the modern "Nid, noddin'."]

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

[In a collection of "Poetry, original and select," published in penny Nos. between the years 1795 and 1798, by Messrs. Brash & Reid, Glasgow, and now very scarce, several additional stanzas to "John Anderson, my jo," are given, which were probably from the pen of one of the partners, Mr. WILLIAM REID, who, as we have already hinted at page 3, had a knack in eking out popular ditties. Mr. Reid was born at Glasgow in 1764, and for nearly thirty years carried on in his

native city a most respectable bookselling business, in company with Mr. Brash. He died in 1831. Only the first four of the following stanzas can be fairly attributed to him.]

John Anderson, my jo, John,
I wonder what ye mean,
To rise sae early in the morn,
And sit sae late at e'en;
Ye'll bleat out a' your een, John,
And why should you do so?
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her canny hand, John,
Her master-piece was man;
And you amang them a', John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe,
She proved to be nae journeyman,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John,
That I ca' ye trim and neat;
Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
I never think ye so,
But I think ye're aye the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms,
And aye are ye in mine, John,
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gane that we have seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie,
To see sae many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you an' me;
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Our siller ne'er was rife,
And yet we ne'er saw poverty,
Sin' we were man and wife;

We've aye haen bit and brat, John,
Great blessings here below,
And that helps to keep peace at hame,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
The world lo'es us baith
We ne'er spak' ill o' nei'bour, John,
Nor did them ony skaith;
To live in peace and quietness
Was a' our care, ye know,
And I'm sure they'll greet when we are dead,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But let na that affright, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we've lived,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
And when the auld is come,
That we, like iither auld folk, John,
Maun sink into the tomb,
A motto we will ha'e, my John,
To let the world know,
We happy lived, contented died,
John Anderson, my jo.

Old Long Syne.

[THE following are the earliest known verses to the old air of "Auld Lang Syne." They are from Watson's collection of Scots Poems, part III., published in 1716. The words "Old Long Syne," used here throughout, sound ludicrously to the ear accustomed to the Doric "Auld Lang Syne."]

PART FIRST.

SHOULD old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The flames of love extinguished,
And freely past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne?

Where are thy protestations,
Thy vows, and oaths, my dear,
Thou mad'st to me and I to thee,
In register yet clear?
Is faith and truth so violate
To th' immortal gods divine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne?

Is't Cupid's fears, or frosty cares,
That makes thy spirits decay?
Or is't some object of more worth
That's stolen thy heart away?
Or some desert makes thee neglect
Him, so much once was thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne?

Is't worldly cares, so desperate,
That makes thee to despair?
Is't that makes thee exasperate,
And makes thee to forbear?
If thou of that were free as I,
Thou surely should be mine;
If this were true, we should renew
Kind old long syne.

But since that nothing can prevail,
And all hope is in vain,
From these dejected eyes of mine
Still showers of tears shall rain:
And though thou hast me now forgot,
Yet I'll continue thine,
And ne'er forget for to reflect
On old long syne.

If'er I have a house, my dear,
That truly is call'd mine,
And can afford but country cheer,
Or ought that's good therein;
Though thou wert rebel to the king,
And hast with wind and rain,
Assure thyself of welcome, love,
For old long syne.

PART SECOND.

My soul is ravish'd with delight
When you I think upon;
All griefs and sorrows take their flight,
And hastily are gone;
The fair resemblance of your face
So fills this breast of mine,
No fate nor force can it displace,
For old long syne.

Since thoughts of you do banish grief,
 When I'm from you removed;
 And if in them I find relief,
 When with sad cares I'm moved,
 How doth your presence me affect
 With ecstasies divine,
 Especially when I reflect
 On old long syne.

Since thou hast robb'd me of my heart,
 By those resistless powers
 Which Madam Nature doth impart
 To those fair eyes of yours,
 With honour it doth not consist
 To hold a slave in pyne;
 Pray let your rigour, then, desist,
 For old long syne.

'Tis not my freedom I do crave,
 By deprecating pains;
 Sure, liberty he would not have
 Who glories in his chains:
 But this I wish—the gods would move
 That noble soul of thine
 To pity, if thou canst not love,
 For old long syne.

Auld Lang Syne.

[WRITTEN by RAMSAY, and published in the first vol. of his *Tes-Table Miscellany*, 1734.]

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Though they return with scars?
 These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars:
 Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
 A thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst through the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay.
 Since your return the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such slavery great,
 While bounded like a ball:
 But sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline,
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charm
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
 You may pursue the chase,
 And, after a blythe bottle, and
 All cares in my embrace:
 And in a vacant rainy day
 You shall be wholly mine;
 We'll make the hours run smooth awny,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleased with the sweet air,
 And signs of generous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the powers above:
 Next day, with consent and glad haste,
 They approach'd the sacred shrine;
 Where the good priest the couple blest
 And put them out of pine.

Auld Lang Syne.

[THE following is the version of "Auld Lang Syne" which BURNS communicated to Johnson's Museum, and which has since become so universal a favourite. In the Museum it is marked with a Z, signifying that it is an old song with additions and alterations. In his correspondence both with Mrs. Dunlop and Mr. Thomson, Burns says that he took the song down from the singing of an old man—and we are inclined to believe this partially. The first, fourth, and fifth verses seem fragments of an old ditty: the second and third verses betray the tenderness and sentiment of the poet himself. Had Burns been the sole author of the song, we cannot see how he would have spoken with such raptures regarding it. "Light be the turf," he says, "on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment!"—"The air to which "Auld Lang Syne" is now generally sung is not the original one, which Burns pronounced to be *medævære*, but

one adopted from an old Lowland melody, called
 "I fe'd a lad at Michaelmas," and now entitled
 in Gow's collection of Reels, "Sir Alexander
 Don's Strathspey."]

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paid't in the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
 And gi'e's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

The Campbells are coming.

[THE following words are given in Johnson's Museum to the well-known tune of "The Campbells are coming." From the mention of Lochleven, they are absurdly supposed by some to belong to the days of Queen Mary's imprisonment there. They were with much greater probability composed when "the great Argyle and a' his men" marched northward to suppress the insurrection of 1715.]

THE Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho !
 The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven !
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay;
 Upon the Lomonds I lay;
 I lookit doun to bonnie Lochleven,
 And saw three perches play.
 The Campbells are coming, &c.

Great Argyle he goes before
 He makes the cannons and guns to roar;
 With sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum;
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
 Their loyal faith and truth to show,
 With banners rattling in the wind;
 The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

Tam o' the Balloch.

[WRITTEN by HUGH AINSLIE to the tune of
 "The Campbells are coming."]

In the Nick o' the Balloch lived Muirland Tam,
 Weel stentit wi' brochan and braxie-ham;
 A breist like a bulrd, and a back like a door,
 And a wapping wame that hung down afore.

But what's come ower ye, Muirland Tam ?
 For your leg's now grown like a wheel-barrow
 tram;

Your e'e it's faun in—your nose it's faun out,
 And the skin o' your cheek's like a dirty clout.

O ance, like a yaud, ye spankit the bent,
 Wi' a fecket sae fu', and a stocking sae stent,
 The strength o' a stot—the weicht o' a cow;
 Now, Tammy, my man, ye're grown like a grew.

I mind sin' the blink o' a canty quean
 Could watered your mou and lichtit your een;
 Now ye leuk like a yowe, when ye should be a ram;
 O what can be wrang wi' ye, Muirland Tam ?

Has some dowg o' the yirth set your gear abreed ?
 Ha'e they broken your heart or broken your head ?
 Ha'e they rakit wi' rungs or kittled wi' steel ?
 Or, Tammy, my man, ha'e ye seen the deil ?

Wha ance was your match at a stoup and a tale ?
 Wi' a voice like a sea, and a drouth like a whale ?
 Now ye peep like a pout; ye giump and ye gaunt;
 Oh, Tammy, my man, are ye turned a saunt ?

Come, lowse your heart, ye man o' the mair;
We tell our distress ere we look for a cure:
There's laws for a wrang, and sa's for a mair;
Sae, Tammy, my man, what wad ye ha'e mair?

Oh! neebour, it neither was thresher nor thief,
That deepened my e'e, and lightened my beef;
But the word that makes me see waeft' and wan,
Is—Tam o' the Balloch's a married man!

Dirge of Wallace.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

THEY lighted a taper at the dead of night,
And chaunted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with
affright,

Her eye was all sleepless and dim,—
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapp'd at her window board,
To tell her of her warrior's doom.

Now sing ye the Song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear;
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here.
For a night-mare rides on my strangled sleep;
The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die;
His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her champion sung.
When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
On the high born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his holy deathbed,
No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear
Was true to the knight forlorn,
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd, like deer
At the sound of the huntsman's horn.

When he strode o'er the wreck of each well fought
field,

With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shiver'd, or helmet, or
shield,

And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to
wield,

Was light in his terrible hand.

But, bleeding and bound, though the Wallace
wight

For his much lov'd country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver Knight
Than Wallace of Elderslie.

But the day of his glory shall never depart,
His head uninterrob'd shall with glory be palm'd,
From his blood-streaming altar his spirit shall
start,

Tho' the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd.

Wallace's Lament.

[WRITTEN by TANNAHILL, to the tune of
"Maids of Arrochar."]

Thou dark winding Carron once pleasing to see,
To me thou can'st never give pleasure again,
My brave Caledonians lie low on the lee,
And thy streams are deep ting'd with the blood
of the slain.

'Twas base-hearted treach'ry that doom'd our
undoing,—

My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
Even valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,
And freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril! farewell!
Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,
And your names be enroll'd with the sons of
the brave.

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!
On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I ponder.—

Ah! wo to the hour when thy Wallace must
fly!

The Rowan Tree.

[Music arranged by Finlay Dun, and John Thomson.]

Oh, Rowan tree! Oh, Rowan tree! thou'lt aye be dear to me,
Intwined thou art wi' mony ties, o' hame and infaney;
Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the summer's pride.
There was nae sic a bonnie tree, in a' the countrie side.

Oh, Rowan tree! &c.

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white,
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright,
We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran;
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang.

Oh, Rowan tree! &c.

On thy fair stem were mony names, which now nae mair I see,
But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er can be!
My mother! oh! I see her still, she smil'd our sports to see;
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, wi' Jamie at her knee!

Oh, Rowan tree! &c.

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the Martyr's psalm;
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan tree,
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infaney.

Oh, Rowan tree! &c.

The Emigrant's Complaint.

[Words by E. GILFILLAN, Composed by F. M'Leod.]

Oh, why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore, and I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink o' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high, and fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid the bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom wi' its tassels on the lee,
Nor hear the lintie's sang o' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard among the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here, and the wall of slavery;
But the sun of freedom shines in my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe, and a balm for ev'ry pain.
But the first joys of our heart come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep, and a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return to their ain countrie.

I dream'd I lay.

["THESE two stanzas," says BURNS, "I composed when I was about seventeen. They are among the oldest of my printed pieces." They are given in Johnson's *Museum*, adapted to an old air harmonized by Stephen Clarke.]

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring
O'er the swelling, drumlike wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd:
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Though fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

Jenny's Bawbee.

I.

[THE following fragment, to the favourite old reel tune of "Jenny's Bawbee," is all that has come down to us of the original song. It is given in Herd's collection, 2d edition, 1778.]

AND a' that e'er my Jenny had,
My Jenny had, my Jenny had;
AND a' that e'er my Jenny had,
Was ae bawbee.

There's your plack, and my plack
And your plack, and my plack,
And my plack, and your plack,
And Jenny's bawbee.

We'll put it in the pint-stoup,
The pint-stoup, the pint-stoup,
We'll put it in the pint-stoup,
And birlie 't a' three.

II.

[THE composition of SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Bart. of Auchinleck, and excellently adapted to the old tune. It was originally published by the author in 1803, and afterwards presented to George Thomson for insertion in his collection of *Scottish Melodies*. The last stanza did not appear in the early copies of the song. Whether or not added by the author himself has not been ascertained. Sir Alexander was the eldest son of the well-known biographer of Dr. Johnson, and was born in 1775. He died on the 27th March, 1822, from a wound received in a duel, the previous day, with James Stuart, Esq. younger of Duncarn. The duel arose in consequence of a political squib which Sir Alexander had sent to the Glasgow Sentinel, a high-tory paper of short-lived existence.]

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang:
I spiered at neebour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's they I see?
Quo' he, ilk cream-faced pawky chiel,
Thought he was cunning as the dill,
And here they cam', awa' to stes'
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel-clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And papped on his knee:
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazled baith my een!"
But dell a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blatherin gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee.
Accounts he owed through a' the toun,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could doun,
But now he thoct to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsand nag and siller whip,
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, hand the grup,
Or tie 't till a tree:
What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan'
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'!"
He thoct to pay what he was awa
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Drest up just like the knave o'clubs,
 A tinner came neist, (but life has rubs),
 Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
 And jaupit a' was he.
 He danced up, squinting through a glass,
 And grin'd, "I' faith, a bonnie lass!"
 He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
 Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gas kame his wig.
 The Sodger no to strut sae big,
 The Lawyer no to be a prig,
 The Fool he cried, "Tehee!
 I kenn'd that I could never fall!"
 But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail,
 And soused him in the water-pail,
 And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,
 Although he had na mony pence;
 And took young Jenny to the spence,
 Wi' her to crack a wee.
 Now Johnnie was a clever chiel;
 And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
 That Jenny's heart grew soft as jeel,
 And she bried her bawbee.

III.

[THIS is another set of verses to the old tune of "Jenny's Bawbee," and is directed to be sung slow. It is said to be the composition of a clergyman in Galloway, and was first printed in Robert Chambers' collection of "Scottish Songs," Edinburgh, 1827.]

WHEN gloamin' o'er the welkin steals,
 And brings the ploughman frae the feld's,
 Oh, Jenny's cot, among the shiels,
 Is aye the hame to me.
 To meet wi' her my heart is fain,
 And parting gies me melkie pain;
 A queen and throne I would disdain
 For Jenny's a bawbee.

Tho' braws she has na mony fack,
 Nae rhipes to command respect,
 Her rosy lip and hily neck
 Maik pleasure gie to me.
 I see her beauties, prize them a',
 Wi' heart as pure as new-blawn snaw;
 I'd prize her cot before a ha',
 Wi' Jenny's a bawbee.

Nae daisy, wi' its lovely form,
 Nor dew-drap shining frae the corn,
 Nor echo frae the distant horn,
 Is half sae sweet to me!
 And if the lassie were my ain,
 For her I'd toll through wind and rain,
 And gowd and siller I would gain
 Wi' Jenny's a bawbee.

Tibbie Fowler.

[IN the Tea-Table Miscellany, Ramsay has a song "to the tune of Tibbie Fowler in the Glen," which proves that the air, at least, is old. A fragment of the words is given in Herd's collection of 1776, but the first complete copy appeared in the 5th vol. of Johnson's Museum. The authorship has been ascribed to a "Rev. Dr. Strachan, late minister of Carnwath;" but David Laing says that there has been no minister of Carnwath of that name for at least the last three hundred years.]

TIBBIE FOWLER o' the Glen,
 There's ower mony wooing at her;
 Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen,
 There's ower mony wooing at her.
 Woolin' at her, pu'in' at her,
 Courtin' her, and canna get her;
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
 That a' the lads are woolin' at her.

Ten cam' east, and ten cam' west;
 Ten cam' rowin' ower the water;
 Twa cam' down the lang dyke-side:
 There's twa-and-thirty woolin' at her.

There's seven but, and seven ben,
 Seven in the pantry wi' her;
 Twenty head about the door:
 There's ane-and forty woolin' at her!

She's got pendles in her lugs;
 Cockle-shells wad set her better!
 High-heel'd shoon, and siller tags,
 And a' the lads are woolin' at her.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
 Gin she ha'e the name o' siller,
 Set her up on Tintock tap,
 The wind will blaw a man till her.

Be a lassie e'er so fair,
An' she want the penny siller,
A fie may fell her in the air,
Before a man be even'd till her.

Genty Tibby.

[THE following is RAMSAY'S song to the tune of "Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen." It resembles the same author's version of "Benny Bell and Mary Gray," in the poet affecting to be in a dilemma as to which of two beauties he should choose. Ramsay's love-passion seems to have partaken much of Captain Macheath's liberal style of worship!—

"How happy could I be with either!"]

TIBBY has a store o' charms,
Her genty shape our fancy warms;
How strangely can her sma' white arms
Fetter the lad who looks but at her;
Fra'er ancle to her slender waste,
These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.

Nelly's gawey, saft and gay,
Fresk as the lucken flowers in May;
Ilk ane that sees her, cries, Ah hey,
She's bonny! O I wonder at her.
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
And limbs see plump invite to dawt her;
Her lips see sweet, and skin see sleek,
Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
My wyson with the maiden shore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
When these twa stars appear together.
O love! why does thou gie thy fires
See large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
Our spacious souls immense desires,
And aye be in a hankerlin' swither.

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
And Nelly's beauties are divine;
But since they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods, give ear to my petition:
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this provision,
I get the other to my lane,
In prospect *plano* and fruition

Willie Wastle.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Johnson's Museum, and adapted to a tune called "The Eight Men of Moldart." It is also given in Thomson's collection, to the tune of "Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen."]

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumoddie;
Willie was a wabster gude,
Cou'd stown a clus wi' ony bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gien a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whielkin beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-bough'd, she's hein-shin'd,
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair on ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shoulder.
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld bandrans by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a washin';
But Willie's wife is nae see trig,
She dights her grunkie wi' a hushion.
Her wallee nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water:
Sic a wife, &c.

My ain Dear Land.

[WORDS by T. SMIRKE. Music by Mr. Shrivall.]

O BONNIE are the haws,
And sunny are the knowes
That fed the kye and yows,
Where my life's morn dawn'd;

And brightly glanced the rills,
That spring among the hills,
And on the merry mills
In my ain dear land.
O bonnie are the haws, &c.

But now I canna see
The lammies on the lea,
Nor hear the heather bee
On this far, far, strand;
I see nae father's ha',
Nor burnie's water-fa',
But wander far awa'
Frae my air dear land.
O bonnie are the haws, &c.

But blithely will I bide,
Whate'er may yet betide,
When ane is by my side
On this far, far, strand
My Jean will soon be here
My waefu' heart to cheer,
And dry the a'ing tear
For our ain dear land.
O bonnie are the haws, &c.

Scotland's Hills.

[First published in the Edinburgh Literary Gazette. Set to Music by E. A. Smith.]

Oh! these are not my country's hills,
Though they look bright and fair;
Though flowers deck their verdant sides,
The heather blooms not there.
Let me behold the mountains steep,
And wild deer roaming free,
The heathy glen, the ravine deep:
Oh, Scotland's hills for me!

The rose through all this garden land,
May shed its rich perfume;
But I would rather wander 'mong,
My country's bonnie broom.
There sings the shepherd on the hill,
The ploughman on the lea;
There lives my blithesome mountain maid:
Oh, Scotland's hills for me!

In southern climes the radiant sun
A brighter light displays;
But I love best his milder beams
That shine on Scotland's braes.

Then, dear romantic native land,
If e'er I roam from thee,
I'll ne'er forget the cheering lay,
Oh, Scotland's hills for me!

Kail brose of Old Scotland.

[WRITTEN, according to Mr. Peter Buchan, by ALEX. WATSON, merchant tailor in Aberdeen, and at one time deacon of the incorporated trades there. It was composed sometime during the American war of independence.]

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,
For a spot o' good ground for to be a kail-yard,
It was to the brose that they had the regard;
O! the kail brose of auld Scotland;
And O! for the Scottish kail brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings I suppose,
At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd his foes,
Before they began they had dined upon brose.
O! the kail brose, &c.

Then our sodgers were drest in their kilts and
short hose, [pose.
With bonnet and belt which their dress did com-
With a bag of oatmeal on their back to make brose.
O! the kail brose, &c.

In our free early ages a Scotsman could dine
Without English roast beef, or famous French
wine,
Kail brose, if weel made, he always thought fine.
O! the kail brose, &c.

At our annual election of bailies or mayor,
Nae kickshaws or puddings or tarts were seen
there,
A dish of kail brose was the favourite fare.
O! the kail brose, &c.

It has been our favourite dish all along,
It our ladies makes beauteous, our gentlemen strong,
When moderately used, it our life does prolong.
O! the kail brose, &c.

While thus we can live, we dread no kind of foes—
Should any invade us, we'll twist up their nose,
And soon make them feel the true virtue of brose.
O! the kail brose, &c.

Now State politicians new taxes propose,
Involving our country in numberless woes,
What a blessing it is! there's yet name upon brose!
O! the kail brose, &c.

But aye since the thistle was joined to the rose,
And Englishmen no more accounted our foes,
We have lost a great part of our stomach for brose.
O! the kail brose, &c.

But each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
Can cheerfully dine on a dishful of brose,
And the grace be a wish to get plenty of those.
O! the kail brose of auld Scotland.
And O for the Scottish kail brose!

Broad Swords of Scotland.

[WRITTEN BY J. G. LOCKHART, to the tune of
"Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England," and first
published in 1823, in George Thomson's collection,
and here inserted by special permission.]

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm
on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and
Dundee.

Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the
brave—

Let him see from our board, let him sleep with
the slave,

Whose libation comes slow while we honour his
grave.

Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Though he died not like him amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wore his shroud on
the shore,

Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim,
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the
Graham,

All the broadswords, &c.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of
the Forth,
Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven of the
north,
Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and
their worth,
All the broadswords, &c.

The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
For the private is brother in blood to his grace.
Oh, the broadswords, &c.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us
free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose and
Dundee,
Oh, the broadswords of Old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Song of Death.

[In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 17th Dec. 1791,
Burns says:—"I have just finished the following
song, which, to a lady, the descendant of many
heroes of his truly illustrious line, and herself the
mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor
apology. Scene, a field of battle—time of the day,
evening,—the wounded and dying are supposed to
join in the song. The circumstance that gave
rise to it was looking over, with a musical friend,
Macdonald's collection of Highland Airs, I was
struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled *Oran
an Aoid*, or the Song of Death, to the measure
of which I have adapted my stanzas."—Thomson,
in his collection, does not give the Gaelic air, but
sets the words to the Irish tune of "My lodging
is on the cold ground." The original tune is given
in Ritson's collection.]

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and
ye skies,

Now gay with the bright setting sun!
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
Our race of existence is run.

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave!

Go teach them to tremble, all tyrant! but know
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name.
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.
 In the field of proud honour, our swords in our
 hands,
 Our king and our country to save;
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O, who would not die with the brave!

When I ro'd.

[WORDS by LORD BYRON. Music by J. P. Knight.]

WHEN I ro'd a young Highlander o'er the dark
 heath,
 And climb'd thy dark summit, O Morven, of
 snow!

To gaze on the torrent that slumber'd beneath,
 Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below;
 Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
 And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
 No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear—
 Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas center'd in
 you.

I arose with the dawn, with my dog as my guide,
 From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
 I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
 And heard at a distance the Highlander's
 song—

At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
 No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my
 view;

And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
 For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

Yet the day may arrive, when the mountains once
 more

Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow;
 But while these soar above me, unchang'd as
 before,

Will Mary be there to receive me? ah no!
 Adieu! then, ye hills, where my childhood was
 bred—

Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
 No home in the forest shall shelter my head,—

Ah Mary! what home could be mine without
 you?

The bride cam' out o' the byre.

[THE author of this song, to the tune of "Wood
 and married and a'," is unknown. It appears in
 Herd's collection of 1776, but is of much older
 date.]

THE bride cam' out o' the byre,
 And, O, as she dight'd her cheeks!
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And have neither blankets nor sheets;
 Have neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too,
 The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
 Has e'en right muckle ado.
 Wood'd and married, and a',
 Married, and wood'd, and a'!
 And was she nae very weel off,
 That was wood'd, and married and a'!

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he cam' in frae the plough,
 O, hand your tongue, my dochter,
 And ye're get gear enough;
 The stirk stands i' th' tether,
 And our bra' bawmint yade,
 Will carry ye hame your corn—
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What dail needs a' this pride?
 I had nae a pieck in my pouch
 That night I was a bride;
 My gown was linsy-woolsy,
 And ne'er a sark ava;
 And ye ha'e ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.

What's the matter, quo' Willie;
 Though we be scant o' claes,
 We'll creep the closer thegither,
 And we'll smoor a' the fies:
 Simmer is coming on,
 And we'll get taits o' woo;
 And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
 And she'll spin claiths anew.

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kye;
 Poor Willie wad ne'er ha'e ta'en ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;

For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
I've ne'er tak' ane I' my life.

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre;
O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire:
But we poor folk maun live single,
And do the best that we can;
I dinna care what I should want
If I could get but a man.

The grass had nae freedom.

[WRITTEN BY MRS. SCOTT of Dumbartonshire
to the tune of "Woo'd and married and a'," and
inserted in Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, 1810.]

THE grass had nae freedom o' growin'
As lang as she wana awa';
Nor in the town could there be stowin'
For wooers that wanted to ca'.
Sic boxin', sic brawlin', sic dancin',
Sic bowin' and shakin' a paw;
The town was for ever in brulies:
But now the lassie's awa'.
Wooded, and married, and a',
Married, and wooed, and a';
The dandale toast of the parish,
She's wooed, and she's carried awa'.

But had he a' kenn'd her as I did,
His wootin' it wad ha'e been sma':
She kens neither bakin', nor brewin',
Nor cardin', nor spinnin' awa';
But a' her skill lies in her buskin':
And, O, if her brows were awa',
She sune wad wear out o' fashion,
And knit up her huggers wi' straw.

But yesterday I gaed to see her,
And, O, she was bonnie and braw;
She cried on her gudeman to gie' her
An ell o' red ribbon or twa.
He took, and he set down beside her
A wheel and a reel for to ca';
She cried, Was he that way to guide her?
And out at the door and awa'.

The first road she gaed was her mither,
Wha said, Lassie, how goes a'?
Quo' she, Was it for nae ither
That I was married awa',
But to be set down to a wheele,
And at it for ever to ca'?
And syne to hae't reel'd by a chieldie
That's everly crying to draw.

Her mither said till her, Hech, lassie!
He's wisest, I fear, o' the twa;
There'll be little to put in the tassie,
Gif ye be sae backward to draw;
For now ye should work like a tiger,
And at it baith wallop and ca',
Sae lang's ye ha'e yoodith and vigour,
And weanles and debt keep awa'.

Sae swift away hame to your haddin';
The mair fule ye e'er came awa'
Ye maunna be lika day gaddin',
Nor gang sae white-finger'd and braw;
For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,
And wi' him should cannillie draw;
Or else ye deserve to be knookit—
So that's an answer for a'.

Young luckie thus fand hersell mither'd,
And wish'd she had ne'er come awa';
At length wi' hersell she consider'd,
That hameward 'twas better to draw,
And e'en tak' a chance o' the landin',
However that matters might fa':
Folk maunna on freits aye be standin',
That's wooed, and married, and a'.

The Old Maid.

[THIS humorous ditty, to the tune of "Woo'd and married and a'," was composed about the year 1836 or 1837 by a young probationer of the Church of Scotland, a native of Ayrshire, who is now settled as minister of a parish in Aberdeenshire.]

OUR Girly was now thirty-six,
Though some rather mair did her ca',
And ane quite sae auld to get married,
Has little or nae chance awa'.
And Girly, aft thinking on this,
Lang sighs frae her bosom wad draw;
Oh, is it not awfu' to think
I may not be married awa'!

No to be married ava,
 No to be married ava;
 Oh, is it not awfu' to think,
 I may not be married ava!

For ilka young lass that can brag
 Of her ha'eing a lover or twa,
 Will haud out her finger and say,
 That body has got nane ava.
 And then when they a' get married,
 Their husbands will let them gang braw,
 While they laugh at auld maids like mysel,
 For no getting ony ava.
 No to be married, &c.

Some wives that are wasters o' men,
 Wear dune naething less than their twa;
 But this I wad haud as a crime,
 That ought to be punished by law.
 For are they no muckle to blame,
 When thus to themsells they tak' a' ?
 Ne'er thinking o' mony an auld maid,
 That's no to be married ava.
 No to be married, &c.

But as for the men that get wives—
 E'en though it were some ayont twa,
 I think they should aye be respectit
 For helping sae mony awa'.
 But as for the auld bach'lor bodies,
 Their necks every ane I could thrav,
 For what is the use of their lives,
 Gin no to be married ava ?
 No to be married, &c.

Oh, gin I could get but a husband,
 E'en though he were never sae sma',
 Just gi'e me a husband, I'll tak' him,
 Though scarce like a mannie ava.
 Come souter, come taller, come tinkler,
 Oh come ony ane o' ye a' !
 Come gi'e me a bode e'er see little,
 I'll tak' it and never see na'.
 No to be married, &c.

Come deaf, or come dumb, or come cripple,
 Wi' ae leg, or nae legs ava,
 Or come ye wi' ae e'e, or nae e'e,
 I'll tak' ye as ready's wi' twa.
 Come young, or come auld, or come doited,
 Oh come and just tak' me awa' ;
 Far better be married to something,
 Than no to be married ava.
 No to be married, &c.

Now, lads, if there's ony amang ye,
 Wad like just upon me to ca',
 Ye'll find me no ill to be courted,
 For shyness I ha'e throw'n awa'.
 And if ye should want a bit wife,
 Ye ken to what quarter to draw ;
 And e'en should we no mak' a bargain,
 Ye'll at least get a kisse or twa.
 No to be married, &c.

Donald Macdonald.

[THIS was one of the earliest songs which JAMES HOGG composed. It was written about the year 1803, to the tune of "Woo'd and married and a'," and was long very popular. "I once heard the song," says the author, "sung in the theatre at Lancaster, when the singer substituted the following lines of his own for the last verse:—

'For Jock Ball he is good in a hurry,
 An' Sawney is steel to the bane,
 An' wee David Welsh is a widdy,
 An' Paddy will hurkle to nane;
 They'll a' prove baith sturdy and loyal,
 Come dangers around them what may,
 An' I, their gude-brither, Macdonald,
 Shall ne'er be the last in the fray!' &c.

It took exceedingly well, and was three times encored, and there was I sitting in the gallery, applauding as much as any body. My vanity prompted me to tell a jolly Yorkshire manufacturer that night that I was the author of the song. He laughed excessively at my assumption, and told the landlady that he took me for a half-crazed Scots pedlar."]

My name it is Donald Macdonald—
 I live in the Highlands sae grand ;
 I've follow'd my banner, and will do,
 Wherever my Maker has land.
 When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
 Nae danger can fear me ava ;
 I ken that my brethern around me
 Are either to conquer or fa'.
 Brogues, and brochan, and a',
 Brochan, and brogues, and a' ;
 And is na the laddie weel aff
 Wha has brogues, and brochan, and a'.

Short syne we were wonderfu' canty,
 Our friends and our country to see
 But since the proud Consul's grown vauntie,
 We'll meet him by land or by sea.
 Wherever a clan is disloyal,
 Wherever our king has a foe,
 He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,
 Wi' his Highlanders a' in a row.
 Guns, and pistols, and a',
 Pistols, and guns, and a';
 He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald,
 Wi' his guns, and pistols, and a'.

What though we befreendit young Charlie?
 To tell it I dinna think shame;
 Puir lad! he cam' to us but barely,
 And reckon'd our mountains his hame.
 It's true that our reason forbade us,
 But tenderness caried the day;
 Had Geordie come friendless among us,
 Wi' him we had a' gane away.
 Sword, and buckler, and a',
 Buckler, and sword, and a';
 For George we'll encounter the devil,
 Wi' sword, and buckler, and a'.

And O I wad eagerly press him
 The keys o' the East to retain;
 For should he gie up the possession,
 We'll soon ha'e to force them again:
 Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
 Though it were my finlahin' blow,
 He aye may depend on Macdonald,
 Wi' his Highlandmen all in a row.
 Knees, and elbows, and a',
 Elbows, and knees, and a';
 Lepend upon Donald Macdonald,
 His knees, and elbows, and a'.

If Bonaparte land at Fort-William,
 Auld Europe nae langer shall grane;
 I laugh when I think how we'll gail him
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane:
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garry
 We'll rattle him aff frae our shore,
 Or hull him aasep in a cairnie,
 And sing him *Lockaber ne mure!*
 Stanes, and bullets, and a',
 Bullets, and stanes, and a';
 We'll finish the Corsican callan
 Wi' stanes, and bullets, and a'.

The Gordon is gude in a hurry;
 And Campbell is steel to the bane,
 And Grant, and Mackenzie, and Murray,
 And Cameron, will huckle to nane;
 The Stuart is sturly and wannel;
 And aae is Macleod and Mackay;
 And I, their gude-brither, Macdonald,
 Sall never be last in the fray.
 Brogues, and brochans, and a',
 Brochan, and brogues, and a';
 And up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
 The kilt, and fether, and a'.

Dundee.

[WRITTEN BY THOMAS SMIRRETT to the old set of the air of "Dundee," as found in the Skene MS.]

FARE thee weel, thou bonnie river,
 Rowin' by my ain Dundee;
 Aft in days gane by for ever,
 Thou hast borne my love and me.
 Thou hast heard, in days departed,
 Vows that nane could hear but thee;
 Now thou seest me broken-hearted—
 Tay, adieu! adieu, Dundee!

On thy waves a light is fa'in',
 Ruddy as the rose in June;
 Some may trow it is the dawin'
 Glinting frae the lift abune;
 But I ken thou'rt only blushing
 That a maid so false could be!
 Like thy springs my tears are gushing—
 Tay, adieu! adieu, Dundee!

The bonnie Redesdale Lassie.

[ROBERT WHITE of Newcastle.—Here printed for the first time.]

THE breath o' spring is gratefu',
 As mild it sweeps along,
 Awakenin' bad an' blossom
 The broomy brans amang;
 And waftin' notes o' gladness
 Frae ilka bower and tree;
 Yet the bonnie Redesdale lassie
 Is sweeter still to me!

How bright is summer's beauty !

When, smilin' far an' near,
The wildest spots o' nature
Their gayest livery wear:
And yellow-cups, an' daisies
Are spread on ilka lea;
But the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Mair charming is to me.

O! sweet is mellow autumn!
When, wide ower a' the plain,
Slow waves in rustlin' motion
The heavy-headed grain;
Or in the sunshine glancin',
And rowin' like the sea;
Yet the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Is dearer far to me!

As heaven itself, her bosom
Is free o' fraud or guile;
What hope o' future pleasure
Is centred in her smile!
I wadna lose for kingdoms
The love-glance o' her e'e;—
O! the bonnie Redesdale lassie
Is life and a' to me!

❶ Jeannie.

[COMPOSED by the ETTRICK SHEPHERD, to the tune of "Blue Bonnets over the Border." He himself says, it was "the most popular love song he ever wrote," but we think he is here mistaken.]

O! my lassie, our joy to complete agin,
Meet me again in the gloamin', my dearie;
Low down i' the dell let us meet again,
O! Jeannie, there's naething to fear ye.
Come when the wae bat flits silent an' eerie;
Come when the pale face o' nature looks weary.
Love be thy sure defence,
Beauty and innocence—
O! Jeannie, there's naething to fear ye.

Sweetly blows the haw and the rowan-tree,
Wild roses speak our thickest sae broerie;
Still, still will our bed in the greenwood be—
O! Jeannie, there's naething to fear ye:

Note when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,
List when the beetle bee's bugle comes near ye:
Then come with fairy haste,
Light foot and beating breast—
O! Jeannie, there's naething to fear ye.

Far, far will the bogle an' brownie be;
Beauty an' truth, they daurna come near it.
Kind love is the tie of our unity;
A' manna love it, and a' manna revere it.
Love mak's the sang o' the woodland sae cheerie;
Love gars a' nature look bonnie that's near ye;
Love mak's the rose sae sweet,
Cowslip an' violet—
O! Jeannie, there's naething to fear ye.

The Shepherd's Song.

[WRITTEN by JOANNA BAILLIE, and printed, though probably not for the first time, in the *Harp of Caledonia*, vol. II. published at Glasgow in 1818.]

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
The lav'rock 's in the sky,
And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing bye.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
I hear nae welcome sound;
The shadow o' our trystin' bush,
It wears sae slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The shadow lingers still;
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill w' clackin' din;
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
These are nae sounds for me;
The shadow o' our trystin' bush,
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen frae chapman Tam,
A snood o' bonnie blue,
And promised, when our trystin' cam',
To tie it round her brow.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The time it winna pass;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tether'd on the grass.

O now I see her on the way,
She's past the witches' knowe;
She's climbin' up the brownie's brae—
My heart is in a lowe.
Oh, no! 'tis na so!
'Tis glaurie I ha'e seen;
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
Though conn'd wi' little skill;
When Colley barks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The time will ne'er be gane;
The shadow of the trystin' bush
Is fix'd like any stane.

Lucy's fittin'.

[THIS deeply pathetic song was composed by WILLIAM LAIDLAW, for many years the steward and trusted friend of Sir Walter Scott. It is sung to the tune of "Paddy O'Rafferty."]

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was
fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neebours aye dear:
For Lucy had served in the glen a' the simmer;
She cam' there afore the flower bloom'd on the
pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been kind till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her e'e.
She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
Right sair was his kind heart, the fittin' to see:
Fare ye weel, Lucy! quo' Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' the fittin',
Fare ye weel, Lucy! was lika bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e?
If I wassna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I ha'e tint my puir heart a'thegither,
Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my class I ha'e row'd up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me;
Yestreen, when he ga'e me't, and saw I was
sabbin',
I'll never forget the wee blink o' his e'e.
Though now he said naething but Fare ye weel,
Lucy!
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
He could nae say mair but just, Fare ye weel,
Lucy!
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea:
But Lucy likes Jamie,—she turn'd and she lookit,
She thoct the dear place she wad never mair
see. [less!
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheer—
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!

Captain Wedderburn.

[THIS diverting ditty was at one time very popular among the country people of Scotland. It can be traced no farther back than to the "New British Songster," a collection published at Falkirk in 1785.]

THE Laird of Roslin's daughter
Walked through the wood her lane;
And by cam' Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the king,
He said unto his serving man,
"Were't not against the law,
I wad tak' her to my ain bed,
And lay her neist the wa'."

"I am walking here alane," she says,
"Amang my father's trees;
And you must let me walk alane,
Kind sir, now, if you please:

The supper bell it will be rung,
And I'll be missed awa';
Sae I winna lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

He says, "My pretty lady,
I pray, lend me your hand,
And ye'll ha'e drums and trumpets
Always at your command;
And fifty men to guard you with,
That well their swords can draw;
Sae we're baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"Haud awa' frae me," she said,
"And pray let gae my hand:
The supper bell it will be rung,
I can nae langer stand;
My father he will angry be,
Gin I be missed awa';
Sae I'll nae lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

Then said the pretty lady,
"I pray tell me your name?"
"My name is Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the king.
Though thy father and his men were here,
O' them I'd have nae awe;
But wad tak' you to my ain bed,
And lay you neist the wa'."

He lichtit aff his milk-white steed,
And set this lady on;
And, a' the way he walked on foot,
He held her by the hand.
He held her by the middle jimp,
For fear that she should fa',
To tak' her to his ain bed,
And lay her neist the wa'.

He took her to his lodging-house;
His landlady looked ben;
Says, "Mony a pretty lady
In Edinbruch I've seen;
But sic a lovely face as thine
In it I never saw,
Gae mak' her down a down-bed,
And lay her at the wa'."

"O haud away frae me," she says;
"I pray you let me be;
I winna gang to your bed,
Till ye dress me dishes three:

Dishes three ye maun dress me,
Gin I should eat them a',
Afore that I lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

It's ye maun get to my supper
A cherry without a stane;
And ye maun get to my supper
A chicken without a bane;
And ye maun get to my supper
A bird without a ga';
Or I winna lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

"It's when the cherry is in the blume,
I'm sure it has nae stane;
And when the chicken's in the egg,
I wat it has nae bane;
And, sin' the flood o' Noah,
The doo she had nae ga';
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"O haud your tongue, young man," she says,
"Nor that gate me perplex;
For ye maun tell me questions yet,
And that is questions six
Questions six ye'll tell to me,
And that is three times twa,
Afore I lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

What's greener than the greenest grass?
What's higher than the trees?
What's waur nor an ill woman's wish?
What's deeper than the seas?
What bird sings first? and whereupon
First doth the dew down fa'?
Ye sall tell afore I lay me down,
Either at stock or wa'."

"Vergris is greener than the grass;
Heaven's higher than the trees;
The dell's waur nor a woman's wish;
Hell's deeper than the seas;
The cock crows first; on cedar tap
The dew down first doth fa';
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"O haud your tongue, young man," she says
"And gi'e your fiecechin' ower;
Unless ye find me ferlies,
And that is ferlies four,

Ferlies four ye maun find me,
And that is twa and twa;
Or I'll never lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'.

It's ye maun get to me a plum
That in December grew;
And ye maun get a silk mantel,
That waft was ne'er ca'd through;
A sparrow's horn; a priest unborn,
This night to join us twa;
Or I'll nae lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

"My father he has winter fruit,
That in December grew;
My mother has an Indian gown,
That waft was ne'er ca'd through;
A sparrow's horn is quickly found;
There's ane on every claw,
And twa upon the neb o' him;
And ye shall get them a'.

The priest, he's standing at the door,
Just ready to come in;
Nae man can say that he was born,
Nae man, unless he sin;
A wild boar tore his mother's side,
He out o' it did fin';
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'll lie neist the wa'."

Little kenned Ghrise Sinclair,
That morning when she rase,
That this wad be the hindermost
O' a' her maiden days.
But now there's no within the realm,
I think, a blyther twa;
And they baith lie in ae bed,
And she lies neist the wa'.

Todlin' Hame.

["THIS," says Burns, "is perhaps the first bottle-song that ever was composed." It appears in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, where it is marked as an old song.]

WHEN I hae a sarxence under my thoom,
Then I get credit in lika toon;
But, aye when I'm puir they bid me gang by;
Oh, poverty parts gude company!

Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
Couldna my loove come todlin' hame.

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her gude sale
She gies us white bannocks to relish her ale,
Synne, if that her tippeny chance to be sma',
We tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
As round as a naep come todlin' hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
Wi' twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet;
And aye when we waken'd we drank them dry:—
What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I?
Todlin' butt, and todlin' ben,
Sae round as my loove comes todlin' hame.

Leese me on liquor, my todlin' dow,
Ye're aye sae gude-humour'd when weetin' your
mou'!
When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flee,
That 'tis a blythe nicht to the bairns and me,
When todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
When, round as a naep, ye come todlin' hame.

Todlin' Hame.

[WRITTEN by JOANNA BAILLIE for George Thomson's collection—inserted by permission.]

WHEN white was my o'erlay as foam o' the linn,
And siller was clinkin' my pouches within;
When my lambkins were bleating on meadow
and brae;
As I gaed to my love in new cleeding sae gay,
Kind was she, and my friends were free
But poverty parts gude companie.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight:
The piper play'd cheerly, the cradle burn'd bright;
And link'd in my hand was the maiden sae dear,
As she footed the floor in her holiday gear.
Woe is me, and can it then be,
That poverty parts sic companie!

We met at the fair, we met at the kirk,
We met in the sunshine, and met in the mirk,
And the sounds of her voice, and the blinks o'
her een,
The cheering and life of my bosom have been.
Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee;
And poverty parts sweet companie.

At bridal and infaire I've braced me wi' pride;
The brude I ha'e won, and a kins o' the bride;
And loud was the laughter gay fellows among,
When I utter'd my banter and chorus'd my song.
Dowie to dreie are jesting and glee,
When poverty parts gude companie.

Wherever I gaed the blythe lasses smiled sweet,
And mithers and aunts were mair than discreet,
While kebbuck and bicker were set on the board;
But now they pass by me, and never a word.
So let it be, for the worldly and aile
Wi' poverty keep nae companie.

The Totums.

[WRITTEN and sung to the tune of "Todlin' Hame," by ARCHIBALD COCHRANE, a well-known eccentric character in Glasgow, who died a few years back. The song is supposed to be the ditty of a road-mender, and honest John's antipathy to steam-boats may be accounted for from the fact, that when they were introduced on the Clyde, many of the roads to the western coast became deserted, and the road-maker's avocation, of course, either altogether or partially dispensed with in these localities.]

CONTENTED wi' Maggie, how blythe ha'e I been,
This seventeen towmonds we've met aye at e'en;
Though whiles we fa' out, yet we quickly agree,
A kins turns the difference 'tween Maggie and me.
Though steam-boats are against us we maunna complain,
For our twa bits o' totums are todlin' their lane.

Nae billie I've to pay, nor nae heart-racking fyke,
But to cairney up stanes, at the side of the dyke;
I'm pleased to see them break, and the vivid sparks fly,
But gloom at the steam-boats as they're passing by.
But tho' they're against me I maunna complain,
For my twa bits o' totums are todlin' their lane.

So I'll sing "Captain Glen," wi' a heart fu' o' glee,
And be join'd by the mavis that sings on yon tree;
It warbles as sweet, makes my hammer stand still,
A' join in the tune, e'en the wee wimpling rill.
Steam-boats may afflict me, but I'll ne'er complain,
For my twa bits o' totums are todlin' their lane.

So sang honest John, as he splinter'd a stane,
Till twa bairns wi' his breakfast cam' todlin' their lane;

They cam' todlin' their lane, arms round ither so fain,

And the twa bits o' totums cam' todlin' their lane.

They cam' todlin' their lane, arms round ither so fain,

And the twa bits o' totums cam' todlin' their lane.

"Hey, daddy dear, here's your parritch quite het,
Mam struck Jock wi' the spurtle for scarting the pat,"

"Whieht, bairnie," says he, and his bonnet he rais'd,

Look'd up to the sky, while the Giver he praised:
Leaves a soup to the dog, hands the cog back again,

And the twa bits o' totums gaed todlin' hame.

The sun it looks blythe, o'er Cotrick see he,
I'll meet my ain wife, wi' the smile in ber e'e;
She'll ha'e Jean at her fit, and Tam in her lap,
And she'll toddle to meet me, when I'm at the slap.

Collie's bark welcomes me to a clean hearth stane,
Where my twa bits o' totums gang todlin' their lane.

Lewis Gordon.

[A PRODUCTION OF DR. ALEXANDER GEDDES. The Lewis Gordon alluded to was third son to the duke of Gordon. He declared for prince Charles on the rising in 1745, and was afterwards attainted, but escaped to France, where he died in 1754.]

O SEND Lewis Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name;
Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'!
Ochon, my Highlandman!
O my bonnie Highlandman!
Weel would I my true love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O! to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-beel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee!
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
Ochon, &c.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star:
You'd tak' him for the god of war.
Ochoh, &c.

O! to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear;
Then begins the jub'lee year.
Ochoh, &c.

Connel and Flora.

[WRITTEN by ALEXANDER WILSON of Paisley,
the great American ornithologist. Music arranged
by J. Robertson.]

DARK lowers the night o'er the wide stormy main,
Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again;
Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore;
But Connel returns to his Flora no more.

For see, on yon mountain, the dark cloud of death,
O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the heath;
While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,
He lies to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light fleeting spirits that glide o'er the steep,
O would you but waft me across the wild deep!
There fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud roar,
I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more.

Allen-a-Dale.

[Song in Sir WALTER SCOTT's poem of "Rokeby."]

ALLEN-A-DALE has no faggot for burning,
Allen-a-dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-dale has no fleece for the spinning;
Yet Allen-a-dale has red gold for the winning.
Come read me my riddle, come hearken my tale,
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkendale side,
The mere for his net, and the lamb for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Tho' his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as
bright;

Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil;
Who at Bererocross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-
Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother she asked of his household and home;—
"Tho' the castle of Richmond stands fair on the
hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still,
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so
pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-
Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone,
They lifted the latch and bade him be gone.
But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry—
He had laughed on the lass with his bonnie black
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale, [eye;
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

O, saw ye the lass.

[WRITTEN by RICHARD RYAN. Arranged and
sung by Sinclair.]

O, saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een?
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween,
She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.
The home of my love is below in the valley,
Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee
But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen,
Is the maid that I love, wi' the bonnie blue een.
O saw ye the lass, &c.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again;
And when the moon shines on the valley so green,
I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
As the dove that has wandered away from his
sweet nest,
Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
O saw ye the lass, &c.

John o' Badenyon.

[WRITTEN to an old Highland strathspey, called John o' Badenyon, by the Rev. JOHN SKINNER.]

WHEN first I came to be a man, of twenty years, or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth, and vain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay;
And here, and there, and every where, was like a morn in May.
No care I had, no fear of want, but rambl'd up and down;
And for a bean I might have pass'd in country or in town:
I still was pleas'd where'er I went; and, when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime, a mistress I must find;
For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n improves the mind.
On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd mine eyes;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart and she became my choice.
To Cupid, now, with hearty prayer, I offer'd many a vow,
And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as other lovers do,
But when at last I breath'd my flame, I found her cold as stone—
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled with foolish hopes and vain
To friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd at lovers' pain;
A friend I got by lucky chance—'twas something like divine;
An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was mine.
And now, whatever may betide, a happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply.
A strait soon came; my friend I tried—he laugh'd, and spurn'd my moan;
I hied me home, and tun'd my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next, and would a patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnie Wilkes, and cry'd up parson Horne;
Their noble spirit I admir'd, and praised their noble seal,
Who had, with flaming tongue and pen, maintain'd the public weal.
But, e'er a month or two had pass'd, I found myself betray'd;
'Twas Self and Party, after all, for all the stir they made.
At last I saw these factious knaves insult the very throne;
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mused a while, still hoping to succeed;
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely tried to read:
I bought and borrowed every where, and studied night and day,
Nor mis'd what dean or doctor wrote, that happen'd in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,
And carefully, through many a page, I hunted after truth:
A thousand various schemes I tried, and yet was pleas'd with none;
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters everywhere, who wish to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty name;
And girls, and friends, and books also, you'll find them all the same.

Then be advised, and warning take from such a man as me;
 I'm neither pope nor cardinal, nor one of high degree;
 You'll meet displeasure every where; then do as I have done—
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John of Badenyon.

The Wee Wifukie.

[WRITTEN by Dr. ALEXANDER GEDDES, a Catholic clergyman, and well-known by his translation of the Bible and polemical writings. Dr. Geddes was born in the county of Banff in 1737, and officiated as a priest for several years in different parts of the north of Scotland. He latterly settled in London, where he died in 1802. A memoir of his life was published by John Mason Good in 1803.]

THERE was a wee bit wifukie, was comin' frae the fair,
 Had got a wee bit drappukie, that bred her meikle care
 It gaed about the wife's heart, and she began to spew,
 O! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.
 I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna fou,
 Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my skin;
 But I'll lie down and tak' a nap before that I gae in.
 Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,
 By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.
 Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,
 By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks sae bonnie and sae lang;
 He's ta'en her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa' he ran;
 And when the wife waken'd, her head was like a bee,
 Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, this is nae me.
 This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
 Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

I met with kindly company, and birl'd my bawbee!
 And still, if this be Besukie, three placks remain wi' me
 But I will look the purple nooks, see gin the cunyle be:—
 There's neither purse nor plack about me!—this is nae me.
 This is nae me, &c.

I have a little housukie, but and a kindly man;
 A dog, the ca' him Dousiekie; if this be me he'll fawn;
 And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly welcome g'n,
 And a' the bairns on the floor-head will dance if this be me.
 This is nae me, &c.

The night was late, and dang out weat, and oh but it was dark,
 The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to bark.
 Oh when she heard the doggie bark, and keenin' it was he,
 Oh weel ken ye, Dousie, quo' she, this is nae me.
 This is nae me, &c.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door he ran;
Is that you, Bessukie?—Wow na, man!
Be kind to the bairns a', and weel mat ye be;
And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!
This is nae me, &c.

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end,
I've gotten sic a fright, Sir, I fear I'll never mend;
My wife's come hame without a head, crying out most piteously,
Oh fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!
This is nae me, &c.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful to me,
How that a wife without a head could speak, or hear, or see!
But things that happen hereabout, so strangely alter'd be,
That I could maist wi' Bessie say, 'tis neither you nor she.
Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you nor she,
Wow na, Johnnie man, 'tis neither you nor she.

Now Johnnie he cam' hame again, and oh! but he was fain,
To see his little Bessukie come to hersel' again.
He got her sitting on a stool, wi' Tibbuck on her knee:
Oh! come awa', Johnnie, quo' she, come awa' to me,
For I've got a nap wi' Tibbuckie, and this is now me.
This is now me, quo' she, this is now me,
I've got a nap wi' Tibbuckie, and this is now me.

Contented wi' little.

[WRITTEN by BURNS to the tune of "Lumps o' Padding."]

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I giv' them a skelp, as they're creepin' along,
Wi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship soothers it a':
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the dail ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travall; come pleasure, or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again."

Her Name.

[Music by Mr. James Ferguson, Edinburgh.—Here first printed.]

HER name! oh, her name would'st thou have me to tell?

Ah no! from this bosom thou reav'st not the spell
Which cheers it at ev'ning and glads it at morn,
How'er by life's cares 'tis distracted and torn.
A name which is sunlight and moonlight to me,
I'll breathe 't to the night winds but not unto thee.

That name I shall teach the sweet streamlets to cry,
And list till I hear the glad echoes reply;
And, oft as it rises, the soft scented breeze
Shall waft it away through the tall forest trees;
Till linnets and thrushes, inspir'd by the theme,
Shall sing like the fays only heard when we dream.

What joyous delight, in the calm ev'ning shade,
To hear the lov'd name warbled thus through the glade;

'Twill steal o'er my brain like the warm summer air,
When loaded with perfume of eglantines fair;
I'll dream until even the starlets proclaim
The dear words; but ah, I'll not tell thee her name!
W. G. B.

Wilt thou remember me.

[PATRICK MAXWELL, editor of *Miss Blamire's Poetical Works*. Tune, "Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'."—Here first printed.]

FAREWELL! and, when I'm far away,
O say, wilt thou remember me,
When favour'd friends and faces gay
Their soul's pure incense tender thee?—
When all around are glad the while,
And glory in thy loveliness;—
When every heart shall own thy smile
Its proudest aim—its highest bliss?

This may not be: thou know'st me not;
A wand'rer on life's weary road;
Yet will I bless my happy lot
That led me to thy lov'd abode.

I may not claim to have a part
In thy dear breast, thou being fair;
Yet, lady, could'st thou see my heart,
Thyself thou would'st find pictur'd there!

There it will dwell, and time defy
So dear a record to erase;—
Memorial of a dream gone by,
The best, the brightest of my days.
O that we had together met
When youth and hope alike were new;
My wither'd heart perhaps had yet
Been spar'd the pangs of this adieu!

Sweet Jeanie lass.

[ADDRESSED TO ONE OF THE rising generation of "Ayrshire's bonnie lasses." By CAPT. CHARLES GRAY, R. M.—Here first printed.]

SWEET Jeanie lass, my dearie,
Gin I were young again,
Name else through life should cheer me,
Wad thou but be my ain.
But eild is creepin' o'er me;
Dark shadows lower apace;
While hope shines bright before thee,
And joy lights up thy face.

May health, life's greatest blessing,
Beam on thy cheek and brow;
Be thine love's fond caressing
Wi' aye whase heart is true.
May age wi' a' its treasure
O' sober thoughts be mine;
While lika heartfelt pleasure,
Dear Jeanie lass, is thine.

I had a dream.

[WILLIAM MILLER of Glasgow.—Here first printed.]

I HAD a dream o' ither days,
A sinless dream o' joy,
It came like sunshine through a clud
Life's dark spots to destroy.

It came when I was sick at heart,
And sleepless was mine e'e,
When love was false, an' wily tongues
Turn'd frien' to enemis.

I thoct a saft han' lay in mine,
A sma' waist in my arm,
A wee heart beatin'—throbbin' fast
Wi' love an' life-bluid warm.

In quiet streams I've seen fair flowers
Kid 'neath the bank they grew,
Sae in her deep blue een I read
Flower-thochts o' various hue.

O, dinna look sae kind, Willie,
Or else wi' joy I'll dee,
An' dinna read my heart, Willie,
Wi' thae lang lucks o' your e'e.

A maiden's heart should be, Willie,
A sacred thing to men,
Its workin's in an hour o' joy
Man-body ne'er can ken.

The flower that in the shade wad live
Will wither in the sun,—
An' joy may work on maiden-heart
What grief wad ne'er ha' done.

The mairrin' o' a melody—
The stoppin' o' a stream—
A sudden lapse in sunny licht—
The burstin' o' a dream.

I woke—and on my glassy een
The paley moonbeam shone:
Speak on, I cried,—speak on, but, lo!
The weel kent voice was gone!

Fishing Song.

[W. A. FOSTER, formerly of Coldstream, now
of Glasgow. Tune, "Ye mariners of England."
—Here first printed.]

Ye fishermen of Scotland,
Who love the stream and pool,
Whose haunts are by the river side,
Among the shadows cool:

Your tackle mount, my gallant hearts,
With minnow, fly, or roe,
It is best from the west,
While the gentle breezes blow.

Old Scotland holds the cataract
Among her mountains steep,
With streaming rills, and sleepy pools,
Where trout and salmon leap.
Then mount the line, my gallant hearts,
The hills are clear of snow;
Fling bait in the spate,
While the gentle breezes blow.

The spirit of old anglers gone
Will rise with every cast,
And cheer us 'neath the summer sun
Or winter's angry blast.
Where old John Foster fish'd so well,
To Birgham Dub, we'll go,
And try with the fly,
While the gentle breezes blow.

The fame of Carham's angling stream
Will only higher rise,
While Scott can wield a salmon rod,
Or Carse can dress such flies.
Tweed's been their glory, thy her pride,
Then let her waters flow
To the fame of their name,
While the gentle breezes blow.

Hame.

[JOHN MITCHELL of Paisley.—Here first printed.]

My hame! I wadna lea' my hame,
Bough though the biggin be,
To live amid a blaze o' fame,
For what is fame to me!
In life's gay morn, wi' lightsome tread,
I roved the groves among,
Where, still at e'en, I lay my head
To list ilk wee bird's sang.

And I have seen in lordly ha'
The fair and gay convene,
Where wreathed smiles chased care awa',
And love seem'd nature's queen;

But, O! my hame, my humble hame,
Whene'er I thought of thee,
The wreathed smile, the minstrel's fame,
Were a' forgot by me.

Ev'n yet, though on my head the snaws
O' Time begins to steal,
Youth's joys still smile within the wa's
O' my wee coxy biel.

And though to me nae gardens fair
Their sunny smiles display,
A fairer flower is blooming there
Than e'er graced minstrel's lay.

And, Peggy dear, thou art that flower,
And I will tent thee weel,
And bless, while I ha'e life, the hour
That gave thee to my biel.
My hame, my hame, my ain dear hame,
Wha wad the biggin lea',
Where smile the bairns that wear his name
Frae aff a mother's knee?

The Happy Mother.

[ALEX. LAING of Brechin.]

AN' O, may I never live single again—
I wish I may never live single again;
I ha'e a gudeman, an' a hame o' my ain,
An' O, may I never live single again.
I've twa bonnie bairns the fairest o' a',
They cheer up my heart when their daddie's
awa';

I've aye at my foot, and I've aye on my knee;
An' fondly they look, an' say "Mammie" to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plough,
The blink in his e'e, an' the smile on his brow,
Says, "how are ye, lassie, O, how are ye a',
An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gae awa'?"
He sings i' the e'enin' fu' cheery an' gay—
He tells o' the toll an' the news o' the day:
The twa bonnie lammies he tak's on his knee,
An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' couthie to me.

O happy's the father that's happy at hame—
An' blythe is the mither that's blythe o' the name;
The cares o' the world they fear na to dree—
The warid is naething to Jehunny an' me.

Though crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,
Awa' bonnie lassies—awa' wi' your fears;
Gin ye get a laddie that's loving an' fain,
Ye'll wish ye may never live single again.

Wae's me for Prince Charlie.

[THE author of this sweetly-tender Jacobite strain was WILLIAM GLEN, a native of Glasgow, who died about 1834. He was for some period of his life a manufacturer in his native city, but his latter days were marked by the poet's too frequent lot—poverty and misfortune. He wrote a variety of songs and other poetical pieces, but the present one is perhaps his happiest. It is sung to the old air of "Johnnie Fae, or the Gypsy Laddie."—During the late visit of Her Majesty the Queen to the North, this song received a mark of royal favour which would have sweetened, had he been alive, poor Glen's bitter cup of life. While at Taymouth Castle, the Marquis of Breadalbane had engaged Mr. Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, to sing before her Majesty. A list of the songs, Mr. Wilson was in the habit of singing was submitted to the Queen, that she might signify her pleasure as to those which she would wish to hear, when her Majesty immediately fixed upon the following:—"Lochaber no more,"—"The Flowers of the Forest,"—"The Lass o' Gowrie,"—"John Anderson, my Jo,"—"Cam' ye by Athol,"—and—"The Laird o' Cockpen." The present song was not in Mr. Wilson's list, but her Majesty herself asked if he could sing "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," which fortunately he was able to do. The selection of songs which the Queen made displays eminently her sound taste and good feeling. A better, or one more varied both as regards music and words, taking the number of pieces into account, could not easily be formed.]

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! when I heard the bonnie soun'
The tears cam' haddin' rarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow,
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"
"Oh! no no no," the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind and rain—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

"On hills that are, by right, his ain
He roves a lanely stranger,
On every side he's press'd by want,
On every side is danger;
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys,
An' whare was't that your Prince lay down
Whase hame should been a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he sheuk his wings wi' anger,
"Oh! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
He hover'd on the wing a while
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

The New Year.

[INSCRIBED TO Joseph Train, Esq., by the author,
WILLIAM DOBIE.—Tune, "Gaid night and joy be
wi' you a'."—Here first printed.]

Come—fill bristful the inspiring bowl,
We'll close this day in festive cheer;
Time out of mind old Scotia's sons
With mirth have hail'd the new-born year.
We all have weather'd many storms,
And safely now are landed here;
But who can tell to us 'tis given,
To meet and hail another year.

For low shall many a proud head lie,
And eyes be dim now sparkling clear;
And severed many a tender tie
Ere time revolve the infant year.
O memory! when my mind looks o'er
Thy records, often fall my tears,
For friends long lost, and vanish'd joys—
For loves and hopes of bygone years!

But why despond? sure 'tis unwise
To damp our present bliss with fear;
When Heaven commands we must depart,
And farewell bid life's fleeting year.
And now, my friends, may fav'ring heaven
My wishes for your welcome hear;
And health, and wealth, and happiness
Attend you still from year to year.

May peace and plenty bless your board,
And marriage crown with love sincere;
May joys unknown to auld langsyne,
Make this a happy, happy year!
Then fill the sparkling glasses full,
And drink to friends both far and near;—
Thus may we meet in joy to greet
The glad return of many a year.

The Woods of Dunmore.

[Music by James Jaap.]

THIS lone heart is thine, lassie, charming and fair,
This fond heart is thine, lassie dear;
Nae world's gear ha'e I, nae oxen nor kye,
I've naething, dear lassie, but a puir heart to gi'e.
Yet dinna say me na,
But come awa',
And wander, dear lassie, 'mang the woods o' Dun-
more, [more.
And wander, dear lassie, 'mang the woods o' Dun-

O sweet is thy voice, lassie, charming an' fair,
Enchanting thy smile, lassie dear;
I'll toll aye for thee, for ae blink o' thine e'e
Is pleasure mair sweet than siller to me.
Yet dinna say me na, &c.

O come to my arms, lassie, charming an' fair,
Awa' wild alarms, lassie dear;
This fond heart an' thine like ivy shall twine,
I'll lo'e thee, dear, till the day that I dee.
O, dinna say me na, &c.

Duncan Gray.

["DUNCAN GRAY" is said to have been a carter or carman in Glasgow, about the beginning of the last century, and the tune which goes by his name is said to have been taken down from his whistling. The following is the old set of words as altered by Burns for Johnson's Museum.]

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
Wae gas by you, Duncan Gray,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
An' jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,
An' a' for the girdin' o't.

Bonnie was the Lammass moon,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
Glowrin' a' the hills aboon,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;
The girdin' brak', the beast cam' down,
I tint my curch an' baith my shoon;
An', Duncan, ye're an unco loon,
Wae on the bad girdin' o't.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
I'll bless you wi' my hindmost breath,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't.
Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
An' auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
An' clout the bad girdin' o't.

Duncan Gray.

[WRITTEN by BURNS in December, 1793, for Thomson's collection. Its humour and spirit have made it an universal favourite.]

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule nicht, when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Maggie cuist her head fu' heich,
Look'd askant, and unco skeigh,
Gart puir Duncan stand abeigh—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
Spak' o' loupin' ower a linn—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slichtit love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzy dee?
She may gae to—France, for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak' sic things.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
Now they're crouse and cantie baith;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Auld Rob Morris.

[THIS is given in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany as an old song. Ramsay, however, was obliged to curtail the original ballad on account of its coarseness. The tune of "Auld Rob Morris" is in an old MS. collection, dated 1693, belonging at one time to Mr. Blaikie, engraver, Paisley, called "Jock the Laird's Brother."]

MOTHER.

AULD Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fallows, and wale o' auld men;
He has fourscore o' black sheep, and fourscore tou;
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

Haud your tongue, mother, and let that abee;
For his eld and my mild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MOTHER.

Haud your tongue, dochter, and lay by your pride,
For he is the bridegroom, and ye'se be the bride;
He shall lie by your side, and kiss you too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris, I ken him fu' weel,
His back sticks out like ony peat-croel;
He's out-shinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-eyed too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

MOTHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass will buy you a new pan;
Then, dochter, ye should na be sae ill to shoe,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will ha'e,
His back is so stiff, and his beard is grown gray;
I had rather die than live wi' him a year;
Sae mair o' Rob Morris I never will bear.

Auld Rob Morris.

[WRITTEN by BURNS, for Thomson's collection, in November, 1792. Burns, it will be seen, borrows the two opening lines of the old song.]

THERE'S auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows, and wale o' auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, and owsen and kine,
And as bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fressh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the licht o' my e'e.

But, oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nocht but a cot-house and yard;

A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
The wounds I maun hide that will soon be my deid.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane,
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

Oh, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might ha'e hoped she wad smiled upon me!
Oh, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

Rob's Jock.

["Rob's Jock," or "The Wooing of Jock and Jenny," to the tune of "Hey, Jenny, com' down to Jock," is one of the very oldest of our Scottish songs, and can be traced as far back as to the Bannatyne MS. of 1568. We find considerable difference of reading in different versions. The following is the version given by Ramsay, who calls it "a very auld ballat."]

Rob's Jock cam' to woo our Jenny;
On as feast day when we were fou;
She brankit fast, and made her bonnie,
And said, Jock, come ye here to woo?
She burnst her, balth breast and brow,
And made her clear as ony clock;
Then spak' her dame, and said, I trow
Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock said, Forsuith, I yearn fu' fain,
To luk my head, and sit down by you;
Then spak' her minny, and said again,
My bairn has tocher enough to gie you.
Tehle! quo' Jenny; Kalk, kalk, I see you:
Minny, yon man mak's but a mock.
Beahrew the liar, fu leis me o' you,
I come to woo your Jenny, quo' Jock.

My bairn has tocher of her ain:
A guse, a gryoe, a cock and hen,
A stirk, a stalg, an acre sawin,
A bake-bread and a bannock-stane,
A pig, a pot, and a kirm there-ben,
A kame but and a kaming stock;
With cogs and luggies nine or ten:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A wecht, a peat-croel, and a cradle,
A pair of clips, a gralp, a flail,
An ark, an ambry, and a laldie,
A milsie, and a sowen-pail,

A rousy whittle to shear the kail,
And a timber-mell the bear to knock,
Twa shelds made of an auld fir-dale:
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A furr, a furiel, and a peck,
A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
A tub, a barrow, and a seck,
A spurtie-braid, and an eiwand.
Then Jock took Jenny by the hand,
And cry'd, A feast! and slew a cock,
And made a bridal upo' land,
Now I ha'e got your Jenny, quo' Jock.

Now dame, I have your dochter married,
And tho' ye mak' it ne'er sae rough,
I let you wit she's nae miscaurried,
It's well kend I ha'e gear enough:
An auld gawd gloyd fell owre a heugh,
A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock:
Withouthen owsen I have a pleugh:
May that no ser your Jenny, quo' Jock?

A t'reen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,
Twa bits of barket blasint leather,
A graith that ganes to cooble shoon,
And a thrawcruck to twyne a teather.
Twa crocks that moup among the heather,
A pair of branks and a fitter lock,
A teugh purse made of a swine's blether,
To haud your tocher, Jenny, quo' Jock.

Good elding fir our winter fire,
A ood of caff wad fill a cradle,
A rake of iron to claut the byre,
A deuk about the dubs to paddle;
The pannel of an auld led-saddle,
And Rob my eem hecht me a stock,
Twa lussy lips to lick a laddie,
May this no gane your Jenny, quo' Jock?

A pair of hems and brechom fine,
And without bitts a bridle renzie,
A sark made of the linkome-twine,
A grey green cloke that will not stenzie;
Mair yet in store—I needna stenzie,
Five hundred fies, a fenny sock?
And are not thae a wakrife menzie,
To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock?

Tak' thir for my part of the feast,
It is well known I am weel bodin':
Ye needna say my part is least,
Were they as meikle as they're lodin'.

The wife speer'd gin the kail was sodin,
When we have done, tak' hame the brok,
The roast was tough as raploch hodin,
With which they feasted Jenny and Jock.

Hey, Jenny.

[THIS song, to the old tune of "Hey, Jenny, com' down to Jock, has been introduced with success on the Edinburgh stage. It is slightly altered and abridged from the copy which appears in Herd's collection of 1776.]

JOCKIE he came here to woo,
Wi' tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,
And Jenny pat on her best array,
When she heard that Jocky had come that way.
Jenny she gaed up the stair;
For Jenny was blate afore unco folk;
And aye sae loud as her mither did rare,
"Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock."

Jenny she came down the stair,
And she cam' bobbin' and beekin' ben;
Her stays they were laced, and her wast it was
And a braw new-made manco gown. [Jimp,
Jockie took her by the hand
"O, Jenny! can ye fancy me?
My father's dead, and has left me some land,
And braw houses twa or three—

And I will gi'e them a' to thee."
"A haith!" quo' Jenny, "I fear you mock."
"Then, soul fa' me, gin I scorn thee;
If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock."
Jenny she gaed up the gate,
Wi' a green gown as side as her smock;
And aye sae loud as her mither did rair
"Vow, sirs! haana Jenny got Jock!"

Maggie's Tocher.

[ANOTHER old song marked by Ramsay in his Tea-Table Miscellany with a Z.]

THE meal was dear short syne,
We buckled us a' thegither;
And Maggie was in her prime,
When Willie made courtship till her.

Twa pistols charg'd by guess,
To gie the courting shot;
And syne came ben the lass,
Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.
He first speir'd at the gudeman,
And syne at Giles the mither,
An' ye wad gie's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en thegither.

My dochter ye shall ha'e,
I'll gie you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fie,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it s'all be good,
There's nane s'all ha'e its maik,
The lass bound in her smood,
And Crummie wha kens her stake:
Wi' an auld bedding o' claes,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' fiae,
Ye may cuddle in them thegither.

Ye speak right weel, gudeman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
and think o' modesty,
Gin ye'll no quit your land.
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gaun thegither,
A house is but and ben,
And Crummie will want her fother.
The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither!
We've neither pat nor pan,
But four bare legs thegither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
For that ye needna fear,
Twa good stils to the pleugh,
And ye yoursel' maun steer:
Ye s'all ha'e twa guid pocks
That anes were o' the tweel,
The tane to haud the groats,
The tither to haud the meal:
Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,
And that s'all be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may haud your tocher.

Consider weel, gudeman,
We ha'e but barrow'd gear,
The horse that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilson's mare;
The saddle's nane o' my ain,
And thae's but borrow'd boots,

And whan that I gae hame,
I maun tak' to my coots;
The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
That gars me look sae crouse;
Come, fill us a cogue o' swats,
We'll mak' nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad;
For telling me sae plain,
I married whan little I had
O' gear that was my ain.
But sin' that things are sae,
The bride she maun come forth,
Tho' a' the gear she'll ha'e
'Twill be but little worth.
A bargain it maun be,
Fye cry on Giles the mither;
Content am I, quo' she,
E'en gar the hizzie come hither.

The bride she gaed to her bed,
The bridegroom he came till her,
The fiddler crap in at the fit,
And they cuddl'd it a' thegither.

Muirland Willie.

[THIS is another song of very considerable antiquity, and is valuable as illustrative of ancient manners. It is marked by Ramsay in his Teatable Miscellany with a Z, implying that it was then old.]

HEARNEN and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do;
The truth I tell to you.
But aye, he cries, Whate'er betide,
Maggie I've ha'e to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yade, as he did ride,
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her daddy's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Gudeman, quoth he, be ye within?
 I'm come your dochter's love to win,
 I carena for making meikle din;
 What answer gi'e ye me?
 Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gi'e ye my dochter's love to win,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye won, or in what town?
 I think my dochter wi'na gloom,
 On sic a lad as ye.
 The wooer he stepp'd up the house,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three oxen in a pleugh,
 Twa good gaun yades, and gear enough,
 The place the ca' it Cadeneugh;
 I scorn to tell a lie:
 Besides, I ha'e frae the great laird,
 A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
 She was the bravest in a' the town
 I wat on him she didna gloom,
 But blinkit bonnie.
 The lover he stended up in haste,
 And gript her harl about the waist,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear;
 And for mysel' ye needna fear,
 Trowth try me whan ye like,
 He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,
 He dightit his gab, and he prie'd her mou',
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,
 She hadna will to say him na,
 But to her daddy she left it a',
 As they twa cou'd agree.
 The lover he gied her the tither kiss,
 Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Your dochter wadna say me na,
 But to yoursel' she's left it a',
 As we cou'd agree between us twa;
 Say, what ye'll gi'e me wi' her?
 Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
 But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfa' o' corn I'll gi'e to thee,
 Three souns o' sheep, twa good milk kye,
 Ye's ha'e the wadding-dinner free;
 Trowth I dow do nae mair.
 Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make haste, let's do't,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;
 But sicken a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.
 This winsome couple straked hands,
 Mee John ty'd up the marriage bands,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-notes, lug-knots, a' in blue,
 Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
 And blinkit bonnie.
 Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our ladies' een,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
 The minstrels they did never blin',
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
 And aye they bobit, and aye they beckt,
 And aye their loofs thegither met,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Banks o' Doon.

[First Version, found among Burns's papers,
 and published by Cromek in his Reliques.]

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fair;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I see fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings upon the bough,
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause love was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings beside thy mate;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause lover staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

Banks o' Doon.

[SECOND VERSION, written by Burns for Johnson's Museum. The following account of the air is given by the Poet, in a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated Nov. 1794: "There is an air, The Caledonian Hunt's Delight, to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson—Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon. This air, I think, might find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer in your good town, was in company with our friend Clarke: and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that, in a few days, Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question."]

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Bonnie Prince Charlie.

[WRITTEN by JAMES HOGG. Composed and arranged for the Piano Forte by N. Gow, jun.]

CAM' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Gary?
Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets an' white cock-
ades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince
Charlie.

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald;
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;
Health to M'Donald and gallant Clan-Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their
Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;
Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field wi' them;
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the whig-
amores,
Loyal true Highlanders, down with them rarely;
Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymores,
Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

See the Moon.

[WRITTEN by the late DANIEL WEIR of Greenock. Adapted to the celebrated air of "Rousseau's Dream."]

SEE the moon o'er cloudless Jura
Shining in the lake below;
See the distant mountain towering
Like a pyramid of snow.
Scenes of grandeur—scenes of childhood—
Scenes so dear to love and me!
Let us roam by bower and wildwood,
All is lovelier when with thee.

On Leman's breast the winds are sighing,
 All is silent in the grove,
 And the flowers with dew-drops glistening
 Sparkle like the eye of love.
 Night so calm, so clear, so cloudless;
 Blessed night to love and me!
 Let us roam by bower and fountain,
 All is lovelier when with thee.

The Ewie.

[WRITTEN by the REV. JOHN SKINNER to an old Highland reel tune. "The Ewie wi' the crooked horn" is supposed to be a metaphor for the whiskey still.]

O, were I able to rehearse,
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,
 I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
 As ever piper's drone could blow.
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn!
 A' that kenn'd her would ha'e sworn,
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
 Hereabouts nor far awa'.

She neither needed tar nor keel,
 To mark her upon hip or heel;
 Her crookit hornie did as weel,
 To ken her by amang them a'.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
 But keepit aye her ain jog-trot;
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
 Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.

A better nor a thrifter beast,
 Nae honest man need e'er ha'e wish'd;
 For, silly thing, she never mis'd
 To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I ga'e to Jock,
 To be to him a kind o' stock;
 And now the liddle has a flock
 Of mair than thretty head and twa.

The neist I ga'e to Jean; and now
 The balrn's a'e braw, has faulds a'e fu',
 That lads sae thick come her to woo,
 They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

Could nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind or rain could never wrang her;
 Ane she lay an ouk and langer
 Forth aneath a wreath o' saw.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
 And ate the kale for a' the tyke,
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But teesed about the barn wa'.

I lookit aye at even for her,
 Lest mishanter should come ower her,
 Or the fuimart might devour her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa'.

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping,
 (Wha can tell o't without greeting?)
 A villain cam', when I was sleeping,
 Staw my ewie, horn and a'.

I socht her sair upon the morn,
 And down aneath a bush o' thorn,
 There I fand her crookit horn,
 But my ewie was awa'.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
 I ha'e sworn as weel as said it,
 Although the laird himsell forbid it,
 I sail gi'e his neck a thrav.

I never met wi' sic a turn:
 At e'en I had baith ewe and horn,
 Safe steeket up; but, 'gain the morn,
 Baith ewe and horn were stown awa'.

A' the claes that we ha'e worn,
 Frae her and hers a'e aft was shorn;
 The loss o' her we could ha'e borne,
 Had fair-strae death ta'en her awa'.

O, had she died o' croup or could,
 As ewies die when they grow auld,
 It hadna been, by mony fauld,
 Sae sair a heart to ane o' us a'.

But thus, puir thing, to lose her life,
 Beneath a bludgy villain's knife;
 In troth, I fear that our gudewife
 Will never get abune't awa.

O, all ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
 Call up your muses, let them mourn
 Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Frae us stown, and fell'd and a'!

Their groves o' sweet myrtle.

[WRITTEN by BURNS in May, 1795, for Mr. Thomson's collection. Tune, "Humours of Glen." "Burns," says Dr. Currie, "wrote professedly for the peasantry of his country, and by them their native dialect is universally relished. To a numerous class of the natives of Scotland of another description, it may also be considered as attractive in a different point of view. Estranged from their native soil, and spread over foreign lands, the idiom of their country unites with the sentiments and descriptions on which it is employed, to recall to their minds the interesting scenes of infancy and youth—to awaken many pleasing, many tender recollections. For Scotsmen of this description more particularly, Burns seems to have written his song, *Their groves o' sweet myrtle*, a beautiful strain, which, it may be confidently predicted, will be sung with equal or superior interest on the banks of the Ganges or of the Mississippi, as on those of the Tay or the Tweed."]

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom;
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
 For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And could Caledonia's blast on the wave;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave!
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean!

My heart's in the Highlands.

[THE first four lines of this song belong to an old stall ballad called "The strong walls of Derry." The rest were added by BURNS for Johnson's Museum. Tune, "Fàilte na Mìog."

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Romance of Dunois.

[THIS appeared in 1815, as a translation from the French, in Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, by Sir WALTER SCOTT. It was afterwards set to music by G. F. Graham, Esq. in Mr. Thomson's Select Melodies. Sir Walter says that "the original made part of a MS. collection of French Songs, found on the field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and with blood as sufficiently to indicate the fate of its owner." Mr Lockhart informs us, that the original romance,

"*Partant pour la Syrie, le jeune et brave Dunois,*" &c.

was written, and set to music also, by Hortense Beauharnois, Duchesse de St. Leu, Ex-Queen of Holland.]

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,

But first he made his orisons before St. Mary's shrine;

"And grant, immortal queen of heaven," was still the soldier's prayer,

That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine, he graved it with his sword,

And followed to the Holy Land the banner of his lord;

Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry filled the air—

"Be honoured aye the bravest knight—be loved the fairest fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege lord said,

"The heart that has for honour beat, by bliss must be repaid,—

My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,

For thou art bravest of the brave—she fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before St. Mary's shrine,

That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine;

And every lord and lady bright that were in chapel there,

Cried, "Honoured be the bravest knight—be loved the fairest fair."

Natibe Caledonia.

[THIS popular strain was written by WILLIAM LOCKHART.—Tune, "The Dusky Glen."]

SAIR, sair was my heart, when I parted frae my Jean,

An' sair, sair I sigh'd while the tear stood in my een,

For my daddie is but poor, and my fortune is sae sma',

It gars me leave my native Caledonia.

When I think on the days now gane, an' sae happy's I ha'e been,

While wand'ring wi' my dear, where the primrose blaws unseen,

I'm wae to leave my lassie, and my daddie's simple ha',

Or the hills an' healthfu' breeze o' Caledonia.

But wherever I wander, still happy be my Jean,

Nae care disturb her bosom, where peace has ever been;

Then tho' ill on ill befa' me, for her I'll bear them a',

Though aft I'll heave a sigh for Caledonia.

But should riches e'er be mine, and my Jeanie still prove true,

Then blaw ye faw'ring breezes, till my native land I view;

Then I'll kneel on Scotia's shore, while the heartfelt tear shall fa',

And never leave my Jean, nor Caledonia.

Land o' the Leal.

[We can find no information regarding the authorship of this song. It appeared shortly after the death of Burns, whose dying thoughts it affects to personify. It is sung to the old tune of "Hey, tattle, tattle."]

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it is thaw, Jean;
I'm wearing awa', Jean,
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither could nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
And we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul lings to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be faun
In the land o' the leal.

The Auld Cloak.

[The antiquity of this song is sufficiently proved from a fragment of it being quoted in Shakespeare's tragedy of Othello, published in 1611. Bishop Percy gives an English version of the song in his Reliques of Ancient Poetry, admitting, at the same time, that the song is originally Scotch. The following is the Scottish version, which appears in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany.]

In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill:

Then Bell, my wife, who lo'es nae strife,
She said to me richt hastille,
Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
And she is come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairn's mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines frae the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end;
Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scanty worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thretty year:
Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half a croun;
He said they were a groat ower dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loon:
He was the king that wore a croun,
And thou the man of laigh degree:
It's pride puts a' the country doun;
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;
I think the world is a' gane wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule:
Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantlie,
While I sit huyklin' i' the aese?—
I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year
Sin' we did aye anither ken;
And we ha'e had atween us twa
Of lads and bonnie lasses ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray weel may they be;
If you would prove a gude husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she would guide me, if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman:

Nocht's to be gain'd at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.

The Barring o' the Door.

[THIS was recovered by David Herd, and published in the second edition of his collection, 1776. There is an old song called "Johnnie Blunt," which resembles the present one in its subject, but is somewhat too coarse for extract.]

It fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was than,
 When our gudewife got puddings to mak',
 And she boll'd them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
 And blew into the floor:
 Quoth our gudeman, to our gudewife,
 "Gae out and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussey's skap,
 Gudeman, as ye may see,
 An' it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year,
 It's no be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure;
 That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could neither see house nor hall,
 Nor coal nor candle light.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether is it a poor?
 But never a word was ane o' them speak,
 For barring o' the door.

And first they ate the white puddings
 And then they ate the black
 Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
 Yet ne'er a word she spak.

Then said the one unto the other,
 "Here, man, tak' ye my knife,
 Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
 And I'll kiss the gudewife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do than?"
 "What ails ye at the puddin' broo,
 That bolls into the pan."

O up then started our gudeman,
 And an angry man was he;
 "Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 And scad me wi' pudding bree?"

Then up and started our gudewife,
 Gied three skips on the floor:
 "Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
 Get up and bar the door."

Tam Glen.

[THIS charming song was written by Burns for Johnson's Museum, where it is set to an old air called "Tam Glen." It is also sung to the air called "The mucking o' Geordie's byre."]

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittle,
 Some counsel unto me come len';
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinkin', wi' sic a braw fallow,
 In puirith we micht mak' a fen'
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
 "Gude day to you," brute! he comes ben;
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me—
 But wha can think aye o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hunder merks ten;
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
 O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentine's deallin',
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten:
 For thrice I drew aye without failin',
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
 My drookit sark-aleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come, counsel, dear tittle, don't tarry;
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

The Carle.

[From Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. There is an older version of the same song given in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, published in 1725.]

THE carle he cam' ower the craft,
 Wi' his beard new-shaven;
 He looked at me as he'd been daft,—
 The carle trowed that I wad ha'e him.
 Hout awa'! I winna ha'e him!
 Na, forsooth, I winna ha'e him!
 For a' his beard new-shaven,
 Ne'er a bit o' me will ha'e him.

A siller brooch he ga'e me neist,
 To fasten on my curchie nookit;
 I wore 't a wee upon my breist,
 But soon, alake! the tongue o't crookit;
 And sae may his; I winna ha'e him!
 Na, forsooth, I winna ha'e him!
 Twice-a-bairn's a lassie's jest;
 Sae any fool for me may ha'e him.

The carle has nae fault but ane;
 For he has land and dollars plenty;
 But, wae me for him, skin and bone
 Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
 Hout awa'! I winna ha'e him!
 Na, forsooth, I winna ha'e him!
 What signifies his dirty riggs,
 And cash, without a man wi' them?

But should my canker daddie gar
 Me tak' him 'gainst my inclination,
 I warn the fumbler to beware
 That antlers dinna claim their station.
 Hout awa'! I winna ha'e him!
 Na, forsooth, I winna ha'e him!
 I'm fleyed to crack the holy band,
 Sae lawty says, I should na ha'e him.

The Wanton Wife.

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

With, trembling to the reaper's sang,
 Warm glitter'd in the harvest sun,
 And murmured down the lanesome glen,
 Where a wife of wanton wit did won.
 Her tongue wagged wi' unhaly wit,
 Unstent by kirk or gospel bann,
 An' aye she wished the kirkyard mools
 Green growing o'er her auld gudeman.

Her auld gudeman drappin in at e'en,
 Wi' harvest heuk—sair toiled was he;
 Sma' was his cog and could his kail,
 Yet anger never rais'd his e'e;
 He blessed the little, and was blithe,
 While spak' the dame, wi' clamorous tongue,
 O sorrow clap your auld beld pow,
 And dance wi' ye to the mools, gudeman!

He hang his bonnet on the pin,
 And down he lay, his dool to drie;
 While she sat singing in the neuk,
 And tasting at the barley bree.
 The lark, 'mid morning's siller gray,
 That wout to cheer him warkward gaun,
 Next morning miss'd among the dew
 The blithe and dainty auld gudeman.

The third morn's dew on flower and tree
 'Gan glorious in the sun to glow,
 When sung the wanton wife to mark
 His feet gaun foremost o'er the knowe.
 The first flight o' the winter's rime
 That on the kirkyard sward had faun,
 The wanton wife skiff'd aff his grave,
 A-kirking wi' her new gudeman.

A dainty dame I wat was she,
 High brent and burnished was her brow,
 'Mang lint-locks curling; and her lips
 Twin daisies dawned through honey dew.
 And light and loesome in the dance,
 When ha' was het, or kirk was won;
 Her breasts twa drifts o' purest snaw,
 In cauld December's boom faun.

But lang ere winter's winds blew by,
 She skirled in her lonesome bow;
 Her new gudeman, wi' haele rung,
 Began to kame her wanton pow.

Her hearth was slokent out wi' care,
Toom grew her kist and cauld her pan,
And dreigh and dowie waxed the night,
Ere Beltane, wi' her new gudeman.

She dreary sits 'tween naked wa's,
Her cheek ne'er dimpled into mirth;
Half-happit, haurling out o' doors,
And hunger-haunted at her hearth.
And see the tears fa' frae her een,
Warm happin' down her haffits wan,
But guess her bitterness of soul
In sorrow for her auld gudeman!

The Gude Farmer.

[WRITTEN by A. SCOTT, to the tune of "The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow."]

I'm now a gude farmer, I've acres o' land,
An' my heart aye louns light when I'm viewin'
An' I ha'e servants at my command, [o't,
An' twa dainty cows for the plowin' o't.
My farm is a snug ane, lies high on a muir,
The muir-cocks an' plivers aft skirl at my door,
An' whan the sky lows I'm aye sure o' a show'r,
To moisten my land for the plowin' o't.

Leeze me on the mailin that's fa'n to my share,
It taks sax muckle bowes for the sawin' o't;
I've sax braid acres for pasture, an' mair,
And a dainty bit bog for the mawin' o't.
A spence an' a kitchen my mansion-house gies,
I've a cantie wee wife to daunt when I please,
Twa bairnies, twa callans, that skelp ower the leas,
An' they'll soon can assist at the plowin' o't.

My biggan stands sweet on this south slopin' hill,
An' the sun shines sae bonnily beamin' on't,
An' past my door trots a clear prattlin' rill,
Frae the loch, whare the wild ducks are swim-
min' on't:

An' on its green banks, on the gay summer days,
My wife trips barefoot, a-bleaching her claes,
An' on the dear creature wi' rapture I gaze,
While I whistle and sing at the plowin' o't.

To rank amang farmers I ha'e muckle pride,
But I mauna speak high when I'm tellin' o't,
How brawlie I strut on my sheltie to ride,
Wi' a sample to show for the sellin' o't.

In blue worst boots that my auld mither span,
I've aft been fu' vanty sin' I was a man,
But now they're flung by, an' I've bought cordivan,
And my wife ne'er grudg'd me a shillin' o't.

Sae now, whan tae kirk or tae market I gae,
My weelfare, what need I be hidin' o't?
In brow leather boots, shining black as the slae,
I dink me to try the ridin' o't.
Last townmond I sell'd off four bowes o' gude bear,
An' thankfu' I was, for the victual was dear,
An' I came hame wi' spurs on my heels shinin'
I had sic good luck at the sellin' o't. [clear,

Now hairst time is owre, an' a fig for the laird,
My rent's now secure for the toillin' o't;
My fields are a' bare, and my crap's in the yard,
An' I'm nae mair in doubts o' the spoillin' o't.
Now welcome gude weather, or wind, or come weat,
Or bauld ragin' winter, wi' hail, snaw, or sleet,
Nae mair can he draigle my crap 'mang his feet,
Nor wraik his mischief, an' be spoillin' o't.

An' on the dowf days, whan loud hurricanes blaw
Fu' snug i' the spence I'll be viewin' o't,
An' jink the rude blast in my rush-theekit ha'.
Whan fields are seal'd up frae the plowin' o't.
My bonnie wee wife, the bairnies, an' me,
The peat-stack, and turf-stack, our Phœbus shall
Till day clooe the scoul o' its angry e'e, [be,
An' we'll rest in gude hopes o' the plowin' o't.

Symon and Janet.

[WRITTEN in 1803 (during the alarm of a French invasion) by ANDREW SCOTT, now or recently bethral or church officer in the parish of Bowden, Roxburghshire.]

SURROUNDED wi' bent and wi' heather,
Where muircocks and plovers were rife,
For mony a lang townmond together,
There lived an auld man and his wife:
About the affairs o' the nation
The twosome they seldom were mute;
Bonaparte, the French, and invasion,
Did an'ur in their wizzins like soot.

In winter, whan deep were the gutters,
And nicht's gloomy canopy spread,
Auld Symon sat luntin' his cuttie,
And lows'nin' his buttons for bed;

Auld Janet, his wife, out a-gazing,
To lock in the door was her care;
She, seeing our signals a-blazing,
Came rinnin' in rying her hair:

O, Symon, the Frenchies are landit!
Gae look man, and slip on your shoon;
Our signals I see them extendit,
Like red risin' rays frae the moon.
What a plague! the French landit! quo' Symon,
And clash gaed his pipe to the wa':
Faith, then, there's be loadin' and primpin',
Quo' he, if they're landit ava.

Our youngest son's in the militia,
Our eldest grandson's volunteer:
O' the French to be fu' o' the flesh o',
I too! the ranks shall appear.
His waistcoat-pouch fill'd he wi' poulder,
And bang'd down his rusty auld gun;
His bullets he pat in the other,
That he for the purpose had run.

Then humped he out in a hurry,
While Janet his courage bewails,
And cried out, Dear Symon, be wary!
And teuchly she hung by his tails.
Let be wi' your kindness, cried Symon,
Nor vex me wi' tears and your cares;
For, now to be ruled by a woman,
Nae laurels shall crown my grey hairs.

Then hear me, quo' Janet, I pray thee,
I'll tend thee, love, livin' or deld,
And if thou should fa', I'll dee wi' thee,
Or tie up thy wounds if thou bleed.
Quo' Janet, O, keep frae the riot!
Last nicht, man, I dreamt ye was deld;
This aught days I tentit a pyot
Sit chatt'rin' upon the house-heid.

As yesterday, workin' my stockin',
And you wi' the sheep on the hill,
A muckle black corbie sat croaking;
I kend it foreboddit some ill.
Hout, cheer up, dear Janet, be hearty;
For, ere the neist sun may gae down,
Wha kens but I'll shoot Bonaparte,
And end my auld days in renown.

Syne off in a hurry he stumped,
Wi' bullets, and poulder, and gun;
At a curpin auld Janet, too, humped
Awa' to the neist neebour-toun:

There footmen and yeomen paradin',
To scour off in dirdum were seen;
And wives and young lasses a' sheddin'
The briny saut tears frae their een.

Then aff wi' his bonnet got Symie,
And to the commander he gaes,
Quo' he, Sir, I mean to gae wi' ye,
And help ye to lounder our faes:
I'm auld, yet I'm teuch as the wire,
Sae we'll at the rogues ha'e a daash,
And fags, if my gun winna fire,
I'll turn her but-end and I'll thrash.

Well spoken, my hearty old hero!
The captain did smilin' reply;
But begg'd he wad stay till to-morrow,
Till day-light should glent in the sky.
What reck, a' the stoure cam' to naething,
Sae Symon, and Janet his dame,
Halescart, frae the wars, without skaithing,
Gaed, bannin' the French, away hame.

Oh ono chri oh.

[From a collection of Jacobite Melodies, published at Edinburgh in 1833. This lamentation is said to relate to an incident connected with the massacre of the Macdonalds of Glenco, in 1691.]

Ox, was not I a weary wight?
Oh ono chri oh! oh ono chri oh!
Maid, wife, and widow, in one night!
Oh ono chri oh! &c.
When in my soft and yielding arms,
Oh ono chri oh! &c.
When most I thought him free from harms,
Oh ono chri oh! &c.

Even at the dead time of the night,
Oh ono chri oh! &c.
They broke my bower, and slew my knight,
Oh ono chri oh! &c.
With ae lock of his jet black hair,
Oh ono chri oh! &c.
I'll tie my heart for ever mair;
Oh ono chri oh! &c.

Nae sly-tongued youth, or flattering swain,
Oh ono chri oh! &c.
Shall e'er untie this knot again:
Oh ono chri oh! &c.

Thine, still, dear youth, that heart shall be,
Oh ono chri oh ! &c.
Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee !
Oh ono chri oh ! &c.

The Gaberlunzie-man.

[This humorous and graphic piece is generally ascribed to JAMES V. king of Scotland, (born 1512: died 1542). James V. was known often to go in disguise, and indulge in frolics similar to the one here celebrated.]

THE pawkie auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' mony gude e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Gudewife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a silly poor man ?
The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My daughter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow ! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be !
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir sile twa together were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O ! quo' he, an' ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou should gang.
And O ! quo' she, an' I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleed me braw and lady like,
And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And willily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claise;
Syne to the servant's bed she gae,
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cry'd, Wadaday !
For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
She dane'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest !
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirm's to kirm, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gade where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to the gudewife 'gan say,
She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie, man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traytors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit:
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But aye she cur'd and she bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa wi' kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for aye, he ga'e her his aith,
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha'e nae learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

"It's weel it's nae waur."

[EDWARD POLIN, Paisley.—Here first printed.]

It's true, frien', it's true,
An' I'm wae tae confess,
That our joy might be mair,
An' our grief might be less;
But we aye get a mouthfu',
Though we whiles kenna whar,
See, O! frien', be thankfu'—
"It's weel it's nae waur."

We've a' dreet the girnin'
O' cauld gloomin' care,
Yet o' hope's mornin' sang
Ha'e we no had our share?
Though the cary be dark whiles,
There's aye some bit star,
Tae keep us reflectin'
"It's weel it's nae waur."

We've sicken'd in sorrow
At parting to-day,
But the meetin' to-morrow
Can chase it away;
An' if some frien' ha'e wither'd
Sin' we were afa',
We ken whar their banes lie—
"It's weel it's nae waur."

Our ills ha'e been mony—
We've a' had our share,
An' nae doubt we've whiles thoct
That nane could ha'e mair;
But yet there are thousan's
Mair wretched by far,
Then, O! frien', be thankfu'—
"It's weel it's nae waur."

Scotland.

[THOMAS SMIBERT.]

THE hills of my country are mantled with snow,
Yet, oh! I but love them the more,
More noble they seem in the sun's setting glow,
Than all that the vales of the Southron can show,
When gay with the summer's whole store.

Tho' brighter the landscape, and blazier the air,
In climes that look straight to the sun,
The dearest enjoyments of home are not there,
The chat and the laugh by the hearth's cheering
glare,
When day and its labours are done.

And thus, like the snow-cover'd hills of their land,
Its sons may seem rugged and rude,
Yet gentler in heart is each man of the band,
More kindly in feeling, more open in hand,
Than all whom the tropics include.

"A goud old Song."

[EDWARD POLIN, Paisley.—Here first printed.]

I HAVE wander'd afa' 'neath stranger skies,
And have revell'd amid their flowers,
I have lived in the light of Italian eyes,
And dream'd in Italian bowers,
While the wond'rous strains of their sunny clime
Have been trill'd to enchant mine ears;
But, oh! how I longed for the song and the time
When my heart could respond with its tears.
Then sing me a song, a good old song,
Not the foreign, the learn'd, the grand,—
But a simple song, a good old song
Of my own dear father-land.

I have heard, with the great, and the proud, and
the gay,
All, all they would have me adore,
Of that music divine that, enraptur'd, they say,
Can be equal'd on earth never more;
And it may be their numbers indeed are divine,
Though they move not my heart through music
ears,
But a ballad old of the dear "langsyne"
Can alone claim my tribute of tears.
Then sing me a song, &c

I have come from a far and a foreign clime
To mine own loved haunts once more,
With a yearning for all of my childhood's time,
And the dear home-sounds of yore,
And here if there yet be love for me,
O! away with those stranger lays,
And now let my only welcome be
An old song of my boyhood days.
Then sing me a song, &c.

Dainty Davie.

[THE following song, which BURNS sent to Thomson's collection, was merely an improvement and extension of a song which he had previously contributed to Johnson's Museum, called "The Gardener wi' his paddle." "Dainty Davie," says Allan Cunningham, "is the name of an old merry song from which Burns has borrowed nothing save the title and the measure. It relates the adventure of David Williamson, a preacher of the days of the covenant: he was pursued by Dail-sell's dragoons, and seeking a refuge in the house of Cherrytrees, the devout lady put the man of God into a bed beside her daughter, to hide him from the men of Bellal. The return which the reverend gentleman made for this is set forth very graphically in the old verses. The young lady sings—

'Being pursued by a dragoon,
Within my bed he was laid down,
And weel I wat he was worth his room,
My douse, my dainty Davie!'

"The tune of Dainty Davie," says Mr. Stenhouse, "is inserted in Playford's Dancing Master, first published in 1637. It is clear, therefore, that there was a song under this title, long before the well-known story about the Rev. David Williamson and the daughter of the laird of Cherrytrees."

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green birken bowers,
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dew I will repair,
To meet my faithful Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I'll flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my dainty Davie.

The Gardener wi' his paddle.

[THE reader may be curious to see the difference between "Dainty Davie," and "The Gardener wi' his paddle." The latter BURNS contributed to Johnson's Museum. It is adapted to an old tune, called "The Gardener's March."]

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours—
The gard'ner wi' his paddle.
The crystal waters gently fa';
The merry birds are lovers a';
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The gard'ner wi' his paddle.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dew he maun repair—
The gard'ner wi' his paddle.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es best—
The gard'ner wi' his paddle.

Lucky Nancy.

[FROM the first vol. of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, where it appears with the mark Q, signifying that it is an old song with additions. Regarding this song, Lord Woodhouselee says: "I have been informed, on good authority, that the words, as printed in Ramsay's collection, were written by the Hon. DUNCAN FORBES, lord president of the Court of Session." It is given in Ramsay to the tune of "Dainty Davie."]

WHILE fops, in soft Italian verse,
Ilk fair ane's een and breist rehearse
While sangs abound, and wit is scarce,
These lines I have indited.

But neither darts nor arrows, here,
Venus nor Cupid, shall appear;
Although with these fine sounds, I swear,
The maidens are delighted.

I was aye telling you,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
And syne the unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Cloe, Phillis;
I'll fetch nae simle frae Jove,
My height of ecstasy to prove,
Nor sighing—thus—present my love
With roes eke and lillies.

But, stay—I had amaist forgot
My mistress, and my sang to boot,
And that's an unco faut, I wot;
But, Nancy, 'tis nae matter:
Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
And ken ye that atones the crime;
Forbye, how sweet my numbers chime,
And glide away like water!

Now ken, my reverend sony fair,
Thy runkled cheeks, and lyart hair,
Thy half-shut een, and hoddling air,
Are a' my passion's fuel;
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms enew for me;
Then smile, and be na cruel.
Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy;
Dryest wood will eithest low,
And, Nancy, nae will ye now.

Troth, I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear, then, my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nancy:
But, if the world my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken, I despise a slanderous tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.
Leeze me on, &c.

Symon Brodie.

[THIS old ditty, to its own tune, appeared in Herd's collection, 1776.]

SYMON BRODIE had a cow:
The cow was lost, and he couldna find her:
When he had done what man could do,
The cow cam' hame, and her tail behind her.
Honest auld Symon Brodie,
Stupid auld doitt bodie!
I'll awa' to the north countrie,
And see my ain dear Symon Brodie.

Symon Brodie had a wife,
And, wow! but she was braw and bonnie.
She took the dish-clout aff the bulk,
And preen'd it to her cockernonie.
Honest auld Symon Brodie, &c.

The Wlptzome Bridal.

[THIS piece of satiric humour was first published in Watson's collection of Scottish poems, 1706, and its authorship has generally been ascribed to Francis Semple, Esq. of Beltrees, in Renfrewshire, who lived about the middle of the 17th century. Of late years, however, it has been claimed as the composition of Sir William Scott of Thirlestane, in Selkirkshire, ancestor of the present lord Napier. His claim is only supported on the faith of an unbroken tradition in the Napier family. Sir William was married in 1699 to Elizabeth, mistress of Napier, and died in 1726. Two years after his death, a collection of his Latin poems was printed at Edinburgh.]

Fy let us a' to the bridal,
For ther'll be liltin' there;
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.
And there'll be langkale and pottage,
And bannocks o' barley meal;
And there'll be good sant herrin',
To relish a cogue o' gude yill.
Fy let us a', &c.

And there'll be Sandle the souter,
 And Will wi' the mickle mou';
 And there'll be Tam the bluter,
 And Andrew the tinkler, I trow.
 And there'll be bow-leggit Robbie,
 Wi' thumless Katie's gudeman;
 And there'll be blue-cheekit Dobbie,
 And Lawrie, the laird o' the land.

And there'll be sow-libber Patie,
 And plookie-sha'd Wat o' the mill;
 Capper-nosed Francie, and Gibbie,
 That wins in the howe o' the hill.
 And there'll be Alaster Sibbie,
 That in wi' black Bessie did mool;
 Wi' sneevlin' Lillie, and Tibbie,
 The lass that sits aft on the stool.

And there'll be Judan MacIowrie,
 And blinkin' daft Barbara Macleg;
 Wi' flae-luggit shairnie-faced Lawrie,
 And shangle-mou'd haluket Meg.
 And there'll be happier-hipp'd Nancie,
 And fairy-faced Flowrie by name,
 Muck Maudie, and fat-luggit Grizzie,
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there'll be Girnagain Gibbie,
 And his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macaple,
 The lad that was skipper himsell.
 There lads and lasses in pearlins
 Will feast in the heart o' the ha';
 On sybaws, and reefarts, and carlins,
 That are bath sodden and raw.

And there'll be fadges and brachen,
 And fouth o' gude gabbocks o' skate,
 Powsoudie, and drammock, and crowdie,
 And caller nowt-feet on a plate:
 And there'll be partens and buckles,
 And whytens and speldins enew,
 And singit sheep-heads and a baggis,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

And there'll be gude lapper-milk kebbucks,
 And sowens, and faries, and baps,
 Wi' swats and weel-scraped painches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caups;
 And there'll be meal-kail and kistocks,
 Wi' skink to sup till ye rive;
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of fousks that were taken alive.

Scrapped haddock, wile, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill o' gude sneeshin' to prie;
 When weary wi' eatin' and drinkin',
 We'll rise up and dance till we dee.
 Fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there'll be hiltin' there,
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

Hallow-fair.

["HALLOW-FAIR," to the tune of "Fy, let us a' to the bridal," was written by the unfortunate ROBERT FERROUSON, the distinguished precursor of Burns, and first printed in David Herd's collection of 1778. Hallow-fair is a fair held annually at Edinburgh.]

THERE'S fouth o' braw Jockies and Jennies
 Comes weel-buskit into the fair,
 With ribbons on their cockermories,
 And fouth o' fine flour on their hair.
 Maggie she was sae weel buskit,
 That Willie was tied to his bride;
 The pownie was ne'er better whisket
 Wi' cudgel that hang frae his side.

But Maggie was wond'rous jealous,
 To see Willie buskit sae braw;
 And Sandy he sat in the alehouse,
 And hard at the liquor did ca'.
 There was Geordie, that weel loosed his lassie,
 He took the pint-stoup in his arms,
 And hugg'd it, and said, Trough they're saucie,
 That loes na guld-father's bairn.

There was Wattie, the muirland laddie,
 That rides on the bonnie grey cowt,
 With sword by his side like a cadie
 To drive in the sheep and the nowt.
 His doublet sae weel it did fit him,
 It scarcely cam' down to mid-thie,
 With hair pouthered, hat, and a feather,
 And housing at curpen and tee.

But Bruckle played boo to Bessie,
 And a' scoured the court like the wind;
 Pair Wattie he fell on the causey,
 And birzed a' the banes in his skin.
 His pistols fell out o' the hilters,
 And were a' bedaubed wi' dirt,
 The folk they cam' round him in clusters;
 Some leuch, and cried, Lad, was ye hurt?

But couth wad let naebodie steer him,
 He aye was sae wanton and skeigh;
 The packmen's stands he overturned them,
 And garred a' the Jocks stand abeligh;
 Wi' sneerin' behind and before him,
 For sic is the mettle o' brutes,
 Pair Wattie, and wae's me for him,
 Was fain to gang hame in his boots.

Now it was late in the e'enin',
 And boughing-time was drawing near;
 The lasses had stanch'd their greenin'
 Wi' fouth o' braw apples and beer.
 There was Lillie, and Tibble, and Sibbie,
 And Ceily on the spindle could spin,
 Stood glowrin' at signs and glass winnocks,
 But dail a ane bade them come in.

Gude guide us! saw ye e'er the like o't?
 See, yonder's a bonnie black swan;
 It glow'r's as it wad fain be at us;
 What's on that it hauds in its hand?
 Awa', daft gowk, cries Wattie,
 They're a' but a ruckle o' sticks;
 See, there is Bill-Jock and auld Hawkie,
 And yonder's Mess John and auld Nick.

Quoth Maggie, Come buy us our fairin';
 And Wattie richt sleely could tell,
 I think thou'r't the flower o' the clachan,—
 In trowth, now, I've gie' thee mysell.
 But wha wad ha' e'er thoct it o' him,
 That e'er he had rippled the lint?
 Sae proud was he o' his Maggie,
 Though she was baith scullie and squint.

Slichtit Nancy.

[THIS appears in the first vol. of Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* (1734) without any mark. The reader will discover in it the origin of the English song, "Nobody coming to marry me." It is given in Ramsay to the tune of "Kirk wad let me be."]

It's I ha'e seven braw new gouns,
 And ither seven better to mak';
 And yet, for a' my new gouns,
 My wooer has turn'd his back.
 Besides, I have seven milk-kye,
 And Sandy he has but three;
 And yet, for a' my gude kye,
 The laddie winna ha'e me.

My daddie 's a deliver o' dykes,
 My mother can card and spin,
 And I'm a fine fodgeg lass,
 And the siller comes linkin' in;
 The siller comes linkin' in,
 And it is fu' fair to see,
 And fifty times, wow! O wow!
 What ails the lads at me?

Whenever our Bawty does bark,
 Then fast to the door I rin,
 To see gin ony young spark
 Will licht and venture but in;
 But never a ane will come in,
 Though mony a ane gaes by;
 Syne ben the house I rin,
 And a weary wicht am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
 I pray'd but anes i' the year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
 And a lad wi' muckle gear.
 When I was at my neist prayers,
 I pray'd but now and then,
 I ha'd na my head about gear,
 If I got a handsome young man.

Now I am at my last prayers,
 I pray on baith nicht and day,
 And, oh, if a beggar wad come,
 With that same beggar I'd gae.
 And, oh, and what 'll come o' me?
 And, oh, and what 'll I do!
 That sic a braw lassie as I
 Should die for a wooer, I trow!

The winter sat lang.

[By J. MAYNE, author of "Logan Braes." See page 24.]

THE winter sat lang on the spring o' the year,
 Our seedtime was late, and our mauling was dear;
 My mither tint her heart when she look'd on us a',
 And we thought upon them that were farst awa';
 O! were they but here that are farst awa'!
 O! were they but here that are dear to us a'!
 Our cares wud seem light and our sorrows but sma',

If they were but here that are far frae us a'!

Last week, when our hopes were o'enclouded wi' fear,

And nae ane at hame the dull prospect to cheer,
Our Johnnie has written, frae far awa' parts,
A letter that lightens and hauds up our hearts.
He says, "My dear mither, though I be awa',
In love and affection I'm still wi' ye a';
While I ha'e a being, ye'e aye ha'e a ha',
Wi' plenty to keep out the frost and the snaw."

My mither, o'erjoy'd at this change in her state,
By the bairn that she doated on early and late,
Giv's thanks; night and day, to the Giver of a',
There's been naething unworthy o' him that's awa'!
Then, here is to them that are far frae us a',
The friend that ne'er fail'd us, though farrest awa'!
Health, peace, and prosperity, wait on us a'!
And a blythe comin' hame to the friend that's awa'!

I'll aye ca' in.

[COMPOSED BY BURNS, in honour of his Jean.
The title of the tune is, "I'll gang nae mair to yon toun," being the first line of an old ballad, beginning,

"I'll gang nae mair to yon toun,
O, never a' my life again;
I'll ne'er gae back to yon toun,
To seek anither wife again."

This tune appears so far back as in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. It was observed to be a great favourite with George IV. during his visit to Edinburgh in 1822.]

I'll aye ca' in by yon toun,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon toun,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nane shall ken, there's nane shall guess,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass;
And stowlns we shall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again.

I'll aye ca' in by yon toun,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon toun,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

Oh, wat ye wha's.

[THIS is another composition of Burns's, to the tune "I'll gang nae mair to yon toun." It appears, along with the above, in Johnson's Museum. "Jean" was the original heroine of the song, but Burns afterwards altered the name to "Lucy," in honour of the lady of R. A. Oswald, Esq. of Auchincruive, Ayrshire, who fell a victim to consumption in 1798, when only about thirty years of age. Her maiden name was Lucy Johnston.]

O, wat ye wha's in yon toun,
Ye see the e'ening sun upon?
The fairest maid's in yon toun,
That e'ening sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest, ye flows, that round her blaw!
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

How blest, ye birds, that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Jeanie dear!

The sun blinks blythe on yon toun,
Amang yon broomy braes see green;
But my delight, in yon toun,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

Without my love, not a' the charms
Of Paradise could yield me joy;
But gi'e me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's drearie sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Though raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon toun,
The sinking sun's gane down upon;
The dearest maid's in yon toun,
His setting beam e'er shone upon.

If angry fate be sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
I'll careless quit aught else below;
But spare, oh! spare me Jeanie dear.

For, while life's dearest blood runs warm,
My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart.
For, as most lovely is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

Ⓢ, thou hast seen.

[WRITTEN by the late JOHN SIM of Paisley, to the tune of "Banks of Spey."]

O! THOU hast seen the lily fair,
All bathed in morning dew;
And thou hast seen the lovely rose,
Just op'ning to the view.
The lily bathed in morning dew,
The rose so fair to see,
Are not more pure than her I love,
Are not more fair than thee.

But soon before time's withering blast,
The rose and lily fade;
Nor even will beauty such as thine
Outlive its darkening shade.
Yet there is that within thy breast
Will ruthless time defy,
A mind will bloom when beauty fades,
Will flourish in the sky.

Ⓢ sair I rue.

[ROBERT TANNHILL.]

O SAIR I rue the witless wish,
That gar'd me gang wi' you at e'en,
And sair I rue the birken bush,
That screen'd us with its leaves so green.
And though ye vow'd ye wad be mine,
The tear o' grief aye dims my e'e,
For, O! I'm fear'd that I may tyne
The love that ye ha'e promis'd me!

While others seek their e'en'ing sports,
I wander, dowie, a' my lane,
For when I join their glad resorts,
Their drifing gies me meikle pain.
Alas! it was nae sae shortytne,
When a' my nights were spent wi' glee;
But, O! I'm fear'd that I may tyne
The love that ye ha'e promis'd me.

Dear lassie, keep thy heart aboon,
For I ha'e wair'd my winter's fee,
I've coft a bonnie silken gown,
To be a bridal gift for thee.
And sooner shall the hills fa' down,
And mountain-high shall stand the sea,
Ere I'd accept a gowden crown,
To change that love I bear for thee.

Ye Jacobites by Name.

[THIS song appears in the fourth volume of Johnson's Museum, and there is every reason to believe, that it is a production of Burns's, founded on some older Jacobitical effusion. The tune of "Ye Jacobites by name" is very beautiful, and has been adapted to several songs, but to none with more success than the one entitled "My love's in Germanie," given elsewhere.]

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame—
You shall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang?
A short sword, and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strong
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the statz, in the state;

Then let your schemes alone in the state;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

The Nabob.

[*ARR. "Traveller's Return."*—This simple, natural, and affecting production is to be found in almost every Scottish song-book of the present century, with the name "Miss BLAMIRE" attached as the authoress; but who "Miss Blamire" was, what part of the country she belonged to, and whether she was living or dead, were questions which none or very few could answer, until the recent publication of a volume with the following title, "The Poetical Works of Miss Susanna Blamire, 'the muse of Cumberland;' now for the first time collected by Henry Lonsdale, M. D.; with a Preface, Memoir, and Notes, by Patrick Maxwell: Edinburgh, 1842." From this elegant little volume we learn, that Susanna Blamire was a native of Cumberland, and born at Cardew Hall, about six miles from Carlisle, on the 12th of January, 1747; that her father was a respectable gentleman of the county, William Blamire, Esq. of the Oaks; that her mother died early in life, and Susanna was brought up chiefly with a benevolent and rich aunt, Mrs. Simpson of Thackwood; that in 1767 her eldest sister Sarah married Colonel Graham of Gartmore, after which period she spent a considerable portion of her time at her sister's residence in Scotland; that the latter years of her life were afflicted by infirm health, and that she died at Carlisle on the 5th of April, 1794, at the age of forty-seven. "She had," according to her biographer Mr. Maxwell, who has displayed unwearied research in gathering the particulars of her life from sources that were fast dying away, "a graceful form, somewhat above the middle size, and a countenance—though slightly marked with the smallpox—beaming with good nature; her dark eyes sparkled with animation, and won every heart at the first introduction. She was called by her affectionate countrymen 'a bonnie and varra lish young lass,' which may be interpreted as meaning a beautiful and very lively young girl. Her affability and total freedom from affectation, put to flight that reserve which her presence was apt to create in the minds of her humbler associates; for they quick'y perceived she really wished them happiness, and aided in promoting it by every effort in her power. She freely mingled in their social parties, called *merry meets* in Cumberland; and by her graceful figure, elegant dancing, and kind-hearted gaiety, gave a

zest to the entertainments, which without her presence would have been wanting." Miss Blamire's productions consist of a variety of pieces in the English language, a considerable number of Scottish Songs, and some songs in the Cumberland dialect. None of them were printed in her lifetime with her name, but most of them were distributed in MS. among her friends and relations. Of her Scottish songs, the following is the most universally popular. We give it here with Mr. Maxwell's permission, from his own copy, collated with two manuscripts in the authoress's handwriting and other MS. copies.]

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' mony hopes and fears:
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak
O' some dear former day;
Those days that follow'd me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!

The ivy'd tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepp'd forth wi' open hand,
Nae woe kenn'd face I saw;
Till Donald totter'd to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

I ran to lik a dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I clos'd the door, and sobb'd aloud,
To think on auld langsyne!

Some pensy chiefs, a new sprung race,
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shudder'd at my Gothic wa's
And wish'd my groves away:

"Out, cut," they cried, "those aged elms,
Lay low yon mournfu' pine:"
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waeifu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But sair on lika weel-kenn'd fies
I miss'd the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declar'd divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrill'd through a' my heart:
The sang had mony an artfu' turn;
My ear confess'd 'twas fine,
But miss'd the simple melody
I listen'd to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgi'e an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen:
When time has past, and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!

What care I.

[WILLIAM PAUL. Music by James P. Clarke.]

My father has baith gowd and gear,
Forby a bonnie mairlen free;
My mither spins wi' eident care,
An' dochters they ha'e nane but me.
But what care I for gowd and gear,
Or what care I for mairlens free;
I wadna gi'e a bonnie lad,
For a' the gowd in Chrisendie.

My mither cries, Tak' Sandy Bell,
The canny laird o' Hasleglen;
My father bids me please mysel',
But tak' the laird o' auld Kilpenn.
But what care I for gowd and gear,
Nae charm has gowd and gear for me;
I wadna gi'e a bonnie lad,
For a' the gowd in Chrisendie.

What ails this heart.

[SUSANNA BLAMIRE.—Air, "Sir James Baird."
—"This song," says Mr. Maxwell, "seems to have been a favourite with the authoress, for I have met with it in various forms among her papers; and the labour bestowed upon it has been well repaid by the popularity it has all along enjoyed. The edition given, the best that has yet been in types, is printed from a copy of several of her poems and songs, fairly and carefully written out, apparently either for publication or for the perusal of a friend, all of which appear to have got her final corrections. See the air in Neil Gow's First Collection of Reels, &c. 8d edit. p. 8. It forms the 541st song in 'The Scots Musical Museum,' vol. vi., first published in June 1803. The original title of the air seems to have been 'My dearie, an' thou dee.' It is the second song to the music, the first being Gall's beautiful 'O, Mary, turn awa'.' 'Both of these songs,' says Mr. Stanhouse, 'are excellent.'"]

What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery e'e?
What gars me a' turn cauld as death
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa'
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
I u'd to meet thee there.
Then I'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
I strove mysel' to hide.
I'll doat on lika spot
Where I ha'e been wi' thee;
And ca' to mind some kindly word
By lika burn and tree!

Wi' sic thoughts I' my mind,
Time through the world may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul,
And keep friends I' the e'e;
And gin I think I see thee aye,
What can part that and me!

The Toom Pouch.

[TAKEN down from the singing of Jamie, a natural who frequents the watering places of Dunblane and Bridge of Allan. We know not who is the author of the song, nor whether it has been before printed.—AIR, "The auld man's mare's dead."]

O WEARY on the toom pouch,
It shames us a' the toom pouch;
Sic times as we ha'e aften seen,
Make mony a wae'f' toom pouch.

Of a' the ills in life's career,
The want o' bread and beef and beer,
The taunt o' men, and women's jeer—
The greatest is the toom pouch.
O weary on, &c.

An empty purse is alighted sair,
Gang ye to market, kirk, or fair,
Ye'll no be muckle thought o' there
Gin ye gang wi' a toom pouch.
O weary on, &c.

An empty purse is ill to wear,
An empty purse is ill to share,
E'en lovers' friendship canna bear
To hear ought o' a toom pouch.
O weary on, &c.

But O, ye lassies blythe and clean,
Just let me tell ye as a frien',
Whene'er you meet your lads at e'en,
Be canny on the toom pouch.
O weary on, &c.

For fags! the times are no the thing
To mak' our merry taverns ring;
And wha the dell could dance and sing
Gin pester'd wi' a toom pouch?
O weary on, &c.

Sae dinna ca' your laddie shy,
And dinna say he's cauld and dry,
And dinna speak o' sweeties.—Fie!
Be mindfu' o' the toom pouch.
O weary on, &c.

For kind may be his heart and true,
And weel and warmly may he lo'e,
And fondly kiss your cherry mou',
Although he wears a toom pouch.
O weary on, &c.

But may be times will mend a wee,
When twa may venture to be three;
But, gudesake, lassies! ne'er agree
To marry wi' a toom pouch.
O weary on, &c.

The bright Star.

[ALEXANDER KEAY, a ploughman in the Kingmuir, Fifehire. Air, "The bonnie hawthorn."—Here first printed.]

THE bright star o' e'enin' peep'd forth frae the sky,
The winds were a' hush'd,—not a mortal was nigh,
When Jenny walk'd forth 'mid the primroses pale,
And pour'd her fond plaint in the sweet lovely vale.

"Ye fairies that dance in yon wild lonely dell,
Whose drink is the dew frae the sweet flow'ret's bell,
Whose food is the incense that's borne on the gale
From the primrose and hawthorn that bloom in the vale.

"O say, have you seen a young swain passing by,
With health on his cheek, and with love in his eye;
Detain the fond youth—now his sighs shall prevail
With the maid he oft woo'd in the sweet flow'ry vale.

"O sweet smells the bean in the soft summer shower,
And sweet sings the merle in his green leafy bower;
But sweeter to me is my fond lover's tale,
Where the primrose and hawthorn bloom sweet in the vale."

The Lawlands of Holland.

[MARSHALL's tune, called "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," composed for the song "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," is formed on the fine old air of "The Lawlands of Holland." The words themselves are said to be the lamentation of a young widow in Galloway, whose husband was drowned in a voyage to Holland, about the beginning of the last century.]

THE luve that I had chosen,
Was to my heart's content,
The saut sea will be frozen
Before that I repent;
Repent it will I never
Until the day I dee,
Tho' the lawlands o' Holland
Ha'e twined my luve and me.

My luve lies in the salt sea,
And I am on the side,
Enough to break a young thing's heart
Wha lately was a bride;
Wha lately was a bonnie bride,
And pleasure in her e'e;
But the lawlands o' Holland
Ha'e twined my luve and me.

My luve he built a bonnie ship,
And sent her to the sea,
Wi' seven score brave mariners
To bear her companie;
Threescore gaed to the bottom,
And threescore died at sea,
And the lawlands o' Holland
Ha'e twined my love and me.

My luve has built anither ship,
And sent her to the main,
He had but twenty mariners,
And a' to bring her hame;
The stormy clouds did roar again,
The raging waves did rout,
And my luve, and his bonnie ship,
Turn'd widdershins about!

There shall nae mantle cross my back,
Nae comb come in my hair,
Neither sal coal or candle light,
Shine in my bowit mair;

Nor sal I ha'e anither luve,
Until the day I dee,
I never lo'd a luve but ane,
And he's drown'd in the sea.

O, hand your tongue, my daughter dear,
Be still, and be content,
There are mair lads in Galloway,
Ye need nae sair lament.
O! there is nane in Galloway,
There's nane at a' for me,
For I never lov'd a lad but ane,
And he's drown'd in the sea.

A lassie cam' to our gate.

[THE author of this song, and of several others which we shall have occasion to quote in the course of this work, was ROBERT ALLAN of Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire. He was intimate with Tannahill and R. A. Smith, and wrote a number of pieces for the latter's "Scottish Minstrel" and other musical publications, some of which have become popular. He also published a collection of his poems at Glasgow in 1836. After spending a lengthened and much respected life in his native village, (his employment being that of a weaver and manufacturer's agent), he was induced to emigrate to the United States of America, where some of his relations had established themselves. Accordingly, he sailed from Greenock, for New York, on the 28th April, 1841, but had not long landed in America when he was carried off by a bilious fever, under which he had been labouring during the latter portion of the passage. His death took place on the 7th June, 1841, exactly eight days after his arrival in New York. His funeral was attended by a number of his countrymen and of Americans. At the time of his death his age was about 67.]

A LASSIE cam' to our gate, yestreen,
An' low she curtsied down;
She was lovelier far an' fairer to see
Than a' our ladies roun'.

O whare do ye wend, my sweet winsome doo?
An' whare may your dwelling be?
But her heart, I trow, was liken to break,
An' the tear-drop dim'd her e'e.

I ha'ena a hame, quo' the bonnie lassie—
I ha'ena a hame nor ha',
Fain here wad I rest my weary feet,
For the night begins to fa'.

I took her into our tapestry ha',
An' we drank the ruddy wine;
An' aye I strave, but fand my heart
Fast bound wi' love's silken twine.

I ween'd she might be the fairies' queen,
She was sae jump and sma';
And the tear that dim'd her bonnie blue e'e
Fell owre twa heaps o' snaw.

O whare do ye wend, my sweet winsome doo?
An' whare may your dwelling be?
Can the winter's rain an' the winter's wind
Blaw cauld on sic as ye?

I ha'ena a hame, quo' the bonnie lassie—
I ha'ena a ha' nor hame;
My father was aye o' "Charlie's" men,
An' him I daurna name.

Whate'er be your kith, whate'er be your kin,
Frae this ye mauna gae;
An' gin ye'll consent to be my ain,
Nae marrow ye shall ha'e.

Sweet madden, tak' the siller cup,
Sae fu' o' the damask wine,
An' press it to your cherrie lip,
For ye shall aye be mine.

An' drink, sweet doo, young Charlie's health,
An' a' your kin sae dear,
Culloden has dim'd mony an e'e
Wi' mony a saut, saut tear.

Barrochan Jean.

[ROBERT TANNAHILL.—Air "Johnnie M'Gill."]

Tis hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean?
And hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean!
How death and starvation came o'er the haill na-
tion,
She wrought sic mischief wi' her twa pawky een;

The lads and the lasses were dying in dizzens,
The taen kill'd wi' love, and the tither wi' spleen,
The ploughing, the sawing, the shearing, the
mawing,
A' wark was forgotten for Barrochan Jean!

Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and
the Forth,

Sic coming and ganging there never was seen,
The comers were cheery, the gangers were bleary
Despairing, or hoping for Barrochan Jean.
The carlins at hame were a' girling and graning
The bairns were a' greeting frae morning till e'en,
They gat naething for crowdy, but runts boil'd to
sowld,

For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declar'd it was past their describing,
The ministers said 'twas a judgment for sin,
But they lookit sae blae, and their hearts were sae
wae,

I was sure they were dying for Barrochan Jean.
The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their
drinking,

Yet a' wadna spoken the drouth i' their skin;
A' around the peat-stacks, and alangst the dyke
backs,

E'en the winds were a' sighing, sweet Barro-
chan Jean.

The timmer ran done wi' the making o' coffins,
Kirkyards o' their sward were a' howkit fu' clean,
Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,
Sic thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.

But mony braw thanks to the Laird o' Glen-
Brodie,

The grass owre their graffs is now bonnie an'
green,

He sta' the proud heart of our wanton young lady,
And spoil'd a' the charms o' her twa pawky een.

When Maggie gangs away.

[It may be curious to contrast the "Barrochan
Jean" of Tannahill with a similar extravaganza
by the EYTRICK SHEPHERD.]

O, WHAT will a' the lads do
When Maggie gangs away?
O, what will a' the lads do,
When Maggie gangs away?

There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day.
O, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
A waefu' wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
An' laid him down to dee;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
An' learning fast to pray.
And, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-shaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said—in confidence—
The lassie was divine:
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than any priest should say:
But, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The walling in our green glen
That day will quaver high;
'Twill draw the red-breast frae the wood,
The laverock from the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise and join the lay:
An' hey! what a day 'twill be
When Maggy gangs away!

The Thistle and the Rose.

[ROBERT ALLAN.—In this song, the spirit of some of our old Jacobite effusions is happily caught. The white rose, as is well known, was the emblem of the Stuart family.

THERE grew in bonnie Scotland
A thistle and a brier,
And aye they twined and clasped,
Like sisters kind and dear:
The rose it was sae bonnie,
It could lik bosom charm;
The thistle spread its thorny leaf,
To keep the rose frae harm.

A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith air an' late;
He watered it, and fanned it,
And wove it with his fate;

And the leal hearts of Scotland
Prayed it might never fa',
The thistle was sae bonnie green,
The rose sae like the snaw.

But the weird sisters sat
Where Hope's fair emblems grew;
They drapt a drap upon the rose
O' bitter, blasting dew;
And aye they twined the mystic thread,—
But ere their task was done,
The snaw-white shade it disappeared—
It withered in the sun!

A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith air an' late;
He watered it, and fanned it,
And wove it with his fate;
But the thistle tap it withered,—
Winds bore it far awa',—
And Scotland's heart was broken
For the rose sae like the snaw!

The Covenanter's Lament.

[ROBERT ALLAN.—Tune, "The Martyr's Grave."]

THERE's nae covenant now, lassie!
There's nae covenant now!
The solemn league and covenant
Are a' broken through!
There's nae Renwick now, lassie,
There's nae gude Cargill,
Nor holy Sabbath preaching
Upon the Martyr's Hill!

It's naething but a sword, lassie!
A bluidy, bluidy aye!
Waving owre poor Scotland
For her rebellious sin.
Scotland's a' wrang, lassie,
Scotland's a' wrang—
It's neither to the hill nor glen,
Lassie, we daur gang.

The Martyr's Hill forsaken,
In simmer's dusk, sae calm;
There's nae gath'ring now, lassie,
To sing the e'enin' psalm!

But the martyr's grave will rise, lassie,
 Aboon the warrior's cairn;
 An' the martyr soun' will sleep, lassie,
 Aneath the waving fern!

My Mary.

[ROBT. TANNERHILL.—Air, "Invercauld's Reel."]

My Mary is a bonnie lassie,
 Sweet as the dewy morn,
 When Fancy tunes her rural reed,
 Beside the upland thorn.
 She lives ahint yon sunny knowe,
 Where flow'rs in wild profusion grow,
 Where spreading birks and hazels throw
 Their shadows o'er the burn.

'Tis no the streamlet-skirted wood,
 Wi' a' its leafy bow'rs,
 That gars me wait in solitude
 Among the wild-sprung flow'rs;
 But aft I cast a langing e'e,
 Down frae the bank out-owre the lea,
 There haply I my lass may see,
 As through the broom she scours.

Yestreen I met my bonnie lassie
 Coming frae the town,
 We raptur'd sunk in iother's arms
 And prest the breckans down;
 The pairtrick sung his e'en'ing note,
 The rye-craik rispt his clam'rous throat,
 While there the heav'nly vow I got,
 That erl'd her my own.

The Rantin' Highlandman.

[WRITTEN BY JOHN HAMILTON, for many years a music-seller and teacher of music in Edinburgh, and the composer of several melodies. He died at Edinburgh in September, 1814, aged 53.]

As morn, last ook, as I gaed out
 To sit a tether'd yowe and lamb,
 I met, as skiffing ower the green,
 A jolly rantin' Highlandman.

His shape was neat, wi' feature sweet,
 And ilka smile my favour wan;
 I ne'er had seen sae braw a lad,
 As this young rantin' Highlandman.

He said, My dear, ye're sune asteen;
 Cam' ye to hear the laverock's sang?
 O, wad ye gang and wed wi' me,
 And wed a rantin' Highlandman?
 In summer days, on flowery braes,
 When frisky is the ewe and lamb,
 I'se row ye in my tartan plaid,
 And be your rantin' Highlandman.

With heather bells, that sweetly smells,
 I'll deck your hair sae fair and lang,
 If ye'll consent to scour the bent
 Wi' me, a rantin' Highlandman.
 We'll big a cot, and buy a stock,
 Syne do the best that e'er we can;
 Then come, my dear, ye needna fear
 To trust a rantin' Highlandman.

His words sae sweet gaed to my heart,
 And fain I wad ha'e gien my han',
 Yet durstna, least my mother should
 Dislike a rantin' Highlandman.
 But I expect he will come back;
 Then, though my kin' should scauld and ban,
 I'll over the hill, or where he will,
 Wi' my young rantin' Highlandman.

Earl March.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

EARL March look'd on his dying child,
 And smit with grief to view her—
 The youth, he cried, whom I exiled
 Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour,
 His coming to discover;
 And her love look'd up to Ellen's bower,
 And she look'd on her lover.

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
 Though her smile on him was dwelling.
 And am I then forgot—forgot?—
 It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes,
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

Be Happy Hour.

[ALEXANDER LAING.]

The dark gray o' gloaming,
The lone leafy shaw,
The oo o' the ringdove,
The scent o' the haw,
The bras o' the burnie,
A' blooming in flower,
An' twa faithfu' lovers,
Make ae happy hour.

A kind winsome wife,
A clean canty hame,
An' sweet smiling babies
To lisp the dear name;
Wi' plenty o' labour,
And health to endure,
Make time row around aye
The ae happy hour.

Ye lost to affection,
Whom a'rice can move,
To woo, an' to marry,
For a' thing but love,
Awa' wi' your sorrows,
Awa' wi' your store,
Ye ken nae the pleasures
O' ae happy hour.

My Johnnie.

[JOHN MAYNE.—Air, "Johnnie's grey breeks."]

JENNY's heart was frank and free,
And woovers she had mony, yet
Her sang was aye, Of a' I see,
Commend me to my Johnnie yet.
For, air and late, he has sic gate
To mak' a body cheerie, that
I wish to be, before I die,
His ain kind dearie yet.

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,
Her shape was sma' and genty-like,
And few or nane in a' the place
Had gowd and gear more plenty, yet
Though war's alarms, and Johnnie's charms,
Had gart her aft look eerie, yet
She sung wi' glee, I hope to be
My Johnnie's ain dearie yet.

What tho' he's now gaen far awa',
Where guns and cannons rattle, yet
Unless my Johnnie chance to fa'
In some uncanny battle, yet
Till he return, my breast will burn
Wi' love that weel may cheer me yet,
For I hope to see, before I die,
His bairns to him endear me yet.

Tak' tent now, Jean.

[IVAN.]

Tak' tent now, Jean,—ye mind yestreen
The tap that raised ye frae your weel.
Your wily e'e, that glanced on me,
Ha! lass, the meaning I kent weel.
But I ha'e tint thy kindly glint,
And lightly now ye geek at me;
But, lass, tak' heed, you'll rue the deed,
When alblins we'll be waur to 'gree.

Tak' tent now, Jean,—the careless mein,
And cauldrie look, are ill to dree;
It's sair to bide the scornfu' pride
And saucy leer o' woman's e'e.
Ah! where is now the bosom-vow,
The gushing tear of melting love,
The heav'nly thought, which fancy wrought,
Of joy below, and bliss above?

Tak' tent now, Jean,—thae twa sweet een
Fu' light and blithely blink I trow;
The hinney drop on the red-rose top
Is nae sae sweet as thy wee mou':
But though thy fair and faithless air
Hath wrung the bosom-sigh frae me;
A changing mind, and heart unkind,
May chill a breast as dear to thee.

Nae luck about the house.

["THIS," says Burns, "is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language.—The two lines,

'And will I see his face again,
'And will I hear him speak!'

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by any thing I ever heard or read: and the lines,

'The present moment is our ain,
'The neist we never saw,'

are worthy of the first poet. It is long posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771 or 1772 it came first on the streets as a ballad; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period.—Burns says nothing about the authorship of the song, which has been made in later days a subject of much dispute. It was generally ascribed to WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, the translator of the *Lusiad*, until Cromek claimed it as the production of a poor schoolmistress, named Jean Adams, who lived in Crawford's-dyke, Greenock, early in the last century. Cromek founded his claim on the testimony of Mrs. Fullarton, a pupil of Jean Adams, and others, who had frequently heard Jean repeat the song, and affirm it to be her own composition. But he afterwards abandoned the claim, when he understood from Mickle's editor, the Rev. John Sim, that a copy of the song in Mickle's handwriting was found among his papers after his death, bearing marks of correction as a first copy, and that Mrs. Mickle perfectly recollected her husband giving her the ballad as his own composition, and explaining to her (she being an Englishwoman) the Scottish words and phrases. Still, we have so much reliance on the testimony of Mrs. Fullarton, and the probity of Jean, that we are inclined to believe, that the poor schoolmistress really *did* write some song with a similar burthen ("There's nae luck about the house") and on a similar subject, which song probably gave inspiration to Mickle's version. We are the more disposed to think so, when we recollect that Mickle's studies were mostly classical—that he was little likely to originate the subject of this song—that his poems were more marked by elegance than vigour, and that, with the present exception, none of them were written in the Scottish dialect. Add to this, the schoolmistress was

brought up at a sea-port, which Mickle was not, and must have been often the witness of partings and meetings between sailors and their wives. The very familiar expression in the song—"I'll to the quay"—is in her favour, as is also the name of the hero, "Colin," which is a name only common in the West Highlands.—Jean Adams by all accounts was a woman of natural talent and great enthusiasm of character, but her life was chequered and unfortunate, and at last she was constrained to seek shelter in the Town's Hospital, Glasgow, where she died in 1765. A volume of her poems, chiefly of a moral and religious cast, was published by subscription at Glasgow in 1734. It does not, of course, contain the present song, otherwise the question would have been settled, but neither do any of the editions of Mickle's poems published during his life time contain it. Though previously printed on broadsheets, the song can now be traced no farther back than to Herd's collection of 1776. The sixth stanza, as it stands in the present copy, beginning

"The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,"

did not appear in Herd, but was an interpolation by Dr. Beattie.]

AND are ye sure the news is true?

And are ye sure he's weel?

Is this a time to think o' wark?

Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.

Is this a time to think o' wark,

When Colin's at the door?

Rax me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,

And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a';

There's little pleasure in the house,

When our gudeman's awa'.

And giv'e to me my biggonet,

My bishops' aatin gown,

For I maun tell the ballie's wife

That Colin's come to town.

My turkey slippers maun gae on,

My hose o' pearl blue;

'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,

For he's baith leal and true.

For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak' a clean fraside;

Put on the muckle pot;

Giv'e little Kate her button gown,

And Jock his Sunday coat:

And mak' their shoon as black as slae,
 Their hose as white as snaw;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's been lang awa'.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bank,
 They've fed this month and mair;
 Mak' haste and thrav their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare;
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw;
 For wha can tell how Colin fared,
 When he was far awa'.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air;
 His very foot has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thir'd through my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I ha'e him safe,
 Till death we'll never part:
 But what puts parting in my head?
 It may be far awa';
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
 I ha'e nae mair to crave;
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave:
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The Hameward Song.

[HUGH AINSLIE.]

EACH whirl of the wheel,
 Each step brings me nearer
 The hame of my youth—
 Every object grows dearer.

Thae hills and thae huts,
 And thae trees on that green,
 Loeh! they glower in my face
 Like some kindly auld frien'.

E'en the brutes they look social
 As gif they would crack,
 And the sang of the bird
 Seems to welcome me back.
 O, dear to our hearts
 Is the hand that first fed us,
 And dear is the land
 And the cottage that bred us.

And dear are the comrades
 With whom we once sported,
 And dearer the maiden
 Whose love we first courted.
 Joy's image may perish,
 E'en grief die away,
 But the scenes of our youth
 Are recorded for aye.

Peggie.

[JAMES HOGG.]

THE bittren's quivering trump on high,
 The beetle's drowsy distant hum,
 Have sung the daylight's lullaby,
 And yet my Peggie is not come.
 The golden primrose from the wood,
 The scented hawthorn's snowy flower,
 Mixed with the laurel's buds, I've strewed
 Deep in my maiden's woodland bower.

O come, my love, the branches link
 Above our bed of blossoms new,
 The stars behind their curtains wink,
 To spare thine eyes so soft and blue.
 No human eye nor heavenly gem,
 With envious smile, our bliss shall see;
 The mountain ash his diadem
 Shall spread to shield the dews from thee.

O let me hear thy-fairy tread
 Come gliding through the broomwood still,
 Then on my bosom lay thy head,
 Till dawning crown the distant hill.
 And I will watch thy witching smile,
 List what has caused thy long delay,
 And kiss thy melting lips the while,
 Till die the sweet perfume away.

II

Peggie.

[WILLIAM NICHOLSON.]

WHAN first I forgather'd wi' Peggie,
 My Peggie an' I were young;
 Sae blithe at the bught i' the gloamin'
 My Peggie an' I ha'e sung,
 My Peggie and I ha'e sung,
 Till the stars did blink sae hie;
 Come weel or come wae to the biggin',
 My Peggie was dear to me.

The stately alk stood on the mountain,
 And tower'd o'er the green birken shaw;
 Ilk glentin' wee flow'r on the meadow
 Seem'd proud o' bein' buskit sae braw,
 Seem'd proud o' bein' buskit sae braw,
 When they saw their ain shape i' the Dee;
 'Twas there that I courted my Peggie,
 Till the kirk it fell foul o' me.

Though love it has little to look for
 Frae the heart that's wedded to gear,
 A wife without house or a haudin'
 Gars aye look right blate like an' queer;
 Gars aye baith look blate like an' queer;
 But queerer when twa turns to three;
 Our frien's they ha'e foughten an' fyten,
 But Peggie's aye dear to me.

It vex'd me her sighin' and sabb'in',
 Now nought short o' marriage wou'd do;
 An' though that our prospects were dreary,
 What could I but e'en buckle to?
 What could I but e'en buckle to,
 And dight the sa't tear frae her e'e?
 The warl's a wearifu' wister;
 But Peggie's aye dear to me.

My ain bonnie May.

[WILLIAM NICHOLSON.]

O WILL ye go to yon burn side,
 Among the new-made hay,
 And sport upon the flowery swaird,
 My ain bonnie May?

The sun blinks blithe on yon burn side,
 Whare lambskins lightly play;
 The wild bird whistles to his mate,
 My ain bonnie May.

The waving woods, wi' mantle green,
 Shall shield us in the bower,
 Whare I'll pu' a pose for my May,
 O' mony a bonnie flower.
 My father maws ayont the burn,
 To spin my mammy's gane;
 And should they see thee here wi' me,
 I'd better been my lane.

The lightsome lammie little kens
 What troubles it await:
 Whan ance the flush o' spring is o'er,
 The fause bird lea'es its mate.
 The flow'rs will fade, the woods decay,
 And lose their bonnie green;
 The sun wi' clouds may be o'ercast,
 Before that it be e'en.

Ilk thing is in its season sweet;
 So love is, in its noon:
 But cankring time may soil the flow'r,
 And spoil its bonnie bloom.
 O, come then, while the summer shines,
 And love is young and gay;
 Ere age his with'ring, wintry blast
 Blaws o'er me and my May.

For thee I'll tend the fleecy flocks,
 Or haud the halesome plough,
 And nightly clasp thee to my breast,
 And prove aye leal and true.
 The blush o'erspread her bonnie face,
 She had nae mair to say,
 But ga'e her hand, and walk'd along,
 The youthfu' bloommin' May.

The Evening Star.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

STAR, that bringest home the bee,
 And sett'st the weary labourer free:
 If any star shed peace, 'tis thou
 That send'st it from above—
 Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise ;
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews !
Parted lovers on thee muse ;
Their remembrance in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

Low Germanie.

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

As I sail'd past green Jura's isle,
Among the waters lone,
I heard a voice—a sweet low voice,
Atween a sigh and moan :
With ae babe at her bosom, an' I
Another at her knee,
A mother wail'd the bloody war
In Low Germanie.

Oh woe unto these cruel wars
That ever they began,
For they have swept my native isle
Of many a pretty man :
For first they took my brethren twain,
Then wiled my love frae me.
Woe, woe unto the cruel wars
In Low Germanie.

I saw him when he sail'd away,
And furrow'd far the brine .
And down his foe came to the shore,
In many a glittering line :
The war-steeds rush'd among the waves,
The guns came flashing free,
But could nae keep my gallant love
From Low Germanie.

Oh say, ye maidens, have ye seen,
When swells the battle cry,
A stately youth with bonnet blue
And feather floating high,—

An eye that flashes fierce for all,
But ever mild to me ?
Oh that's the lad who loves me best
In Low Germanie.

Where'er the cymbal's sound is heard,
And cittern sweeter far,—
Where'er the trumpet blast is blown,
And horses rush to war ;
The blithest at the banquet board,
And first in war is he,
The bonnie lad, whom I love best,
In Low Germanie.

I sit upon the high green land,
When mute the waters lie,
And think I see my true love's sail
Atween the sea and sky.
With ae hairn at my bosom, and
Another at my knee,
I sorrow for my soldier lad
In Low Germanie.

The Hills o' Gallowa'.

[THOMAS CUNNINGHAM.—Born 1776: died 1834.]

Among the birks sae blythe an' gay,
I met my Julia hameward gaun ;
The lilies chauntit on the spray,
The lammies loupit on the lawn ;
On ilka bowm the sward was mawn,
The braes wi' gowans buskit bra',
An' gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrawn
Out owre the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
An' fragrance wing'd along the lea,
As down we sat the flowers among,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.
My Julia's arms encircled me,
An' softly slaid the hours awa',
Till dawning ocoot a glimmerin' e'e
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It lina owen, sheep, and kye,
It lina gowd, it lina gear,
This lifted e'e wad ha'e, quoth I,
The warld's drumle gloom to cheer.

But gi'e to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers wha rowe this yirthen ha',
An' O! sae blythe through life I'll steer,
Among the hills o' Gallowa'.

Whan gloamin' dauners up the hill,
An' our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That owre the muir meand'ring rowes;
Or tint among the scroggy knowes,
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
An' sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
The hills an' dales o' Gallowa'.

An' whan auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,
Her flow'ry wilds an' wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains;
Whare friendship dwells an' freedom reigns,
Whare heather blooms an' muircocks craw,
O! dig my grave, and hide my bones
Among the hills o' Gallowa'.

The Braes of Ballahun.

[THOMAS CUNNINGHAM. Ballahun is a picturesque glen near Blackwood House, on the river Nith.]

Now smiling summer's balmy breeze,
Soft whispering, fans the leafy trees:
The linnet greets the rosy morn,
Sweet in yon fragrant flowery thorn;
The bee hums round the woodbine bower,
Collecting sweets from every flower;
And pure the crystal streamlets run
Among the braes of Ballahun.

O blissful days, for ever fled,
When wand'ring wild as Fancy led,
I ranged the bushy bosom'd glen,
The scroggie shaw, the rugged linn,
And mark'd each blooming hawthorn bush,
Where nestling sat the speckled thrush;
Or careless roaming, wandered on,
Among the braes of Ballahun.

Why starts the tear, why bursts the sigh,
When hills and dales rebound with joy?
The flowery glen, and lilled lea
In vain display their charms to me.

I joyless roam the heathy waste,
To soothe this sad, this troubled breast;
And seek the haunts of men to shun
Among the braes of Ballahun.

The virgin blush of lovely youth,
The angel smile of artless truth,
This breast illum'd with heavenly joy,
Which lyart time can ne'er destroy:
O Julia dear!—the parting look,
The sad farewell we sorrowing took,
Still haunt me as I stray alone
Among the braes of Ballahun.

Cessnock Banks.

[This song—elaborate in its similitudes, but at the same time beautiful—was an early unpublished production of Burns's.—Cromek recovered it from the recitation of a lady in Glasgow with whom the poet was intimately acquainted. In Pickering's edition of Burns, a version is given from the author's own manuscript, which differs little from Cromek's, but which we here follow. Who the heroine of Cessnock Banks was has not transpired. The tune of the song is called "If he be a butcher neat and trim."]

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
Could I describe her shape and mien;
Our lasses a' she far excels,—
An' she's twa sparkling, roguelish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phoebus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguelish een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream wi' vigour fresh;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguelish een.

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,
With flow'rs so white, and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguelish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phoebus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguelish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguelish een.

Her forehead 's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguelish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flow'ry scene,
Just op'ning on its thorny stem;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguelish een.

Her teeth are like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murmur'ing streamlets flow;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguelish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguelish een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguelish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,
That sings on Oesnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguelish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching beauty's fabled queen,
'Tis the mind that shines in every grace;
An' chieftly in her roguelish een.

Young Jocky.

[Two or three lines of this song are old. The rest is by Burns. The tune is given in Oswald with the title "Young Jocky was the blythest lad in a' our town."]

Young Jocky was the blythest lad,
In a' our town or here awa';
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lichtly danced he in the ha'!

He roosed my een sae bonnie blue,
He roosed my waist sae genty sma';
And aye my heart cam' to my mou',
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jocky toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
And over the lee I look fu' fain,
When Jocky's owsen hameward ca'.
And aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he takes me a'.
And aye he vows he'll be my ain
As lang as he has breath to draw.

The lad that's far awa'.

[The first verse of this song is old. The rest was written by Burns for the Museum, to the tune of "The bonnie lad that's far awa'." The words also sing to the old air of "O'er the hills and far awa'." "This little lamentation of a desolate damsel," says Jeffrey, "is tender and pretty."]

O, how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e
To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they ha'e disown'd me a';
But I ha'e aye will take my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he ga'e to me,
And silken snoods he ga'e me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will clead the birken shaw
And my sweet babe will be born,
And he'll come hame that's far awa'.

The Chelsea Pensioners.

[THE following song, otherwise called "The Days o' Langsyne," was written by Miss BLANCK, of whom we have spoken in a previous note. It has been sometimes erroneously ascribed to Dr. James Moor, professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. The "duke" alluded to in the second stanza was William duke of Cumberland, and the last line of that verse originally ran,

"Could *William* but lead, and I fight, as langsyne,"

but the authoress afterwards struck out the name, justly judging that it could never be popular in Scotland, so long as the odious butcheries that succeeded Culloden were remembered.]

When war had broke in on the peace o' auld men,
And frae Chelsea to arms they were summon'd again,
Twa vet'rans grown gray, wi' their muskets sair soild,
Wi' a sigh were relating how hard they had toild;
The drum it was beating, to fight they incline,
But aye they look back to the days o' langsyne.

Eh! Davie, man, weel thou remembers the time,
When twa brisk young callans, an' just in our prime,
The duke bade us conquer, an' show'd us the way,
An' mony a braw chiel we laid low on that day:
Still again would I venture this auld trunk o' mine,
Could our generals but lead, or we fight like langsyne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do,
Though our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts are still true
We care na for dangers by land or by sea,
For time has turn'd coward, an' no you and me;
And though at the change we should sadly repine,
Youth winna return, nor the strength o' langsyne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind,
How thy Janet caress'd thee, and my Meg was kind;
They follow'd our fortunes, though ever so hard,
Nor cared we for plunder, when sic our reward:
Even now, they're resolved baith their hames to resign,
And will follow us yet, for the sake o' langsyne.

Dear Highland Laddie.

[ROBERT TANNERILL.—Gaelic air, "Mor nian a Ghibarian."]

BLYTHE was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O,
Happy were the days when he herded thegither, O,
Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his plaidie, O,
And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O.

But, ah! wae me! wi' their sodgering sae gaudy, O,
The laird's wyld awa' my braw Highland laddie, O,
Misty are the glens and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O.

The blaë-berrie banks now are lonesome and dreary, O,
 Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O,
 Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
 The wild melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen,
 He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen,
 He pu'd me the rowan frae the wild steep sae giddy, O,
 Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O.

Fareweel, my ewes, and fareweel, my doggie, O,
 Fareweel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless and scroggie, O;
 Fareweel, Glenfeoch, my mammy and my daddie, O,
 I will lee' you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.

The Mason Laddie.

[TUNE, "Sandy ower the lee."]

LEANING ower a window, and looking ower a mound,
 I spied a mason laddie, wha gave my heart a wound;
 A wound, and a wound, and a deadly wound gave he;
 And I wad wash his apron an he wad fancy me.

I winna ha'e the minister, for a' his many books
 I winna ha'e the dominie, for a' his wylie looks;
 I will ha'e nane o' the twa, though they wad fancy me;
 But my bonnie mason laddie he bears awa' the gree.

I winna ha'e the mautman, for a' his muckle sho'el,
 Nor will I ha'e the miller, for a' his mity meal;
 I wad ha'e nane o' the twa, though they wad fancy me;
 For my bonnie mason laddie he's up the scaffold hie.

I winna ha'e the ploughman, that gangs at the pleuch;
 Nor yet will I the chaplain, though he has gear eneuch;
 I wad ha'e nane o' the twa, though they wad fancy me;
 For my bonnie mason laddie has stown the heart frae me.

I winna ha'e the souter, that rubs upon the shoon;
 Nor yet will I the weaver, that gingles on the loom;
 I wad ha'e nane o' the twa, though they wad fancy me;
 For my bonnie mason laddie he bears awa' the gree.

The smith that canna lay an axe is no a man o' craft;
 The wright that canna seam a deal can scarcely lay a laft.
 The lad that canna kiss a lass is no a lad for me;
 But my bonnie mason laddie he can do a' the three.

The Deil cam' Fiddlin'.

THE old name of the tune now called "The Deil's awa' with the Exciseman," was "The Hemp-dresser," and it can be traced as far back as the middle of the 17th century. The verses of Burns are generally said to have been an extempore effusion, at a meeting of his brother excisemen in Dumfries. It is a curious fact that the original in the poet's hand is written on a piece of excise paper, ruled on the back with red lines. Lockhart's account of the composition of the song differs from others. According to him, it was composed on the shores of the Solway, while the poet and a party of his brother excisemen were engaged in watching the motions of a suspicious-looking brig, which had put in there, and which, it was supposed, was engaged in smuggling. The day following that on which she was first seen, the vessel got into shallow water, and it was then discovered that the crew were numerous, and not likely to yield without a struggle. Lewars accordingly was despatched to Dumfries for a party of dragoons, and another officer proceeded on a similar errand to Ecclefechan, leaving Burns with some men under his orders, to watch the brig and prevent landing or escape. "Burns," says Lockhart, "manifested considerable impatience while thus occupied, being left for many hours in a wet salt-marsh with a force which he knew to be inadequate for the purpose it was meant to fulfil. One of his comrades hearing him abuse his friend Lewars in particular, for being slow about his journey, the man answered that he also wished the devil had him for his pains, and that Burns in the meantime would do well to indite a song upon the sluggard; Burns said nothing; but after taking a few strides by himself among the reeds and ahingle, rejoined his party, and chanted to them this well-known ditty."]

THE deil cam' fiddlin' through the town,
And danced awa' wi' the exciseman;
And ilka auld wife cried, Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man.
The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
The deil's awa' wi' the exciseman;
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the exciseman!

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danced awa' wi' the exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land,
Was, The deil's awa' wi' the exciseman.

For lack of Gold.

["THESE words," says Burns, "were composed by the late Dr. Austin, physician at Edinburgh. He had courted a lady, to whom he was shortly to have been married; but the Duke of Athole having seen her, became so much in love with her, that he made proposals of marriage; which were accepted of, and she silted the doctor."—The lady in question was a daughter of John Drummond, Esq. of Megginch, Perthshire. She married James, second Duke of Athole, in May, 1749. She had no issue by his Grace; and after his death she married Lord Adam Gordon, fourth son of Alexander, second Duke of Gordon, and commander of the forces in Scotland. She died at the palace of Holyrood-house, on the 22d of Feb. 1793. Although Dr. Austin says,

"No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love,"

he afterwards married Miss Anne Sempill, sister of Lord Sempill, by whom he had a large family. He died in 1774. The song appears in "The Charmer," Edinburgh, 1751, and also in Johnson's Museum. The name of the tune, "For lack of gold she left me," is old.]

For lack of gold she has left me, O,
And of all that's dear she's bereft me, O;
She me forsook for Athole's duke,
And to endless woe she has left me, O.
A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part—
For glittering show she has left me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me, O.
Ye powers above, I to your care
Resign my faithless, lovely fair;
Your choicest blessing be her share,
Though she has ever left me, O.

I gaed a wæfu' gate.

[WRITTEN by BURNS in 1789 for the Museum. The subject of the song was a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey of Lochmaben, now Mrs. Benwick of New York. The air was composed by Robert Riddle of Glenriddle, Esq., and called "The blue-eyed lassie."]

I GAED a wæfu' gate yestreen,
A gate I fear I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
She charm'd my soul I wist na how,
But aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But, spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll sblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay me dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

Gi'e me a lass.

[WRITTEN by ALLAN RAMSAY, to supplant old and coarse words to the tune of "The Lass wi' the Lump o' Land." This appears in the 2d vol. of the Tea-Table Miscellany, and also, with the original melody, in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725.]

Gi'e me a lass with a lump o' land,
And we for life shall gang thegither;
Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
Or black or fair, it makna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane's nae worth a shilling;
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For lika charm about her's killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump o' land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowt, it will find pleasure.

Laugh on wha likes: but there's my hand,
I hate with poorth, though bonnie, to meddle;
Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,
They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle gude love in bands and bags;
And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
But beauty and wit and virtue, in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection:
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows;
And naething can catch our modern sparks,
But weel-tocher'd lasses, or jointured widows.

Hey for a lass.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for George Thomson's collection, to an Irish tune, called "Ballinamona Ora." "Your 'Hey for a lass wi' a tocher,'" says Thomson, "is a most excellent song, and with you the subject is something new indeed. It is the first time I have seen you debasing the god of soft desire into an amateur of acres and guineas." We have placed this song of Burns's in juxtaposition with one on a similar subject and in a similar spirit by Ramsay, that the reader may indulge his curiosity by comparing the two. In this case, we think, the older poet surpasses his distinguished successor in vigour and humour.]

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
O, gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms!
Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then, hey for a lass wi' a tocher!
The nice yellow guineas for me!

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charms o' the bonnie green
knowes,
Ilk spring they're new-deckit wi' bonnie white
ewes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has bless'd,
The brightest o' beauty may eloy when possess'd;
But the sweet yellow darlings, wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.

① gin ye were but mine.

Oh! gin ye were but mine, lassie,
 Oh! gin ye were but mine, lassie,
 I'd be the happiest man alive,
 I'd lead a life divine, lassie.
 There's something in that bonnie face,
 I never saw before, lassie,
 Your actions a' ha'e sic a grace,
 I gaze, and I adore, lassie!
 Oh! gin ye were, &c.

Though i' her eyes may brilliance dart,
 And bright as diamonds roll, lassie!
 There's nae but yours shoot through my heart,
 An' soften a' my soul, lassie!
 Oh! gin ye were, &c.

Each motion shows some grace that's new,
 That fascinates my eyes, lassie!
 And though your charms I daily view,
 I see them with surprise, lassie!
 Oh! gin ye were, &c.

Sweet is the spring, and sweet the rose,
 When moisten'd by the shower, lassie!
 Bright on the thorn the dew-drop glows,
 At morn's refulgent hour, lassie,—
 Oh! gin ye were, &c.

But purer, brighter far than these
 Thou art, and charming more, lassie!
 Than tongue can tell—I wond'ring gaze—
 I gaze and I adore, lassie!

Love's like a Dizziness.

[WRITTEN by the ETTRICK SHEPHERD, to the
 tune of "Paddy's Wedding."]

I LATELY liv'd in quiet ease,
 An' never wish'd to marry, O;
 But when I saw my Peggy's face,
 I felt a sad quandary, O.
 Though wild as ony Athol deer,
 She has trepan'd me fairly, O;
 Her cherry cheeks, and een sae clear,
 Harass me late an' early, O.

O! love! love! laddie,
 Love 's like a dizziness!
 It winna let a pair body
 Gang about his business!

To tell my feats this single week
 Wad mak' a curious diary, O:
 I drave my cart against a dyke,
 My horses in a miry, O:
 I wear my stockings white an' blue,
 My love's sae fierce and fiery, O:
 I drill the land that I should plow,
 An' plow the drills entirely, O.
 O! love! love! &c.

Soon as the dawn had brought the day,
 I went to cheek the stable, O:
 I coost my coat, an' ply'd away
 As fast as I was able, O.
 I wrought a' morning out an' out
 As I'd been redding fire, O:
 When I had done, and look'd about,
 Behold it was the byre, O!
 O! love! love! &c.

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget;
 The dear, the lovely blinkin' o't, [heart,
 Has pierc'd me through and through the
 And plagues me wi' the prinklin' o't,
 I try'd to sing, I try'd to pray,
 I try'd to drown't wi' drinkin' o't:
 I try'd wi' toll to drive't away,
 But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.
 O! love! love! &c.

Were Peggy's love to hire the job,
 An' save my heart frae breakin', O,
 I'd put a girdle round the globe,
 Or dive in Corryvreckin, O;
 Or howk a grave at midnight dark
 In yonder vault sae eerie, O:
 Or gang and spler for Mungo Park
 Through Africa sae dreary, O.
 O! love! love! &c.

Ye little ken what pains I prove!
 Or, how severe my plisky, O!
 I swear I'm sairer drunk wi' love
 Than e'er I was wi' whisky, O!
 For love has rak'd me fore an' aft,
 I scarce can lift a leggy, O:
 I first grew daisy, than gae'd daft,
 An' now I'll dee for Peggy, O.
 O! love! love! &c.

Sing on.

[WILLIAM CHALMERS.—Air, "The pride of the
broomlands."]

SING on, thou little bird,
Thy wild notes sae loud,
O sing, sweetly sing frae the tree;
Aft, beneath thy birken bow'r,
I have met at e'en'ing hour,
My young Jamie that's far o'er the sea.

On yon bonnie heather knowes
We pledged our mutual vows,
And dear is the spot unto me;
Tho' pleasure I ha'e nane,
While I wander alane,
And my Jamie is far o'er the sea.

But why should I mourn,
The seasons will return,
And verdure again clothe the lea;
The flow'ers shall spring,
And the soft breeze shall bring
My dear laddie again back to me.

Thou star! give thy light,
Guidie my lover aright,
Frae rocks and frae shoals keep him free;
Now gold I ha'e in store,
He shall wander no more,
No, no more shall he sail o'er the sea.

I'm ower young.

[THIS is an old song, dressed up a little by Burns
for Johnson's Museum. "The tune," says Mr.
Stenhouse, "is evidently the progenitor of that
fine modern strathspey, called 'Loch Erroch
Side.'"]

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd wad mak' me eerle, sir.
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin
To tak' me frae my mammy yet.

My mammy coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun ha'e the gracing o't;
Were I to lie wi' you, kind sir,
I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir;
An' you an' I, in ae bed,
In trowth I dare na venture, sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind,
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir,
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin
To tak' me frae my mammy yet.

Polwarth on the Green.

[Burns says this song was written by a Captain
John Drummond M'Gregor of the family of Bo-
chaldie, but he must have been misinformed. The
first four and the last four lines are old; the rest
was added by RAMSAY, and the whole is given in
the first vol. of the Tea-Table Miscellany. "Pol-
warth," says Mr. Robert Chambers, "is a small
primitive-looking parish-village in the centre of
Berwickshire, with a green, in the centre of which
three thorns grow within a little enclosure. These
trees are the successors of one aged thorn, which,
after keeping its place there for centuries, was blown
down some years ago. It was formerly the cus-
tom of the villagers, who are a simple race, and
were formerly vassals to the Earl of Marchmont,
whose seat is in the neighbourhood, to dance
round this venerable tree at weddings; which
they are said to have done in consequence of a
romantic incident in the history of the noble
family just mentioned."]

AT Polwarth, on the green,
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lads and lasses do convene
To dance around the thorn;
A kindly welcome you shall meet
Fra her, wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say *Na*,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem cauldier than the snaw,
 While inwardly they bleeze;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee—
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs na to be free.

At Polwarth, on the green,
 Among the new-mawn hay,
 With sangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the live-lang day.
 At night, if beds be ower thrang laid,
 And thou be twined of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

'Twas summer tide.

[WRITTEN by JOHN GRIEVE, to the tune of "Polwarth on the Green." Mr. Grieve was a hat manufacturer in Edinburgh, of literary tastes, who will always be remembered as one of the Ettrick Shepherd's earliest and kindest friends and patrons. Hogg dedicates *Mador of the Moor* to him, and also introduces him as one of the competing minstrels in the *Queen's Wake*. His death took place in 1836, long after he had retired from business.]

'Twas summer tide; the cushat sang
 His am'rous roundelay;
 And dews, like cluster'd diamonds, hang
 On flower and leafy spray.
 The coverlet of gloaming gray
 On every thing was seen,
 When lads and lasses took their way
 To Polwarth on the green.

The spirit-moving dance went on,
 And harmless revelry
 Of young hearts all in unison,
 Wi' love's soft witcherie;
 Their hall the open-daisied lea,
 While frae the welkin sheen,
 The moon shone brightly on the glee
 At Polwarth on the green.

Dark een and raven curls were there,
 And cheeks of rosy hue,
 And finer forms, without compare,
 Than pencil ever drew;
 But aye, wi' een of bonnie blue,
 A' hearts confess'd the queen,
 And pride of grace and beauty too,
 At Polwarth on the green.

The miser hoards his golden store,
 And kings dominion gain;
 While others in the battle's roar
 For honour's trifles strain.
 Away, such pleasures! false and vain;
 Far dearer mine have been,
 Among the lowly rural train,
 At Polwarth on the Green.

The rinaway bride.

[To a lively tune of the same name. The song is given in Yalr's "Charmer," Edinburgh, 1751, and also in Herd's collection, 1776.]

A LADDIE and a lassie fair
 Lived in the south countrie;
 They ha'e coost their claes thegither,
 And wedded wad they be:
 On Tuesday to the bridal feast
 Cam fiddlers fooking free—
 But hey play up the rinaway bride,
 For she has ta'en the gee.

She had nae run a mlie or mair,
 Till she 'gan to consider
 The angering of her father dear,
 The vexing of her mither;
 The alighting of the silly bridegroom,
 The worst of a' the three—
 Then hey play up the rinaway bride,
 For she has ta'en the gee.

Her father and her mither balth
 Ran after her wi' speed;
 And aye they ran and cried, How, Ann!
 Till they came to the Tweed:
 Saw ye a lass, a lovesome lass,
 That weel a queen might be?
 O that's the bride, the rinaway bride,
 The bride that's ta'en the gee.

And when they came to Kelso town,
 They gaur'd the clap gang through;
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and mantle,
 The face o't lined up wi' blue?
 The face o't lined up wi' blue,
 And the tail turn'd up wi' green;
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and mantle,
 Should ha'e been married on Tuesday't e'en?

O at the saft and silly bridegroom
 The bridemaids a' were laughin';
 When up there spake the bridegroom's man,
 Now what means a' this daffin'?
 For woman's love's a wilfu' thing,
 And fancy flies fu' free;
 Then hey play up the rinaway bride,
 For she has ta'en the gee.

Erile of Uldoonan.

[JOHN GRIEVE.—The air of this is given in "The Scottish Minstrel," and is said to have been long current in the north of Scotland as the composition of John M'Murdo of Kintail. It is the same as what appears among the Irish Melodies under the name of "The Legacy."]

ADIEU to rock and to water-fall,
 Whose echoes start among Albyn's hills,
 A long adieu, Uldoonan! and all
 Thy wildwood steeps, and thy sparkling rills.
 From the dreams of my childhood and youth I
 awaken,
 And all the sweet visions that fancy wove;
 Adieu! ye lone glens, and ye braes of green bracken,
 Endear'd by friendship, and hope, and love.

The stranger came, and adversity's wind
 Blew cold and chill on my father's hearth;
 I strove, but vainly, some shelter to find
 Among the fields of my father's birth:
 But my desolate spirit shall never be severed
 From the home where a sister and mother once
 smiled, [shivered,
 Though within its bare walls lies the roof-tree all
 And mouldering rubbish is spread and piled.

I hear before me the waters roar;
 I see the galley in yonder bay,
 All ready and trim, she beckons the shore,
 And seems to chide my longer stay.

Uldoonan! when lingering afar from thy valley,
 At my pilgrimage close o'er the billowy brine,
 Harpe long will be strung, and new voices will
 hail thee,
 Without devotion and love like mine.

Clout the Caldron.

[From the first vol. of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. "A tradition," says Burns, "is mentioned in the 'Bee,' that the second Bishop Chisholm, of Dunblane, used to say, that if he were going to be hanged, nothing could soothe his mind so much by the way as to hear 'Clout the Caldron' played. I have met with another tradition, that the old song to this tune,

'Ha'e ye ony pots or pans,
 Or ony broken chandlers,'

was composed by one of the Kenmore family, in the cavalier times; and alluding to an amour he had, while under hiding, in the disguise of an itinerant tinker. The air is also known by the name of 'The Blacksmith and his Apron,' which from the rhythm, seems to have been a line of some old song to the tune.]

HAVE ye any pots or pans,
 Or any broken chandlers?
 I am a tinker to my trade,
 And newly come frae Flanders,
 As scant of siller as of grace;
 Disbanded, we've a bad run;
 Gar tell the lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her caldron.
 Fa, adrie, diddle, diddle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment;
 And dinna care a single file
 For any man's resentment;
 For, lady fair, though I appear
 To every ane a tinker,
 Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker.

Love Jupiter into a swan
 Turned, for his loved Leda;
 He like a bull ower meadows ran,
 To carry off Europa.

Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argus blinker,
And win your love like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinker?

Sir, ye appear a cunning man;
But this fine plot you'll fall in;
For there is neither pot nor pan,
Of mine, you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron;
For I've a tinker under tack,
That's used to clout my ca'dron.

The Lass's Wardrobe.

[Given in Chambers's Journal, No. 175, where it is said to have been written by an old unmarried lady, as a kind of burlesque of her own habits and history. It is sung to an air resembling that of "The Laird of Cockpen."]

A Lass lived down by yon burn-brace,
And she was weel provided wi' claes;
She had three mutches a' but twa,
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.
Take her awa', tak' her awa',
Nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa';
She had three mutches, a' but twa,
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.

She had a gown, it was just at the making,
It wanted the forebreadth, it wanted the backing;
It wanted the sleeves, the lining and a',
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', &c.

She had twa stockings, they were at the knitting,
They wanted the legs, they wanted the fitting;
They wanted the heels, the heels, and a',
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', &c.

She had a shawl, it was just like a riddle,
It wadna been the waur o' the threid and the
needle;
For the middle was holed, and the border awa',
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', &c.

She had a pouch to haud her siller,
Wi' it she thocht to catch the miller;
But she tint the pouch, the siller, and a',
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', &c.

She had a kist to haud her claes,
It might ha'e eard her a' her days;
But, like a gowk, she gied it awa',
And nae bonnie lad wad tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', &c.

Sae now she lives in a wee bit garret,
Without ae friend but a cat and a parrot;
For her father is dead, and her mither, and a',
And nae bonnie lad has ta'en her awa'.
Ta'en her awa', &c.

And what can she do but live her lane,
Sin' a' her hopes o' marriage are gane;
For she's auld, she's bald, she's wrinkled, and a',
And nae bonnie lad will tak' her awa'.
Tak' her awa', &c.

Now listen, fair damsels, to my lays,
Ye wha are vain about your claes;
For if ye're no guld as weel as braw,
O nae bonnie lad will tak' ye awa'.
Tak' ye awa', tak' ye awa',
Nae bonnie lad will tak' ye awa',
If ye're no guld as well as braw,
O nae bonnie lad will tak' ye awa'.

Lass, gin ye wad lo'e.

[From Chambers's Journal, No. 196, where it appears with the initials "A. L."]

"Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me,
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me,
Ye'e be ladye o' my ha',
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me.
A cantie but, a cooie ben,
Weel plenish'd, ye may trow me,
A briak, a blythe, a kind gudeman—
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me!"

"Waith there's little doubt ye ha'e,
An' bidin' bein an' easy;
But briak an' blythe ye canna be,
An' you sae auld an' crazy.

Wad marriage mak' ye young again?
Wad woman's love renew you?—
Awa', ye silly doited man,
I canna, winna lo'e ye."

"Witless hizzle, o'ens ye like,
The ne'er a doit I'm carin';
But men maun be the first to speak,
An' wanters maun be speirin'.
Yet, lassie, I ha'e lo'ed you lang,
An' now I'm come to woo you—
I'm no sae auld as clashes gang,
I think you'd better lo'e me!"

"Doited bodie!—auld or young.
You needna langer tarry,
Gin ane be koutin' owre a rung,
He's no for me to marry.
Gae hame an' ance bethink yourself!
How ye wad come to woo me—
And mind me! your latter-will,
Bodie, gin ye lo'e me!"

The Lass o' Cambuslang.

[WILLIAM HOLMES.—Here first printed.]

In a cozie white cottage upon a hill side,
That cheerily looks on the green vale o' Clyde,
There lives a braw lassie wi' sunny-brown hair,
An' a face like the mornin' sae ruddy an' fair.

I lo'ed her fu' weel when I saw her wee smile,
An' I thoct in my heart she look'd kindly the
while;

She is gentle and gleesome, an' free frae a' pride—
She's the bonniest lass on the banks o' the Clyde.

O Clyde! thou art bonnie while flowing between
The thick twining branches o' soft dewy green;
Yet thy laneness sae deep was aye dowie to me,
Though the sun brightly lay on ilk wee flower an'
tree.

But the laneness is gane, and thy beauties appear
Like a vision o' hope through a sorrowfu' tear;
Ilka soun' that I hear, an' ilk flower that I see,
Seem happier noo sin' my love smiles on me.

When clear merry Kirkburn first meets thy em-
brace,
A tremulous ripple steals over thy face,
In a moment 'tis gone—then thegither ye run,
Gaily sparklin' along in the licht o' the sun.

Sae my heart has been flichterin' aye sin' the day
I first met my love on the lane hawthorn way;
But our hearts mingled ance, then thegither we'll
glide
Through life, wi' the sunshine o' love by our side.

Fair, fair be thy beauty for ever, dear stream:
On thy gowany banks long may true lovers dream!
My thochts wander to thee wherever I gang,
Sin' I met wi' the bonnie young lass o' Camb'lang.

The want o' Siller.

[FROM CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, No. 173.—AIR
"BOY'S WIFE O' ALDVALLOCH."]

Come, ragged brethren o' the Nine,
Join ilka honest pureless callan;
The waes o' duddy doublets sing,
When gousty want keeks through the hallan.
It's true I've nae great heart to sing,
Fulstid in auld hair-mouldy garret;
But yet there's ease in duffa' croon,
Though there be little in the wallet.
Oh the wae fu' want o' siller,
Weary fa' the want o' siller;
It mak's nae what be in your pow,
Gin your pouch be bare o' siller.

It's waur nor a' the waes o' life,
And sair benumbs a body's noddle;
For worth nor wit, without the pelf,
Is never counted worth a bodle.
It's no your wit, its no your lear,
Though ye should on Pegasus gallop;
It mak's na, gin your breeks be bare,
And hinging a' in tatter-wallop.
Oh the wae fu', &c.

When baugh wi' care and fall mishap,
And puirthit hands a body gaunting,
There's never aye to spair your ail,
Gif that the penny siller's wanting.

For now-a-days, there's nae sic things
As honest hearts o' Nature's lything;
There'll scarce a body look your way,
Gif that the siller binna kything.
Oh the wae fu', &c.

Ye'll no get brose, nor breid, nor cheese,
Nor social drap to weet your wyson:
What cares the polished man o' wealth,
Though wyson, wame, and a' gae gyzzant?
When lucky stars gie 's leave to sit,
Ower comfort's cosy cutchac beeking;
To set your very creepy stule,
Baith rich and puir will aft be seeking.
Oh the wae fu', &c.

What, think ye, is't links hands and hearts?
It's nowther beauty, wit, nor carriage;
But, frae the cottage to the ha',
It's siller aye that mak's the marriage.
I've been in luv out ower the lugs,
Like money other chiel afore me;
But, 'cause my mallin was but sma',
The saucy limmers did abhor me.
Oh the wae fu', &c.

Hale books I've wrote, baith prose and verse,
And mony a roosing dedication,
But nae ane owned the puir lauch chield,
Sae nocht for me but grim starvation.
And oh, but my ain shanks be sma',
My very nose as sharp's a filler;
Grim death will soon tak' me awa'—
Ohone, ohone, the want o' siller!
Oh the wae fu', &c.

The Auld Man's Mear.

[Born the words and air of this song are said to be the composition of Patrick or PATIE BIRNIE, a noted fiddler and rhymor, in Kinghorn, Fifeshire, who flourished towards the close of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries, and of whom an excellent portrait by Aikman is still extant at Leslie House. Ramsay, in his *Elegy on Patie Birnie*, mentions "O wiltu, wiltu do't again," and "The auld man's mear's dead," as songs which Patie "made frae his ain head." We give here two different versions of the song. The second is from "The Scottish Minstrel."]

I.

THE auld man's mear's dead;
The puir body's mear's dead;
The auld man's mear's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee.

There was hay to ca', and lint to lead,
A hunder hotts o' muck to spread,
And peats and truffs and a' to lead—
And yet the jaud to dee!

She had the fierce and the feuk,
The wheerloch and the wanton yeuk;
On lika knee she had a break—
What all'd the beast to dee?

She was lang-tooth'd and blench-lippit,
Heam-hough'd and haggie-fittit,
Lang-neckit, chandler-chafit,
And yet the jaud to dee!

II.

THE auld man's mear's dead!
The puir man's mear's dead!
The auld man's mear's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee!

She was cut-luggit, painch-lippit,
St-el-walmet, stainer-fittit,
Chanler-chafit, lang-neckit,
Yet the brute did dee!
The auld, &c.

The auld man's mear's dead!
The puir man's mear's dead!
The peats, and neeps, and a' to lead,
And she is gane—wae me!
The auld, &c.

The puir man's head's sair
Wi' greetin' for his gray mear;
He's like to dee himsel' wi' care,
Aside the green kirk-yard.
The auld, &c.

He's thinkin' on the bygone days,
And a' her douce and canny ways;
And how his ain gudewife, auld Meg,
Micht maist as weel been spaired.
The auld, &c.

Johnnie Cope.

[THE universally-popular song of "Johnnie Cope," (which owes much of its popularity, we dare say, to its spirit-stirring air,) was written on the defeat of Sir John Cope and the king's forces by Prince Charles and the Highlanders, at Preston, in Haddingtonshire, on the 29d September, 1745. This engagement is called according to the different local positions of the conflicting parties, the battle of Prestonpans, of Tranent Muir, or of Gladsamuir. Sir John Cope, as is well known, made a precipitate and disgraceful retreat from the field, followed by his dragoons, and did not stay his flight till he reached Dunbar. His conduct on the occasion brought him under the investigation of a court-martial, but he was acquitted. The muses, however, did not acquit him, for they have rendered him immortal in song—as a runaway. The author of the original words of "Johnnie Cope," we have every reason to believe, was ADAM SKIRVING, a wealthy farmer in Haddingtonshire, who also wrote the song called "Tranent Muir," given in another part of this work. Mr. Skirving was a very athletic man, and distinguished for his skill in all manly sports and exercises. He was born in 1719, educated at Preston kirk in East Lothian, and long held the farm of Garleton,—about two miles from Haddington, on the road to Gosford. He died in April, 1803, and was buried in the churchyard of Athelstanford, where his merits are recorded in the following metrical epitaph:

"In feature, in figure, agility, mind,
And happy wit rarely surpass'd,
With lofty or low could be plain or refined,
Content beaming bright to the last."

He had a son, Archibald, who reached high distinction in Edinburgh as a miniature and crayon painter, and another, Robert, who was long in the East India Company's service. There are various different readings of the song of "Johnnie Cope," (see Johnson's Museum, Ritson's collection, and Cunningham's collection,) but the one here given is the original and genuine one. The song has been also often travestied,—and on no more memorable occasion than on the recent royal landing in Scotland, when her Majesty took the Magistrates of Edinburgh, and many others, by surprise, by getting up "so early in the morning." The air of "Johnnie Cope" is older than the song, and used to be called "Fye to the hills in the morning." We cannot say whether the expression in Skirving's song, "To gang to the

coals" be a corruption of the old words "To gang to the hills," or merely a proverbial expression for early rising.]

Cora sent a letter frae Dunbar:—
Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art o' war,
If you'll meet me in the morning,
Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wauking, I wad wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from:
Come follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morn—
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c. [ing.]

Now, Johnnie, be as good's your word
Come let us try both fire and sword;
And dinna flee away like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss,
To ha'e a horse in readiness
To flee awa' in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Fy now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din,
It is best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, Where's a your men?
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye are na blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in a strait
Sae early in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Oh! faith, quo' Johnnie, I got sic flegs
Wi' their claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again, deil break my legs—
So I wish you a gude morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When lonely thou wander'st.

[From "The Witches of Kell's Glen, a Dramatic Fragment, with other Poems, by DAVID AAROTT," printed at Cupar in Fifeshire in 1835. Mr. Arnott is now a clergyman in Dundee.]

When lonely thou wanderest along by the wild wood,
As twilight steals over the earth like a dream;
An' nature, all lovely as when in her childhood,
On thy heart and thine eye in beauty may beam.
When over the world the grey shades are returning,
And the star of the evening all silent is burning,
With splendour celestial the heavens adorning,
And thy soul is enraptured by ecstasy's gleam.

Then think of thy lover who sigheth in sadness,
When viewing that star as he wanders alone,
Which once to his soul was the emblem of gladness,
As thy faithful bosom he rested upon.
Oh! think of the woes on his heart that are preying,
And think of that love that can know no decaying,
And, oh! may that breast never dream of betraying
The youth it has blest in the days that are gone.

The Maid I lo'e.

[JOHN MITCHELL.—Here first printed.]

O! BLISSFULLY smiles the moon when the glowing day's awa',
And soft the balmy breeze creeps aroun' the Stanely shaw,
And lightly o'er the moor I trip when night begins to fa'
To meet Gleniffer's fairest flower, the maid I lo'e.

The bonnie bonnie rose, and the lily gemm'd wi' dew,
The crowflower and the pink the gay summer will renew,
But 'mid the winter's cold mair than summer's flowers I pu'
When I kiss the rosy lips o' her I lo'e.

Her e'e o' bonnie blue wi' the diamond may compare,
Her teeth o' ivory tell the sweets that linger there,
And on her brow sits majesty wreath'd in the raven hair
That gracefully adorns the head o' her I lo'e.

I've heard the lark's clear sang ere the rosy e'e o' day
Had from our smiling vales brushed the shades o' night away,
But sweeter words fell on mine ear than minstrel's sweetest lay
As I gaed owre the moor yestreen wi' her I lo'e.

I'll build a wee wee house, and I'll tak' my lassie hame,
And I will fill't wi' wealth that the gowd we prize will shame:
I'll fill't wi' love's endearing joys, all else is but a name,
Unworthy o' the charms that live in her I lo'e.

Benlomond.

[JOHN MITCHELL.—Here first printed.]

Some may delight to spend their hours,
By limpid streamlets fring'd with flowers,
But give to me the wilds where towers
Thy rocky crest, Benlomond.

Through leafy groves young love may stray,
To sing the joys of rosy May,
But bolder tones must fire his lay
Whose theme's the proud Benlomond.

Dark clouds upon thy forehead rest,
Red lightnings play around thy crest,
And stormy runs riot on thy breast,
Thou heed'st them not, Benlomond.

But when gay summer's in her prime,
And balmy winds steal o'er our clime,
Who would not dare thy heights sublime
And glory in Benlomond.

There far above proud cities we
With wonder fill'd will lean on thee,
Awe'd by the gorgeous scenery
That round thee spreads, Benlomond.

Sublimity sits throned on thee,
Veil'd in the vast profundity
That stills, or wakes the inland sea
That bathes thy feet, Benlomond.

The lass ayont the hill.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here first Printed.]

Can range the world baith far an' near,
Search lika court an' gaedy ha',
Get tittled dames wi' princely names,
I ken a lass wad ding them a'.

Bring a' the walth Peru can g'e',
Or e'en Golconda's mines can shaw,
Rake up auld ocean's boarded gear,
I ken a lass that's worth it a'.

Awa', fause loons, your art's wiles
Maun ne'er yon bonnie lassie spill;
Her name and hame I winna tell,
The bonnie lass ayont the hill.

Her cheeks are like the apple bod,
Her brow is white as drifted snaw,
Her lips are like the berries red,
That grow upon yon garden wa'.

It's sweet to see the roses blaw
Adown the holms o' Endrick lea,
But sweeter are the blinks o' hae
The bonnie lassie g'ies to me.

Yon milkwhite thorn now a' in bloom,
That sweetly scents the evening air;
Yon cloud a' warid o' pearly snaw,
Are nae me pure nor half ae fair.

Ilk colour that the heavens can g'ie
Does but ae lovely rainbow fill;
Sae a' that's sweet on earth is aye,
The bonnie lass ayont the hill.

Gin I'd been born a belted knight,
Or laird of mickle gear an' lan',
I wadna lay me down to sleep
Afore I gat her lily han'.

But wae my heart! I'm but a herd,
An' ae maun tether down my will;
Yet come what may, I'll climb the brae,
And see my lass ayont the hill.

The mighty Munro.

[WILLIAM FINLAY of Paisley.]

Come, brawny John Barleycorn, len' me your aid,
Though for such inspiration aft dearly I've paid,
Come cram up my noddle, and help me to show,
In true graphic colours, the mighty Munro.

O! could ye but hear him his stories rehearse,
Whilk the like was ne'er heard o', in prose or in
verse,
Ye wad laugh till the sweat doon your haffets did
flow,
At the matchless, magnificent, mighty Munro.

With such pleasing persuasion, he blaws in your lug,
Ye wad think that the vera inanimate jug,
Whilk stawns on the table, mair brightly doth glow
At the wild witching stories o' mighty Munro.

Such care-killing capers—such glorious riggs,
Such cantrin' on cuddies, and coddling in gigs,
Such rantin', and jauntin', and shouting, and
show,
Could ne'er be display'd but by mighty Munro.

Great Gollah o' Gath, who came out and defied,
With the big swelling words o' vain glory and pride,
The brave armies of Israel, as all of ye know,
Was a dwarf looking bodie, compared wi' Munro.

And Sampson, that hero, who slew men *en masse*
Wi' naething but just the jaw bane o' an ass;
And drew down a house on himsel' and the foe,
Was a pair feckless creatur' compared wi' Munro.

The chivalrous knight of la Mancha, 'tis true,
And Baron Munchausen, had equals but few;
Their exploits have astonished the warl, but lo!
Both the Don and the Baron must bow to Munro.

But a tythe o' his merit nae words can impart,
His errors are all of the head not the heart;
Though his tongue doth a little too trippingly go,
Yet a guid chiel at bottom, is mighty Munro.

Though the lamp o' his fame will continue to burn,
When even his dust to the dust shall return,
And for ages to come a bright halo will throw
O'er the mouldering remains o' the mighty Munro.

WHA is she that lo'es me.

[WRITTEN by BURNS to his favourite tune of
"Morag." The heroine of this song is unknown.]

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?

O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dew o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-bud steeping:

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;

O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a aane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast aae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
O that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted;
And if thou art delighted;
O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted;
If every other fair one
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a aane to peer her.

The Hills of the Heather.

[EVAN M'COLL.—Tune, "On wi' the Tartan,"
or, "Air fallin' ilirin, ulirin O." This and the
other songs by Evan M'Coll are from a little volume
published by him in 1838, entitled "The Moun-
tain Minstrel."]

Give the swains of Italia
Among myrtles to rove,
Give the proud, sullen Spaniard
His bright orange grove;
Give gold-sanded streams
To the sons of Chilli,
But, oh! give the hills
Of the heather to me.

The hills where the hunter
Of soundeth his horn,—
Where sweetest the skylark
Awakens the morn'—
The grey cliff, the blue lake,
The stream's dashing glie,
Endear the red hills
Of the heather to me.

There health, rosy virgin,
For ever doth dwell;
There love fondest whispers
To beauty his tale;
There—freedom's own darling!
The Gael, lives free,—
Then, oh! give the hills
Of the heather to me.

Jessie.

[THIS exquisite little song was among the last BURNS ever wrote. It was composed in honour of Jessie Lewars (now Mrs. Thomson of Dumfries,) the sister of a brother exciseman of the poet's, and one who has endeared her name to posterity by the affectionate sollecitude with which she tended Burns during his last illness.]

Here's a health to aye I lo'e dear—
Here's a health to aye I lo'e dear; [meet,
Thou art sweet as the smile when kind lovers
And soft as their parting tear, Jessie!

Although thou maun never be mine—
Although even hope is denied—
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside, Jessie!

I mourn through the gay gandy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree, Jessie!

The Shepherd Boy.

[EVAN M'COLL.—Tune, "Ye banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon."]

THE shepherd boy was far away,—
His heart was heavy, and his song
Was often pour'd at close of day,
While cheer'd him thus the rustic throng:—

"The maidens here are fair and free,
And sweet our heather braes do bloom :"
Yet sadly, sweetly still sung he—
"Oh! this is not my native home."

"O balmy is the breath of morn,
And bright the sun's declining ray,
Sweet is the sound of mountain burn,
And light the skylark's varied lay;
Gay are the lambkins on the lea,
And rich our mountain flowers' perfume;"
Yet sadly, sweetly still sung he—
"Oh! this is not my native home."

Glenarary.

[EVAN M'COLL.—Tune, "Gradh geal mo chri."]

O WHY do I love thee, Glenarary, O why?
'Tis not for thy plains or thy woods waving high,
Thy flowers wildly blooming, or brown heather
braes,
Glenarary, Glenarary, I care not for these.

I love thee,—but not for thy echoing hills,
I court thee,—but not for thy crystalline rills;
I haunt thee,—but not for thy fountains so clear,
And the chase on thy mountains allures me not
here.

Oh no! for unheeded the roe now skips by,
The wild foaming cascade is nought in mine eye;
Sweet glen! what then makes thee an Eden to
me?

'Tis the lass with the bright and the blue rolling
e'e.

Yes, maid of my love! as a bee that has found
Some sweet-laden bloom, as it wanders around,
Returns and returns oft to feast on his prize,
Even so my heart moves to drink love from thine
eyes.

False friendship may flatter, coy fortune may
smile,
And hope's dazzling meteor shine soon to beguile;
Away with such shadows! there's nothing to me
Like the lass with the bright and the blue rolling
e'e.

Dowie in the hint o' hairst.

[WRITTEN BY HUGH AINSLIE, a native of the parish of Dally, Ayrshire, and for some time a copying clerk in the Register House, Edinburgh. Mr. Ainslie is now, we believe, resident in the United States of America, to which, with his family, he emigrated in 1822. He is author of a small volume, called "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns."]

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst,
At the wa'-gang o' the swallow,
When the wind grows cauld, and the burns grow
bould,
And the wuds are hingin' yellow;
But oh, its dowie far to see
The wa'-gang o' her heart gangs wi',
The dead-set o' a shinin' ee,
That darkens the wearie warid on thee.

There was mickle love atween us twa—
Oh, twa could ne'er be fonder;
And the thing on yerd was never made
That could ha'e gart us sunder.
But the way o' Heav'n's abuse a' ken—
And we maun bear what it likes to sen—
It's comfort, though, to wearie men,
That the warst o' this warld's waes mann en'.

There's mony things that come and gae—
Just kent and just forgotten—
And the flowers that bask a bonnie brae,
Gin anither year lie rotten.
But the last look o' that lovely e'e,
And the dyin' grip she ga'e to me,
They're settled like eternitie—
Oh, Mary! that I were wi' thee.

On wi' the Tartan.

[HUGH AINSLIE.]

Can ye lo'e, my dear lassie,
The hills wild and free,
Whar the sang o' the shepherd
Gars a' ring wi' glee?
Or the steep rocky glens,
Where the wild falcons bide?
Then on wi' the tartan,
And fy let us ride!

Can ye lo'e the knowes, lassie,
That ne'er war in rigs?
Or the bonnie lounes lee,
Where the sweet robin bigs?
Or the sang o' the linnie,
Whan wooin' his bride?
Then on wi' the tartan,
And fy let us ride!

Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie,
That loupes amang linnis?
Or the bonnie green howmes
Where it cannillie rins?
Wi' a candle bit house,
See snug by its side?
Then on wi' the tartan,
And fy let us ride!

My sheep I neglected.

[This song was very popular in Scotland among the upper classes about the middle of the last century, and there are still old people to be found who refer to it. It was written by Sir GILBERT ELLIOT, third baronet of Minto, who was born in 1738, educated for the Scottish bar, and during his life held several official appointments under government. He died at Marseilles in 1777. His son, for some time governor-general of India, was raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Minto. Sir Gilbert was brother to Miss Jane Elliot, authoress of the old set of the "Flowers of the Forest." The words "My sheep I neglected" are printed in the first volume of Yair's "Charmers," Edinburgh, 1749, in Herd's Collection, and elsewhere. They are to the tune of an old air, called *My Apron, dearie*, which, with old words, may be found in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1735, and, with the present words, in Johnson's Museum, and Thomson's Select Melodies.]

My sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I foreook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
Oh, fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well-founded, a passion so true!
Oh, what, &c.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Oh, what, &c.

Colonel Gardiner.

[THIS is another production of SIR GILBERT ELLIOT's, written in memory of Colonel James Gardiner, who fell at the battle of Prestonpans, in September, 1745. It may claim singularity as one of the few songs of the period set on the Jacobite side. The "Fanny fair," mentioned in the first stanza, was a daughter of the Colonel's, afterwards Mrs. Richmond Ingile, who died at Edinburgh in 1786. She was authoress of a poem called "Anna and Edgar, or Love and Ambition," published at Edinburgh in 1781, &c. The poem of Colonel Gardiner is said to have been originally set to the tune of Barbara Allan, but it appears in Johnson's Museum to an old tune called Sawnie's Pipe.]

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight,
Before the first cock's crowing,
When westland winds shook Stirling's towers
With hollow murmurs blowing;
When Fanny fair, all woe begone,
Saw on her bed was lying,
And from the ruin'd towers she heard
The boding screech-owl crying.

"O dismal night!" she said, and wept,
"O night presaging sorrow,
(O dismal night!" she said, and wept,
"But more I dread to-morrow.
For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
Each host to Preston bending;
At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
With deadly hate contending.

"Even in the visions of the night,
I saw full death wide sweeping;
And all the matrons of the land,
And all the virgins, weeping."

And now she heard the mazy gates
Harsh on their hinges turning;
And now through all the castle heard
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed,
The fatal tidings dreading;
"O speak," she cried, "my father's slain!
I see, I see him bleeding!"—
"A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
At morn, fair maid, I left him;
Even at the threshold of his gate,
The foe of life bereft him.

"Bold, in the battle's front, he fell,
With many a wound deformed;
A braver knight, nor better man,
This fair isle ne'er adorned."—
While thus he spake, the grief-struck maid
A deadly swoon invaded;
Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
And sad was our complaining;
But, oh! for thee, my native land,
What woes are still remaining!
But why complain? the hero's soul
Is high in heaven shining;
May providence defend our isle
From all our foes designing!

Where na my heart licht.

[THIS beautiful and affecting song was the composition of the noble-minded daughter of Sir Patrick Home, (afterwards created Earl of Marchmont,) and wife of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerviswood, in Lanarkshire. LADY GRAIZEL BAILLIE was born at Redbraes castle in 1665; was married in 1692; and died at London in 1746. Her Memoirs, by her eldest daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, were published posthumously at Edinburgh in 1823. The song appears in the Orpheus Caledonius, printed in 1735, and also in the fourth volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany, printed some years later.]

THREE was anes a may, and she loo'd na men;
She biggit her bonnie bower down i' yon glen;
But now she cries Dool, and well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here awa'.
But now she cries, &c.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea,
He said he saw naething as lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and monie braw things;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart licht I wad dee.
She rais'd, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be:
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to dee.
She main'd, and she graned, out o' dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
She main'd, &c.

His kin was for aye of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do wi' the like of me?
Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie:
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
Albeit I was bonnie, &c.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
Nor pickles, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and alee,
She spied me as I cam' ower the lea;
And then she ran in, and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.
And then she ran in, &c.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane look'd aye as weel as some's new;
But now he lets 't wear any gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

And now he gaes daundrin' about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to humd the tykes:
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steels his e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
The live-lang nicht, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I ha'e been,
We should ha'e been gallopin' down on yon green,
And linkin' it on yon lillie-white lea;
And wow! gin I were but young for thee!
And linkin' it, &c.

The Banks of the Dee.

[In most collections this once popular song is ascribed to John Home, author of the tragedy of Douglas. The real author, however, was JOHN TAIT, a writer to the signet, and some time judge of the Edinburgh police court. Mr. Tait in early life wrote many fugitive pieces, which appeared in the periodicals of the day. He died in 1817. The present song was composed in 1775, on the occasion of a friend leaving Scotland to join the British forces in America. Hence the allusion to the "proud rebels" in the second stanza, America being then struggling for her independence. Burns objected to the second line of the song for two sufficient reasons. "In the first place," he says, "the nightingale sings in a low bush, but never from a tree; and, in the second place, there never was a nightingale seen or heard on the banks of the Dee, or on the banks of any other river in Scotland." The author felt the justice of these objections, and, thirty years after the first appearance of the song, altered the opening lines thus:—

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the wood-pigeon coo'd from the tree.
At the foot of a rock, where the wild-rose was growing,

I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
The song is sung to the Irish air of *Largolet*.]

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree;
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever:
For there first I gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,

To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;
And ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,

The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

Merry may the keel row.

[FROM CROMEK'S REMAINS OF NITHDALE AND GALLOWAY SONG, LONDON, 1810.]

As I cam' down the Cannogate,
The Cannogate, the Cannogate,
As I cam' down the Cannogate,
I heard a lassie sing, O:
Merry may the keel rowe,
The keel rowe, the keel rowe,
Merry may the keel rowe,
The ship that my love's in, O!

My love has breath o' roses,
O' roses, o' roses,
Wi' arms o' illy posies,
To fauld a lassie in, O!
Merry may, &c.

My love he wears a bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
A snawy rose upon it,
A dimple on his chin, O!
Merry may, &c.

My ain Countrie.

[WRITTEN BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. A fragment of this was contributed to Cromek's Remains as an old Jacobite production.]

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countrie.
O! gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countrie.

O! it's no my ain ruin
That addens aye my e'e
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairns three;
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
And smiled my fair Marie:
I've left my heart behind me,
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the tree,
But I win back—oh, never,
To my ain countrie.
I'm keel to the high heaven,
Which will be leal to me;
And there I'll meet ye a' suns,
Frae my ain countrie.

Lochaber.

[WRITTEN BY ALLAN RAMSAY to the tune of "Lochaber no more." It appears in the 3d vol. of the Tea Table Miscellany, and also with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1735. The air at an earlier period is said to have been called "King James's march to Ireland."]

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome wi' her I ha'e mony a day been;
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they're a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more!

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;
Though loudst of thunders on louder waves roar,
There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
But by ease that's inglorious no flame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame;
And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Wooing Song.

[WILLIAM FERGUSON of Edinburgh.—Here first printed.]

THE spring comes back to woo the earth,
Wi' a' a lover's speed;
The wee birds woo their lovin' mates
Around our very head.
But I've nae skill in lover-craft;
For, till I met wi' you,
I never sought a maiden's love,
I never tried to woo.

I've gazed on mony a comely face,
And thought it sweet an' fair,
But wi' the face the charm would flee,
And never move me mair.
But miles away, your bonnie face
Is ever in my view,
Wi' a' its charms, half willin' me,
Half daurin' me to woo.

At hame, a-field, you're a' my theme;
I doat my time away;
I dream o'er a' your charms by night,
And worship them by day.
But when they glad my langin' see,
As they are gladden'd now,
My courage flees like frightened bird—
I daurna mint to woo.

My head thus lying on your lap,
Your hand aneath my cheek,
Love stounds my bosom through an' through,—
But yet I canna speak.
My coward heart wi' happiness,
Wi' bliss, is brimmin' fu';
But O! its fu'ness mars my tongue—
I ha'na power to woo.

I prize your smile as husbandman
The summer's opening bloom,
And, could you frown, I dread it mair
Than he the autumn's gloom.
My life hangs on that sweet sweet lip,
On that calm, sunny brow,—
And O! my dead hangs on them baith,
Unless you let me woo.

Oh! lift me to your bosom, then,
Lay your warm cheek to mine,
And let me round that lovelome waist
My arms enraptured twine;
That I may breathe my very soul
In as lang lovin' vow,
And a' the while, in whispers low,
You'll learn me, love, to woo!

My ain countrie.

[TUNE, "The Briar Bush."—This and the two following pieces are from a small volume by ALEXANDER MACLAGGAN, which contains much genuine and vigorous poetry. The volume is entitled, "Poems and Songs, Scotch and English," and was published at Edinburgh in 1841.]

How are ye a' at hame
In my ain countrie?
Are your kind hearts aye the same
In my ain countrie?
Are ye aye as fu' o' glee,
As witty, frank, and free,
As kind's ye used to be,
In my ain countrie?

Oh! a coggie I will fill
To my ain countrie!
Ay, and toom it wi' good will
To my ain countrie!
Here's to a' the folk I ken,
'Mang the lasses and the men,
In lik canty but an' ben
O' my ain countrie!

Heaven watch thou ever o'er
My ain countrie!
Let tyrants never more
Rule my ain countrie!
May her heroes, dear to thee—
The bauld hearts and the free—
Be ready aye to dee
For my ain countrie!

May a blessin' light on a'
In my ain countrie!
Baith the great folk and the sma',
In my ain countrie!

On whatever sod I kneel,
Heaven knows I ever feel
For the honour and the weal
O' my ain countrie!

Oh gin I were.

[ALEX. MACLAGGAN.]

O! GIN I were the balmy sleep
That softly seals young Phoebe's e'e,
When, soothed by slumbers warm and deep,
Sic visions in her dreams wad be
As angels might be blythe to see.

Then I would ope my aching heart,
My aching heart, that Phoebe fair
Might see in every troubled part
Her own sweet image smiling there,
Like sunshine on a cloud of care.

Phoebe Graeme.

[ALEX. MACLAGGAN.]

ARISE, my faithfu' Phoebe Graeme!
I grieve to see ye sit
Sae laigh upon your creepy stool,
In sic a dirty fit!
A reamin' cog's a willin' rogue;
But, by my vows sincere,
Ilk smilin' cap, by mirth fill'd up,
Was drained wi' friends lang dear.

Ye needna turn your tearfu' e'e
Sae often on the clock;
I ken the short han' frae the lang
As weel as wiser folk.
Let hoary time, wi' bleth'rin' chime,
Taunt on—nae wit has he!
Nae spell-spun hour—nae willin' power,
Can win my heart frae thee.

Oh, weel ye ken, dear Phoebe Graeme!
Sin' we, 'maist bairns, wad,
That, torn by poortith's iron teeth,
My heart has aft times bled :—

Fortune, the jaud, for a' she had,
Doled me but fleckless blanks;
But blees'd wi' thee, and love, and glee,
I scorn her partial pranks.

As drummie clouds o'er summer skies
Let anger's shadows fit!
There's days o' peace, and nights o' joy,
To pass between us yet!
For I do swear to thee, my fair,
Till life's last pulse be o'er,
Till light depart, my faithfu' heart
Shall love thee more and more!

Fair be thy fa'! my Phoebe Graeme!
Enraptured now I see
The smile upon thy bonnie face,
Whilk woad to welcome me.
Grant me the bliss o' ae fond kiss,
As kind forgit'ain blink
O' thy true love, and I will prove
Far wiser than ye think!

The Three Lasses.

[WILLIAM HOLMES.—Here first printed.]

My heart, alack! is sair oppress
For love o' lasses three;
I kenns whilk o' them to choose,
They're a' sae dear to me.

Young Peggy has a takin' gate,
She's nimble as the fawn;
An' likes to play a merry prank,
While skipping o'er the lawn.

To see her dancin' gowden locks,
My heart loupes licht wi' glee;
An' when I pree her rosy lips,
Care flees awa' frae me.

Wi' eager look upon a book,
You'll aft see lady Ann,
Wi' jetty locks, an' lily neck
Bent like a stately swan;

Among the tales of olden time
She's sic a learned queen,
Ye maun tak' tent ere ye begin
To crack wi' her at e'en.

And there is gentle Madeline,
Wi' een o' lovin' blue,
To hear her sing an auld Scotch sang
You'd bless her earnest mou'.

Aye when I gang frae Madeline,
Nae body by to tell,
The winsome sangs she sings to me
I whistle to mysel'.

Noo, can ye guess me whilk o' them
My wife's like to be?—
In troth, I kenna weel mysel'—
They're a' aye dear to me!

Hills o' Caledonia.

[ALEXANDER HUME.—Air, "Hey, Donald, ho, Donald."—Here first printed.]

O YEARS ha'e come, an' years ha'e gane,
Sin' first I trod the world alane,
Sin' first I mused wi' heart ane fain
On the hills o' Caledonia.

But now, alas! a' round is gloom,
My ancient friends are in the tomb,
And o'er them waves the heather bloom,
On the hills o' Caledonia.

My father's name, my father's lot,
Is like a tale that's heeded not,
Or sang unsung, if no forgot,
On the hills o' Caledonia.

O' a' our house there's left nae stane,
A' swept away like snaw lang gane;
Woods flourish owre the auld domain,
On the hills o' Caledonia.

The Tiot's banks are bare and high,
The stream rins sma' an' mournfu' by,
Like some sad heart maist grutten dry
On the hills o' Caledonia.

The birds sit silent on the tree;
The wild fowls droop upon the lea,
As if the kind things felt wi' me
On the hills o' Caledonia.

But friends can live, though could they lie,
If mirror'd in the memory;
When we forget them—then they die
On the hills o' Caledonia.

But though, however changed the scene,
My mem'ry an' my feelings green,
Yet green to my auld heart an' een
Are the hills o' Caledonia.

The Kiss ahint the Door.

[THOMAS C. LATTO.—First printed in "Whistlebinkie."]

THERE'S meikle bliss in ae fond kiss,
Whyles mair than in a score;
But wae betak' the stouin smack
I took ahint the door.

"O laddie whisht! for sic a fright
I ne'er was in afore,
Fu' brawly did my mither hear
The kiss ahint the door."

The wa's are thick, ye needna fear,
But gin they jeer an' mock,
I'll swear it was a startit oork,
Or wyte the rusty lock.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face
Was like a lowin' coal;
And as for me I could ha'e crept
Into a rabbit's hole.
The mither lookt, an' it's how she lookt!
Thae mitherers are a bore,
An' gleg as ony cat to hear
A kiss ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

The dooce gudeman, though he was there,
As weel might been in Rome,
For by the fire he fuff'd his pipe,
And never fash'd his thoom;
But tittrin' in a corner stood
The gawky sisters four,
A winter's nicht for me they might
Ha'e stood ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

"How daur ye tak' aie freedoms here?"
 The bauld gudewife began,
 Wi' that a foursome yell gat up,
 I to my heels an' ran;
 A besom whilkit by my lug,
 An' dieblouts half a score,
 Catch me again, though fidgein' fain,
 At kinsin' 'hint the door.
 There's meikle bliss, &c.

The Prince's Street Beau.

[THOMAS C. LATTO.—Tune, "The Mistletoe Lough."—Here first printed.]

YOUNG lawyer Tom was the pride of the ball;
 His waistcoat shone like a white-wash'd wall;
 And though his retainers were small and few,
 His credit seem'd good, for his coat was new.
 The ladies all sigh'd, "Oh la! what a dear!"
 And in truth he looked spruce as a bottle of beer.
 O, the rogue with his bright boots aimed to be
 A moving mirror of gallantry!
 O the Prince's street beau!
 O the Prince's street beau!

At his lodgings arrived, "Ah dimmit," he yawn'd,
 "I fear it's all up, for my shirts are pawn'd,
 And crucify me, if I know what to do,
 To pay my last trousers, my hat, and surtout.
 I've lived on a trotter a week, I am sure,
 But of course 'twas my appetite getting 'so poor.'
 O (hark in your ear) had mutton been cheap,
 I think in the time I had manag'd a—sheep!"
 O the Prince's, &c.

Next morning, when combing his whiskers, he cried,
 "I must vanish by twilight, but where shall I hide?
 Snip thinks he is up to a trife or so,
 But I'm blest if I leave him a string to his bow!"
 A way he flew, and his landlord look'd blue,
 Three bailiffs are started, our friend to pursue,
 And the tailor scream'd, "He promised to pay
 The 'dential hour that he cut away."
 O the Prince's, &c.

They sought him that night, and they sought him
 next day, [away;
 And they sought him in vain when a week pass'd
 In the Canongate, Cowgate, all over the town,
 Old Cabbage sought wildly, the bird was flown,

And years flew by, he was neatly done,
 Yet the beau, though he managed his clutches to
 shun,
 At times hove in sight, when each imp shouted,
 "Beaus
 Should never forget to pay their clo's!"
 O the Prince's, &c.

At length a live bundle of rags was seen
 In a field of barley near Juniper Green:
 Can I credit my eyes? 'twas our hero indeed,—
 O in running so fast, he had run to seed!
 Sad, and was his fate! he warn'd, ye beaus,
 And never forget to pay your "clo's!"
 He had hired himself out at a penny a day,
 As a bogle to frighten the crows away!
 O the Prince's street beau,
 The fate of the Prince's street beau!

I wander'd alane.

[ALEX. BUCHANAN.—Air, "Lucy's Flittin'."—Here first printed.]

I WANDER'D alane at the break o' the mornin'—
 The dun clouds o' nicht were a' wearin' awa',—
 The sun rose in glory, the grey hills adornin',
 A' glintin' like gowd were their tappits o' snaw;
 Adown by my side row'd the rock-bedded Kelvin,
 While nature aroun' was beginnin' to green,
 An' auld cottar bodies their yardies were deivin',
 Kenin' thrift in the morn brocht pleasure at e'en.

I leant me against an auld mossy clad palin',
 An' noo an' then dightet a tear frae my e'e—
 I look'd on the bodies, an' envied their toilin'—
 Though lowly their lot, they seem'd happy by me.

I thoct on my riches, yet feckless the treasure,
 I tried to forget, but the labour was vain;
 My wife an' bairn were a' my life's pleasure,
 An' they to the grave baith togeth'er had gane.

The thochts o' her love had awaken'd my sor-
 row,

The laugh o' my bairnie cam' back on mine ears,
 An' piercin' my heart wi' the force o' an arrow,
 It open'd anew the saft channel o' tears.

I grat an' I sabb'd, till I thoct life wad lea' me,
 An' happy I then could ha'e parted wi' life—
 For naething on earth sic enjoyment could gi'e me,
 As the glee o' my bairn, an' smile o' my wife.

O weary the day was, when they were ta'en frae
 me—

Leavin' me lane, the last leaf on the tree;
 Nae comfort the could look o' strangers can gi'e
 me,

I'm was—an' they a' look as wae's on me.
 I wander me aften, to break melancholy,
 On ilk thing that's leevin', the maxim I see,
 Not walth to the weary 's like peace to the lowly,
 Sae burden'd wi' grief, I maun gang till I dee.

Beechen Tree.

[WILLIAM FERGUSON.—Here first printed.]

BEECHEN tree, ye was green, green,
 Warm winds blawin' your branches aween,
 When 'neath your shade,
 A simple maid!

I met wi' my fause love late at e'en.

Beechen tree, his vows ye heard,
 Breathed saft in mony a sweet-waled word:
 Wha e'er could reck
 Sic vows would break?

Nae dreams o' a snare has the younglin' bird.

Beechen tree, ye are bare, bare;
 Warm shelter now ye ha'e nane to spare—
 As 'neath your shade,
 Nae mair a maid,

I cower me down i' the cauld night air.

Beechen tree, the comin' spring
 Will green leaves back to your branches bring:
 But spring, alas!
 May come an' pass,
 But canna renew my flourishin'.

Beechen tree, bare beechen tree,
 The warld is fu' o' treacherie:
 And I maist could pray
 That, ere the day,
 Alane at your auld root I might dee!

I'm wandering wide.

[WILLIAM FERGUSON.—Here for the first time printed.]

I'm wand'ring wide this wintery night,
 But yet my heart's at hame,
 Fu' cooie by my ain fire-cheek,
 Beside my winsome dame.
 The weary winds howl lang an' loud,
 But, 'mid their howling drear,
 Words sweeter far than honey blabs
 Fa' saftly on my ear.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintery night,
 I'm wand'ring wide an' far;
 But love, to guide me back again,
 Lights up a kindly star.
 The lift glooms black aboon my head,
 Nae friendly blink I see,
 But let it gloom,—twa bonnie een
 Glance bright to gladden me.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintery night,
 I'm wand'ring wide an' late,
 And ridgy wreaths afore me rise,
 As if to bar my gate.
 Around me swirls the sleety drift,
 The frost bites dour an' keen,
 But breathings warm frae lovin' lips
 Come ilka gust aween.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintery night,
 I'm wand'ring wide an' wild,
 Alang a steep and eerie track
 Where hills on hills are piled:
 The torrent roars in wrath below,
 The tempest roars aboon;
 But fancy broods on brighter scenes,
 And soughs a cheerin' tune.

I'm wand'ring wide this wintery night,
 I'm wand'ring wide my lane,
 And mony a langsome, lonesome mile
 I'll measure ere it's gane.
 But lonesome roads or lonesome miles
 Can never daunt me,
 When I think on the welcome warm
 That waits me, love, frae thee.

Poor me.

[JOHN MITCHELL.—Here first printed.]

When gowd's in the pocket there's mirth in the ha',
 And lightly the hours o'er our heads glide awa',
 The tongue tells its tales wi' the cantiest glee,
 And the lips wear a smile that's near seen on—"poor me!"

But when in the pocket the fingers in vain
 Attempt but as coin o' our Queen's to obtain,
 How dowie we sit wi' the tear in our e'e,
 And sigh as we whisper in secret—"poor me!"

Our trade's gane awa' and my meal-pock is toom,
 And muckle I fear I'll ne'er fill't at the loom,
 See I to a far distant kintira maun flee;
 For, O! I am weary o' singing—"poor me!"

I ance dream't that fortune had feather'd my nest,
 But dreams are aye contrar', me I maun just rest
 On what poorth likes in my cauld hame to lea',
 With whom I aft sing in sad chorus—"poor me!"

My coat is thread bare, and my cheeks ha'e grown thin,
 And drear is the path fate has doom'd me to rin,
 The vera wee birds, as I pass them, agree
 To sing but as sang, and that sang is—"poor me!"

The flowers in their beauty will shed their perfume
 On a' that comes near them to gaze on their bloom,
 But do what I will, frae my presence men flee,
 They canna be fash'd wi' the lit o—"poor me!"

Border Song.

[W. A. FORSTER.—Here first printed.]

Come listen now, ladies,—it winna be lang,
 While I sing you a cannie Northumberland sang;
 It will tell you o' sports that have lang been my pride,
 And the games we've been haddin' in bonnie Till side;
 There 's few keener o' them,—come tell me o' aye,—
 For thrawing the hammer, or putting the stane.

The Cheviot bred lads may beat us for speed;
 And the prize for the jumping may gang to the Tweed;
 The quoits to the town, and the race to the hill;
 But there's something we'll keep on the banks of the Till;
 Two prizes there are,—I will yield them to nane—
 The thrawing the hammer and putting the stane.

John Cole, wi' his rifle, may beat us, I trow;
 William Foster now sticks to his arrow and bow;
 Let them come frae the Beaumont and Tweed to the TIL,
 We'll match them for something at Auld Heaton Mill:
 Ay, sirs, look and see—a' these medals were ta'en,
 By thraving the hammer and putting the stane.

Etal, Crookham, and Ford, have nae seen sic a day,
 Since the trumpet's blast raised them for Flodden's affray,
 But a bard of renown has that battle-field sung;
 And I tell o' the games in my ain mother tongue:
 We like sport but nae fighting,—just let us alane,
 When thraving the hammer and putting the stane.

The feuds on the Borders nae langer run fierce;
 Northumberland kindly shakes hands wi' the Merse:
 Baith sides o' the Tweed—and a cheer for the games,
 And good health to the victors, whatever their claims,
 And lang may the Border lads flourish and reign,
 At thraving the hammer and putting the stane.

The Thistle.

[ALEXANDER MACLAGGAN.—Set to music by Mr. Turnbull, Glasgow.]

HURRAH for the thistle! the brave Scottish thistle,
 The evergreen thistle of Scotland for me!
 A fig for the flowers in your lady-built bowers—
 The strong bearded, weel guarded thistle for me!

'Tis the flower the proud eagle greets in its flight,
 When he shadows the stars with the wings of his might;
 'Tis the flower that laughs at the storm as it blows,
 For the stronger the tempest the greener it grows!
 Hurrah for the thistle, &c.

Bound the love-lighted hames o' our ain native land—
 On the bonnetted brow, on the hilt of the brand—
 On the face o' the shield, 'mid the shouts of the free,
 May the thistle be seen where the thistle should be!
 Hurrah for the thistle, &c.

Hale hearts we ha'e yet to bleed in its cause;
 Bold harps we ha'e yet to sound its applause;
 How then can it fade, when sic chiefs an' sic cheer,
 And aae mony braw sprouts o' the thistle are here?
 Then hurrah for the thistle! the brave Scottish thistle,
 The evergreen thistle of Scotland for me!
 A fig for the flowers in your lady-built bowers,
 The strong bearded, weel guarded thistle for me!

Jocky said to Jenny.

[THIS was an old song even in Ramsay's days, as it was marked with a Z in the first volume of his Miscellany. The title there given to it is "For the love of Jean," which must have some relation to another song to the same tune. "Jocky and Jenny," says Mr. Robert Chambers, "were names which, for a long period previous to the early part of the last century, acted as general titles for every Scottish pair in humble life. The male name, in particular, was then invariably used by the English as appropriate to the personified idea of a Scotsman—exactly as Sandy is used at the present day."]

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou wed?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher-gude;
For my tocher-gude, I winna marry thee.
E'en 's ye like, quo' Johanle; ye may let it be!

I ha'e gowd and gear; I ha'e land eneuch;
I ha'e seven good owen gangin' in a pleuch;
Gangin' in a pleuch, and linkin' ower the lea:
And gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a gude ha' house, a barn, and a byre,
A stack afore the door; I'll mak' a rantin fire:
I'll mak' a rantin fire, and merry shall we be:
And, gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad; I'll be the lass mysel
Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcome to tak' me than to let me be.

Within a mile of Edinburgh.

[THIS is an improved version of an old song supposed to have been written by Tom D'Urfey, towards the close of the 17th century, and entitled "Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town." The old air is to be found in Oswald's collection: the air now in use is the composition of Mr. James Hook, father of the late Theodore Hook. The words here given are from the first volume of Johnson's Museum, 1787.]

Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year;
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.

Bonnie Jocky, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny, making hay,
The lassie blush'd, and frowning, cried, "No, no,
it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too."

Jocky was a wag that never would wed,
Though long he had followed the lass:
Contented she earned and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning, cried, "No,
no, it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too."

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
At church she no more frowning cried, "No, no,
it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too."

Jocky met wi' Jenny.

[THE tune of "O'er the hills and far away" is a very old Scottish melody. We find it mentioned by Pepys in the days of Charles the Second. It is also selected by Gay for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, "Were I laid on Greenland's coast." The song here given is, with the exception of the chorus, not properly a Scottish production, being rather a London imitation of Scottish song, brought out about the beginning of the last century, and published with the music in the "Pills to Purge Melancholy," (2d edition, 1709) where it is called "Jocky's Lamentation." Ramsay adopts the song in his Miscellany, with some verbal alterations.]

Jocky met with Jenny fair,
Aft by the dawning of the day;
But Jocky now is full of care,
Since Jenny staw his heart away.

Although she promised to be true,
She proven has, alack! unkind;
Which gars poor Jocky often rue,
That e'er he loved a fickle mind.

And it's over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bonnie lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now, poor man! he's e'en gane wud,
Since Jenny has gart him despair.
Young Jocky was a piper's son,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the springs that he could play,
Was o'er the hills, and far away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung—When first my Jenny's face
I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd.
Oh! was she but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my despair;
Instead of that she is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! could she find the dismal wae,
That for her sake I undergae,
She could nae choose but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief,
But, oh! she is as fause as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and care;
But she triumphs in proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to fa' in love
With ane that does sae faithless prove;
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she swore,
She wad be true for evermore;
But, to my grief, alack! I say,
She staw my heart and ran away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll sighing sing, adieu to love!

Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

How can my poor heart.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Thomson's collection,
to the tune of "O'er the hills and far away."]]

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet his foe!
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day,
Are aye wi' him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forests tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet.
Then may heaven with prosperous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

Turnimspike.

[TUNE, "Clout the Caudron."—This ludicrous description of a Highlandman's perplexities under the laws against wearing the Highland garb, the innovations of Turnpike roads, &c., is said to have been written by DOUGALD GRAHAM, bellman in Glasgow, and author of a metrical account of the Rebellion of '45. Dougald was born about the year 1794, and died in 1779. A memoir of him will be found in Chambers's Scottish Biographical Dictionary.]

HERSELF pe Highland shentleman,
Pe said as Pothwell Frig, man;
And many alterations seen
Amang to Lawland Whig, man.
Fa a dra, diddle diddle dee, &c.

First when she to te Lawlands came
Nainsell was driving cows, man,
There was nae laws about him's nerves,
About te preeks or trows, man.

Nainsell did wear te phillabeg,
Te plaid prick'd on her shouder;
Te gude claymore hung py her pelt;
Her pistol sharged with powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith her legs pe lockit;
Ohon that ere she saw the day!
For a' her boughs pe prokit.

Every thing in te Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration;
Te sodger dwell at our door cheek,
And tat pe great vexation.

Scotland pe turn'd a Ningland now,
The laws pring in te caudger;
Nainsell wad dirk him for his deeds,
But, oh! she fears te sodger.

Another law came after tat,
Me never saw the like, man,
They mak' a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man;

And wow she be a ponny road,
Like Loudon corn riggs, man,
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And ne preak i'ther's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she'll no be sheaper,
For nought but gaun upon the ground,
And they gi'e her a paper.

They take the horse then py te head,
And there they make him stand, man;
She tell them she had seen the day
They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse;
And pay him what him like, man,
She'll see a shudgement on his toor,
That filthy turnimspike, man.

But she'll awa' to te Highland hills,
Where deil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near te turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

The Auld Higlandman.

[JAMES HOGG.—TUNE, "Killiecrankie."]

HERSELF pe auchty years and twa,
Te twenty-tird o' May, man;
She twall among the Heelan hills,
Ayont the reeder Spey, man.
Tat year tey foucht the Sherra-muir,
She first peheld te licht, man;
Tey shot my father in tat stoure—
A plaguit, vexin spite, man.

I've foucht in Scotland here at hame,
In France and Shermanie, man;
And cot tree tespurt pluddy oons,
Beyond te 'Lantic sea, man:
But was licht on te nasty can,
Tat ever she pe porn, man;
Phile koot klymore te tristle caird,
Her leaves pe never torn, man.

As taylor I shot, and shot, and shot,
Phane'er it cam' my turn, man;
Put a' te force tat I could gi'e,
Te powter wadna purn, man.
A filty loan cam' wi' his cun,
Resolv't to too me harm, man;
And wi' te tirk upon her nose
Ke me a pluddy arm, man.

I flang my cun wi' a' my might,
And felt his neepoor teit, man;
Tan drew my sword, and at a stralk
Hewt aff to haf o's heit, man.
Be vain to tell o' a' my tricks;
My coons pe nae tiarace, man,
Ter no pe yin pehint my back,
Ter a' pefor my face, man.

Shon M' Nab.

[ALEX. RODGER.—Tune, "For a' that and a' that."]

NAINSEL pe Maister Shon M' Nab,
Pe auld's ta forty-five man,
And mony troll affairs she's seen,
Since she was born alive, man;
She's seen the warl' turn upsie down,
Ta shentleman turn poor man,
And him was ance ta beggar loon,
Get knocker 'pon him's door, man.

She's seen ta stane bow't owre ta purn,
And syde be ca'd ta prig, man,
She's seen ta whig ta tory turn,
Ta tory turn ta whig, man;
But a' ta troll things she pe seen,
Wad teuk twa days to tell, man,
So, gin you likes, she'll toid your shust
Ta story 'bout hersel, man :—

Nainisel was first ta herd ta kyse,
'Pon Morven's ponnies prae, man,
Whar thousand pleasant tays she'll spent,
Pe pu ta nits and shies, man;
An' ten she'll pe ta *herring-pool*,
An' syne she'll pe fish-cod, man,
Ta place tey'll call *Newbunthins-land*,
Pe far peyont ta proad, man.

But, och-hon-ee! one misty night,
Nainisel will lost her way, man,
Her poast was trown'd, hersel got fright,
She'll mind still dying day, man,
So fat! she'll pe fish-cod no more,
But back to Morven cam', man,
An' tere she turn ta whisky still,
Pe prew ta wee trap tram, man :

But foul pefu' ta ganger loon,
Pe put her in ta shall, man,
Whar she wad stood for mony a tay,
Shust 'cause she no got bail, man ;

But out she'll got, nae matters hoo,
And came to Glasgow town, man,
Whar thousand wonders *uher* she'll saw,
As she went up and down, man.

Ta first thing she pe wonder at,
As she cam' down ta street, man,
Was man's pe traw ta cart himsel,
Shust 'pon him's nain twa feet, man.
Och on! och on! her nainisel thought,
As she wad stood and glower, man,
Fair man! if they mak' you ta *horse*—
Should gang 'pon a' your *few*, man.

And when she turned ta corner round,
Ta black man tere she see, man,
Pe grund ta music in ta kist,
And sell him for pawpee, man;
And aye she'll grund, and grund, and grund,
And turn her mill about, man,
Pe strange! she will put nothing in,
Yet aye teuk music out, man.

And when she'll saw ta people's walk,
In crowds along ta street, man,
She'll wonder whar tye a' got spoons
To sup teir pick o' meat, man;
For in ta place whar she was porn,
And tat right far awa', man,
Ta tell a spoon in a' ta house,
But only ane or twa, man.

She glower to see ta Mattams, too,
Wi' plack clout 'pon teir face, man,
Tey surely tid some graceless deed,
Pe in sic black disgrace, man;
Or else what for tey'll hing ta clout,
Owre prow, and cheek, and chin, man,
If no for shame to show teir face,
For some ungodly sin, man?

Pe strange to see ta wee bit kirn,
Pe jaw the waters out, man,
And ne'er rin dry, though she wad rin
A' tay like mountain spout, man;
Pe stranger far to see ta lamps,
Like spunkies in a raw, man;
A' pruntin pright for want o' oil,
And tell a wick awa, man.

Ta Glasgow folk be unco folk,
Ha'e teallings wi' ta tell, man,—
Wi' fire tye grund ta tait o' woo,
Wi' fire tye card ta meal, man;

Wi' fire tye spin, wi' fire tye weave,
 Wi' fire do lika turn, man,
 Na, some o' tem will eat ta fire,
 And no him's pelly purn, man.

Wi' fire tye mak' ta coach pe rin,
 Upon ta railman's raw, man,
 Nainsel will saw him teuk ta road,
 An' tell a horse to traw, man;
 Another coach to Paisley rin,
 Tey'll call him Leachie's motion,
 But ouch! she was plawn a' to bite,
 By rascal rogue M'Spicion.

Wi' fire tye mak' ta vessels rin
 Upon ta river Clyde, man,
 She saw't herel, as sure's a gun,
 As she stood on ta side, man;
 But gin you'll no pelieve her word,
 Gang to ta Proomlelaw, man,
 You'll saw ta ship wi' twa mill-wheels,
 Pe grund ta water sma', man.

Och! sic a town as Glasgow town,
 She never see before, man,
 Ta houses tere pe mile and mair,
 Wi' names 'poon lika toor, man.
 An' in teir muckle windows tere,
 She'll saw't, sure's teeth, for sale, man,
 Praw shentleman's pe want ta head,
 An' leddies want ta tail, man.

She wonders what ta peoples do,
 Wi' a' ta praw things tere, man,
 Gi'e her ta prose, ta kilt, an' hose,
 For tem she wadna care, man,
 And aye gi'e her ta pickle sneeah,
 And wee drap parley pree, man,
 For a' ta praws in Glasgow town,
 She no gi'e a paw-prown-pee, man.

Ta Offish.

[ALFX. FISHER.—Air, "Johnny Cope."]

Hae nainsel' come frae ta hielan' hill,
 To pouny town o' Glasgow till,
 But o' Glasgow she's koten her pelly fill,
 She'll no forget tis twa tree mornin'.

She'll met Shony Grant her cooin's son,
 An' Tuncan, an' Toukal, an' Tonal Cunn,
 An' twa three more—an' she had sic fun,
 But she'll turn't oot a saut saut mornin'.

Sae Shony Grant, a shill she'll ha'e
 O' ta fers cootest usquapee,
 An' she'll pochtest a shill, aye an' twa three mae,
 An' she'll trunk till ta fers naist mornin'.

She'll sat, an' she'll trunk, an' she'll roar, an' she'll
 sang,
 An' aye for ta shill ta pell she'll rang,
 An' she'll maet sic a tin t'at a man she'll prang,
 An' she'll say't—"Co home 'tis mornin'."

Ta man she'll had on ta great pig coat,
 An' in her han' a rung she'll cot,
 An' a purnin' cruzie, an' she'll say't you sot
 She'll maun go to ta Offish tis mornin'.

She'll say't to ta man—"De an Diaoul shin
 duitte?"
 An' ta man she'll say't—"Pe quiet as ta mouse,
 Or nelse o'er her nottle she'll come fu' crouse,
 An' she'll put ta Offish in you in ta mornin'."

Ta man she'll dunt on ta stane her stick,
 An' t'an she'll pe sheuk her rick-tick-tick,
 An' t'an she'll pe catchet her by ta neck,
 An' trawn her to ta Offish in ta mornin'.

Ta mornin' come she'll be procht before
 Ta gentleman's praw, an' her pones all sore,
 An' ta shentleman's say't, "You tog, what for
 You'll maet sic a tin in tis mornin'."

She'll teukit aff her ponnet and she'll maet her a
 poo,
 An' she'll say't, "Please her Grace she cot her sel'
 foo,
 But shust let her oo and she'll never to
 Ta like no more in ta mornin'.

But t'an she'll ha'et to ta shentleman's praw
 Ta Sheordie frae out o' her sporan traw,
 An' she'll roart out loot—"De an diaoul a ha's gra'
 Oh hone O ri' tis mornin'!"

O t'an she'll pe salt ta shentlemans, "she'll no
 understoot
 What fore she'll pe here like ta lallan prute,
 But she'll maet her cause either pad or coot,
 For she'll teuk you to ta law this mornin'."

Ta shentleman's sayt " respect ta coort,
Or nelse my koot lat you'll suffer for't,
Shust taur to spoket another wort,
An' he'll send her to ta Fischal in ta mornin'.

Oich! she didna knew what to do afa,
For she nefer found herself so sma',
An' klat she was right to kot awa',
Frae oot o' ta offiah in ta mornin'.

Oh! tat she war to ta Hielans pack,
Whar ne'er ta paille's tare to crack,
An' whare she wad gotten ta sorro' a plack,
Frae n'oot o' her sporan in ta mornin'.

An tat there was there her coodin's son,
An' Tuncan, an' Tookal, and Tonal Cunn,
An' twa tree more, she wad haet sic fun,
And no be plaiget wi' pailles in ta mornin'.

Lauchie's Promotions.

[ALEX. RODGER.—Air "Johnny Cope."]

NAIRSEL she was porn 'mang ta Hielan' hills,
'Mang ta goats, an' ta sheeps, an' ta whiskee stills,
An' ta brochian, an' brogues, an' ta snuishin' mille,
Oich! she was ta ponnle land she was porn in:
For a' ta lads there will be shentlemans porn,
An' will wear *skean-dhu* an' ta praw snuiahin'-horn,

An' ta fine tartan trews her praw houghs to adorn,
An' mak' her look fu' spruce in ta mornin'.

Noo, ta shentlemans will no like to wroughtin'
at a',

But she'll sit py ta *grishack* her haffets to claw;
An' pe birde her shanks, till they're red as ta haw,
An' a' fu' o' measles lika mornin'.

But her nairnel' at last to ta Lalana cam' doon,
An' will got her a place 'mang ta *maior* Glaschow
toon;

Whar she's noo prush-ta-poot, an' pe poliah-ta-shoon,
An' pe shentleman's flunkie in ta mornin'.

But at last she will turn very full o' ta proud,
An' she'll hold up her heads, an' she'll spoke very loud,
An' she'll look wi' diadains 'pon ta low dirty crowd,
Tat will hing 'pout ta doors lika mornin'.

Noo, her nairnel is go to have one merry ball,
Whar she'll dance *Killism Callum*, hoogh! ta best
o' them all,

For ta ponnleest dancer she'll pe in ta hall,
Aye, either 'mang ta evenin' or mornin'.

Ither lads will have lasses, hersel will have no,
It pe far too expense wi' ta lassie to go;
So, she'll shust dance hersel', her fine preedings to show,

Tat she learn 'mang ta place she was porn in.
Then ta lads will cry " Lauchie, where from did
you'll cam',

Tat you'll not give ta lassie ta dance an' ta dram?"
But te're a' *frouster mosachs*, every one shust ta sam',

They wad spulzie all her sporan ere ta mornin'.

Noo, she's thocht'in' she'll yet turn a praw waiter's
pell,

When she wear ta fine pump an' pe dress very well;
An' py Sheorge! ere she'll stop, she'll pe maister
hersel,

In spite o' a' their taunts an' their scornin'.
Synne wha like ta great Maister Fraser will pe,
When she'll hing up ta sign o' the "Golden Cross
Key,"

An' will at in her parlour her orders to gie'
To her waiters an' her boots in ta mornin'?

Tugal M' Taggart.

WOULD you'll know me, my name it is Tugal
M' Tagger,

She'll brought hersel' down frae the braes o' Loch-
aber,

To learn her nairnel to be praw habberdaber,
Or fine linen-draber, the tane or the twa.

She'll being a stranger, she'll look very shy-like:
She's no weel acquaint wi' your laigh kintra dia-
lect;

But hoogh! never heed, she's got plenty o' Gaelic—
She comes frae ta house at the fit o' Glendoo.

But her kilt she'll exchange for ta praw tandie
trouser,

An' she'll learn to ta lady to scrap an' to pow, sir,
An' say to ta shentlemans, How did you'll do, sir?
An' ten she'll forget her poor friends at Glendoo.

An' when she'll pe spoket ta laigh kintra jabber,
 She'll gi'e hersel' out for ta laird o' Lochaber,
 Shust come for amusements to turn habberdaber,
 For tat will pe prawer tan herding ta cow.

She'll got a big shop, an' she'll turn'd a big dealer;
 She was caution hersel', for they'll no sought no
 bailer,

But Tugal M'Tagger hersel' mak's a failure,—
 They'll call her a bankrupt, a trade she'll not
 knew.

They'll called a great meeting, she'll look very
 quate now.

She'll fain win awa', but they'll tell her to wait now;
 They'll spoket a lang time, 'pout a great estate now;
 She'll thoct that they'll thoct her the laird o'
 Glendoo.

They'll wrote a lang while about a trust deeder,
 She'll no write a word, for hersel' couldna read her,
 They'll sought compongition, hough, hough,
 never heed her,—

There's no sic a word 'mang the hills o' Glendoo.

But had she her durk, hersel' would devour them,
 They'll put her in jail when she'll stood there
 before them;

But faith she'll got out on a hashimanorum;
 And now she's as free as the win's on Glendoo.

The Black Eagle.

[WRITTEN by DR. FORDYCK, and published in
 Johnson's Museum. Dr. Fordyce perished at sea
 in the year 1755.]

HARK! yonder eagle lonely wails,
 His faithful bosom grief assails;
 Last night I heard him in my dream,
 When death and woe were all the theme.
 Like that poor bird I make my moan,
 I grieve for dearest Delia gone;
 With him to gloomy rocks I fly,
 He mourns for love and so do I.

'Twas mighty love that tamed his breast,
 'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest;
 He droops his wings, he hangs his head,
 Since she he fondly loved was dead.

With Delia's breath my joy expired,
 'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fired;
 Like that poor bird I pine, and prove
 Nought can supply the place of love.

Dark as his feathers was the fate,
 That robb'd him of his darling mate;
 Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,
 That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky.
 To him is now for ever lost,
 The heart's bliss he once could boast;
 Thy sorrows, hapless bird, display,
 An image of my soul's dismay.

Mary's Dream.

[THE author of this beautiful poem was JOHN LOWE, a son of the gardener at Kenmure castle in Galloway. Having studied for the church, he was employed as tutor by Mr. Macgillie at Airdrie, an estate near the confluence of the Dee and the Ken. While residing there, about the year 1773, a gentleman named Alexander Miller, the lover of Miss Mary Macgillie, was drowned at sea—and this gave occasion to the song which preserves Lowe's name. Lowe's life was unfortunate. He died in America towards the close of the last century.]

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tower and tree;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
 When soft and low, a voice was heard,
 Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
 With visage pale, and hollow e'e.
 "O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
 It lies beneath a stormy sea.
 Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

Three stormy nights and stormy days,
 We tosed upon the raging main;
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.

John Cole, wi' his rifle, may beat us, I trow;
 William Foster now sticks to his arrow and bow;
 Let them come frae the Beaumont and Tweed to the Till,
 We'll match them for something at Auld Heaton Mill:
 Ay, sirs, look and see—a' these medals were ta'en,
 By thraving the hammer and putting the stane.

Etal, Crookham, and Ford, have na seen sic a day,
 Since the trumpet's blast raised them for Flodden's affray,
 But a bard of renown has that battle-field sung;
 And I tell o' the games in my ain mother tongue:
 We like sport but nae fighting,—just let us alane,
 When thraving the hammer and putting the stane.

The feuds on the Borders nae langer run ferocious;
 Northumberland kindly shakes hands wi' the Merse:
 Baith sides o' the Tweed—and a cheer for the games,
 And good health to the victors, whatever their claims,
 And lang may the Border lads flourish and reign,
 At thraving the hammer and putting the stane.

The Thistle.

[ALEXANDER MACLAGGAN.—Set to music by Mr. Turnbull, Glasgow.]

HURRAH for the thistle! the brave Scottish thistle,
 The evergreen thistle of Scotland for me!
 A fig for the flowers in your lady-built bowers—
 The strong bearded, weel guarded thistle for me!

'Tis the flower the proud eagle greets in its flight,
 When he shadows the stars with the wings of his might;
 'Tis the flower that laughs at the storm as it blows,
 For the stronger the tempest the greener it grows!
 Hurrah for the thistle, &c.

Round the love-lighted hames o' our ain native land—
 On the bonnetted brow, on the hilt of the brand—
 On the face o' the shield, 'mid the shouts of the free,
 May the thistle be seen where the thistle should be!
 Hurrah for the thistle, &c.

Hale hearts we ha'e yet to bleed in its cause;
 Bold harps we ha'e yet to sound its applause;
 How then can it fade, when sic chiefs an' sic cheer,
 And sae mony braw sprouts o' the thistle are here?
 Then hurrah for the thistle! the brave Scottish thistle,
 The evergreen thistle of Scotland for me!
 A fig for the flowers in your lady-built bowers,
 The strong bearded, weel guarded thistle for me!

Jocky said to Jenny.

[This was an old song even in Ramsay's days, as it was marked with a Z in the first volume of his Miscellany. The title there given to it is "For the love of Jean," which must have some relation to another song to the same tune. "Jocky and Jenny," says Mr. Robert Chambers, "were names which, for a long period previous to the early part of the last century, acted as general titles for every Scottish pair in humble life. The male name, in particular, was then invariably used by the English as appropriate to the personified idea of a Scotsman—exactly as Sandy is used at the present day."]

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou wed?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher-gude;
For my tocher-gude, I winna marry thee.
E'en 's ye like, quo' Johanlie; ye may let it be!

I ha'e gowd and gear; I ha'e land enouch;
I ha'e seven good owen gangin' in a pleuch;
Gangin' in a pleuch, and linkin' ower the lea:
And gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a gude ha' house, a barn, and a byre,
A stack afore the door; I'll mak' a rantin fire:
I'll mak' a rantin fire, and merry shall we be:
And, gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad; I'll be the lass mysell
Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcome to tak' me than to let me be.

Within a mile of Edinburgh.

[This is an improved version of an old song supposed to have been written by Tom D'Urfey, towards the close of the 17th century, and entitled "Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town." The old air is to be found in Oswald's collection: the air now in use is the composition of Mr. James Hook, father of the late Theodore Hook. The words here given are from the first volume of Johnson's Museum, 1787.]

Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year;
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.

Bonnie Jocky, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny, making hay,
The lassie blush'd, and frowning, cried, "No, no,
it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too."

Jocky was a wag that never would wed,
Though long he had followed the lass:
Contented she earned and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning, cried, "No,
no, it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too."

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
At church she no more frowning cried, "No, no,
it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too."

Jocky met wi' Jenny.

[The tune of "O'er the hills and far away" is a very old Scottish melody. We find it mentioned by Pepys in the days of Charles the Second. It is also selected by Gay for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, "Were I laid on Greenland's coast." The song here given is, with the exception of the chorus, not properly a Scottish production, being rather a London imitation of Scottish song, brought out about the beginning of the last century, and published with the music in the "Pills to Purge Melancholy," (2d edition, 1709) where it is called "Jocky's Lamentation." Ramsay adopts the song in his Miscellany, with some verbal alterations.]

Jocky met with Jenny fair,
Aft by the dawning of the day;
But Jocky now is full of care,
Since Jenny staw his heart away.

Although she promised to be true,
She proven has, alack! unkind;
Which gars poor Jocky often rue,
That e'er he loved a fickle mind.

And it's over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away,
The wind has blown my plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bonnie lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now, poor man! he's e'en gane wud,
Since Jenny has gart him despair.
Young Jocky was a piper's son,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the springs that he could play,
Was o'er the hills, and far away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung—When first my Jenny's face
I saw, she seem'd me fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd.
Oh! was she but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my despair;
Instead of that she is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! could she find the dismal wae,
That for her sake I undergae,
She could nae choose but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief,
But, oh! she is as fause as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and care;
But she triumphs in proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to fa' in love
With aye that does see faithless prove;
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she swore,
She wad be true for evermore;
But, to my grief, alack! I say,
She staw my heart and ran away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll sighing sing, adieu to love!

Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

How can my poor heart.

[WARRIOR by Burns for Thomson's collection,
to the tune of "O'er the hills and far away."]

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet his foe!
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day,
Are aye wi' him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forests tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Sarging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet.
Then may heaven with prosperous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

Turninspike.

[TUNE, "Clout the Caudron."—This ludicrous description of a Highlandman's perplexities under the laws against wearing the Highland garb, the innovations of Turnpike roads, &c., is said to have been written by DOUGALD GRAHAM, bellman in Glasgow, and author of a metrical account of the Rebellion of '45. Dougald was born about the year 1734, and died in 1779. A memoir of him will be found in Chambers's Scottish Biographical Dictionary.]

HERRILL pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Frig, man;
And many alterations seen
Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
Fa a dra, diddle diddle dee, &c.

First when she to te Lawlands came
Nainsell was driving cows, man,
There was nae laws about him's nerve,
About te precks or trows, man.

Nainsell did wear te phillabeg,
Te plaid prick'd on her shoulder;
Te gude claymore hung py her pelt;
Her pistol acharged with powder.

But for whereas these cursed precks,
Wherewith her legs pe lockit;
Ohon that ere she saw the day!
For a' her boughs pe prokit.

Every thing in te Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration;
Te sodger dwell at our door cheek,
And tat pe great vexation.

Scotland pe turn'd a Ningland now,
The laws pring in te caudger;
Nainsell wad dirk him for his deeds,
But, oh! she fears te sodger.

Another law came after tat,
Me never saw the like, man,
They mak' a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turninspike, man;

And wow she be a ponny road,
Like London corn riggs, man,
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And ne preak i'ther's legs, man.

They charge a penny for lika horse,
In troth she'll no be sheaper,
For nought but gaun upon the ground,
And they g'ie her a paper.

They take the horse then py te head,
And there they make him stand, man;
She tell them she had seen the day
They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell mann draw her purse;
And pay him what him like, man,
She'll see a shudgement on his toor,
That filthy turninspike, man.

But she'll awa' to te Highland hills,
Where deil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near te turninspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

The Auld Highlandman.

[JAMES HOOE.—TUNE, "Killiecrankie."]

HERRILL pe auchty years and twa,
Te twenty-tird o' May, man;
She twell amang the Heelan hills,
Ayont the refter Spey, man.
Tat year tey fought the Sherra-muir,
She first peheld te licht, man;
Tey shot my father in tat stoure—
A plaguit, vexin spite, man.

I've feacht in Scotland here at hame,
In France and Shermanie, man;
And oot tree tespart pluddy cone,
Beyond te 'Lantic sea, man;
But wae licht on te nasty cun,
Tat ever she pe porn, man;
Phile koot klymore te tristle caird,
Her leaves pe never torn, man.

Ae tay I shot, and shot, and shot,
Phane'er it cam' my turn, man;
Put a' te force tat I could g'ie,
Te power wadna purn, man.
A filty loun cam' wi' his cun,
Resolv't to too me harm, man;
And wi' te tirk upon her nose
Ke me a pluddy arm, man.

I sang my cun wi' a' my might,
And felt his neepour teit, man;
Tan drew my awort, and at a strait
Hewt aff to haf o' his heit, man.
Be vain to tell o' a' my tricks;
My coons pe nae tiscrace, man,
Ter no pe yin pehint my back,
Ter a' pefor my face, man.

Shon M'Nab.

[ALEX. RODGER.—Tune, "Fora' that and a' that."]

NAINSEL pe Maister Shon M'Nab,
Pe auld's ta forty-five man,
And mony troll affairs she's seen,
Since she was born alive, man;
She's seen the war! turn upsie down,
Ta shentleman turn poor man,
And him was ance ta beggar loon,
Get knocker 'pon him's door, man.

She's seen ta stane bow't owre ta purn,
And ayle be ca'd ta prig, man,
She's seen ta whig ta tory turn,
Ta tory turn ta whig, man;
But a' ta troll things she pe seen,
Wad teuk twa days to tell, man,
So, gin you likes, she'll told your shust
Ta story 'bout haeel, man:—

Nainael was first ta herd ta kyre,
'Pon Morven's pounie prace, man,
Whar tousand pleasant tays she'll spent,
Pe pu ta nits and slae, man;
An' ten she'll pe ta *herring-poot*,
An' syne she'll pe fish-cod, man,
Ta place tey'll call Newfoundhims-land,
Pe far peryont ta poad, man.

But, och-hon-ee! one misty night,
Nainael will lost her way, man,
Her poot was trown'd, haeel got fright,
She'll mind till dying day, man,
So fat! she'll pe fish-cod no more,
But back to Morven cam', man,
An' tere she turn ta whisky still,
Pe prew ta wee trap tram, man:

But foul pef's ta gauger loon,
Pe put her in ta shall, man,
Whar she wad stood for mony a tay,
Shust 'cause she no got ball, man;

But out she'll got, nae matters hoo,
And came to Glasgow town, man,
Whar tousand wonders *maer* she'll saw,
As she went up and down, man.

Ta first thing she pe wonder at,
As she cam' down ta street, man,
Was man's pe traw ta cart himsel,
Shust 'pon him's nain twa feet, man.
Och on! och on! her nainael thought,
As she wad stood and glower, man,
Puir man! if they mak' you ta horse—
Should gang 'pon a' your *far*, man.

And when she turned ta corner round,
Ta black man tere she see, man,
Pe grund ta music in ta kist,
And sell him for pawpee, man;
And aye she'll grund, and grund, and grund,
And turn her mill about, man,
Pe strange! she will put nothing in,
Yet aye teuk music out, man.

And when she'll saw ta people's walk,
In crowds along ta street, man,
She'll wonder whar tey a' got spoons
To sup teir pick o' meat, man;
For in ta place whar she was porn,
And tat right far awa', man,
Ta tell a spoon in a' ta house,
But only ans or twa, man.

She glower to see ta Mattams, too,
Wi' plack clout 'pon teir face, man,
Tey surely tid some graceless deed,
Pe in sic black diigrace, man;
Or else what for tey'll hing ta clout,
Owre prow, and cheek, and chin, man,
If no for shame to show teir face,
For some ungodly sin, man?

Pe strange to see ta wee bit kirn,
Pe jaw the waters out, man,
And ne'er rin dry, though she wad rin
A' tay like mountain spout, man;
Pe stranger far to see ta lampe,
Like spunkies in a raw, man;
A' pruntin pright for want o' oil,
And tell a wick awa, man.

Ta Glasgow folk be unco folk,
Ha'e tealings wi' ta tell, man,—
Wi' fire tey grund ta tait o' woo,
Wi' fire tey card ta meal, man;

Wi' fire tye spin, wi' fire tye weave,
 Wi' fire do ilka turn, man,
 Na, some o' tem will eat ta fire,
 And no him's pelly purn, man.

Wi' fire tye mak' ta coach pe rin,
 Upon ta railman's raw, man,
 Nainsel will saw him teuk ta road,
 An' tell a horse to traw, man;
 Another coach to Paisley rin,
 Tey'll call him Lauchie's motion,
 But ouch! she was plawn a' to bits,
 By rascaal rogue M'Spicion.

Wi' fire tye mak' ta vessels rin
 Upon ta river Clyde, man,
 She saw't hereel, as sure's a gun,
 As she stood on ta side, man:
 But gin you'll no pellev her word,
 Gang to ta Proomlelaw, man,
 You'll saw ta ship wi' twa mill-wheels,
 Pe grund ta water sma', man.

Oich! sic a town as Glasgow town,
 She never see before, man,
 Ta houses tere pe mile and mair,
 Wi' names 'poon ilka toor, man.
 An' in teir muckle windows tere,
 She'll saw't, sure's teath, for sale, man,
 Praw shentleman's pe want ta head,
 An' leddies want ta tail, man.

She wonders what ta peoples do,
 Wi' a' ta praw things tere, man,
 Gi'e her ta prose, ta kilt, an' hose,
 For tem she wadna care, man.
 And aye gi'e her ta pickle sneeah,
 And wee drap parley pree, man,
 For a' ta praws in Glasgow town,
 She no gi'e a paw-prown-pee, man.

Ta Offish.

[ALEX. FISHER.—Air, "Johnny Cope."]

Hae nainsel' come frae ta hielan' hill,
 To posny town o' Glasgow till,
 But o' Glasgow she's koten her pelly fill,
 She'll no forget tis twa tree mornin'.

She'll met Shony Grant her cooin's son,
 An' Tuncan, an' Toukal, an' Tonal Cunn,
 An' twa three more—an' she had sic fun,
 But she'll turn't oot a saut saut mornin'.

Sae Shony Grant, a shill she'll ha'e
 O' ta fers cootest usquapee,
 An' she'll pochtest a shill, aye an' twa three mae,
 An' she'll trank till ta fers neist mornin'.

She'll eat, an' she'll trank, an' she'll roar, an' she'll
 sang,
 An' aye for ta shill ta pell she'll rang,
 An' she'll maet sic a tin t'at a man she'll prang,
 An' she'll say't—"Co home 'tis mornin'."

Ta man she'll had on ta great pig coat,
 An' in her han' a rung she'll cot,
 An' a purnin' cruzie, an' she'll say't you sot
 She'll maun go to ta Offish tis mornin'.

She'll say't to ta man—"De an Diaoul shin
dutice?"

An' ta man she'll say't—"Pe quiet as ta mouse,
 Or nelae o'er her nottle she'll come fu' crouse,
 An' she'll put ta Offish in you in ta mornin'."

Ta man she'll dunt on ta stane her stick,
 An' t'an she'll pe sheuk her rick-tick-tick,
 An' t'an she'll pe catchet her by ta neck,
 An' trawn her to ta Offish in ta mornin'.

Ta mornin' come she'll be procht before
 Ta gentleman's praw, an' her pones all sore,
 An' ta shentleman's say't, "You tog, what for
 You'll maet sic a tin in tis mornin'."

She'll teukit aff her ponnet and she'll maet her a
 poo,
 An' she'll say't, "Please her Grace she cot her sel'
 foo,
 But shust let her oo and she'll never to
 Ta like no more in ta mornin'."

But t'an she'll ha'et to ta shentleman's praw
 Ta Sheordie frae out o' her sporan traw,
 An' she'll roart out loot—"De an diaoul a ha's gra'
 Oh bone O ri 'tis mornin'!"

O t'an she'll pe salt ta shentlemans, "she'll no
 unterstoot
 What fore she'll pe here like ta lallan prute,
 But she'll maet her cause either pad or coot,
 For she'll teuk you to ta law this mornin'."

Ta shentleman's say't "respect ta coort,
Or nelse my koot lat you'll suffer for't,
Shust taur to spoket another wort,
An' she'll send her to ta Fiechal in ta mornin'.

Oich! she didna knew what to do aha,
For she nefer found hersel' so sma',
An' klat she was right to kot awa',
Frae oot o' ta offish in ta mornin'.

Oh! tat she war to ta Hielans peck,
Whar ne'er ta paille's tare to crack,
An' whare she wad gotten ta sorro' a plack,
Frae n'oot o' her sporan in ta mornin'.

An tat there was there her coosin's son,
An' Tuncan, an' Tookal, and Tonal Cunn,
An' twa tree more, she wad haet sic fun,
And no be plaigot wi' pailles in ta mornin'.

Lauchie's Promotions.

[ALEX. RODGER.—Air "Johnny Cope."]

NAINERT she was porn 'mang ta Hielan' hills,
Mang ta goats, an' ta sheeps, an' ta whiskee stills,
An' ta brochan, an' brogues, an' ta smuishin' mills,
Oich! she was ta ponnle land she was porn in:
For a' ta lads there will be shentlemans porn,
An' will wear *skoon-dau* an' ta praw smuishin'-horn,
An' ta fine tartan trews her praw boughs to adorn,
An' mak' her look fu' spruce in ta mornin'.

Noo, ta shentlemans will no like to wroughtin' at a',
But she'll sit py ta *grisebach* her haffets to claw;
An' pe birle her shanks, till they're red as ta haw,
An' a' fu' o' measles ilka mornin'.
But her nainse! at last to ta Lalans cam' doon,
An' will got her a place 'mang ta *maior* Glaschow toon;
Whar she's noo prush-ta-poot, an' pe poliah-ta-shoon,
An' pe shentleman's flunkie in ta mornin'.

But at last she will turn very full o' ta proud,
An' she'll hold up her heads, an' she'll spoke very loud,
An' she'll look wi' disdains 'pon ta low tirty crowd,
Tat will hing 'pout ta doors ilka mornin'.

Noo, her nainse! is go to have one merry ball,
Whar she'll dance *Killum Callum*, hoogh! ta best o' them all,
For ta ponniet dancer she'll pe in ta hall,
Aye, either 'mang ta evenin' or mornin'.

Ither lads will have lasses, hersel will have no,
It pe far too expense wi' ta lassie to go;
So, she'll shust dance hersel', her fine preedings to show,

Tat she learn 'mang ta place she was porn in.
Then ta lads will cry "Lauchie, where from did you'll cam',
Tat you'll not give ta lassie ta dance an' ta dram?"
But te're a' *frouster mosachs*, every one shust ta sam',
They wad spulkie all her sporan ere ta mornin'.

Noo, she's thocht'in she'll yet turn a praw waiter's pelt,
When she wear ta fine pump an' pe dress very well;
An' py Shorgee! ere she'll stop, she'll pe maister hersel,

In spite o' a' their taunts an' their scornin'.
Synne wha like ta great Maister Fraser will pe,
When she'll hing up ta sign o' the "Golden Cross Key,"

An' will sit in her parlour her orders to gi'e
To her waiters an' her boots in ta mornin'!

Tugal M'Taggart.

WOULD you'll know me, my name it is Tugal M'Tagger,
She'll brought hersel' down frae the braes o' Lochaber,
To learn her nainse! to be praw habberdaber,
Or fine linen-draber, the tane or the twa.

She'll being a stranger, she'll look very shy-like:
She's no weel acquaint wi' your laigh kintra dialect;
But hoogh! never heed, she's got plenty o' Gaelic—
She comes frae ta house at the fit o' Glendoe.

But her kilt she'll exchange for ta praw tandie trowser,
An' she'll learn to ta lady to scrap an' to pow, sir,
An' say to ta shentlemans, How did you'll do, sir?
An' ten she'll forget her poor friens at Glendoe.

An' when she'll be spoket to laigh kintra jabber,
 She'll gi'e hersel' out for ta laird o' Lochaber,
 Shust come for amusements to turn habberdaber,
 For tat will be praver tan herding ta cow.

She'll got a big shop, an' she'll turn'd a big dealer;
 She was caution hersel', for they'll no sought no
 halter,
 But Tugal M'Tagger hersel' mak's a failure,—
 They'll call her a bankrupt, a trade she'll not
 knew.

They'll called a great meeting, she'll look very
 quate now.
 She'll fa'in win awa', but they'll tell her to wait now;
 They'll spoket a lang time, 'pout a great estate now;
 She'll thoct that they'll thoct her the laird o'
 Glendoo.

They'll wrote a lang while about a trust deeder,
 She'll no write a word, for hersel' couldna read her,
 They'll sought compongition, hough, hough,
 never heed her,—
 There's no sic a word 'mang the hills o' Glendoo.

But had she her durk, hersel' would devour them,
 They'll put her in jail when she'll stood there
 before them;
 But faith she'll got out on a hashmanorum;
 And now she's as free as the win's on Glendoo.

The Black Eagle.

[WRITTEN by DR. FORDYCE, and published in
 Johnson's Museum. Dr. Fordyce perished at sea
 in the year 1755.]

HARK! yonder eagle lonely wails,
 His faithful bosom grief assails;
 Last night I heard him in my dream,
 When death and woe were all the theme.
 Like that poor bird I make my moan,
 I grieve for dearest Delia gone;
 With him to gloomy rocks I fly,
 He mourns for love and so do I.

'Twas mighty love that tamed his breast,
 'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest;
 He droops his wings, he hangs his head,
 Since she he fondly loved was dead.

With Delia's breath my joy expired,
 'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fired;
 Like that poor bird I pine, and prove
 Nought can supply the place of love.

Dark as his fathens was the fate,
 That robb'd him of his darling mate;
 Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,
 That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky.
 To him is now for ever lost,
 The heartfelt bliss he once could boast;
 Thy sorrows, hapless bird, display,
 An image of my soul's dismay.

Mary's Dream.

[THE author of this beautiful poem was JOHN
 LOWE, a son of the gardener at Kenmure castle
 in Galloway. Having studied for the church, he
 was employed as tutor by Mr. Macgillie at Airlis,
 an estate near the confluence of the Dee and the
 Ken. While residing there, about the year 1773,
 a gentleman named Alexander Miller, the lover
 of Miss Mary Macgillie, was drowned at sea—and
 this gave occasion to the song which preserves
 Lowe's name. Lowe's life was unfortunate. He
 died in America towards the close of the last cen-
 tury.]

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tower and tree;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
 When soft and low, a voice was heard,
 Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
 With visage pale, and hollow e'e.
 "O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
 It lies beneath a stormy sea.
 Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

Three stormy nights and stormy days,
 We tossed upon the raging main;
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.

Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled:
No more of Sandy could she see.
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

The Smiling Plains.

[WILLIAM FALCONER, author of "The Shipwreck."]

The smiling plains, profusely gay,
Are dress'd in all the pride of May;
The birds on every spray above
To rapture wake the vocal grove.
But, ah! Miranda, without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me,
All lonely in the secret shade,
I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

O soft as love! as honour fair!
Serenely sweet as vernal air!
Come to my arms; for you alone
Can all my absence past atone.
O come! and to my bleeding heart
The sovereign balm of love impart;
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
And give the year eternal spring.

My heid is like to rend.

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.—This almost even surpasses the same author's "Jeanie Morrison" in passion and pathos.]

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break—
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake!

Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie
Your hand on my brier-bane—
Oh say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun ha'e its will—
But let me rest upon your brier,
To snb and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never shall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
A pair heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair—
Or it will burst the silken twine
Sae strang is its despair!

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryt was set!
Oh wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae—
And wae's me for the destinie,
That gart me luvè thee aae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame—
But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dreè a world's shame!
Het tears are hallin' ower your cheek,
And hallin' ower your ohn;
Why weep ye aae for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warid, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see—
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine—
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gae through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart—
Oh! haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow are we twa part.

Anther, and anther yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
Step lightly for my sake!

The lav'rook in the lift, Willie,
That lifts far ower our beld,
Will sing the morn as merrillie
Abuse the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-drops shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And oh! think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
That file my yellow hair—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sail him raise!

Dirge of a Highland Chief.

[Set to music by R. A. Smith.]

Sow of the mighty and the free,
Loved leader of the faithful brave,
Was it for high-rank'd chief like thee
To fill a nameless grave?
Oh, hadst thou slumber'd with the slain,
Had glory's death-bed been thy lot,
Even though on red Culloden's plain,
We then had mourn'd thee not.

But darkly closed thy morn of fame,
That morn whose sunbeams rose so fair:
Revenge alone may breathe thy name,
The watch-word of despair.
Yet, oh, if gallant spirit's power
Has e'er ennobled death like thine,
Then glory mark'd thy parting hour,
Last of a mighty line.

O'er thy own bowers the sunshine falls,
But cannot cheer their lonely gloom;
Those beams that gild thy native walls
Are sleeping on thy tomb.

Spring on the mountains laughs the while,
Thy green woods wave in vernal air;
But the loved scenes may vainly smile—
Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle sound
Is mixing with the torrent's roar;
Unmark'd the red deer sport around—
Thou lead'st the chase no more.
Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still—
Those halls where swell'd the coral strain;
They hear the wild winds murmuring shrill,
And all is hush'd again.

Thy bard his peaking harp has broke—
His fire, his joy of song, is past!
One lay to mourn thy fate he woke,
His saddest, and his last.
No other theme to him is dear
Than lofty deeds of thine:
Hush'd be the strain thou canst not hear,
Last of a mighty line.

Callum-a-Glen.

[JAMES HOGG.—Air, "Malcolm of the Glen."]

Was ever old warrior of suffering so weary?
Was ever the wild beast so bayed in his den?
The Southron blood hounds lie in kennels so near
me,
That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.
My chief they have slain, and of stay have bereft me;
My sons are all slain and my daughters have left
me; [ten,
No child to protect me, where once there was
And woe to the grey hairs of Callum-a-Glen.

The homes of my kindred are blazing to heaven,
The bright sun of morning has blushed at the
view;
The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew:
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber;
It sprinkles the cot and it flows from the pen.
The pride of my country is fallen for ever!
Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen?

The sun in his glory has looked on our sorrow,
The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea.
Oh, is there no day-spring for Scotland? no morrow
Of bright renovation for souls of the free?

Yes: one above all has beheld our devotion;
Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken;
The day is abiding of stern retribution
On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

John Tod.

He's a terrible man, John Tod, John Tod,
He's a terrible man, John Tod;
He scolds in the house, he scolds at the door,
He scolds in the very his road, John Tod,
He scolds in the very his road.

The weans a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
The weans a' fear John Tod;
When he's passing by, the mothers will cry,
Here's an ill wean, John Tod, John Tod,
Here's an ill wean, John Tod.

The callants a' fear John Tod, John Tod,
The callants a' fear John Tod;
If they steal but a neep, the laddie he'll whip,
And it's unco weel done o' John Tod, John Tod,
And it's unco weel done o' John Tod.

And saw ye nae little John Tod, John Tod?
O saw ye nae little John Tod?
His shoon they were re'in, and his feet they were
seen,
But stout does he gang on the road, John Tod,
But stout does he gang on the road.

How is he fendin', John Tod, John Tod?
How is he fendin', John Tod?
He is scourin' the land wi' a rung in his hand,
And the French wadna frighten John Tod,
John Tod,
And the French wadna frighten John Tod.

Ye're sun-burnt and batter'd, John Tod, John Tod,
Ye're tantit and tatter'd, John Tod;
Wi' your auld strippt cowly ye look maist like a fule;
But there's nouse in the linin', John Tod, John
Tod,
But there's nouse in the linin', John Tod.

He's weel respectit, John Tod, John Tod,
He's weel respectit, John Tod;
Though a terrible man, we'd a' gang wrang,
If he should leave us, John Tod, John Tod,
If he should leave us, John Tod.

John Mant.

Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell o' John Mant, John Mant,
Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell o' John Mant;
He's been sae to blame, that he's got a bad name,
But, faith! he's far waur than he's ca't, John
Mant.

His doublet is raggit, John Mant, John Mant,
His doublet is raggit, John Mant,
His hat's down in the crown, he has awn' like
shoon,
And his stockings are wae'fully gan't, John Mant.
Ye'll a' ha'e, &c.

He swears like a trooper, John Mant, John Mant,
He swears like a trooper, John Mant;
He ne'er sticks at a lee, and he'll schit wi' a flee,
Tho' name but himsel's in the faunt, John Mant.
Ye'll a' ha'e, &c.

He's whiles in the skies, John Mant, John Mant,
He's whiles in the skies, John Mant;
But down in the mud, he plays clash wi' a thud,
And his claes ye might clean wi' a claut, John
Mant.
Ye'll a' ha'e, &c.

The weans they get fun wi' John Mant, John Mant,
The weans they get fun wi' John Mant,
They hoot and they cry as they see him gang by,
But whiles though he lends them a claut, John
Mant.
Ye'll a' ha'e, &c.

The lasses a' lo'e John Mant, John Mant,
The lasses a' lo'e John Mant;
They swear it's no true, but they get themsel's fou,
And then they sairly misca't, John Mant.
Ye'll a' ha'e, &c.

The wives are fond o' John Mant, John Mant,
The wives are a' fond o' John Mant;
They say he is gran', they ne'er mind their guld-
man,
But they coax, and they cuddle, and dant, John
Mant.
Ye'll a' ha'e, &c.

Sae I redd ye tak' tent o' John Mant, John Mant,
I redd ye tak' tent o' John Mant;
He's no weel to ha'e for a friend or a foe,
Sae I redd ye keep out o' his claut, John Mant.
Ye'll a' ha'e, &c.

When the kye come hame.

[This spirited song by the ETTRICK SHEPHERD first appeared in his novel entitled "The Three Perils of Man," 1881, 3 vols. It is sung to the old tune of "The Blathrie o't."]

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken.
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgoonet,
Nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor yet on bed of down:
'Tis beneath the spreading birch,
In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loves to see,
And up upon the tapmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love 'tis a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

When the bluart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauld it up his e'e,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Drape down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright,
The hail soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper,
And joy in every smile;

O, who would choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame?

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to rest,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—
What comfort can they gi'e?—
And a' the arts that prey
On man's life and libertie!
Gi'e me the highest joy
That the heart o' man can frame,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame.

The Brakens wi' me.

[JAMES HOGG.—Air, "Driving the Steer."]

I'll sing of yon glen o' red heather,
An' a' dear thing that ca's it her name,
Wha's a' made o' love life together,
Frae the tie o' the shoe to the kembe.
Love beckons in ev'ry sweet motion,
Commanding due homage to gi'e;
But the shrine of my dearest devotion
Is the bend o' her bonnie e'e bree.

I fleech'd and I pray'd the dear lassie
To gang to the brakens wi' me,
But though neither lordly nor saucy,
Her answer was, "Laith will I be.
Ah! is it nae cruel to press me
To that which wad breed my heart was,
An' try to entice a poor lassie
The gate she's o'er ready to gae.

"I neither ha'e father nor mither,
Good counsel or caution to gi'e,
And prudence has whisper'd me never
To gang to the brakens wi' thee.

I neither ha'e tocher nor malling,
I ha'e but as boast—I am free;
But a' wad be tint, without fa'ling,
Among the green brakens wi' thee."

"Dear lassie, how can ye upbraid me,
And by your ain love to beguile,
For ye are the richest young lady
That ever gaed o'er the kirk-stile?
Your smile that is blither than ony,
The bend o' your sunny e'e-bree,
And the love-blinks aneath it see bonnie
Are five hunder thousand to me."

There's joy in the blythe blooming feature,
When love lurks in every young line;
There's joy in the beauties of nature,
There's joy in the dance and the wine;
But there's a delight wi' ne'er perish
'Mong pleasures so fleeting and vain,
And that is to love and to cherish
The fond little heart that's our ain.

The Flower o' Dunblane.

[THIS once universally popular song, written by TANNABILL, and set to music by R. A. Smith, was first introduced to the public in the year 1808. "The third stanza," says Smith, "was not written till several months after the others were finished. The poet," he adds, "had no particular fair one in his eye at the time, and Jessie was quite an imaginary personage." The truth is, Tannabill wrote the words to supplant the old coarse song, called "Bob o' Dunblane"—hence the title. He never was in Dunblane, but from his favourite Braes o' Gleniffer had often doubtless seen the sun go down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond.]

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lonely I stray, in the calm stummer gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its soft fauldin' blossoms!
And sweet is the birch, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as onie, and blythe as she's bonnie;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
See dear to this bosom, see artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

The Braes o' Gleniffer.

[THIS beautiful song was written by TANNABILL to the old air of "Bonnie Dundee." Mr. ROSS of Aberdeen also composed a tune for it. Gleniffer braes lie at a short distance south-west of Paisley.]

KEN blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my
lover,

Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw.
The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae
bonnie,

The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they ha'e march'd my dear
Johnnie,

And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and
cheerie,

Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling
drearie, [snaw.

And naething is seen but the wide-spreading
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as
they flee; [Johnnie;

And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my
'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sieety cloud skiffs along the bleak moun-
tain,
And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
While down the deep glen brawls the snaw-flooded
fountain,
That murmur'd see sweet to my laddie and me.
It's no its loud roar on the wintry winds swellin',
It's no the cauld blast brings the tear to my e'e,
For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.

[THE "Pibroch of Donald the Black" is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan Macdonald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donaki Balloch, who, in 1481, launched from the isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own. The song here given was written by SIR WALTER SCOTT for Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816. It may also be seen set to music in Thomson's collection, 1830.]

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons;
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons!

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one!

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and target.
Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended:
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster:
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather;
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set;
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Now for the onset!

Macgregor's Gathering.

[THESE verses were written by SIR WALTER SCOTT for *Albyn's Anthology* in 1816. They are adapted to a very wild, yet lively gathering-tune, used by the Macgregors. The severe treatment of this clan, their outlawry, and the very proscription of their name, are alluded to here.]

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day—
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!

Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night, in our vengeful hal-
loo—
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Grigalach!

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Calchuirn and her
towers,
Glenstrae, and Glenlyon, no longer are ours—
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!

But, doomed and devoted by vassal and lord,
Macgregor has still both his heart and his sword—
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roof to the flames, and their flesh to the
eagles— [lach!
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grig-

While there's leaves on the forest, or foam on the
river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!

Donald Caird.

[WRITTEN by SIR WALTER SCOTT for Albyn's
Anthology, vol. II. 1818, and set to music in Mr.
Thomson's collection, 1822.]

DONALD CAIRD's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can lit and sing,
Blithely dance the Highland fling;
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglan, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man:
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a mankin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin;
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift:
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith, or reward,
Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill,
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilks ane that sells gude liquor,
Kens how Donald bends a bicker:
When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle o' the cansey;
Highland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gi'e way to Donald Caird.

Steek the awmrie, look the kist,
Kise some gear will sune be mist;
Donald Caird findsorra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings:
Dunts o' kebbuck, tails o' woo,
Whiles a hen and whiles a soo,
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
Ware the wuddle, Donald Caird!

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether, legs to airm:
But Donald Caird, wi' muckle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddle.
Rings o' airm, and bolts o' steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fank and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Saw ye nae my Peggy.

[THIS song, though old, was not inserted in
any regular collection of Scottish songs till that
of David Herd in 1789. "There is another set of
the words," says Burns, "much older still, and
which I take to be the original one, as follows—a
song familiar from the cradle to every Scottish ear:

Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie,
Linkin ower the lea?

High-kiltit was she,
High-kiltit was she,
High-kiltit was she,
Her coat aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
That aye may ken her be! (by).

Though it by no means follows that the silliest
verses to an air must, for that reason, be the ori-
ginal song, yet I take this ballad, of which I have
quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs
in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are
never to be met with in the fire-side circle of our
peasantry; while that which I take to be the old
song is in every shepherd's mouth."]

Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Coming ower the lea?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was formed by Nature,
So complete each feature,
So divine is she!

O! how Peggy charms me;
 Every look still warms me;
 Every thought alarms me;
 Lest she lo'e nae me.
 Peggy doth discover
 Nought but charms all over:
 Nature bids me love her;
 That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
 To become a rover?
 No, I'll ne'er give over,
 Till I happy be.
 For since love inspires me,
 As her beauty fires me,
 And her absence tires me,
 Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
 Fate seems to detain her;
 Could I but obtain her,
 Happy would I be!
 I'll lie down before her,
 Bless, sigh, and adore her,
 With faint looks implore her,
 Till she pity me.

The year that's awa'.

[WRITTEN by MR. DUNLOP, late collector at the custom-house, Port-Glasgow.]

HERE'S to the year that's awa'!
 We will drink it in strong and in sma';
 And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,
 While swift flew the year that's awa'.
 And here's to ilk, &c.

Here's to the sodger who bled,
 And the sailor who bravely did fa';
 Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled
 On the wings of the year that's awa'.
 Their fame is alive, &c.

Here's to the friends we can trust,
 When the storms of adversity blaw;
 May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
 Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
 May they live, &c.

Here's a health.

[THIS is an extension by Burns of a Jacobite fragment beginning, "Here's a health to aye that's awa'." It was found among the poet's papers after his death, and first published in its complete form in the Scots Magazine for January, 1818.]

HERE'S a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa'!
 It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.†

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 Here's a health to Charlie,† the chief o' the clan,
 Although that his band be but sma'.
 May liberty meet with success!
 May prudence protect her frae evil!
 May tyrants and tyranny tie in the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 Here's a health to Tamme,‡ the Norland laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law!
 Here's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here's freedom to him that wad write!
 There's nae name ever fear'd that the truth should be
 heard,
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 Here's chieftain M'Leod,§ a chieftain worth gowd,
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
 Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa'!

† The colour of the Whigs. The striped waistcoat, which figures so prominently in the portraits of Burns, was buff and blue.

‡ The Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

§ Lord Erskine.

¶ M'Leod, chief of that clan.

Bruce's Address.

[THIS noble heroic ode, which has been adopted by universal consent as the national patriotic song of Scotland, and which, like a talismanic password, springs to recollection in every great cause where freedom or liberty is at stake, was written by Burns in 1793, to the tune of "Hey, tuttie taitie," and sent to George Thomson for insertion in his collection. Mr. Thomson objected to "Hey tuttie taitie," as being an air unworthy of such spirited words, and set the song to the tune of "Lewie Gordon," lengthening the last line of each verse for that purpose. He afterwards, however, changed his mind, and gave the words and the air as Burns originally intended, acknowledging that having examined "Hey, tuttie taitie" with more particular attention, he thought it much better adapted for giving energy to the poetry than "Lewie Gordon." The tune of "Hey, tuttie taitie" is one of unquestionable antiquity. Burns says that he met with a tradition in many parts of Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This tradition is disputed by Ritson, on the ground that the Scotch had no musical instruments in these days beyond "little horns"—a notion entirely subverted by the numerous embellishments of musical instruments on our most ancient architecture, and by the express assertion of olden writers so far back as the 13th century, who assign to the Scotch and Irish a high state of perfection in the musical art. "Hey, tuttie taitie" has been generally supposed to be the same tune as "Hey now the day dawis," mentioned by Dunbar and other Scottish poets of the sixteenth century, and for which Alexander Montgomery wrote words, beginning,

"Hey now the day dawis,
The jollie ook crauis,
Now ahronds the shauls
Throw nature anone;
The thissel-cok crys
On lovers wha lyes,
Now skallis the skyis,
The night is near gone."

In a MS. Lute Book, however, of Gordon of Straloch, 1637, the air of "The day dawis" is given, and it differs greatly from the tune in question, as it is now generally received. We know of no extension of the words "Hey, tuttie taitie," be-

yond the following, which we never saw in print, but which we have heard a worthy old man sing. It was all he had of the song:—

"Hey, tuttie taitie!
Hey, drucken Fatie!
The gruns o' the ale barrel
Are no for me!"

Mr. Syme, one of the poet's best friends at Dumfries, tells a romantic story of "Bruce's Address" having been composed by Burns during a storm of "thunder, lightning, and of rain," among the wilds of Glen Ken in Galloway, in July, 1793; but this does not tally with Burns's own account of its composition in his letter to Thomson, dated September of the same year. "There is a tradition," he says, "which I have met with in many places of Scotland, that the air of 'Hey, tuttie taitie' was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my *yesternight's evening walk*, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, that one might suppose to be the royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning. I showed the air to Urban, who was highly pleased with it."]

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!
Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front of battle lour:
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyranths fall in every foe!
Liberty in every blow!
Let us do or die!

O'er hill and dale roamin'.

O'er hill and dale roamin', at day dawn or gloamin',
 At kirk, or at market, or dance on the green,
 Now Rosa's beauty praisin', now sad and silent gasin',
 Now sighin' and vowin', young Donald was seen.
 With frowns she met his glances, with sneers his fond advances,
 She laugh'd when he spak' with the tear in his e'e,
 And sprung away floutin', some idle chorus chauntin',
 Whene'er he sigh'd "Rosa! thou'rt dear, dear to me."

The youth tir'd with doubtin', and tear'd by her floutin',
 Grew proud, and resented her scornin' ere long,
 No more fond vows breathing—for others wild flowers wreathing,
 He mark'd not her beauty, nor thrill'd at her song.
 Though her neck was the whitest, her blue eyes the brightest,
 He vaunted of maiden's more lovely than she;
 Whose eyes tender languish would charm all his anguish,
 And sigh'd no more "Rosa, thou'rt dear, dear to me."

Proud hearts will be changing, soon Rosa was ranging,
 Pale, wasome, and weeping, and ghast-like alane,
 Through scenes that once delighted, though now lone and blighted,
 Unblest by the vows she might ne'er hear again.
 But, ah! love 's not thrown off, as spring-flowers are blown off,
 Her truant was waitin' beside the hawthorn tree;
 He threw his arms around her, and oh! so kind he found her,
 They murmur'd together, "Thou'rt dear, dear to me."

How blythely the pipe.

[JOSEPH MACCORMACK.—Air, "Kinloch of Kinloch."]

How blythely the pipe through Glenlyon was sounding,
 At morn when the clans to the merry dance hied;
 And gay were the love-knots, o'er hearts fondly bounding,
 When Ronald woo'd Flora, and made her his bride.
 But war's banner streaming, soon chang'd their fond dreaming,—
 The battle cry echoed around and above;
 Broad claymores were glancing, and war-steeds were prancing;
 Up, Ronald! to arms for home and your love.

All was hush'd o'er the hill, where love linger'd despairing,
 With her bride-maids still deck'd in their gay festal gear!
 And she wept as she saw them fresh garlands preparing,
 Which might laurel Love's brow, or be strew'd o'er his bier!
 But, cheer thee, fond maiden—each wild breeze is laden
 With victory's slogan, through mountain and grove;
 Where death streams were gushing, and war-steeds were rushing,
 Lord Ronald has conquer'd for home and for love!

Behave yoursel' before folk.

[ALEX. RODGER.—Air, "Good-morrow to your nightcap."—This song had the honour of being quoted in the "Notes Ambrosianæ" of Blackwood, in terms of high commendation, by the renowned Christopher North.]

BEHAVE YOURSEL' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you aye;
But guidnae! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Whate'er ye do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gien or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, lo! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teased before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our lane ye may tak' aye,
But fient a aye before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As any modest lass should be;
But yet it doensna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your road freaks,
But aye be dounce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, its hardly meet
To press their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time, and place,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And when we're aye, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

THE ANSWER.

CAN I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When, wily elf, your sleeky self
Gars me gang gyte before folk?

In a' you do, in a' ye say,
Ye've sic a pawkie coaxing way;
That my poor wits ye lead astray,
An' ding me doilt before folk!
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
While ye ensnare, can I forbear
To kiss you, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,
Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beek,
Yet, howlet-like, my e'ldis steek,
An' shun sic light, before folk?
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When ilka smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me—before folk?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
Sweet, plump, an' ripe, sae tempts me to't,
That I maun preet, though I should rue't,
Ay, twenty times—before folk!

Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When temptingly it offers me
So rich a treat—before folk?

That gowden hair see sunny bright;
That shapely neck o' mawry white;
That tongue, even when it tries to fyte,
Provokes me till't before folk!
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When lika charm, young, fresh, an' warm,
Cries, "kiss me now"—before folk?

An' O! that pawkie, rowin' e'e,
See regularly it blinks on me,
I canna, for my soul, let be,
Frae kissing you before folk!
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When lika glint conveys a hint
To tak' a smack—before folk?

Ye own, that were we baith our lane,
Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane;
Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,
What harm is in't before folk?
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
Sly hypocrite! an anchorite
Could scarce desist—before folk!

But after a' that has been said,
Since ye are willing to be wed,
We'll ha'e a "blythsome bridal" made,
When ye'll be mine before folk!
Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
Then I'll behave before folk;
For whereas then, ye'll aft get "ten,"
It winna be before folk!

Jockie's far awa'.

[WALTER WATSON.]

Now simmer decks the fields wi' flow'rs,
The woods wi' leaves so green;
And little birds around their bow'rs,
In harmony convene:
The cuckoo flies from tree to tree,
Whilst aft the sphyræ blaw;
But what are a' thae joys to me,
When Jockie's far awa'?

When Jockie's far awa' at sea,
When Jockie's far awa',
But what are a' thae joys to me,
When Jockie's far awa'?

Last May morn how sweet to see
The little lambskins play,
Whilst my dear lad, along wi' me,
Did kindly walk this way.
On yon green bank wild flow'rs he pou'd,
To buak my bosom braw;
Sweet, sweet he talk'd, and aft he vow'd,
But now he's far awa'.
But now, &c.

O gentle peace return again,
Bring Jockie to my arms,
Frae dangers on the raging main,
Frae cruel war's alarms,
Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part
As lang's we've breath to draw;
Nae mair I'll sing wi' aching heart,
My Jockie's far awa'.
My Jockie's, &c.

It's no that thou'rt bonnie.

[ALEX. RODGER.]

It's no that thou'rt bonnie, it's no that thou'rt
braw,
It's no that thy skin has the whiteness o' snaw,
It's no that thy form is perfection itsel', [tell;
That mak's my heart feel what my tongue canna
But oh! it's the soul beaming out frae thine e'e,
That mak's thee see dear and see lovely to me.

It's pleasant to look on that mild blushing face,
See sweetly adorn'd wi' ilk feminine grace,
It's joyous to gaze on those tresses see bright,
O'er shading a forehead see smooth and see white;
But to dwell on the glances that dart frae thine e'e,
O Jeanie! it's evendown rapture to me.

That form may be wasted by lingering decay,
The bloom of that cheek may be wither'd away,
Those gay gowden ringlets that yield such delight,
By the candid breath o' time may be changed into
white;
But the soul's fervid flashes that brighten thine e'e,
Are the offspring o' heaven, and never can die.

Let me plough the rough ocean, nor e'er touch
the shore,
Let me freeze on the coast of the bleak Labradore,
Let me pant 'neath the glare of a vertical sun,
Where no trees spread their branches, nor streams
ever run;
Even there, my dear Jeanie, still happy I'd be,
If bless'd wi' the light o' thy heavenly e'e.

I'll awa' hame.

[ALEX. RODGER.—Air, "Laird o' Cockpen."]

O! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
An' I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will;
Gin I tarry wi' you I may meet wi' some ill,
Then I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

It's wearin' to gloamin', an' soon will be late,
An' the thing might befa' me that happen'd to
Kate,
When she gae'd to the tryste wi' Will Watt o' the
mill;

Sae I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Sae I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Sae I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will;
A mither's fireside is the safest place still;
Then I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

My mither aft gies me a mither's advice,
About modesty, virtue, an' ilka thing nice;
An' warns me to shun lik appearance o' ill;
Then I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
O! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Aye! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will;
She says, as I brew, I maun e'en drink sic yill;
Weel—I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

She bids me beware o' the ways o' young men,
As the half o' their tricks silly maids dinna ken,
For they ture to betray—as the spider to kail!
Hech! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will;
O! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will;
Yes, I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will;
I'm young yet, an' simple, and ha'e little skill;
Sae I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

In this lanely place, I've my fears an' my doubts,
For nane but oursel's can I see hereabouts,
An' the ill-deedy dell in your head may put ill—
Faigs! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

Yes, I'll awa' hame to my mither I will,
Troth, I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will:
What! here wi' a man at the back o' a hill?
Na!—I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

I'm tauld that the godly king Solomon said,
That he kenn'd na the ways o' a man wi' a maid.
Strange ways!—that could baffle a man o' sic
skill;

Saff 's! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.
Hout! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.
Na—I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will:
Sma' fertile that lassies their wits aften spill;
Come! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

'Ye flatter and praise me, an' leuk unco fain,
Pretending ye wish my affection to gain;
But I fear your ain ends ye jist want to fulfil;
Loah! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.
'Deed! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Sure! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will:
Some tongues try the tricks o' the auld serpent
still;

Och! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

Ye've heard o' my tocher in gear an' good brass,
An' ye ken that ilk pound gies a charm to a lass;
But if pounds be my beauties, your love's unco
chill;

Lad! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will
Troth! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Yes! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.
For I'll ne'er let it gang by the scart o' a quill,
But I'll awa' hame to my mither I will.

But gin I were sure that ye liket mysel',
Where a blister might light it were easy to tell,
Sae, I'll meet you neist Friday, at Mungo's mant
kiln;

Now, I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will:
Yes, I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Now, I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will:
Be discreet, be sincere, an' ye're welcome back still,
An' I'll yet be your ain a' thegither, I will.

The Maid of Dunmore.

A CAPTIVE maid pined in the tow'r of Dunmore,
Full high was its gate, closely barr'd was the door;
Her sighs unregarded, her prison unknown,
Far from kinsmen and lover she languished alone.

But a little bird sang at this fair captive's grate,
And seem'd as it chirrup'd, to soften her fate.
Ah! Flora, fair Flora,—ah! Flora Macdonald!
Ah! Flora, the maid of Dunmore—
The maid of Dunmore, the maid of Dunmore,
Ah! weep for the maid, the maid of Dunmore!

The maid tied a note to this little bird's neck,
And pointed to home, like a far distant speck.
O'er land and o'er water away the bird flew,
Sought kinsman and lover;—the courier they
knew;
But soon a brave knight burst the prison-house
door,
And rescued his bride from the tow'r of Dunmore.
Ah! Flora, fair Flora,—ah! Flora Macdonald!
Ah! Flora, the maid of Dunmore—
The maid of Dunmore, the maid of Dunmore,
Ah! joy to the maid, the maid of Dunmore!

My mither men't.

[ALEX. RODGER.—Air, "The Cornclips."]

My mither men't my auld breeka,
An' wow! but they were duddy,
And sent me to get Mally shod
At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
The smiddy stands beside the burn
That wimples through the clachan,
I never yet gae by the door,
But aye I fa' a-laughin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,
An' had as bonnie dochter,
Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
Though mony lads had sought her;
And what think ye o' my exploit?—
The time our mare was shoeing,
I slippit up beside the lass,
An' briskly fell a-wooling.

An' aye she e'd my auld breeka,
The time that we sat crackin',
Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,
I've new anes for the makin';
But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,
An' lea' the carle, your father,
Ye've get my breeks to keep in trim,
Myse', an' a' thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it,
See, gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't;
For gin I wait my father's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But na;—I'll marry in my prime,
An' mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man,
At tynin' o' his dochter:
Through a' the kintra-side he ran,
An' far an' near he sought her;
But when he cam' to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd an' aheuk his pow,
Guid sooth! quo' he, you're merry,
But I'll just tak' ye at your word,
An' end this hurry-burry;
So Robin an' our auld wife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Now, I ha'e Robin Tamson's pet,
An' Robin has my mither.

Corn Rigs.

[THIS is one of "Peggy's" songs in RAMSAY'S "Gentle Shepherd." There were older words than Ramsay's to the tune of "Corn Rigs," the chorus of which was—

"O, corn rigs, and rye rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie,
And gin ye meet a bonnie lass,
Prin up her cockerony."

Gay selected the tune for one of his songs in the opera entitled "Polly," printed in 1736.]

My Patie is a lover gay;
His mind is never mudy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay;
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome middle size;
He's stately in his walking;
The shining of his een surprises;
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bauk,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a-glowing.
He kis'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And lov'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing alsyne,
O corn-rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting;
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting.
Then I'll comply and marry Pate;
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touxle air or late,
When corn-rigs are bonny.

Rigs o' Barley.

[This was an early production of Burns's, written to the old tune of "Corn Rigs." Annie Ronald, afterwards Mrs. Paterson of Alkenbrae, is said to have been the inspirer of the song.]

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I hid away to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till, 'twixt the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly:
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Among the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain:
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kis'd her owre and owre again,
Among the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace!
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Among the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars see bright,
That shone that hour see clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Among the rigs o' barley.

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I ha'e been merry drinking;
I ha'e been joyfu' gatherin' gear,
I ha'e been happy thinkin':
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Among the rigs o' barley.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Among the rigs wi' Annie.

Wife, come hame.

[JAMES BALLANTINE.—From "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," a beautifully illustrated work, published at Edinburgh, in which are interspersed many poetical pieces replete with genuine Scottish humour and pathos.]

WIFE, come hame,
My couthis wee dame,
O but ye're far awa',
Wife, come hame.

Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy brow,
Come wi' the lown star o' love in thine e'e,
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou',
A' glist' wi' balm, like the dew on the lea;
Come wi' the gowd tassels fringing thy hair,
Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,
Come wi' thy wee step, and wife-like air,
O quickly come, and shed blessings on me.

Wife, come hame,
My couthis wee dame;
O my heart wearies sair,
Wife, come hame.

Come wi' our love pledge, our dear little dawtie,
Clasping my neck round, an' clambering my knee;
Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,
Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee:
O but the house is a cauld hame without ye,
Lanely and eerie's the life that I dree;
O come awa' an' I'll dance round about ye,
Ye'll ne'er again win frae my arms till I dee

Laddie, oh, leave me.

[JOSEPH MACGREGOR.]

Down whar the burnie rins whimplin' and cheery,
 When love's star was smilin'; I met wi' my dearie;
 Ah! vain was its smilin', she wadna believe me,
 But said wi' a saucy air, "Laddie, Oh! leave me,
 "Leave me, leave me, laddie, Oh! leave me."

"I've lo'ed thee o'er truly to seek a new dearie,
 I've lo'ed thee o'er fondly, through life e'er to weary,
 I've lo'ed thee o'er lang, love, at last to deceive thee:
 Look cauldly or kindly, but bid me not leave thee."
 Leave thee, leave thee, &c.

"There's nae ither saft e'e that fills me wi' pleasure,
 There's nae ither rose-lip has half o' its treasure,
 There's nae ither bower, love, shall ever receive me,
 Till death break this fond heart—oh, then I maun leave thee."
 Leave thee, leave thee, &c.

The tears o'er her cheeks ran like dew frae red roses;
 What hope to the lover one tear-drop discloses;
 I kis'd them, and blest her, at last to relieve me
 She yielded her hand, and sigh'd, "Oh! never leave me."
 Leave me, leave me, &c.

Forget na', dear Lassie.

FORGET na', dear lassie, when I'm far frae thee,
 Forget na' the tear that may steal frae my ee;
 Oh think on the time we sae happy ha'e been;
 Oh think on the wandering beneath the moon's beam.

I will think on the tear thou wilt shed when alone,
 And fondly remember each dear woodland scene,
 I'll bless the sweet smile, that still woo'd me to thee,
 And hope, sweetly smiling, will gladden my ee.

I see the rose fading, dear maid, on thy cheek,
 I feel the heart throbbings, thy anguish that speak;
 But let the tear-drop nor sorrow be thine,
 Peace rest in thy bosom, and sorrow be mine.

When 'midst the rude storm on the wide-swelling sea,
 Fond fancy will turn to this hour, love, wi' thee;
 I'll sigh to the billows to waft me ashore,
 To part frae my hame and my lassie no more.

Battle of Sheriff-Muir.

[THE battle of Sheriff-muir or Dunblane (Sheriff-muir being situated in the parish of Dunblane, Perthshire, near the Ochil hills) was fought on the 18th November, 1715, between the forces of the royal army under John, Duke of Argyll, and those of the Chevalier under John, Earl of Mar. Its most remarkable feature was, that both parties were partially successful and partially unfortunate—the right wings of both armies being triumphant, and the left wings routed. Upon this circumstance—the running on both sides—much of the humour of the songs to which the battle gave rise is founded. There are no less than four songs on the subject, all more or less popular in their day. We begin with the earliest, which is said by Burns to have been written by the Rev. MURDOCH M'LENNAN, minister of Crathie, Deeside, where he died in 1783. The tune of "We ran and they ran" is said by Hogg to have been anciently called "She's yours, she's yours, she nas mair ours," or more recently "John Paterson's mare," and to have been always played at the taking away of a bride.]

THERE's some say that we wan,
And some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But as thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriff-muir
A battle there was, that I saw, man;
And we ran, and they ran; and they ran,
and we ran;
And we ran, and they ran awa', man.

Brave Argyll and Belhaven, (1)
Not like frighted Leven, (2)
Which Rothes (3) and Haddington (4) saw, man;
For they all, with Wightman, (5)
Advanced on the right, man,
While others took flight, being raw, man.

(1) (3) (3) (4) Lord Belhaven, the Earl of Leven, and the Earls of Rothes and Haddington, who all bore arms as volunteers in the royal army.

(5) Major-General Joseph Wightman, who commanded the centre of the royal army.

Lord Roxburgh (6) was there,
In order to share
With Douglas, (7) who stood not in awe, man,
Volunteerly to ramble
With Lord Loudon Campbell; (8)
Brave Ilay (9) did suffer for a', man.

Sir John Shaw, (10) that great knight,
With broadsword most bright,
On horseback he briskly did charge, man;
An hero that's bold,
None could him withhold,
He stoutly encounter'd the targemen.

For the cowardly Whittam, (11)
For fear they should cut him,
Seeing glittering broadswords with a pa', man,
And that in such thrang,
Made Baird aid-de-camp,
And from the brave clans ran awa', man.

The great Colonel Dow,
Gaed foremost, I trow,
When Whittam's dragoons ran awa', man;
Except Sandy Baird,
And Naughton, the laird,
Their horse show'd their heels to them a', man.

Brave Mar and Panmure (12)
Were firm, I am sure;
The latter was kidnapp'd awa', man;
But with brisk men about,
Brave Harry (13) retook
His brother, and laugh'd at them a', man.

(6) John, first Duke of Roxburgh, a loyal volunteer.

(7) Archibald, Duke of Douglas, who commanded a body of his vassals in the royal army.

(8) Hugh Campbell, third Earl of Loudon, of the royal army.

(9) The Earl of Ilay, brother to the Duke of Argyll. He came up to the field only a few hours before the battle, and was unfortunately wounded.

(10) Sir John Shaw of Greenock, an officer in the volunteers, noted for his keen Whiggish spirit.

(11) Major-General Thomas Whitham, who commanded the left wing of the King's army.

(12) James, Earl of Panmure. Died at Paris, 1723.

(13) The Honourable Harry Maule of Kellie, brother to the Earl, whom he re-captured after the engagement.

Grave Marshall (1) and Lithgow, (2)
And Glengary's (3) pith, too,
Assisted by brave Logie A'mon', (4)
And Gordons the bright,
Sae boldly did fight,
The red-coats took flight and awa', man.

Strathmore (5) and Clanronald (6)
Cried still, "Advance, Donald!"
Till both of these heroes did fa', man;
For there was sic bashing,
And broadswords a-clashing,
Brave Forfar (7) himself got a claw, man.

Lord Perth (8) stood the storm,
Seaforth (9) but lukewarm,
Kilsyth (10) and Strathallan (11) not law, man;
And Hamilton (12) pled
The men were not bred,
For he had no fancy to fa', man.

Brave, generous Southek, (13)
Tullibardine (14) was brisk,
Whose father, indeed, would not draw, man,
Into the same yoke,
Which served for a cloak,
To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.

Lord Rollo, (15) not fear'd,
Kintore (16) and his beard,

-
- (1) (2) The Earls of Marischal and Linlithgow.
(3) The Chief of Glengary.
(4) Thomas Drummond of Logie Almond.
(5) The Earl of Strathmore, killed in the battle
(6) The Chief of Clanronald, also killed.
(7) The Earl of Forfar—on the King's side—
wounded in the engagement.
(8) James, Lord Drummond, eldest son of the
Earl of Perth, was Lieutenant-General of horse
under the Earl of Mar, and behaved with great
gallantry.
(9) William Mackenzie, fifth Earl of Seaforth.
(10) The Viscount Kilsyth.
(11) The Viscount Strathallan.
(12) Lieutenant-general George Hamilton, com-
manding under the Earl of Mar.
(13) James, fifth Earl of Southek.
(14) The Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son of
the Duke of Athole.
(15) Robert, Lord Rollo. He died in 1738.
(16) William Keith, Earl of Kintore.

Pitalgo (17) and Ogilvie (18) a', man,
And brothers Balfours,
They stood the first stours;
Clackmannan (19) and Burleigh (20) did claw,
man.

But Cleppan (21) acted pretty,
And Strowan, (22) the witty,
A poet that pleases us a', man;
For mine is but rhyme,
In respect of what's fine,
Or what he is able to draw, man.

For Huntly (23) and Sinclair, (24)
They baith play'd the tinkler,
With consciences black like a crow, man;
Some Angus and Fife men,
They ran for their life, man,
And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man!

Then Lawrie, the traitor,
Who betray'd his master,
His king, and his country, and a', man,
Pretending Mar might
Give order to fight
To the right of the army awa', man;

Then Lawrie, for fear
Of what he might hear,
Took Drummond's best horse, and awa', man;
'Stead of going to Perth,
He crossed the Firth,
Alongst Stirling Bridge, and awa', man.

To London he press'd,
And there he address'd,
That he behaved best o' them a', man;
And there, without strife,
Got settled for life,
An hundred a-year to his fa', man.

-
- (17) Lord Pitalgo. He was again "out" in
the '45.
(18) Lord Ogilvie, son of the Earl of Airlie.
(19) Bruce, Laird of Clackmannan.
(20) A relation of Lord Burleigh.
(21) Major William Clephane.
(22) Alexander Robertson of Struan, chief of the
Robertsons. He was a poet, and died in 1749.
(23) Alexander, Marquis of Huntly, afterwards
Duke of Gordon.
(24) The Master of Sinclair. He died in 1750.

In Borrowetounness,
He rides with disgrace,
Till his neck stand in need of a draw, man;
And then in a tether,
He'll swing from a ladder,
And go off the stage with a pa', man. (1)

Rob Roy (2) stood watch
On a hill, for to catch
The booty, for ought that I saw, man.
For he ne'er advanced
From the place he was stanced,
Till no more to do there at a', man.

So we all took the flight,
And Mowbray the wright,
But Lethem, the smith, was a brow man,
For he took the gout,
Which truly was wit,
By judging it time to withdraw, man.

And trumpet M'Lean,
Whose brooks were not clean,
Through misfortune he happen'd to fa', man;
By saving his neck,
His trumpet did break,
Came aff without music at a', man.

So there such a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chase was at a', man;
From other they ran,
Without touk of drum,
They did not make use of a pa', man.

Whether we ran, or they ran,
Or we wan, or they wan,

(1) These four stanzas seem to refer to a circumstance reported at the time; namely, that a person had left the Duke of Argyle's army, and joined the Earl of Mar's, before the battle, intending to act as a spy; and that, being employed by Mar to inform the left wing that the right was victorious, he gave a contrary statement, and, after seeing them retire accordingly, went back again to the royal army.—*Note by R. Chambers.*

(2) The celebrated Rob Roy. This redoubted hero was prevented, by mixed motives, from joining either party: he could not fight against the Earl of Mar, consistent with his conscience, nor could he oppose the Duke of Argyle, without forfeiting the protection of a powerful friend.—*Id.*

Or if there was winning at a', man,
There's no man can tell,
Save our brave general,
Wha first began running awa', man.

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth,
And the Cock o' the North; (3)
But Florence ran fastest awa, man,
Save the laird o' Phineven, (4)
Who swore to be even
Wi' any general or peer o' them a', man.
And we ran, and they ran; and they ran,
and we ran;
And we ran, and they ran awa', man.

Up and waur them a'.

[THIS seems to be the second song in point of seniority on the subject of the battle of Sheriffmuir. Nothing is known of the author. We find great difference of reading in different copies, but here follows the version given in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. The chorus belongs to an old doggerel song, and the tune is very popular.]

WHEN we went to the field o' war,
And to the weaponshaw, Willie,
Wi' true design to serve our king,
And chase our faes awa', Willie;
Lairds and lords came there bedeen,
And wow gin they were sma', Willie,
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa', Willie.
Up and waur them a', Willie,
Up and waur them a', Willie,
Up and sell your sour milk,
And dance, and ding them a', Willie.

And when our army was drawn up,
The bravest e'er I saw, Willie,
We did not doubt to rax the rout,
And win the day and a', Willie.
Out-owre the brae it was nae play
To get sae hard a fa', Willie,
While pipers play frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa', Willie.
Up and waur, &c.

(3) An honorary popular title of the Duke of Gordon.

(4) Carnegie of Finhaven.

But when our standard was set up,
So fierce the wind did blaw, Willie,
The golden knop down from the top
Unto the ground did fa', Willie.
Then second-sighted Sandy said,
We'll do nae gude at a', Willie,
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa', Willie.
Up and waur, &c.

When brawly they attack'd our left,
Our front, and flank, and a', Willie,
Our bauld commander on the green,
Our fies their left did ca', Willie,
And there the greatest slaughter made
That e'er poor Tonalad saw, Willie,
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa', Willie.
Up and waur, &c.

First when they saw our Highland mob,
They swore they'd slay us a', Willie;
And yet ane fyl'd his brecks for fear,
And so did rin awa', Willie.
We drave them back to Bonnybrigs,
Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie,
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa', Willie.
Up and waur, &c.

But when their general view'd our lines,
And them in order saw, Willie,
He straight did march into the town,
And back his left did draw, Willie.
Thus we taught them the better gate
To get a better fa', Willie,
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa', Willie.
Up and waur, &c.

And then we rallied on the hills,
And bravely up did draw, Willie;
But gin ye speer wha wan the day,
I'll tell ye what I saw, Willie:
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa', Willie.
So there's my canty Highland sang,
About the thing I saw, Willie.
Up and waur, &c.

Battle of Sheriff-Muir.

[THIS originally appeared in a broad-sheet, with the title of "A Dialogue between Will Lickladie and Tom Cleancogue, twa shepherds wha were feeding their flocks on the Ochil hills on the day the battle of Sheriff-muir was fought." It was written by the Rev. JOHN BARCLAY, the founder of the religious sect called the Bereans, who was born in the parish of Muthill in 1784, and died in 1798. The tune is called "The Camerons' March" or "The Cameronian Rant," and is a very quick reel tune.]

PRAY came you here the fight to shun,
Or keep the sheep wi' me, man?
Or was you at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?
Pray tell whilk o' the parties wan,
For weel I wat I saw them run
Both south and north, when they begun
To pell, and mell, and kill, and fell,
With muskets smell and pistols knell,
And some to hell did flee, man.
Huh! hey dum dirrum hey dum dan,
Huh! hey dum dirrum dey dan,
Huh! hey dum dirrum hey dum dandy,
Hey dum dirrum dey dan.

But, my dear Will, I kenna still
Whilk o' the twa did lose, man;
For weel I wat they had gude skill
To set upo' their foes, man.
The redcoats they are train'd, you see,
The clans always disdain to flee;
Wha then should gain the victory?
But the Highland race, all in a brace,
With a swift pace, to the Whigs' disgrace,
Did put to chase their foes, man.
Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

Now, how dell, Tam, can this be true?
I saw the chase gae north, man.
But weel I wat they did pursue
Them even unto Forth, man.
Frae Dunblane they ran, i' my own sight,
And got o'er the bridge wi' a' their might,
And those at Stirling took their flight:
Gif only ye had been wi' me,
You had seen them flee, of each degree,
For fear to die wi' sloth, man.
Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

My sister Kate came o'er the hill,
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
 She swore she saw them running still
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man.
 The left wing general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae guide will
 That day their neighbours' blood to spill;
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogues o' brose, all crying woes—
 Yonder them goes, d'ye see, man?
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

I see but few like gentlemen
 Amang yon frightened crew, man:
 I fear my Lord Panmure be slain,
 Or that he's ta'en just now, man.
 For though his officers obey,
 His cow'rly commons run away,
 For fear the redcoats them should slay.
 The sodgers' hall made their hearts fall;
 See how they skale, and turn their tail,
 And rin to flail and plough, man!
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

But now brave Angus comes again
 Into the second fight, man;
 They swear they'll either die or gain,
 No foes shall them affright, man:
 Argyle's best forces they'll withstand,
 And boldly fight them sword in hand,
 Give them a gen'ral to command,
 A man of might, that will but fight,
 And take delight to lead them right,
 And ne'er desire the fight, man.
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

But Flanderkins they have nae skill
 To lead a Scottish force, man,
 Their motions do our courage spill,
 And put us to a loss, man.
 You'll hear of us far better news,
 When we attack wi' Highland trews,
 To hash, and smash, and slash, and bruise,
 Till the field, though braid, be all o'erspread,
 But coat or plaid, wi' corpses dead,
 In their cauld bed, that's moss, man.
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

Twa gen'rais frae the field did run,
 Lords Huntly and Seaforth, man;
 They cried and run, grim death to ahun,
 Those heroes of the north, man.
 They're sifter far for book or pen,
 Than under Mars to lead on men:

Ere they came there they might weel ken
 That female hands could ne'er gain lands;
 'Tis Highland brands that countermands
 Argathlean bands frae Forth, man.
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

The Camerons scour'd as they were mad,
 Lifting their neighbours' cows, man;
 M'Kenzie and the Stewart fled
 But phillabeg or trews, man.
 Had they behaved like Donald's corps,
 And kill'd all those came them before,
 Their king had gone to France no more:
 Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,
 And straight recant his covenant,
 And rent it at the news, man.
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

M'Gregors they far off did stand,
 Bad'noch and Athole too, man;
 I bear they wantit the command,
 For I believe them true, man.
 Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horse,
 Stood motionless, and some did worse;
 For though the redcoats went them cress,
 They did conspire for to admire
 Clans run and fire, left wings retire,
 While rights entire pursue, man.
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

But Scotland has not much to say
 For such a fight as this is,
 Where baith did fight, baith ran away;
 And devil take the miss is,
 That ev'ry officer was not slain,
 That ran that day, and was not ta'en
 Either flying to or from Dunblane:
 When Whig and Tory, in their fury,
 Strove for glory, to our sorrow,
 This sad story hush is.
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

Battle of Sheriff-Muir.

[THIS IS BURNS'S version of the battle of Sheriff-muir, which he contributed to Johnson's Museum, and which, as will be seen, is founded on the preceding.]

O, CAM' ye here the fecht to ahun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man;
 Or was ye at the Shirra-muir,
 And did the battle see, man?

I saw the battle, sair and teach,
And reekin' red ran mony a sheuch;
My heart, for fear, ga'e sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae wuds, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man,
They rush'd, and push'd, and bluid out-gush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles;
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles;
They hack'd and hash'd, while broadswords clash'd,
And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smaash'd,
Till sy men died awa', man.

But had you seen the phillabegs,
And skyrin' tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they daur'd our Whigs
And covenant true-blues, man:
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppoed the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge:
Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened doos, man.

O how dail, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man;
I saw mysell, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straight to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And mony a huntit pair red-coat
For fear smaith did swart, man.

My sister Kate cam' up the gate,
Wi' crowdie unto me, man
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae guid-will
That day their neebours' bluid to spill;
For fear, by fies, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scared at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Among the Highland clans, man;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his enemies' hands, man.

Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
And mony bade the world guide night;
Sey pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell,
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew aff in frightened bands, man.

The Drygate Brig.

[ALEXANDER RODGER.—Air, "The Cameronian Rant."—The Drygate Brig is a small bridge in the north-east and most ancient district of the city of Glasgow, which over-arches the far-famed Molendinar burn.]

LAST Monday night, at sax o'clock,
To Mirran Gibb's I went, man,
To snuff, an' crack, an' toom the cap,
It was my hale intent, man:
So down I sat an' pried the yill,
Synne luggit out my sneeshin' mill,
An' took a pinch wi' right good will,
O' beggars brown, (the best in town,)
Then sent it run' about the room,
To gi'e lik ane a scent, man.

The sneeshin' mill, the cap gaed round,
The joke, the crack an' a', man,
'Bout markets, trade and dally news,
To wear the time awa', man;
Ye never saw a blither set,
O' queer auld-fashion'd bodies met,
For fient a grain o' pride nor pet,
Nor eating care gat footing there,
But friendship rare, aye found sincere,
An' hearts without a flaw, man.

To cringing courtiers, kings may blaw,
How rich they are an' great, man,
But kings could match na us at a',
Wi' a' their regal state, man;
For Mirran's swats, sae brisk and fell,
An' Turner's snuff, sae sharp an' snell,
Made ilk ane quite forget himsel',
Made young the auld, inflamed the canid,
And fired the saul wi' projects bauld,
That daur'd the power o' fate, man.

But what are a' sic mighty schemes,
When ance the spell is broke, man?
A set o' mant-inspired whims,
That end in perfect smoke, man.

An' what like some disaster keen,
Can chase the glamour frae our een,
An' bring us to oursel's again?
As was the fate o' my auld pate,
When that night late, I took the gate,
As crouse as ony cock, man.

For, sad misluck! without my hat,
I doiting cam' awa', man,
An' when I down the Drygate cam',
The win' began to blaw, man.
When I cam' to the Drygate Brig,
The win' blew aff my guld brown wig,
That whirled like ony whirligig,
As up it flew, out o' my view,
While I stood glowrin', waefu' blue,
Wi' wide extended jaw, man.

When I began to grape for't syne,
Thrang poutrin' wi' my staff, man,
I coupet owre a meikle stane,
An' skaled my pickie snuff, man
My staff out o' my hand did jump,
An' hit my snout a dreadful thump,
Whilk raised a most confounded lump,
But whar it flew, I never knew,
Yet sair I rue this mark sae blue,
It leuks sae fiesome waif, man.

O had you seen my wagfu' plight,
Your mirth had been but sma', man,
An' yet, a queerer antic sight,
I trow ye never saw, man.
I've lived thir fifty years an' mair,
But solemnly I here declare,
I ne'er before met loss sae sair;
My wig flew aff, I tint my staff,
I skail'd my snuff, I peel'd my loof,
An' brak my snout an' a', man.

Now wad ye profit by my loss?
Then tak' advice frae me, man,
An' ne'er let common sense tak' wing,
On fumes o' barley bree, man;
For drink can heave a man sae high,
As mak' his head 'maist touch the sky,
But down he tumbles by-an'-by,
Wi' sic a thud, 'mang stanes an' mud,
That aft it's guld, if dirt an' bluid
Be a' he has to dree, man.

Pompey's Ghost.

[WRITTEN by JOHN LOWE, author of "Mary's Dream."]

FROM perfect and unclouded day,
From joys complete without alloy,
From joys complete without alloy,
And from a spring without decay;
I come by Cynthia's borrow'd beams,
To visit my Cornelia's dreams,
And give them still sublimer themes.

I am the man you lov'd before,
Those streams have wash'd away my gore,
Those streams have wash'd away my gore,
And Pompey he shall bleed no more;
Nor shall my vengeance be withstood,
Nor unattended by a flood,
Of Roman or Egyptian blood.

Cæsar himself it shall pursue,
His days shall troubled be and few,
His days shall troubled be and few,
And he shall fall by treason too.
He, by a justice all divine,
Shall fall a victim to my shrine:
As I was his, he shall be mine.

Roslin Castle.

I.

[THE beautiful tune of "Roslin Castle" has been often erroneously ascribed to Oswald, a musical composer who lived in the early part of the last century. But it is to be found in a publication before his day—M^r Gibbon's Collection of Scots Tunes,—where it is called "The House of Glama." The old words are supposed to be lost. The following appear in Herd's Collection, 1776, but by what author is not known.]

FROM Roslin castle's echoing walls
Resound my shepherd's ardent calls,
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I should obey.
His melting strain and tuneful lay,
So much the charms of love display,
I yield—nor longer can refrain
To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
The painful pleasing flame I feel,
My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
And echoes back in love again;
Where lurks my songster? from what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love?
O bring me to the happy bow'r,
Where mutual love may bliss secure.

Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
Repeating, as it flies along,
To Colin's ear my strain convey,
And say, I haste to come away.
Ye zephyrs soft that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the soothing tale;
In whispers all my soul express,
And tell, I haste his arms to bless.

II.

[WRITTEN by RICHARD HEWIT, who, when very young, was engaged by the blind poet, Dr. Blacklock, as his guide and amanuensis. Hewit subsequently became secretary to Lord Milton, and died in 1794. He was a native of Cumberland.]

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung:
The hills and dales with Nannie rung:
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back his cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse! The breathing spring
With rapture warms: awake, and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song:
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;
O, bid her haste and come away
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O look, my love! on every spray
A feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let the raptured notes arise:
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

Oh, come, my love! Thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls: O, come away!
Come, while the muse this wretch shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine!

The gloomy night.

[WRITTEN by BURNS to the tune of "Roslin Castle." It was afterwards set to music by his friend Allan Masterton, and called "The bonnie banks of Ayr." "I had been for some time," says the poet, "skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; and I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—" The gloomy night is gathering fast,"—when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my ambition." Professor Walker completes the sketch from materials supplied by the Poet: "Burns had left Dr. Lawrie's family after a visit, which he expected to be the last, and on his way home had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. His mind was strongly affected by parting for ever with a scene where he had tasted so much elegant and social pleasure, and depressed by the contrasted gloom of his prospects: the aspect of nature harmonised with his feelings; it was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of autumn. The wind was up and whistled through the rushes and long spear-grass which bent before it. The clouds were driving across the sky; and cold pelting showers at intervals added discomfort of body and cheerlessness of mind. Under these circumstances, and in this frame, Burns composed this poem."]

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain.
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill rins my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scene where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes,
My peace with these, my love with those;
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Jamie Gay.

[THIS is a Cockney imitation of Scottish song, and was popular in London about the middle of the last century. It is given in Johnson's Museum, Vol. I. Burns says of it that "it is a tolerable Anglo-Scottish production." The composer of the music was Mr. Berg: the author of the words is unknown.]

As Jamie Gay gang'd blythe his way,
Along the banks of Tweed;
A bonny lass, as ever was,
Came tripping o'er the mead:
The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
The buxom nymph survey'd:
And full of glee, as lad could be,
Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear lassie, tell, why by thine self
Thou hast'ly wand'rest here?
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
Canst tell me, laddy, where?

To town I'll hie, he made reply,
Some meikle sport to see;
But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She ga'e'm her hand, nor made a stand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went;
The birds sang sweet the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
(The zenith of his pow'r,)
When to a shade their steps they made,
To pass the mid-day hour:
The bonny lad row'd in his plaid,
The lass who scorn'd to frown;
She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
And he to gang to town.

Jockey.

[PUBLISHED by Charles Wilson in his "St. Cecilia, or Harmonious Companion," 1779. The author of the words and composer of the air are both unknown.]

My laddie is gane far awa' o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain;
Though blue bells and v'lets the hedges adorn,
Though trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn,
No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay;
There's nothing can please now, my Jockey's away,
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment see;
Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there,
No pleasures I relish that Jockey don't share;
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain:
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
For love, my dear Jockey, to Jenny will haste:
Then, farewell, each care, and adieu, each vain
sigh,

Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I;
I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
When Jocky returns to my arms back again.

'Deil tak' the wars.

[*This fine old Scotch air that goes by this name will be found in Playford's collection of Scotch tunes published in 1698. The words are supposed to be by Tom D'Urfey. They appear in the first edition of his "Pills to Purge Melancholy".*]

'DEIL tak' the wars that hurried Billy from me,
Who to love me just had sworn;
They made him captain sure to undo me
Woe's me he'll ne'er return.

A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
He from thousands ne'er will run,
Day and night I did invite him,
To stay at home from sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,
With muckle kind embraces,
Now sighing, then crying, tears dropping fall;
And had he my soft arms
Preferr'd to war's alarms,

My love grown mad, all for my bonnie lad,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and I patch'd, to mak' me look provok-
ing,

Snare that they told me would catch the men,
And on my head a huge commodore sat poking,

Which made me show as tall again;
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flows did shine;
My love well might think me gay and bonny,
No Scots lass was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lace shoes, and silk hose, garter full over knee;
But oh! the fatal thought,
To Billy these are nought;

Who rode to town, and rifled with dragoons,
When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.

The Lober's Salute.

[*BURNS, while he admired the air of "Deil tak' the wars," thought the words of Tom D'Urfey a poor imitation of Scottish song, as indeed they are, and wrote the following stanzas to the same tune, for Thomson's collection. The heroine was Miss Philadelphia Macmurdo.*]

SLEEP'ST thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature?

Rose morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering like bud which Nature

Waters wi' the tears of joy:
Now through the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,

Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The laverock to the sky
Ascends wi' songs of joy,

While the sun and thou arise, to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes like darkness shade,

Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.

When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care

With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;

But when, in beauty's light,
She meets my ravished sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;

'Tis then I wake to life, to light, to joy.

Mark yonder pomp.

[*This was another song which BURNS wrote to the tune of "Deil tak' the wars," and sent to Thomson's collection. Jean Lorimer, the "lassie wi' the lint-white locks," was the subject of the song.*]

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion

Round the wealthy, titled bride:

But when compared with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.

What are the showy treasures?
 What are the noisv pleasures?
 The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art :
 The polliah'd Jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris
 In simplicity's array;
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day?
 O then, the heart alarming,
 And all restless charming,
 In love's delightful fetters she chains the willing
 soul!
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown,
 Even Avarice would deny
 His worshipp'd deity,
 And feel through ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.

The Miller.

[WRITTEN, with the exception of the first stanza, which belongs to an older song, by SIR JOHN CLERK of Pennycuik, Bart., for nearly fifty years one of the Barons of Exchequer in Scotland. Sir John was much versed in antiquities, and otherwise accomplished. He died in 1756. John Clerk of Eldin, the author of the work on Naval Tactics, was his son, and he was consequently grandfather of the late eccentric Lord Eldin. The song first appeared in "The Charmer," Edinburgh, 1761, Vol. II., but without the last verse, which was afterwards added by the author.]

MERRY may the maid be
 That marries the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's aye bringing till her;
 Has aye a penny in his purse
 For dinner and for supper;
 And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
 And humps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I spier'd what was his calling;
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling:

Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
 The truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and outh,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty;
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 Was standin' in the byre;
 Whillet laxy pouss with mealy mou's
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak' the miller;
 For foul day and fair day
 He's aye bringing till her;
 For meal and malt she does na want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty;
 And now and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
 Blaws o'er the house and byre,
 He sits beside a clean hearth stane
 Before a rousing fire,
 With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
 Which rows him o'er fu' nappy:
 Who'd be a king—a petty thing,
 When a miller lives so happy?

The Dusty Miller.

[A FRAGMENT of an old song given in Johnson's Museum, Part II. 1788. The air is old, and was formerly played as a dancing-tune.]

HEY, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty coat!
 He will win a shilling,
 Ere he spend a groat.
 Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the colour;
 Dusty was the kist,
 That I gat frae the miller!

HEY, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty sack!
 Leese me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck,

Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty miller;
I wad gi'e my coatie
For the dusty miller.

My Fiddle and me.

[JAMES BALLANTINE.—From "The Gaber-muskie's Wallet."]

O NATURE is bonnie and blythesome to see,
Wi' the gowd on her brow, an' the light in her e'e;
An' sweet is her summer sang rollin' in glee,
As it thrills the heart-strings o' my fiddle and me.

When the young morning blinks through amang
the black cluds,
An' the southland breeze rustles out through the
green wuds;
The lark in the lift, and the merl on the tree,
Baith strike the key-note to my fiddle an' me.

When amang the crisp heather upon the hill-side,
Mine e'e fu' o' rapture, my soul fu' o' pride;
The wee heather-lintie an' wild hinny-bee
A' join in the strain wi' my fiddle an' me.

When daunderin' at e'en doun the dark dowie dells,
To cheer the wee gowans, an' charm the wee bells—
The sweet purling rill wimples doun to the sea,
Dancing light to the notes o' my fiddle an' me.

At kirk or at weddin', at tryst or at fair,
There's nae saul-felt music unless we be there;
Wi' a spark in my heart, an' a drap in my e'e,
The vera floor loups to my fiddle an' me.

E'en now when the cauld drift sweeps ower the
bleak hill,
An' mony stout hearts sink beneath the fell chill,
What keeps my puir callant alive on my knee,
But twa-three blythe staves frae my fiddle and me.

My fiddle's my life-spring, my fiddle's my a';
She clings to me close when a' else are awa';
Time may force friends to part, he may wyle
aes to gree,
Death only can part my auld fiddle an' me.

Auchtertool.

[WRITTEN by ALEX. WILSON of Paisley, the author of "Watty and Meg," and the great ornithologist of America. This was a youthful production of Wilson's, and seems to have been occasioned by certain inhospitable treatment which he had received at Auchtertool, a small village in Fifeshire, while travelling the country as a pedlar. His experience of the fatigues of a pedlar's life, and of the indignities to which it was occasionally exposed, was only fitting him all the better for his afterwards glorious career—when he had to travel through immeasurable tracts of the woods of America, in search of his favourite birds, and subject himself to the unsympathising rudeness of the early settlers there, who could not comprehend the enthusiasm, or be brought to patronise the exertions, of the young naturalist. The song is marked, in the volume of his poems published at Paisley in 1790, to the tune of "One bottle more."]

From the village of Lealy with a heart full of glee,
And my pack on my shoulders, I rambled out free,
Resolved that same evening, as Luna was full,
To lodge ten miles distant, in old Auchtertool.

Through many a lone cottage and farm-house I
steer'd,
Took their money, and off with my budget I shear'd;
The road I explored out, without form or rule,
Still asking the nearest to old Auchtertool.

A clown I accosted, inquiring the road,
He stared like an idiot, then roar'd out, "Gude
G-d!

Gin ye're ga'n there for quarters, ye're surely a fool,
For there's nought but starvation in auld Auchtertool!"

Unminding his nonsense, my march I pursued,
Till I came to a hill top, where joyful I view'd,
Surrounded with mountains, and many a white
pool,
The small smoky village of old Auchtertool.

At length I arrived at the edge of the town,
As Phoebus behind a high mountain went down;
The clouds gather'd dreary, and weather blew foul,
And I hugg'd myself safe now in old Auchtertool.

An inn I inquired out, a lodging desired,
But the Landlady's pertness seem'd instantly fired;
For she saucy replied, as she sat carding wool,
"I ne'er kept sic lodgers in auld Auchtertool."

With scorn I soon left her to live on her pride;
But, asking, was told, there was none else beside,
Except an old Weaver, who now kept a school,
And these were the whole that were in Auchtertool.

To his mansion I scamper'd, and rapt at the door,
He op'd, but as soon as I dared to implore,
He shut it like thunder, and utter'd a howl,
That rung thro' each corner of old Auchtertool.

Provoked now to fury, the Dominie I surst,
And offer'd to cudgel the wretch, if he durst;
But the door he fast bolted, tho' Boreas blew cool,
And left me all friendless in old Auchtertool.

Deprived of all shelter, through darkness I trod,
Till I came to a ruin'd old house by the road;
Here the night I will spend, and inspired by the owl,
I'll send up some prayers for old Auchtertool.

The Group.

[BY ALEX. WILSON of Paisley. Tune, "Poor Laurie."—We give this as conveying an interesting sketch of Wilson's acquaintances, while he was the poor weaver and pedlar. The description of himself in the last verse but one, where he mentions "the want of ambition" as his worst misery, shows how little he knew of himself until he had a great object to contend for.]

Come fill up the bowl, my brave boys!
And round let us circle the treasure;
Huzza! my good fellows, rejoice!
For here is a fountain of pleasure.
And while the big bumper doth pass,
Old Bacchus shall never confound me;
I'll drink, and, between every glass,
Loud roar of the wits that surround me,
And bring their each talent to view.

Imprimis. Here sits by my side,
A hum'rous young son of the muses,
Who lord o'er our passions can ride,
And wind them wherever he chuses.

The terrible frown he can form,
Look dismally holy hereafter,
Then screw up his face to a storm,
That nigh bursts the beholder with laughter,
And makes every mortal his friend.

That little stout fellow in green,
Observe how accomplish'd and tight he is;
Good humour sits full in his mien,
And mirth his eternal delight is.
When through the wild hornpipe he sweeps,
We stare as we never had seen him,
So nimbly he capers and leaps,
You would swear that some devil was in him,
To flourish his heels so expert.

See! handling the glass to his friend,
Young Jamie, polite and endearing;
To please he is ever inclined,
Though sometimes harassing jeering.
So sweetly a sonnet he sings,
He chats to the ladies so clever,
That Cupid should sure give him wings,
And make him his archer for ever,
To level the beauties and belles.

And there sits the Genius of song,
Whose music so nobly can warm us,
The fife now arousingly strong,
Now waking the viol to charm us:
Yet sometimes he's mournfully mute,
And though we implore while we're able,
He frowning refuses the flute,
And pensively leans on the table,
As if he were lull'd in a trance.

With golden locks loose to the wind,
Here sits a swain, kind and free-hearted,
To every one science inclined,
By every amusement diverted.
Philosophy, painting, and song,
Alternately gain his affection,
But his bias is to store up a throng
Of insects and worms for dissection,
Of numberless sizes and kinds.

Here Wilson and Poverty sit,
Perpetually boxing together,
Till beat by good liquor she fits,
And leaves him as light as a feather.
From two most unfortunate views,
Proceeds his inconstant condition;
His joys are the smiles of the muse,
And his misery the want of ambition,
To climb to the notice of fools.

But round with the liquor, my boys !
 'Tis folly to languish repining ;
 To swell up the tide of our joys,
 This brimmer was sent us so shining.
 Since blockheads and asses grow rich,
 And modesty murders the wearer,
 If Merit must cower in the ditch,
 May she still have a bumper to cheer her,
 And raise her poor head to the skies.

I'll lo'e thee, Annie.

[FROM a collection of Poems published in 1836, entitled "The Sea Nymph's Wake, and other Poems: by ROBERT HAMILTON." Mr. Hamilton is now resident in New York, and editor there of a popular monthly miscellany, called "The Ladies' Companion."]

I'll lo'e thee, Annie, while the dew
 In silver bells hangs on the tree ;
 Or while the burnie's waves o' blue
 Rin wimplin' to the rowin' sea.
 I'll lo'e thee while the gowan mild
 Its crimson fringe spreads on the lea ;
 While blooms the heather in the wild—
 Oh ! Annie, I'll be true to thee.

I'll lo'e thee while the lintie sings
 His sang o' love on whinny brae ;
 I'll lo'e thee while the crystal springs
 Glint in the gowden gleams o' day ;
 I'll lo'e thee while there's licht aboon,
 And stars to stud the breast o' sky ;
 I'll lo'e thee till life's day is done,
 And bless thee wi' my latest sigh.

My Mammy.

[THIS song, to the tune of "Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair," or, as it was more anciently called, "Lumps o' puddin'," is here printed for the first time.]

ILK ane now-a-days brags awa' 'bout his dear,
 And praises her ripe lips and bright een sae clear ;
 But neither the ripe lip nor bonnie blue e'e
 Can compare wi' the blink o' my mammy to me.

A bairn in her bosom I lay a' the night,
 When there, neither bogles nor ghaists could me
 fright ;
 When yamm'rin', she hush'd me to sleep on her
 knee :
 O ! whae'er can compare wi' my mammy to me ?
 Fu' aft in her face I ha'e look'd up fu' fain,
 While fondly she clasp'd me and croon'd some
 auld strain,
 And aften the saut tear wad start to my e'e :
 They were wasome, the sangs o' my mammy, to
 me.

O ! yes, I ha'e grat for the twa bonnie weans
 The wee robins cover'd wi' leaves wi' sic pains :
 And still, like a sunbeam that glints o'er the sea,
 The auld sangs o' my mammy return back to me.

When sickness o'ercam' me, she watch'd late and
 air,
 If open'd my dull e'e, I aye saw her there ;
 When roses my pale cheeks o'erspread, blythe was
 she—
 O ! whae'er was sae kind as my mammy to me ?

Lang, lang I'll remember the days that are gane,
 Since first I could lip mam' and toddle my lane ;
 Though sair I be tows'd upon life's troubled sea,
 Yet my heart will aye cling wi' affection to thee.
 W. G. B.

My Peggy's Face.

[WRITTEN by BURNS in 1787, for Johnson's Museum, but not brought out there till the last volume. Mr. George Thomson inserted it in the 3d vol. of the 1st edition of his collection, changing the name "Peggy" to that of "Mary," and directing the song to be sung to the tune of "The Elvie wi' the crooked horn." The heroine of the song was Miss Margaret Chalmers, youngest daughter of James Chalmers, Esq. of Fingland, and one of the poet's most confidential female correspondents. She married, in Dec. 1788, Lewis Hay, Esq. Edinburgh, and afterwards long resided in the south of France.]

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
 The frost of hermit age might warm ;
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
 Might charm the first of human kind.

I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly heav'nly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway!
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

Strathhallan's Lament.

[THIS Lament, written by Burns for Johnson's Museum, is supposed to express the feelings of James Drummond, Viscount of Strathhallan, who escaped to France after the battle of Culloden, where his father was slain. "The air," says Burns, "is the composition of one of the worthiest and best-hearted men living—Allan Masterton, school-master in Edinburgh. As he and I were both upstarts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. To tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*."]]

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!
Crystal streamlets, gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes, softly blowing,
Silt not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.
Rain's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

Beware o' bonnie Ann.

[WRITTEN by Burns in 1788 for Johnson's Museum, in compliment to Ann Masterton, (afterwards Mrs. Derbishire, London,) daughter of the poet's friend, Allan Masterton, who composed the tune. Masterton was a teacher of writing and arithmetic in Edinburgh, who possessed a great taste for music, which he cultivated as an amateur on the violin. He was composer of several other tunes for Burns's words, and, among the rest, of the tune to "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut." In the latter song he also figures as one of the heroes.]

Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae limply laced, her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van;
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

Cherub Content.

[THE following is an early production of THOMAS CAMPBELL, author of the "Pleasures of Hope," but is not included in any collected edition of his works that we know of. It is adapted to the Irish air called "Coolun."]]

O CHERUB Content! at thy moss-cover'd shrine,
I would all the gay hopes of my bosom resign,—
I would part with ambition thy votary to be,
And breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee.

But thy presence appears from my pursuit to fly,
Like the gold-colour'd cloud on the verge of the sky;
No lustre that hangs on the green willow tree
Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me.

In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care,
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
The noon of my youth slow departing I see,
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee.

O Cherub Content! at thy moss-cover'd shrine,
I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own whom enraptur'd I see,
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee.

Where Gadie rins.

[FROM "Poems and Songs: by JOHN IMLAH,"
London, 1841, 12mo.—Gadie is a rivulet, and
Bennachie a mountain, in Aberdeenshire.]

O! GIN I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins—where Gadie rins,
O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
By the foot o' Bennachie!

I've roam'd by Tweed—I've roam'd by Tay,
By border Nith and highland Spey,
But dearer far to me than they,
The braes o' Bennachie.

When blade and blossoms sprout in spring,
And bid the burdies wag the wing,
They blithely bob, and soar, and sing,
By the foot o' Bennachie.

When simmer cleeds the varied scene,
Wi' licht o' gowd and leaves o' green,
I fain wad be where aft I've been,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When autumn's yellow sheaf is shorn,
And barn-yards stored wi' stooks o' corn,
'Tis blythe to toom the clyack horn,
At the foot o' Bennachie!

When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill,
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,
The ingle neuk is gleesome still,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

Though few to welcome me remain,
Though a' I loved be dead and gane,
I'll back, though I should live alane,
To the foot o' Bennachie.

O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins—where Gadie rins,
O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
By the foot o' Bennachie!

Thou'rt sair alter'd.

[JOHN IMLAH.]

THOU'RT SAIR ALTER'D NOW, MAY,
THOU'RT SAIR ALTER'D NOW,
THE ROSE IS WITHER'D FRAE THY CHECK,
THE WRINKLE'S ON THY BROW;
AND GREY HATH GROWN THE LOCKS O' JET,
SEE SHINING WONT TO BE,
THOU ALTER'D SAIR,—BUT, MAY, THOU'RT YET
THE MAY O' YORE TO ME.

THY VOICE IS FAINT AND LOW, MAY,
THAT AFT IN FORMER TIME
HATH WOKED THE WILD BIRD'S ENVOUS CHANT,
THE ECHO'S AMOROUS CHIME;
THY E'E HATH LOST ITS EARLY LIGHT,
MY STAR IN ITHY YEARS,
THAT AYE HATH BEAM'D AKE KINDLY BRIGHT,
TO ME THROUGH SMILES AND TEARS.

FOR A' THE SIGNS THAT SHOW, MAY,
THE GLOAMIN' O' OUR DAY,
I LO'ED THEE YOUNG—I LO'E THEE YET,
MY AIN AN'D WIFE, MAY;
NAE DEARER HOPE HA'E I THAN THIS,
BEYOND THE DAY WE DIE,
THY CHARMS SHALL BLOOM AGAIN TO BLESS
MY HALLIDOME ON HIS.

Fare thee weel.

[JOHN IMLAH.]

FARE THEE WEE, MY BONNIE LASS,
FARE THEE WEE, MY AIN LASSIE!
MONIE A DAY MAUN COME AND PASS,
ERE WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, LASSIE!
MONIE A CHANCE AND MONIE A CHANGE,
ERE THAT LANG DAY WE'LL SEE, LASSIE!
BUT WHERE'E MY FEET MAY RANGE,
MY HEART SHALL BE WITH THEE, LASSIE!

Fair may bloom my future bower,
On some far Indian isle, lassie!
Rich and rare its fruit and flower,
My wearie hours may wile, lassie!
But the burn and hazel brae,
Where we sae aft ha'e met, lassie;
I for ever may foregae,
But never can forget, lassie!

Whate'er betide—where'er betake,
My lot 'mid strangers cast, lassie!
Joy may come, but never make
The present like the past, lassie!
Fare thee weel! the future will
Through peril, toil, and pain, lassie,
Bring me back, to find thee still
In faithful love my ain lassie!

We're Drunk to them.

[JOHN IMLAH.]

We've drunk to them that's here about,
We've drunk to them that's far awa',
But fill again, there's aye, nae doubt,
We yet could drink abune them a',
Wha drinks—and deep—fair be his fa',
On him that winna, meikle shame,
As round and round the cup we ca',
A health to her—we needna name!

I gi'e you joy, wha ha'e found grace,
Wi' aye that's comely, kind, and true!
I feel for you—I ken the case—
Whom some fair thief o' hearts gars rue,
Though nocht you say, and swear, and do,
Can wauk in her's the tender flame,
Yet we're forgiving when we're fou—
Here's health to her—whate'er her name!

O! wearie fa' the womankind,
They've been, sin' first the warld began,
O' winning mien—and wayward mind,
The blessing o' the bane o' man;
Yet after a', do what we can,
The bonnie dears we canna blame;
Sae a benison gae wi' our ban,
And the wish that some would bear our name!

Auld Adam led a wearie life
Till Eve, in Eden's bonnie bowers,
Was made the first o' men's gudewife—
The fairest o' the garden's flowers;
Though dearly bought, the social hours,
Wi' dool and death—wi' sin and shame—
We think them cheap, when pass we ours
Wi' her we'll drink—but daurna name.

The wankrie cock fa' loudly craws,
The merry morn begins to blink,
And troth, it's time to wear our wa's
When folk begin to lip and wink.
Whate'er we thole, whate'er we think,
In this we'll do and say the same,
We'll brim the bowl, and deep we'll drink
A health to her—that each could name!

My Ain Wife.

[FROM "The Edinburgh Literary Gazette," vol.
II. 1820.—ALEX. LAING of Brechin.]

I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see;
A bonnier yet I've never seen,
A better canna be—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see!

O couthie is my ingle-cheek,
An' cheerie is my Jean;
I never see her angry look,
Nor hear her word on aye.
She's gude wi' a' the neebours roun',
An' aye gude wi' me—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see!

An' O her looks sae kindlie,
They melt my heart outright,
When o'er the baby at her breast
She hangs wi' fond delight;
She looks intill its bonnie face,
An' syne looks to me—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

St. Andrew's Day.

[JOHN IMLAH. Tune, "The Miller o' Dron."—"Saints," observes the author in a note to this song, "seem to have the fate of prophets—but little or no honour in their own country. St. Andrew's Day is much observed by Scotsmen out of their own land—and particularly so in London and in America. The principal festival of that ancient and excellent Corporation, the Scottish Hospital, in the metropolis, is held on this day, and is generally well attended by Scotsmen, and the benevolent natives of other countries. A worthy Alderman, well known for his strict attention to his magisterial duties, a few years ago, when he was Lord Mayor, presided in the absence of the late Duke of Gordon, and paid a compliment to his countrymen, whose names were in the book of subscribers to this charity, by terming the printed list a good Scotch Directory—at least, he added, all Scotsmen worth inquiring for were recorded in it. The last verse of this song alludes to the festival of that body, and the objects contemplated by their national and convivial meetings."]

HERE'S health and hail to Goth and Gael,
Wha bear the Norlan' name,
Hlythe be they a'—the far awa',
And happier folk at hame!
And spend we gowd or but a grot,
Our drink be what it may,
Let Scot rejoice wi' brither Soot,
Upon St. Andrew's day.
Where'er we live, whate'er our lot,
Still will I plead and pray
That Scot rejoice wi' brither Soot,
Upon St. Andrew's Day.

Some seek the Edens o' the east,
Some Carib Isles explore—
The forests of the "far-off" west,
And Afric's savage shore;
Still charms of native speech and spot,
And native springs for aye,
Will band like brithers Scot with Soot,
Upon St. Andrew's day.
Where'er we live, &c.

Some that have won an honour'd name,
Some that have gather'd gear,
And others a' unknown to fame
Or fortune may be here;

But be we clad in braid-claith coat,
Or hame-spun hoddie grey,
Let Scot rejoice wi' brither Soot,
Upon St. Andrew's day!
Where'er we live, &c.

Have we not cause to crack fu' crouse,
When this dear day returns,
Dear to the land of Robert Bruce,
The land of Robert Burns!
Wha better rais'd the patriot brand,
And pou'd the patriot lay,
Than prince and peasant of the land
That loves St. Andrew's Day!
Where'er we live, &c.

"The better day the better deed,"
The saying's auld, I trow,
Those of our nation here in need,
Be they remember'd now;
Each mite on high is treasure stored
We here to poorth pay,
'Twill crown our cup—'twill bless our board,
Upon St. Andrew's day!
Where'er we live, whate'er our lot,
Still will I plead and pray
That Scot rejoice wi' brither Soot,
Upon St. Andrew's Day.

The sun had slipped.

[DAVID VEDDER.—From "The Edinburgh Literary Gazette," vol. II. 1830.]

THE sun had slipped ayont the hill,
The darg was done in barn an' byre;
The carle himsel', come hame frae the mill,
Was luntin' his cutty before the fire:
The lads and lasses had just sitten down,
The hearth was sweepit fu' canty an' clean,
When the cadgie laird o' Windlestraetown
Cam' in for till haud his Hallowe'en.

The gudewife beck'd, the carle boo'd;
In owre to the deas the laird gaed he.
The swankies a', they glow'd like wud
The lasses laugh'd their sleeves a' me; see;
An' sweet wee Lillas was unco fear'd,
Tho' she blum'd like a rose in a garden green;
An' sair she blush'd when she saw the laird
Come there for till haud his Hallowe'en!

"Now hand ye merry," quo' Windlestraetown,
 "I downa come here your sport to spill,—
 Rax down the nits, ye unco like loon,
 For though I am auld, I am gleesome still:
 An' Lillias, my pet, to barn wi' me,
 Ye winna be sweer, right weel I ween,
 However it gangs my fate I'll dree,
 Since here I am haudin' my Hallowe'en."

The pawky auld wife, at the chimly-cheek,
 Took courage an' spak', as a mither should do;
 "Noo hand up yere head, my dochter meek,—
 A laird comesa here lik night to woo!
 He'll mak' you a lady, and that right soon,
 I dreamt it twice owre, I'm sure, yestreen."—
 "A bargain be't," quo' Windlestraetown,—
 "It's lucky to book on Hallowe'en!"

"I'll stik by the nits, for better, for waur,—
 Will ye do the like, my bonny May?
 Ye sall shine at my board like the gloamin' star,
 An' gowd in gowpins ye's ha'e for aye!"—
 The nits are cannille laid on the ingle,
 Weel, weel are they tented wi' anxious e'en;
 And sweetlie in aae thigether they mingle:
 "Noo blessed for aye be this Hallowe'en!"

I neither gat.

[FROM "The Edinburgh Literary Gazette," vol.
 II. 1830.—Air, "Laird o' Cockpen."]]

I NEITHER gat plenishing, sillar, nor land,
 Wi' the bonny wee lassie that ga'e me her hand;
 But I gat a kind heart, and lovely black e'e,
 And that was worth manors and mailings to me.

I might had a wife wi' a boarding school air,
 Bedisen'd wi' trinkets and pearls as rare;
 A weel stockit purse, and a lang pedigree,—
 But these without true love, wad ne'er suited me.

Commend me to Jeanie, there's grace in her air,
 And purity reigns in her bosom as fair;
 The tones of her voice and the blink of her e'e,
 And her smile as bewitching are treasure to me.

When absent frae her, how my bliss is impair'd,
 Tho' I dine wi' the leddies, and drink wi' the laird;
 But to meet her again, and her sweet hairnles three,
 Is worth mailings, and manors, and kingdoms to me.

Donald of Dundee.

Yours Donald is the blytheest lad
 That e'er made love to me;
 Whene'er he's by my heart is glad,
 He seems so gay and free;
 Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,
 And in his plaid he looks so neat,
 It cheers my heart at eve to meet
 Young Donald of Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
 Young Sandy follows me,
 And fain he wants to be my love,
 But ah! it canna be.
 Though mither frets both air an' late,
 For me to wed this youth I hate;
 There's none need hope to gain young Kate
 But Donald of Dundee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,
 The ring he show'd to me,
 And bade me name the bridal-day,
 Then happy wou'd he be.
 I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
 Nae mair my mither will I mind,
 Mee John to me shall quickly bind
 Young Donald of Dundee.

The Lass o' Isla.

[SIR ALEX. BOSWELL, Bart.]

"An, Mary, sweetest maid, farewell!
 My hopes are flown, for a's to wreck;
 Heav'n guard you, love, and heal your heart,
 Though mine, alas, alas! maun break!"—

"Dearest lad, what lills betide?
 Is Willie to his love untrue?
 Engag'd the morn to be his bride,
 Ah! ha'e ye, ha'e ye ta'en the rue?"

"Ye canna wear a ragged gown,
 Or beggar wed, wi' nought ava;
 My kye are drown'd, my house is down
 My last sheep lies aneath the snaw!"—

"Tell na me o' storm or flood,
Or sheep a' smoor'd ayont the hill,
For Willie's sake, I Willie lo'd;
Though poor, ye are my Willie still!"—

"Ye canna tho'e the wind or rain,
Or wander, friendless, far frae hame;
Cheer, cheer your heart, some other swain
Will soon blot out lost Willie's name!"—

"I'll tak' my bundle in my hand,
An' wipe the dew-drop frae my e'e,
I'll wander wi' ye ower the land,
I'll venture wi' ye ower the sea!"—

"Forgi'e me, love; 'twas all a snare;
My flocks are safe; we needna part;
I'd forfeit them, and ten times mair,
To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart."

"How could ye wi' my feelings sport,
Or doubt a heart as warm and true?
I maist could wish ye mischief fort,
But canna wish ought ill to you."

The Maid's Remonstrance.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-torn heart pursuing;
Read you not the wrongs you're doing,
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed—or cease to woo.

Rivals banish'd, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited,
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half quenched appears,
Damp'd, and wavering, and benighted,
'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age but woe.

Taste life's glad moments.

[THIS popular song is said to be a translation from the German, by SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Bart. of Auchinleck, author of "Jenny's Bawbee," &c.]

TASTE life's glad moments,
Whilst the wasting taper glows;
Pluck, ere it withers,
The quickly fading rose.

Man blindly follows grief and care,
He seeks for thorns, and finds his share,
Whilst violets to the passing air
Unheeded shed their blossoms.
Taste life's, &c.

When tim'rous nature veils her form,
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
Then, ah! how sweet, when lull'd the storm,
The sun smiles forth at even.
Taste life's, &c.

How spleen and envy anxious flies,
And meek content, in humble guise,
Improves the shrub, a tree shall rise,
Which golden fruits shall yield him.
Taste life's, &c.

Who fosters faith in upright breast,
And freely gives to the distress'd,
There sweet contentment builds her nest,
And flutters round his bosom.
Taste life's, &c.

And when life's path grows dark and strait
And pressing ills on ills await,
Then friendship, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.
Taste life's, &c.

She dries his tears, she strews his way,
E'en to the grave, with flow'rets gay;
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
And pleasure still increases.
Taste life's, &c.

Of life she is the fairest band,
Joins brothers truly hand in hand;
Thus onward to a better land
Man journeys light and cheerily.
Taste life's, &c.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie.

[WRITTEN by the Rev. — MOULTRIE, a clergyman, if we mistake not, of the Church of England.]

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee,
For thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm and free;
For all thine artless elegance, and all thy native grace,
For the music of thy mirthful voice, and the sunshine of thy face;
For thy guileless look and speech sincere, yet sweet as speech can be,
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my glow of youth is o'er;
And I, as once I felt and dreamed, must feel and dream no more;
Though the world, with all its frosts and storms, has chilled my soul at last,
And genius, with the foodful looks of youthful friendship, past,
Though my path is dark and lonely, now, o'er this world's dreary sea—
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though I know that not for me
Is thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm and free;
Though thou, with cold and careless looks wilt often pass me by,
Unconscious of my swelling heart, and of my wistful eye;
Though thou wilt wed some Highland love, nor waste one thought on me—
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! when I meet thee in the throng
Of merry youths and maidens, dancing lightsofely along,
I'll dream away an hour or twain, still gazing on thy form,
As it flashes through the baser crowd, like lightning through a storm,
And I, perhaps, shall touch thy hand, and share thy looks of glee.
And for once, my Scottish lassie! dance a giddy dance with thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—I shall think of thee at even,
When I see its first and fairest star come smiling up through heaven;
I shall hear thy sweet and touching voice, in every wind that grieves,
As it whirles from the abandoned oak, its withered autumn leaves;
In the gloom of the wild forest, in the stillness of the sea,
I shall think, my Scottish lassie! I shall often think on thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—in my sad and lonely hours,
The thought of thee comes o'er me, like the breath of distant flowers:—
Like the music that enchants mine ear, the sights that bless mine eye,
Like the verdure of the meadow, like the azure of the sky,
Like the rainbow in the evening, like the blossoms on the tree,
Is the thought, my Scottish lassie! is the lonely thought on thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my muse must soon be dumb,
(For graver thoughts and duties, with my graver years, are come,)—
Though my soul must burst the bonds of earth, and learn to soar on high,
And to look on this world's follies with a calm and sober eye;
Though the merry wine must seldom flow, the revel cease for me,—
Still to thee, my Scottish lassie! still I'll drink a health to thee.

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie ! here's a parting health to thee ;
 May thine be still a cloudless lot, though it be far from me !
 May still thy laughing eye be bright, and open still thy brow,
 Thy thoughts as pure, thy speech as free, thy heart as light as now !
 And, whate'er my after fate, my dearest toast shall be,—
 Still a health, my Scottish lassie ! still a hearty health to thee !

The Witch on the brae.

A' the witches langsyne were humpbackit and auld,
 Clad in thin tattered rags that scarce kept out the cauld,
 A' were blear-e'd, an' toothless, an' wrinkled, an' din,
 Ilka ane had an ugly grey beard on her chin ;
 But fu' sweet is the smile, and like snaw the bit bosom,
 And black are the e'en, ay, black as the slae,
 An' as blooming the cheeks as the rose's sweet blossom,
 O' the bonnie young witch that wins on the brae.

They might travel at night in the shape o' a hare—
 They might elfshoot a quye—they might lame a grey mare :
 They might mak' the gudewife ca' in vain at her kirk,
 Lose the loop o' her stocking, or ravel her yirn,—
 Put the milk frae her cow, an' mae tricks as uncannie—
 As queer and as dell-like as ony o' thae,
 But o' a' the auld witches e'er kent by your grannie,
 I could wager there's nane like the witch on the brae.

'Twere a sin to believe her collegued wi' the dell,
 Yet for a' that she casts her enchantments as weel :
 An' although she ne'er rode on a stick to the moon,
 She has set the auld dominie twice aff the tune.
 Ay, and even Mess John ance or twice ga'e a stammer,
 But brought himsel' right wi' a hum and a hae !
 An' a' body says it was just wi' some glamour
 Frae the twa pawkie e'en o' the witch on the brae.

No a lad i' the parish e'er gets a night's sleep,
 There's no ane mak's a tryst that he ever can keep
 Ilka lass far an' near fears she'll die an auld maid,
 An' the piper and fiddler complain o' dull trade ;
 For although tailor Rab night an' day has been busy,
 Yet there's nae been a waddin these sax months and mae ;
 An', they say, it's a' for that trig winsome hizzie,
 The bit bonnie young witch that wins on the brae.

She ne'er passes the mill but the dam aye rins out,
 For the miller forgets what he should be about :
 Neither mason nor sc Slater can ane work a turn,
 An' whene'er the smith sees her, some shoe's sure to burn,

An' the surjeant ne'er speaks now o' war, fame, an' glory,
 An' the droll drouthy shoemaker, Sandy M'Rae,
 Never sings a queer sang now, or tells a queer story,
 For they've a' felt the power o' the witch on the brae.

The thin student, puir chiel! ower the linn lapp yestreen,
 An' wad sure ha'e been drown'd, but by gude luck was seen,
 An' he says that the witch drove him thus to despair,
 For she took his last poem to paper her hair.
 Like the rest, I was put in a gay eerie swither,
 I had nae peace at hame, an' ne'er kent whare to gae;
 But, to end baith my sang an' her witchcraft tagither,
 I will soon be the warlock that wons on the brae.

My ain Fireside.

[ELIZABETH HAMILTON, authoress of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie."]

I HA' seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
 Mang lords and fine ladies a' cover'd wi' brows;
 At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
 Whare the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my een;
 But a sight sae delightfu', I trow, I ne'er spied,
 As the bonnie blythe blink o' mine ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O cheery's the blink o' mine ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thanket, round my ain heartsome ingle,
 Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
 Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
 Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
 There's nae half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearthstane,
 My heart loupe sae hicht I scarce ken't for my ain;
 Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
 Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
 I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
 And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e;
 Nae fletchings o' flattery, nae boatings of pride,
 'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Andro and his cutty gun.

[THE lively and popular tune of "Andro and his cutty gun," otherwise known by the name of "Blythe, blythe and merry was she," is old. The song is given in the fourth vol. of the Tea-Table Miscellany, without any mark. "This blythsome song," says Burns, "so full of Scottish humour and convivial merriment, is an intimate favourite at bridal trystes and house-heatings. It contains a spirited picture of a country ale-house, touched off with all the lightsome gayety so peculiar to the rural muse of Scotland." Elsewhere, in a letter to Thomson (Nov. 18, 1794) "Andro and his cutty gun" is the work of a master." A "Hawick gill," alluded to in the chorus, was a double gill: a "tappit-ben" was a quart stoup with a nob on the top of the lid.]

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit ben.

She took me in, and set me down,
And hecht to keep me lawing-free;
But, cunning carline that she was,
She gart me birl my bawbee.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But wae my heart my cash was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.

When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
Wha started in, to beeze our hope,
But Andro wi' his cutty gun.

The carline brought her kebbuck ben,
With girle-cakes weel toasted brown,
Weel does the canny kimmer ken
They gar the swats gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about;
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
And aye the cleanest drinker out,
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxtar sat,
He ca'd me aye his bonnie thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.

I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
I ha'e been far ayont the sun;
But the blytheest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

Blythe was she.

[WRITTEN by BURNS, in 1787, to the tune of "Andro and his cutty gun," and published in the second vol. of Johnson's Museum. "I composed these verses," says the poet, "while I strayed at Auchtertyre with Sir William Murray." The heroine was "Miss Euphemia Murray, commonly and deservedly called The Flower of Strathmore." Miss Murray was distinguished for her affability as well as beauty, and delighted in pointing out to the poet the romantic scenery of the banks of the Earn. She was married in 1794 to Lord Methven, a judge in the court of session.]

BLYTHE, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glentworth glen.

By Ochtertyre there grows the aik,
On Yarrow bracc the birken shaw,
But Phemie was a bonnier lass,
Than bracc o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks o' Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek,
As onie lamb upon a lee;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been;
But Phemie was the blytheest lass,
That ever trod the dewy green.

Blythe and cheerie.

[WRITTEN by JAMES HOGG to the tune of "Andro and his cutty gun." Some copies of this song are double the length of what is here given, but the curtailed version is much the more preferable.]

ON Ettrick clear there grows a brier,
An' monie a bonnie bloomin' shaw;
But Peggy's grown the fairest flower
The braes o' Ettrick ever saw.
Her cheek is like the woodland rose;
Her e'e the violet set wi' dew;
The lily's fair without compare,
Yet in her bosom tines its hue.

HAD I her hame at my wee house,
That stands aneath yon mountain high,
To help me wi' the kye an' ewes,
An' in my arms at e'ening lie;
O sae blythe! an' O sae cheery!
O sae happy we wad be!
The lammie to the ewe is dear,
But Peggy's dearer far to me.

The Social Cup.

[CHARLES GRAY.—Tune, "Andro and his cutty gun."—The Auld-Kirk-Latch, mentioned in the fourth verse, is situated near Anstruther, in Fife, the residence of the author when the song was composed.—This is the earliest version.]

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry are we,
Blythe are we, aye and a';
Aftan ha'e we canty been,
But sic a nicht we never saw.

THE gloamin' saw us a' sit down,
And mickle mirth has been our fa';
But ca' the other toast aroun',
Till chanticlear begins to craw.

THE auld kirk bell has chappit twal
Wha cares though she had chappit twa!
We're licht o' heart, and winna part,
Though time and tide should rin awa'.

Tut! never speir how wears the morn,
The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky;
And, gif like her we fill our horn,
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry.

Should we gang by the Auld-Kirk-Latch,
Or round the haunted humlock knowe,
Auld Cloutie there some child might catch,
Or fleg us wi' a worriecow!

Then fill us up a social cup,
And never mind the dapple dawn;
Just sit a while, the sun may smile,
And light us a' across the lawn.

Scotia's Sons.

[WRITTEN by a Journeyman cabinet-maker in Glasgow of the name of DANIEL M'PHAIL, author of several other convivial and patriotic songs, particularly one beginning, "Happy we've been a' thegither," and another entitled "The two-score and twa," both of which will be found farther on in the present collection. M'Phail was unfortunate in life, and died in distressed circumstances about the year 1833. He was a native, we understand, of Port-Glasgow, though long resident in the parent city.—Tune, "Andro and his cutty gun."]

BLYTHE, blythe, around the napple,
Let us join in social glee;
While we're here we'll hae a drappie—
Scotia's sons ha'e aye been free.

Our auld forbears, when ower their yill,
And cantie bickers round did ca',
Forsooth, they cried, anither gill!
For sweett we are to gang awa'.

SOME hearty cock wad then ha'e sung
An auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee,
Synce pledged his cogue: the chorus rung,
Auld Scotia and her sons are free.

Thus cracks, and jokes, and sangs gaed roun',
Till morn the screens o' light did draw:
Yet, dreich to rise, the carles roun'
Cried, Deoch an doras, then awa'!

THE landlord then the napple brings,
And toasts, Fu' happy a' may be,
Synce tooms the cogue: the chorus rings,
Auld Scotia's sons shall aye be free.

Then like our dads o' auld lang syne,
 Let social glee unite us a',
 Aye blythe to meet, our mou's to weat,
 But aye as sweet to gang awa'.

Strathbungo Jean.

[ADAM KNOX.—Tune, "Andro and his cutty gun."—Strathbungo is a small hamlet about a mile south of Glas-gow.]

BLYTHE, blythe could I be wi' her,
 Happy baith at morn and e'en,
 To my breast I'd warmly press her,
 Charming maid, Strathbungo Jean.

The Glasgow lasses dress fu' braw,
 And country girls gang neat and clean,
 But nane o' them's a match ava
 To my sweet maid, Strathbungo Jean.

Though they be dress'd in rich attire,
 In silk brocade and mos-de-laine,
 Wi' busk and pad and satin stays,
 They'll never ding Strathbungo Jean.

Bedeck'd in striped gown and coat,
 Silk handkerchief and apron clean,
 Cheerfully tripping to her work,
 Ilk day I meet Strathbungo Jean.

Ye gods who rule men's destinies,
 I humbly pray you'll me befrien',
 And aid me in my dearest wish
 To gain my sweet Strathbungo Jean.

Gi'e to the ambitious priest a kirk,
 Gi'e riches to the miser mean,
 Let the coquette new conquests make,
 But, O! gi'e me Strathbungo Jean!

No happiness all day have I,
 My senses are bewilder'd clean,
 In bed all night on her I cry,
 My heav'n on earth, Strathbungo Jean.

Should fortune kindly make her mine,
 I would not change for Britain's queen;
 But fondly in my arms I'd clasp
 My charming maid, Strathbungo Jean.

Kelvin Grove.

[THIS highly popular song first appeared in "The Harp of Renfrewshire," a collection of songs published at Paisley in two small volumes, about the year 1830. In the Index to that work, "John Sim" is the name given as the author of the song. Mr. Sim furnished a number of original pieces for the Harp of Renfrewshire, and indeed had a considerable hand in getting up the work, but before its completion, he left Paisley for the West Indies, where he died soon after his arrival. Meanwhile, the song rose into repute, when Mr. THOMAS LYLE, surgeon, Glasgow, stepped forward and declared himself to be the author. In support of his claim, he stated, that he was in the habit of corresponding with Mr. Sim during the publication of the Harp of Renfrewshire—that he sent him the song of Kelvin Grove, with another song, to be published anonymously in that work—that Mr. Sim having transcribed them both, they were found among his papers after his departure, and naturally enough supposed to be his own. So satisfactorily did Mr. Lyle establish his claim, that Mr. Purdie, music-seller, Edinburgh, was induced to become the purchaser of the copyright from him, although he had previously bargained for the copyright with Mr. Sim's executors for a few pounds.—Kelvin Grove, a picturesque and richly wooded dell through which the river Kelvin flows, lies at a very short distance to the north-west of Glasgow, and will in all probability soon be comprehended within the wide-spreading boundaries of the city itself. At one part of it (North Wood-side) is an old well, called the Pear-Tree-Well, from a pear-tree which formerly grew over it. This used to be, and still is to some extent, a favourite place of resort for young parties from the city on summer afternoons. The tune of Kelvin Grove, or "Bonnie lassie, O," was originally arranged with an accompaniment for the piano-forte by R. A. Smith, and subsequently by Mr. Braham. We give here the author's own version of the song, from a small collection of Ballads and Songs, original and selected, published by himself in 1837. It differs somewhat from the copy in "The Harp of Renfrewshire," which has only six stanzas.]

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
 Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O,
 Where the rose in all her pride,
 Paints the hollow dingle side,
 Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O,

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O.
Where the glens rebound the call,
Of the roaring waters' fall,
Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,
There, the May-pink's crimson plume,
Throws a soft, but sweet perfume,
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere you golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

Welcome Summer.

[THOMAS LYLE.—Air, "Highland Harry back again." First published in "The Portfolio of British Songs," Glasgow, 1834.]

In Flora's train the graces wait,
And chase rude winter from the plain;
As on the roves, the wild flowers spring,
And welcome summer back again:
Spring dances o'er the plain,
Flowering all the woodland scene;
Then join with me, my lovely May,
To welcome summer back again.

The budding wild will soon perfume
The air, when balm'd by April's rain,
'Mong banks clad o'er wi' waving broom,
We'll welcome summer back again:
In yon sequester'd scene,
The mavis sings his cheerful strain,
And there we'll meet, my lovely May,
To welcome summer back again.

When yellow cowslips scent the mead,
Then gladness o'er the plains will reign,
And soon, my love! we'll pu' the flowers,
And welcome summer back again:
Spring dances o'er the plain,
Flowering all the woodland scene,
With blooming garlands in her train,
To welcome summer back again.

Dunoon.

[THOMAS LYLE.—Dunoon is a favourite watering-place on the shore of the firth of Clyde, in Argyleshire. "The Glow-worm," says Mr. Lyle, "on mild summer evenings, especially after a shower of rain, is to be found in great abundance among the long grass and moss between Dunoon and the Holy-Loch, where the surrounding scenery renders this singular insect doubly interesting. The female is larger than the male, and emits a beautiful light (apparently phosphorescent, but not really so,) for the purpose of attracting the male; this issues from the four last rings of the abdomen: the male has a power of emitting a feeble light, but very disproportionate to that of the female. Two or three of these insects inclosed in a glass vase, will give a light sufficient to enable a person to read in the darkest night. There are fifty-two species of this insect scattered over the four quarters of the globe, of which two only are found in our own country, viz. the Glow-worm and the Fire-fly."]

See the glow-worm lit her fairy lamp,
From a beam of the rising moon;
On the heathly shore at evening fall,
Twist Holy-Loch, and dark Dunoon:
Her fairy lamp's pale silvery glare,
From the dew-clad, moorland flower,
Invite my wandering footsteps there,
At the lonely twilight hour.

When the distant beacon's revolving light
 Bids my lone steps seek the shore,
 There the rush of the flow-tide's rippling wave
 Meets the dash of the fisher's oar;
 And the dim-seen steam-boat's hollow sound,
 As she sea-ward tracks her way;
 All else are asleep in the still calm night,
 And robed in the misty grey.

When the glow-worm lits her elfin lamp,
 And the night breeze sweeps the hill;
 It's sweet, on thy rock-bound shores, Dunoon,
 To wander at fancy's will.
 Kiliza! with thee, in this solitude,
 Life's cares would pass away,
 Like the fleecy clouds over grey Kilnrun,
 At the wake of early day.

I ance knew content.

[THOMAS LYTLER.]

I ANCE knew content, but its smiles are awa',
 The broom blooms bonnie, an' grows aae fair;
 Each tried friend forsakes me, sweet Phebe an' a',
 So I ne'er will gae down to the broom ony mair.

How light was my step, and my heart, O how gay!
 The broom blooms bonnie, the broom blooms fair;
 Till Phebe was crown'd our queen of the May,
 When the bloom o' the broom strew'd its sweets
 on the air.

She was mine when the snaw-drape hung white
 on the lee,
 Ere the broom bloom'd bonnie, an' grew aae fair;
 Till May-day, anither wysed Phebe frae me,
 So I ne'er will gae down to the broom ony mair.

Sing, Love, thy fond promises melt like the snaw,
 When broom waves lonely, an' bleak blows the
 For Phebe to me now is naething ava, [air;
 If my heart could say, "Gang to the broom nae
 mair."

Durst I trow that thy dreams in the night hover
 o'er,

Where broom blooms bonnie, and grows aae fair;
 The swain (who, while waking, thou thinks of no
 more,) [ony mair?]

Whispering, "Love, will ye gang to the broom

▲ No! Fare thee well, Phebe; I'm owre was to weep,
 Or to think o' the broom growing bonnie an' fair;
 Since thy heart is anither's, in death I maun sleep,
 'Neath the broom on the lee, an' the bawn
 sunny air.

On the Death of Burns.

[RICHARD GALL.—TUNE, "O, wat ye wha's in
 yon town."]

THERE'S waefu' news in yon town,
 As e'er the world heard ava;
 There's dolefu' news in yon town,
 For Robbie's gane an' left them a'.

How blythe it was to see his face
 Come keeking by the hallan wa'!
 He ne'er was sweir to say the grace,
 But now he's gane an' left them a'.

He was the lad wha made them glad,
 Whenever he the reed did blaw:
 The lasses there may drap a tear,
 Their funny friend is now awa'.

Nae daffin now in yon town;
 The brewster-wife gets leave to draw
 An' drink 'hersel', in yon town,
 Sin' Robbie gae'd an' left them a'.

The lawin's canny counted now,
 The bell that tinkled ne'er will draw,
 The king will never get his due,
 Sin' Robbie gae'd and left them a'.

The squads o' chieles that lo'ed a spiorie
 On winter e'enings, never ca;
 Their blythesome moments a' are o'er,
 Sin' Robbie's gane an' left them a'.

Frae a' the een in yon town
 I see the tears o' sorrow fa',
 An' weel they may, in yon town,
 Nae canty sang they hear ava.

Their e'enin sky begins to lear,
 The murky clouds thegither draw;
 'Twas but a blink afore a shower,
 Ere Robbie gae'd and left them a'.

The landwart hixy winna speak;
Ye'll see her sitting like a crow
Amang the reek, while rattons squeak—
Her dawritt bard is now awa'.

But could I lay my hand upon
His whistle, keenly wad I blaw,
An' screw about the auld drone,
An' lilt a lightsome spring or twa.

If it were sweetest aye whan wat,
Then wad I ripe my pouch, an' draw,
An' steep it weel among the maut,
As lang's I'd sarpence at my ca'.

For warld's goar I dinna care,
My stock o' that is unco sma'.
Come, friend, we'll prue the barley-bree
To his braid fame that's now awa'.

Glendochart Vale.

[RICHARD GALL.]

As I came through Glendochart vale,
Where mists o'ertrap the mountains grey
A wee lit lassie met my view,
As cantily she held her way:
But O sic love each feature bore,
She made my saul wi' rapture glow!
An' aye she spake sae kind and sweet,
I couldna keep my heart in tow.
O speak na o' your courtly queans!
My wee lit lassie fools them a':
The little cuttie's done me skaith,
She's stown my thoughtless heart awa'.

Her smile was like the grey-e'd morn,
When spreading on the mountain green;
Her voice soft as the mavis' sang;
An' sweet the twinkle o' her een:
Aboon her brow, sae bonnie brent,
Her raven locks waved o'er her e'e;
An' ilka alee bewitching glance
Conveyed a dart o' love to me.
O speak na o' your courtly queans, &c.

The lasses fair in Sootia's isle,
Their beauties a' what tongues can tell?
But o'er the fairest o' them a'
My wee lit lassie bears the bell.

O had I never mark'd her smile,
Nor seen the twinkle o' her e'e!
It might na been my lot the day,
A waeftu' lade o' care to dree.
O speak na o' your courtly queans, &c.

I winna gang back.

[RICHARD GALL.]

I WINNA gang back to my mammy again,
I'll never gae back to my mammy again;
I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
I've held by her apron, &c.

Young Johnnie cam' down i' the gloamin' to woo,
Wi' plaidie sae bonnie, an' bannet sae blue:
"O come awa', lassie, ne'er let mammy ken;"
An' I flew wi' my laddie o'er meadow an' glen.
O come awa', lassie, &c.

He ca'd me his dawtle, his dearie, his dow,
An' press'd hame his words wi' a smack o' my mou;
While I fell on his bosom, heart-flickered an' fain,
An' sigh'd out, "O Johnnie, I'll aye be your ain!"
While I fell on his bosom, &c.

Some lasses will talk to the lads wi' their e'e,
Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really dree;
Wi' Johnnie I stood upon nae stappin'-stane,
Sae I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
Wi' Johnnie I stood, &c.

For many lang year sin' I play'd on the lee,
My mammy was kind as a nither could be;
I've held by her apron these aught years and ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
I've held by her apron, &c.

Cradle Song.

[RICHARD GALL.]

BALOO, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O softly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.

Thy daddie now is far awa',
A sailor laddie o'er the sea;
But Hope aye hechts his safe return
To you, my bonnie lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy face is simple, sweet, an' mild,
Like any simmer e'enin' fa';
Thy sparklin' e'e is bonnie black;
Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
O but thy daddie's absence lang,
Might break my dowie heart in twa,
Wert thou na left a dawit pledge,
To steal the eerie hours awa'.

The Hazlewood Witch.

[RICHARD GALL.]

For mony lang year I ha'e heard frae my grannie,
Of brownies an' bogies by yon castle wa',
Of auld wither'd hags, that were never thought
cannie.
' An' fairies that danced till they heard the cock
craw.
I leugh at her tales; an' last owk, i' the gloamin',
I dander'd, alane, down the Hazlewood green:
Aha! I was reckless, an' rue sair my roaming,
For I met a young witch wi' twa bonnie black
een.

I thought o' the starns in a frosty night glancing,
Whan a' the lift round them is cloudless an' blue;
I look'd again, an' my heart fell a dancing;
Whan I wad ha'e spoken, she glamour'd my
mou'.

O wae to her cantrelps! for dumpsh'd I wander;
At kirk or at market there's naught to be seen;
For she dances afore me wherever I dander,
The Hazlewood Witch wi' the bonnie black een.

Farewell to Ayrshire.

[THIS is given in the last volume of Johnson's Museum, adapted to an air by Allan Masterton, as a production of Robert Burns. It was, however, in reality written by RICHARD GALL, and the following particulars regarding it are given by Mr. Starke, the intimate friend of Gall, in his sketch of the life of that young song-writer, printed in the Biographica Scotica, at Edinburgh, in 1805.—"One of Mr. Gall's songs, in particular, the original manuscript of which I have by me, has acquired a high degree of praise, from its having been printed among the works of Burns, and generally thought the production of that poet. The reverse, indeed, was only known to a few of Mr. Gall's friends, to whom he communicated the verses before they were published. The fame of Burns stands in no need of the aid of others to support it; and to render back the song in question to its true author, is but an act of distributive justice due alike to both these departed poets, whose ears are now equally insensible to the incense of flattery or the slanders of malevolence. At the time when the Scots Musical Museum was published at Edinburgh by Mr. Johnson, several of Burns's songs made their appearance in that publication. Mr. Gall wrote the following song, entitled, 'A Farewell to Ayrshire,' prefixed Burns's name to it, and sent it anonymously to the publisher of that work. From thence it has been copied into the later editions of the works of Burns. In publishing the song in this manner, Mr. Gall probably thought that it might, under the sanction of a name known to the world, acquire some notice; while, in other circumstances, its fate might have been 'to waste its sweetness in the desert air.'"]

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonnie Doon, sae sweet at gloamin',
Fare thee weel before I gang!
Bonnie Doon, whare, early roaming,
First I weaved the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu! whare love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
There the softest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that memory ne'er shall find.

Friends, see near my bosom ever,
 Ye ha'e render'd moments dear,
 But, alas! when forced to sever,
 Then the stroke, oh! how severe.

Friends, that parting tear, reserve it,
 Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be!
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew,
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!

The Pride o' the Glen.

[WRITTEN by JAMES MACDONALD.—Set to music
 by J. Fisher.]

O BONNIE's the lily that blooms in the valley,
 And fair is the cherry that grows on the tree;
 The primrose smiles sweet as it welcomes the
 summer,

And modest's the wee gowan's love-talking e'e;
 Mair dear to my heart is that lowne cosy dingle
 Whar late i' the gloamin', by the lanely "Ha'
 den,"

I met wi' the fairest e'er bounded in beauty,
 By the banks o' the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

She's pure as the spring cloud that smiles in the
 welkin,

An' blythe as the lambkin that sports on the lea;
 Her heart is a fount rinnin' owre wi' affection;
 And a warid o' feeling is the love o' her e'e.
 The prince may be proud o' his vast hoarded trea-
 sures—

The heir o' his grandeur an' hie pedigree;
 They kenna the happiness dwalt in my bosom
 When alane wi' the angel o' love and o' le.

I've seen the day dawn, in a shower drappin' goud,
 The grass spread wi' dew, like a wide siller sea,
 The clouds shinin' bright in a deep amber licht,
 And the earth blushin' back to the glad lift on
 hie;

I've dream'd o' a palace wi' gem-spangled ha's,
 And proud wa's a' glitterin' in rich diamond
 sheen,

Wi' towers shinin' fair thro' the rose-tinted air,
 And domes o' rare pearls and rubies a'ween:

I've sat in a garden mid earth's gayest flowers,
 A' gaudily shawin' their beauteous dyes,
 And breathing in calm the air's fragrant balm,
 Like angels asleep on the plains o' the skies;
 Yet the garden and palace and day's rosy dawning
 Though in bless'd morning dreams they should
 aft come again,
 Can ne'er be as sweet as the bonnie young lassie
 That bloom'd by the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

The exile, in sleep, haunts the land o' his fathers,
 The captive's as dream is his hour to be free,
 The weary heart longs for the morning ray's comin',
 The oppress'd for his sabbath o' sweet libertie,
 But my life's only hope, my heart's only prayer,
 Is the day that I'll see the young lassie my ain,
 Though a' should forsake me, wi' her I'll be happy
 On the banks o' the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

Love is timid.

[WORDS by DANIEL WHITE, Greenock.—Music
 by W. H. Moore.]

Love is timid, Love is shy,
 Can you tell me, tell me why?
 Ah! tell me, why true love should be
 Afraid to meet the kindly smile
 Of him she loves, from him would flee,
 Yet thinks upon him all the while?
 Can you tell me, tell me why
 Love is timid, Love is shy?

Love is timid, Love is shy,
 Can you tell me, tell me why?
 True love, they say, delights to dwell
 In some sequester'd lonely bower;
 With him she loves where none can tell,
 Her tender look in passion's hour.
 Can you tell me, tell me why
 Love is timid, Love is shy?

Love is timid, Love is shy,
 Can you tell me, tell me why
 Love, like the lonely nightingale,
 Will pour her heart when all is lone;
 Nor will repeat, amidst the vale,
 Her notes to any but to one.
 Can you tell me, tell me why
 Love is timid, Love is shy?

The Flower of Caledonia.

[THE author of this song was JAMES BROWN, long known in the west of Scotland in his professional capacities of musician and dancing-master. In his latter days he was afflicted with blindness, and kept a small public house, in Jamaica Street, Glasgow, where he died in 1836. He left a great number of songs in manuscript.]

BROOK uncle's death I've laid anew,
That never came before to woo;
But to the laddie I'll be true,
That lo'd me first of onie, O;
I've laid anew since I gat gear,
Before my price they'd hardly speer;
But name to me is half so dear,
As my true lover Johnnie, O.

Weel do I mind o' auld langsyne,
How they would laugh at me and mine;
Now I'll pay them back in their ain coin,
And show them I lo'e Johnnie, O.
Weel mind I, in my youthfu' days,
How happy I've been gath'rin' slae,
And rowin' on yon breckan braes,
Wi' the flower of Caledonia.

The Laird comes o'er and tells my dad,
That surely I am turning mad,
And tells my mam I lo'e a lad
That's neither rich nor bonnie, O.
The Laird is but a silly gowk,
For tho' my Johnnie has nae stock,
Yet he's the flow'r o' a' the flock,
And the pride of Caledonia.

When to the Laird I wrought for fee,
He wadna look nor speak to me,
But now at breakfast, dine, and tea,
He'd fain mak' me his cronie, O;
But sure as gowd cures the heart-ach,
It's only for my siller's sake;
The mair o' me that they a' make,
The mair I lo'e my Johnnie, O.

But now my wedding day is set,
When I'll be married to my pet,
With pleasure I will pay the debt,
I've awn sae lang to Johnnie, O.
Come, fiddler, now cast aff your coat,
We's dance a reel upon the spot,
Play "Jockie's made a wedding o't,"
Or "Shod your cockernonie," O.

Now laddies keep your lassies till't,
And lassies a' your coaties kilt,
And let us ha'e a cantie lilt,
Since I ha'e got my Johnnie, O;
I've got my heart's desire at last,
Though many frowns between us past,
And since we're tied bath hard and fast,
May peace crown Caledonia!

Somebody.

[GIBSON.]

Cou'd I be glad or happy yestreen,
When somebody wassa there,
Cou'd I look blythe or cheery yestreen,
Alas! when my heart was sair.

What need I think or care about aye,
Wha maybe cares little for me;—
Ay! somebody's gotten my heart unsought,
An' what mair has a lassie to gie?

Somebody's words are wonderfu' words,
They're wonderfu' words to hear;
Somebody's words can lighten the heart,
Or fill the e'e wi' a tear.

They may say's they like, they may do's they like,
An' somebody I may time;
But I'll live's I am, an' I'll dee's I am,
If somebody mayna be mine.

Charming Nancy.

[TUNE "Humours of Glen." "Charming Nancy," says the Rev. Mr. Skinner, in a letter to Burns, "is the real production of genius in a ploughman of twenty years of age at the time of its appearing, with no more education than what he picked up at an old farmer grandfather's fire-side, though now by the strength of natural parts, he is clerk to a thriving bleachfield in the neighbourhood."]

SOME sing of sweet Mally, some sing of fair Nelly,
And some call sweet Susie the cause of their pain,
Some love to be jolly, some love melancholy,
And some love to sing of the Humours of Glen.

But my only fancy is my pretty Nancy,
 In venting my passion I'll strive to be plain,
 I'll ask no more treasure, I'll seek no more pleasure,
 But thee, my dear Nancy, gin thou wert my ain.

Her beauty delights me, her kindness invites me,
 Her pleasant behaviour is free from all stain,
 Therefore, my sweet Jewel, O do not prove cruel;
 Consent, my dear Nancy, and come, be my ain.
 Her carriage is comely, her language is homely,
 Her dress is quite decent when ta'en in the main;
 She's blooming in feature, she's handsome in
 stature,

My charming dear Nancy, O wert thou my ain!

Like Phoebus adorning the fair ruddy morning,
 Her bright eyes are sparkling, her brows are
 serene,

Her yellow locks shining, in beauty combining,
 My charming sweet Nancy, wilt thou be my ain?
 The whole of her face is, with maidenly graces
 Array'd like the gowans that grow in yon glen;
 She's well shap'd and slender, true-hearted and
 tender,

My charming sweet Nancy, O wert thou my ain!

I'll seek through the nation for some habitation,
 To shelter my Jewel from cold, snow, and rain,
 With songs to my dearie, I'll keep her aye cheery,
 My charming sweet Nancy, gin thou wert my ain.
 I'll work at my calling to furnish thy dwelling,
 With ev'ry thing needful thy life to sustain;
 Thou shalt not sit single, but by a clear ingle,
 I'll marrow thee, Nancy, when thou art my ain.

I'll make true affection the constant direction
 Of loving my Nancy, while life doth remain:
 Though youth will be wasting, true love shall be
 lasting,

My charming sweet Nancy, gin thou wert my ain.
 But what if my Nancy should alter her fancy,
 To favour another be forward and fain,
 I will not compel her, but plainly I'll tell her,
 Begone thou false Nancy, thou'st ne'er be my ain.

The Auld Gudeman.

LAIRD.

I'LL ha'e my coat o' gude snuff-brown,
 My pouter'd wig to co'er my crown,
 I'll deck me, Meg, and busk me fine,
 I'm gaun to court a tocher'd quenn.

Mrs.

Your hosen, laird, are baith to darn,
 Your best snark's bleaching; that's but harn,
 Your coat's a' stour, your wig's to kame,
 Troth laird, ye'd better bide at hame.

LAIRD.

Auld Punch will carry Jock, the lad,
 I'll ride mysel' the lang-tail'd yad,
 Wi' pistols at my saddle-tree,
 Weel mounted, as a laird should be.

Mrs.

There's peats to cast, the hay's to cuile,
 The yad's run ow'r the muir a mile,
 The saddle's stoun, auld Punch is lame,
 'Deed, laird, ye'd better bide at hame,

Think, laird, a wee, and look about,
 Your gear's a' thrivin' in and out,—
 I'm wae to see you courting dule,—
 Wha kens but this same quean's a fool?

LAIRD.

Ay, ay, your drift's no ill to tell,
 Ye fain wad ha'e me, Meg, yoursel';
 But, sure as Blutterbog's my name,
 I'll court the lass, and bring her hame.

Ha'e ye seen.

[THE author of this fine song is generally said to be ROBERT BURNS, JUNIOR, eldest son of the poet, who for many years held a respectable but by no means a lucrative situation as clerk in the Stamp Office, at Somerset House, London. We know not where the song first appeared.]

Ha's ye seen, in the calm dewy morning,
 The red-breast wild warbling sae clear;
 Or the low-dwelling, snow-breasted gowan,
 Surcharg'd wi' mild evening's soft tear?
 O, then ye ha'e seen my dear lassie,
 The lassie I lo'e best o' a';
 But far frae the hame o' my lassie,
 I'm mony a lang mile awa'.

Her hair is the wing o' the blackbird,
 Her eye is the eye o' the dove,
 Her lips are the ripe blushing rose-bud,
 Her bosom's the palace of love.

Though green be thy banks, O sweet Clutha!
Thy beauties ne'er charm me aye;
Forgive me, ye maids o' sweet Clutha,
My heart is wi' her that's awa'.

O love, thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure!
The sweetest we mortals here know;
But soon is thy heav'n, bright beaming,
O'ercast with the darkness of woe.
As the moon, on the oft-changing ocean,
Delights the lone mariner's eye,
Till red rush the storms of the desert,
And dark billows tumble on high.

The Auld Highlan' Piper.

[SAID also to be a production of ROBERT BURNS, JUNIOR, eldest son of the poet. It is given in the "Spirit of British Song" (Glasgow, 1835,) where it is stated that it was communicated by the author, before he went to London, to a near relation residing at Mauchline, from whose recitation it was taken down for that work.]

On! pity an auld Highlan' piper,
An' dinna for want let him dee;
Oh! look at my faithfu' wee doggie,
The icicle hangs frae his e'e.

I ance had a wee theekit cot-house
On Morval's sea-beaten shore;
But our laird turn'd me out frae my cot-house;
Alas! I was feckless an' wipuir.

My twa sons were baith press'd for sailors,
An' brave for their kintra did fin';
My auld wife she died soon o' sorrow,
An' left me bereft o' them a'.

I downa do ony sair wark,
For maist bauld is my lyart auld pow,
So I beg wi' my pipes, an' my doggie,
An' mony a place we've been through.

I set mysel' down i' the gloamin',
An' tak' my wee dog on my knee,
An' I play on my pipes wi' sad sorrow,
An' the tear trickles down frae my e'e.

The tear trickles down frae my e'e,
An' my heart's like to break e'en in twa,
When I think on my auld wife an' bairns,
That now are sae far awa'.

Come in thou puir lyart auld carle,
And here nae mair ill shalt thou dree;
As lang as I'm laird o' this manor,
There's nane shall gae helpless frae me.

And ye shall get a wee cot-house,
An' ye shall get baith milk an' meal;
For he that has sent it to me,
Has sent it to use it weel.

There's nae laddie coming.

[JAMES HOOE.]

THERE'S nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean,
There's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean;
I ha'e watch'd thee at mid-day, at morn, an'
at e'en,
An' there's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear
Jean.

But be nae down hearted though lovers gang by,
Thou'rt my only sister, thy brother am I;
An' aye in my wee house thou welcome shalt be,
An' while I ha'e saxeince, I'll share it wi' thee.

O Jeanie, dear Jeanie, when we twa were young,
I sat on your knee, to your bosom I clung;
You kiss'd me, an' clasp'd me, an' croon'd your
bit sang,
An' bore me about when you hardly dought gang.
An' when I fell sick, wi' a red watery e'e
You watch'd your wee brother, an' fear'd he wad
dee;
I felt the cool hand, and the kindly embrace,
An' the warm trickling tears drappin' aft on my
faco.

Sae wae was my kind heart to see my Jean weep,
I clos'd my sick e'e, though I wasna asleep;
An' I'll never forget till the day that I dee,
The gratitude due, my dear Jeanie, to thee!
Then be nae down-hearted, for nae lad can feel
Sic true love as I do, or ken ye sae weel;
My heart it yearns o'er thee, and grieved wad I be
If aught were to part my dear Jeanie an' me.

Maggy Maclane.

[This truly graphic, and truly Scottish production first appeared in "The Glasgow Journal of General Literature," (Dec. 19th, 1835,) a periodical conducted by Mr. R. B. Hardy. It describes the fortunes of poor Maggy Maclane, who, from a rich young beauty, the toast and rage of the whole country-side, sunk down into a deserted and poverty-stricken old maid. Nothing could exceed the triumphs of Maggy during her brief reign. Suitors of all descriptions, and from all quarters, flocked around her, but Maggy, from the variety of her choice, was ill to please and obdurate, till her mother, "the couthle cosh Widow Maclane," accepts of one of the rejected lovers—a pawkie tailor—and the fortunes of Maggy are turned. The sketches of Maggy's wooers, and of the merry-makings held in her house, are of the richest and broadest description, while the touches of pathos that occur in painting the after-desolation of Maggy's abode—

"It's aye the dry floor, Meg's—the day e'er sae drookin';"
or the emptiness of her garner—

— "the warst 's when the wee mouse looks out wi' a tear to her,
Frae the meal-kist o' Maggy Maclane,"

are eminently striking. Indeed, the whole poem we consider to be of first rate excellence, and to the lovers of genuine Scottish idiom it must prove a rare, as to most of them it will be an *original*, treat.—The author of Maggy Maclane was JAMES MAYNE, for many years a small jobbing printer in Glasgow, of which city he was a native. He died in the Island of Trinidad in 1842, whither he had gone some years previous, to edit a newspaper there. He was a nephew of John Mayne, author of 'Logan Braes,' &c.]

Doon i' the glen by the lown o' the trees,
Lies a wee theeket bield, like a birk for the bees;
But the hinnle there skepp'd—gin ye're no dour to please—
It's virgin Miss Maggy Maclane!
There's few seek Meg's shed noo, the simmer sun jookin';
It's aye the dry floor, Meg's—the day e'er sae drookin';
But the heather-blabs hing where the red blude's been shoooken
I' bruizies for Maggy Maclane!

Doon by Meg's howf-tree the gowk comes to woo;
But the corneraik's nye sey'd at her hallan-door joo!
An' the red-breast ne'er cheeps but the weird's at his mou',
For the last o' the roses that's gane!
Nae trystin' at Meg's noo—nae Hallowe'en rockins!
Nae howtowdie guttlens—nae mart-puddin' yockins!
Nae bans i' the blast's teeth blaws snell up Glendockens!
Clean bickers wi' Maggy Maclane!

Meg's auld lyart gutcher swarf'd dead i' the shawe.
Her beln, fouthy minnie,—she's aff an' awa'!
The grey on her pow but a simmerly snaw!—
The couthie, cosh Widow Maclane!
O tittles be tentle! though air i' the day wi' ye,—
Think that the green grass may as day be hay wi' ye!—
Think o' the leal minnie—mayna be aye wi' ye!
When sabbin' for Maggy Maclane.

Lallan' joes—Hielan' joes—Meg ance had wale;
 Fo'k wi' the siller, and chiefs wi' the tail!
 The yaud left the burn to drink out o' Meg's pail—
 The sheltie braw ken'd "the Maclane."
 Awa' owre the muir they cam' stottin' an' stolcherin'!
 Tramper an' traveller, a' beakin' an' brolicherin'!
 Cadgers an' cuddy-creeks, oigherin'!—hoigherin'!
 "The lanlowpers!"—quo Maggy Maclane.

Cowtes were to fother:—Meg owre the burn flang!
 Nowte were to tether:—Meg through the wood rang!
 The widow she kenn'd-na to bless or to bann!
 She waste o' gude woocers to hain!
 Yet, aye at the souter, Meg grumph'd her! an' grumph'd her!
 The loot-shouter'd wabeter, she humph'd her! and humph'd her!
 The lamiter tailor, she stump'd her! an' stump'd her!
 Her minnie might groo or grane!

The tailor he likit cockleekie broo;
 An' doon he cam' wi' a beck an' a boo:—
 Quo' Meg,—“We're sune tak' the clecken aff you;”—
 An' plump! i' the burn he's gane!
 The widow's cheek reddend'd; her heart it play'd thud: aye;
 Her garters she cuist roon' his neck like a wuddle!
 She linkit him oot; but wi' wringin' his duddles,
 Her weed-ring it's burst in twain!

Wowf was the widow—to hand nor to bing!
 The tailor he's aff, an' he's coft a new ring!
 Th' dell squeeze his craig's no wordy the string!—
 He's waddet auld Widow Maclane!
 Auld?—an' a bride! Na, ye'd pitied the tea-pat!
 O saut were the skadyens! but balm's in Glenlivat!
 The haggis was boekin' oot bluters o' bree-fat,
 An' hotch'd to the piper its lane!—

Doon the burnside, i' the lown o' the glen,
 Meg reists her bird-lane, i' a but-an-a-ben:
 Stal doon when ye dow,—i' the dearth, gentlemen,—
 Ye'se be awmous to Maggy Maclane!
 Lane bauks the virgin—nae white pows now keekin'
 Through key-hole an' cranny, nae cash blade stan's sleekin'
 His nicherin' naigie, his gaudamous seekin'!
 Alack for the days that are gane!

Lame's fa'n the souter!—some steek i' his thie!
 The cooper's clean gyte, wi' a hoopin' coughie!
 The smith's got sae blin'—wi' a spunk i' his e'e!—
 He's tynd glint o' Maggy Maclane!
 Meg brake the kirk pew-door—Auld Beukle leuk'd near-na her!
 She dunked her pattie—Young Sneekie ne'er speird for her!
 But the warst's when the wee mouse leuks oot, wi' a tear to her,
 Frae the meal-kist o' Maggy Maclane!

Auld Robin Gray.

[**THIS** is an old tune, called "The Bridgroom greits when the sun gae down," united to old words of a somewhat indelicate character. About the end of 1771 or beginning of 1773, a young lady in Fifeshire, the daughter of a noble family there, and then only in her twenty-first year, being very fond of the tune, but scrupulous about the words, thought she would try her hand at making new words to it. She accordingly set to work, and produced a simple ballad of some eight or nine verses, which, on becoming known, was received with rapture wherever it spread—was translated into almost every European language—and was made the subject of dramas and of paintings innumerable. This little ballad, which records a tragedy in domestic life unhappily of no uncommon occurrence and yet of heart-rending pathos, was called "Auld Robin Gray," and the name of its authoress was **LADY ANN LINDSAY**, daughter of the Earl of Balcarras, by his countess, **Ann Dalrymple**, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castletoun, Bart. She was born on the 8th Dec. 1750, and was married in 1793 to Sir Andrew Barnard, a son of the bishop of Limerick, and Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope. Her husband died in 1807 without issue; her own death did not take place till the 6th of May, 1835, at Berkley Square, London, where she had long resided. "Lady Ann Barnard's face," says Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, "was pretty, and replete with vivacity; her figure light and elegant; her conversation lively; and, like the rest of her family, peculiarly agreeable. Though she had wit, she never said ill-natured things to show it; she gave herself no airs either as a woman of rank or as the authoress of Auld Robin Gray."—Shortly before her death, she made a communication to Sir Walter Scott, containing a revised copy of Auld Robin Gray, with two verses of a continuation or second part. These were printed in a thin 4to volume for the Bannatyne Club. In the preface is inserted a letter from the authoress, from which we make the following extract.—"Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born [written] soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond. ————, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.'—'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret. . . . Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing-dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I

hugged myself in my obscurity." It remains to be added, that although "Auld Robin Gray" was originally written to the old tune of "The Bridgroom greits when the sun gaes down," it is now, with the exception of the first verse, which retains the old air, universally sung to a beautiful modern tune, composed by the Rev. William Heeves, rector of Wrington, who died in 1823, aged 80. We do not here give the continuation or second part of "Auld Robin Gray," in which the old gentleman is made to die, and "young Jamie" to marry the widow, as it is admitted on all hands to be a failure, and to destroy totally the beauty of the original story. In the present version we follow chiefly the old reading, which differs somewhat from that given by the authoress when late in life, as the alterations she then made do not appear to us to be improvements.]

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at bame,
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,
The wae o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown he had naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me!

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm—my Jamie at the sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
I toll'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?
And wherefore was I spar'd to cry, Wae is me!

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say:
Ae kiss we took—nae mair—I bad him gang away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

[THE popular tune called "Whistle o'er the lave o't" was composed about 1720, by John Bruce, a musician belonging to Dumfries. The old words are unfit for publication. The following was written by Burns for Johnson's Museum.]

First when Maggie was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—speir nae mair;
But whistle o'er the lave o't.
Meg was meek and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child;
Wiser men than me's beguiled;
Sae, whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we groe;
I carena by how few may see;
Sae, whistle o'er the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dished up in her winding-sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't;
Sae, whistle o'er the lave o't.

The Land o' Bonnets Blue.

[THIS song, to the tune of "Whistle o'er the lave o't," was written by a Scottish clergyman at Liverpool many years ago, and sung at an anniversary dinner held there in commemoration of the birth-day of Robert Burns.]

Noo, by my troth, ilk brither dear,
I trow ye're a' right welcome here;
We'll prove to mirth our title clear,
But winna prove the slave o't.
Here's to the land o' bonnets blue,
Tartan kilts and tarry woo';
O for a waught o' mountain dew,
To toast the guid and brave o't.

Dowf and dowie be his lot,
Whae'er denies a brither Scot,
Wi' helping han' to share a groat,
If want should mak' him crave o't.
Here's to the land, &c.

As for the honest feeling heart,
May poorth never mak' it smart;
But heaven its best o' bliss impart,
As huckle's he would have o't.
Here's to the land, &c.

The warly wretch may fume and fret,
And grip and pinch baith air and late;
But what o' earth at last he'll get
Will only be a grave o't.
Here's to the land, &c.

May we, when eild shall bleach our crown
White as our native thistle's down,
Mount high to life and light aboon,
There to enjoy the lave o't.
Here's to the land, &c.

Then fill a bowl, and while we drink,
We'll rivet closer friendship's link,
Till joys run ower, and cares deep sink
Beneath the whirling wave o't.
Here's to the land, &c.

Marriage and the care o't.

[WRITTEN by ROBERT LOCHORE, Glasgow, about the year 1802, to the tune of "Whistle o'er the lave o't."—Mr. Lochore is author of Margaret and the Minister, Highland Donald, The Magic Pill, and other metrical tales.—Also, The Auld Sark Sleeve, A Landscape, &c.]

Quorn Rab to Kate, My sony dear,
I've woo'd ye mair than ha't a-year,
An' if ye'd wed me ne'er could'speer,
Wi' blateness, an' the care o't.
Now to the point: sincere I'm wi't;
Will ye be my ha't-marrow, sweet?
Shake han's, and say a bargain be't,
An' ne'er think on the care o't.

Na, na, quo' Kate, I winna wed,
O' sic a snare I'll aye be rede;
How mony, thochtless, are misled
By marriage, an' the care o't!
A single life's a life o' glee,
A wife ne'er think to mak' o' me,
Frae toll an' sorrow I'll keep free,
An' a' the dool an' care o't.

Weel, weel, said Robin, in reply,
Ye ne'er again shall me deny,
Ye may a toothless maiden die
For me, I'll tak' nae care o't.
Fareweel for ever!—aff I hie;—
Sae took his leave without a sigh:
Oh! stop, quo' Kate, I'm yours, I'll try
The married life, an' care o't.

Rab wheel't about, to Kate cam' back,
An' ga'e her mou' a hearty smack,
Synne lengthen'd out a lovin' crack
'Bout marriage an' the care o't.
Though as she thocht she didna speak,
An' lookit unco mim an' meek,
Yet blythe was she wi' Rab to cleek
In marriage, wi' the care o't.

Vittoria.

[WILLIAM GLEN.—Air, "Whistle o'er the lave o't."—This song was written on the occasion of the battle of Vittoria, at which the 71st or Glasgow regiment of light infantry played a distinguished part. We have been told, that when first produced at the old theatre in Queen street, Glasgow, the song was received with rapturous applause, and had a run of many nights.]

Sing a' ye bards wi' loud acclaim,
High glory gi'e to gallant Grahame,
Heap laurels on our Marshall's fame,
Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.
Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
An' raised her stately form again,
Whan the British Lion shook his mane
On the mountains o' Vittoria.

Let blust'rin' Suchet crousty crack,
Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
And Jourdan wish his baton back,
He left upon Vittoria,
If e'er they meet their worthy king,
Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
An' some Scottish piper play the spring
He blew them at Vittoria.

Gi'e truth an' honour to the Dane,
Gi'e German's monarch heart and brain;
But aye in sic a cause as Spain,
Gi'e Britons a Vittoria.

The English Rose was ne'er sae red,
The Shamrock waved where glory led,
And the Scottish Thistle raised its head,
An' smiled upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Where thousands fought and many fell;
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
At the battle of Vittoria.
The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maistly wede awa',
An' could an' pale as wreaths o' snaw
They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and tremblin' knees
The Eagle standard-bearer flees,
While the "meteor flag" floats to the breeze,
An' wantons on Vittoria.
Britannia's glory there was shown,
By the undaunted Wellington,
An' the tyrant trembled on his throne,
Whan hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,
Let a' their trophies for them wave,
An' green be our Cadogan's grave,
Upon thy field, Vittoria!
There let eternal laurels bloom,
While maidens mourn his early doom,
An' deck his lowly honour'd tomb
Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes play,
Barossa heard your Highlan' lay,
An' the gallant Scot shoud' there that day,
A prelude to Vittoria.
Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice,
To them wha made poor Spain rejoice,
Shout Wellington an' Lynedoch, boys,
Barossa an' Vittoria!

Boat Song.

[FROM "The Lady of the Lake," by SIR WALTER SCOTT. This may be appropriately sung to the tune of "The Banks of the Devon."]]

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the Tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the
 mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
 And Bannochair's groans to our slogan replied;
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
 O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
 Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!
 O! that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem, [grow!
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deep-most glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Mary's twa lovers.

[WRITTEN BY ROBERT LOCHORE, about 1802, to the tune of "Beattie Bell and Mary Gray." This and the other song by the same author, given in p. 206, have only before appeared in a small local miscellany, entitled "The Temple of Apollo."]

DEAR aunty, I've been lang your care,
 Your counsels guld ha'e blest me;
 Now in a little case ance mair
 Wi' your advice assist me:

Twa lovers frequent on me wait,
 An' baith I frankly speak wi';
 Sae I'm put in a puzzlin' strait
 Whilk o' the twa to cleek wi'.

There's sonsy James, wha wears a wig,
 A widower fresh and canty;
 Though turn'd o' sixty, gaes fu' trig,
 He's rich, and rows in plenty.
 Tam's twenty-five, hands James's plough,
 A lad deserves regardin';
 He's clever, decent, sober too,
 But he's no worth as fardin'.

Auld James, 'tis true, I downa see,
 But's cash will answer a' things;
 To be a lady pleases me,
 And buskit be wi' braw things.
 Tam I esteem, like him there's few,
 His gait and looks entice me;
 Dut, aunty, I'll now trust in you,
 And fix as ye advise me.

Then aunty, wha spun, laid down her robe,
 An' thus reply't to Mary:
 Unequal matches in a yoke
 Draw thrawart an' camstrarie.
 Since gentle James ye dinna like,
 Wi' 's gear ha'e nae connexion;
 Tam's like yoursell, the bargain strike,
 Grap to him wi' affection.

Love Delights.

[WILLIAM CHALMERS.—Tune, "Lewie Gordon."—Here first printed.]

O LOVE delights in sunny bower,
 'Mid sunny rays, like summer flower;
 But when the storms o' winter blaw,
 Its fairest beauties fade awa'.

The rose in youth may please awhile,
 And youthful days wi' joy beguile,
 The lily, too, with snowy crest,
 May lean upon the rose's breast.
 But love delights, &c.

What though the rose's blushes fade,
 And lilies droop beneath the shade,
 In dormant life they still remain,
 To grow, to bud, to bloom again.
 But love delights, &c.

The Banks of the Devon.

["THREE verses," says BURNS, "were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M'Kittrick Adair, Esq., physician. She is sister to my worthy friend Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline; and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, (August, 1787,) residing at Harveyston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon.—I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness and got the notes taken down for this work."—The name of the Gaelic air is "Banarach Donnach Ruadh," or "The Brown Dairy-maid."]"]

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding
Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers
blooming fair!

But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that edzes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in her gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud
rose;

A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Thomson's collection, to the tune of "Rothiemurehous' Rant." The heroine was Jean Lorimer, of whom we have had occasion to speak in previous notes.]

LISSIE wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tend the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now Nature cleads the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say wi't be my dearie, O?
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome summer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower,
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's homeward way,
Through yellow-waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Craigie-burn-wood.

[ANOTHER song by BURNS in honour of Jean Lorimer, the "lassie wi' the lint-white locks." Burns wrote it to aid the eloquence of a Mr. Gillespie, one of her suitors. The eloquence and the poet's verse were equally unavailing; she married an officer who used her cruelly, and the result was a separation after a few months. "Craigie-burn-wood," says Currie, "is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, about three miles distant from the village of that name. The woods of Craigie-burn and Dumerieff were at one time favourite haunts of our poet. It was there he met the 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' and there he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics." The chorus of the present song is old.]

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood,
And blithely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn-
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow. [wood,
Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O! to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may be sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they ha'e nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I winna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.
Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee;
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

Craigie-burn-wood.

[THIS is another version of Craigie-burn-wood
which Burns sent to Thomson's collection.]

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

The Braes aboon Bonaw.

[WRITTEN and music arranged by W. GILFILLAN.]

WILT thou go, my bonnie lassie,
Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,
Wilt thou go, say ay or nay,
To the braes aboon Bonaw, lassie?

Though Donald ha'e nae mickle fraise,
Wi' Lawland speeches fine, lassie,
What he'll impart comes frae the heart,
Sae let it be frae thine, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

Wi' siller clasp I'll deck thy waist,
Wi' silken snood thy hair, lassie;
Thou'lt sleep 'twixt Donald and the wa',
On bed o' bent sae rare, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

When summer days clead a' the braes
Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,
At milking sheel, we'll join the reel,
My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
The tarmigan sae shy, lassie,
For duck an' drake I'll beat the brake,
Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

For trout an' par, wi' canny care,
I'll wylie skim the flec, lassie;
Wi' sic like cheer I'll please my dear,
Then come awa' wi' me, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

"Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie,
Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie;
I'll kilt my coats, I'll tent the goats,
On the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie

"Gin thou'lt prove true thou's never rue
The love thou bear'st for me, laddie,
Lik joy an' care wi' thee I'll share,
Until the day I dee, laddie.
Come awa', my bonnie laddie,
Come awa', my braw laddie;
Come weel, come wae, I'll kilt and gae,
To the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie."

When Autumn.

[FROM a very elegant volume of poems, entitled, "Lays and Lyrics, by Captain CHARLES GRAY, of the Royal Marines, F. R. A. S. E.:" Edinburgh, 1841.—Captain Gray has been long known as a successful song-writer. So far back as 1811, he published a small collection of "Poems and Songs," some of the latter of which have become established favourites with the public. The Captain is a native of Anstruther, in Fifeshire: and, after a service in the royal marine forces of nearly forty years, is now resident in Edinburgh, on the full-pay retired list. The present fine song has been set to music by Mr. Peter Macleod.]

When autumn has laid her sickle by,
And the stacks are theekit to haud them dry;
And the sapless leaves come down frae the trees,
And dance about in the fitfu' breeze;
And the robin again sits burd-alane,
And sings his sang on the auld peat stane;
When come is the hour o' gloamin' grey,
Oh! sweet is to me the minstrel's lay.

When winter is driving his cloud on the gale,
And spairgin about his snaw and his hail,
And the door is steekit against the blast,
And the winnocks wif' wedges are firm and fast,
And the ribs are rypet, the candle a-light,
And the fire on the hearth is blazin' bright,
And the bicker is reamin' wif' pithy browns ale;
Oh! dear is to me a sang or a tale.

Then I tove awa' by the ingle-side,
And tell o' the blains I was wae to bide,
When the nights were lang and the sea ran blyth,
And the moon hid her face as the doggie o' the by;
And the moon was crained, and the canvas set,
By some demon on evenings of stormy wet,
On! I bless my stars that at last I can sing,
For dear, dear to me a sang or a tale.

The Social Cry.

At page 122 will be found the original version of this popular song, by Captain Charles Gray, which was selected for the first anniversary of the

Anstruther Musomant Society, in October, 1814. We here give the author's latest improved copy, as it appears in his "Lays and Lyrics." The two versions, it will be seen, differ materially from each other.—Ald, "Andro and his cussy gun."]

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
Blythe are we, and and a';
Aften ha'e we cantle been,
But sic a night we never saw!
The gloamin' saw us a' sit down,
And muckle mirth has been our fa';
Then let the sang and toast gae roun'
'Till chanticleer begins to crow!
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we -
Pick and wale o' merry men!
What care we though the cock may crow,
We're masters o' the tappit hen!

The auld kirk bell has chappit twa!
Wha cares though she had chappit twa!
We're licht o' heart and winna part,
Though time and tide may rin awa!
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we -
Hearts that care can never fling!
Then let time pass - we'll stand his ghaist,
And pu' a feather frae his wing!

Now is the wintin' time o' muck,
When glimols, bling aw, are in the muck;
And says Andro to the glim-wintin' muck
We'll bairn the muck o' muck o' the muck
Is yit, blythe, and merry are we
Glimols muck that muck is in the muck,
We're muck the muck o' muck o' the muck,
We're muck the muck o' muck o' the muck!

The muck o' muck muck muck the muck
The muck o' muck o' muck o' the muck,
Ald, yit we are muck o' the muck,
I t' muck muck muck muck o' the muck,
Muck, blythe, and merry are we
Muck muck muck muck muck o' the muck,
Ald o' the muck o' the muck muck
Ald o' the muck muck muck o' the muck!

Then muck muck o' muck muck,
I t' muck muck the muck muck
Muck o' muck muck muck o' the muck
Muck muck muck muck muck o' the muck,
Muck muck muck muck muck o' the muck,
I t' muck muck muck muck o' the muck,
Ald o' the muck muck muck muck muck
Muck muck muck muck muck o' the muck!

Maggy Maclane:

[THIS truly graphic, and truly Scottish production first appeared in "The Glasgow Journal of General Literature," (Dec. 19th, 1835,) a periodical conducted by Mr. E. B. Hardy. It describes the fortunes of poor Maggy Maclane, who, from a rich young beauty, the toast and rage of the whole country-side, sunk down into a deserted and poverty-stricken old maid. Nothing could exceed the triumphs of Maggy during her brief reign. Suitors of all descriptions, and from all quarters, flocked around her, but Maggy, from the variety of her choice, was ill to please and obdurate, till her mother, "the counthie cosh Widow Maclane," accepts of one of the rejected lovers—a pawkie tailor—and the fortunes of Maggy are turned. The sketches of Maggy's wooers, and of the merry-makings held in her house, are of the richest and broadest description, while the touches of pathos that occur in painting the after-desolation of Maggy's abode—

"It's aye the dry floor, Meg's—the day e'er sae drookin';"

or the emptiness of her garner—

— "the warst 's when the wee mouse looks out wi' a tear to her,
Frae the meal-kist o' Maggy Maclane,"

are eminently striking. Indeed, the whole poem we consider to be of first rate excellence, and to the lovers of genuine Scottish idiom it must prove a rare, as to most of them it will be an *original*, treat.—The author of Maggy Maclane was JAMES MAYNE, for many years a small jobbing printer in Glasgow, of which city he was a native. He died in the Island of Trinidad in 1842, whither he had gone some years previous, to edit a newspaper there. He was a nephew of John Mayne, author of 'Logan Braes,' &c.]

Doon i' the glen by the lown o' the trees,
Lies a wee theeket bield, like a birk for the bees;
But the hinnie there skepp'd—gin ye're no dour to please—
It's virgin Miss Maggy Maclane!
There's few seek Meg's shed noo, the simmer sun jookin';
It's aye the dry floor, Meg's—the day e'er sae drookin';
But the heather-blabs hing where the red blude's been shooen
I' bruizies for Maggy Maclane!

Doon by Meg's howf-tree the gowk comes to woo;
But the corneraik's aye fley'd at her hallan-door joo!
An' the red-breast ne'er cheeps but the weird's at his mou',
For the last o' the roses that's gane!
Nae trystin' at Meg's noo—nae Hallowe'en rockins!
Nae howtowdile guttlens—nae mart-puddin' yockins!
Nae bane i' the blast's teeth blaws snell up Glendockens!
Clean bickers wi' Maggy Maclane!

Meg's auld lyart gutcher swarf'd dead i' the shawe.
Her bein, fouthy minnie,—she's aff an' awa'!
The grey on her pow but a simmerly snaw!—
The counthie, cosh Widow Maclane!
O titties be tentie! though air i' the dny wi' ye,—
Think that the green grass may ae day be hay wi' ye!—
Think o' the leal minnie—mayna be aye wi' ye!
When sabbin' for Maggy Maclane.

Lallan' Joes—Hielan' Joes—Meg ance had wale;
 Fo'k wi' the siller, and chiefs wi' the tail!
 The yand left the burn to drink out o' Meg's pail—
 The sheltie braw kent "the Maclane."
 Awa' owre the muir they cam' stottin' an' stoicherin'!
 Trumper an' traveller, a' beakin' an' broicherin'!
 Cadgers an' cuddy-creels, oigherin'!—holgherin'!
 "The lanlowpers!"—quo Maggy Maclane.

Cowtes were to fother!—Meg owre the burn flang!
 Nowte were to tether!—Meg through the wood rang!
 The widow she kenn'd-na to bless or to bann!
 Sic waste o' gude woocers to hain!
 Yet, aye at the souter, Meg grumph'd her! an' grumph'd her!
 The loot-shouter'd wabster, she humph'd her! and humph'd her!
 The lamiter tailor, she stumph'd her! an' stumph'd her!
 Her minnie might groo or grane!

The tailor he likit cockleekle broo;
 An' doon he cam' wi' a beck an' a boo—
 Quo' Meg,—“ We'se sune tak' the clecken aff you;”—
 An' plump! i' the burn he's gane!
 The widow's cheek reddend'd; her heart it play'd thud! aye;
 Her garters she cuist roon' his neck like a waddle!
 She linkit him out; but wi' wringin' his duddles,
 Her weed-ring it's burst in twain!

Wowf was the widow—to haud nor to bing!
 The tailor he's aff, an' he's coft a new ring!
 Th' dell squeeze his craig's no wordy the string!—
 He's waddet auld Widow Maclane!
 Auld?—an' a bride! Na, ye'd pitied the tea-pat!
 O saut were the skadyens! but balm's in Glenlivet!
 The haggis was bockin' oot bluters o' bree-fat,
 An' hotch'd to the piper its lane!—

Doon the burnside, i' the lown o' the glen,
 Meg reistg her bird-lane, i' a but-an-a-ben;
 Stual doon when ye dow,—i' the dearth, gentlemen,—
 Ye'se be awmous to Maggy Maclane!
 Lane bauks the virgin—nae white pows now keekin'
 Through key-hole an' cranny, nae cash blade stan's s'ceekin'
 His nicherin' naigie, his gaudamous seekin'!
 Alack for the days that are gane!

Lame's fa'n the souter!—some steek i' his thie!
 The cooper's clean gyte, wi' a hoopin' coughie!
 The smith's got sae blin'—wi' a spunk i' his e'e!—
 He's tynded glint o' Maggy Maclane!
 Meg brake the kirk pew-door—Auld Beukie leuk'd near-na her!
 She dunkled her pattie—Young Sneekle ne'er speir'd for her!
 But the warst's when the wee mouse leuks oot, wi' a tear to her,
 Frae the meal-kist o' Maggy Maclane!

Auld Robin Gray.

[THERE is an old tune, called "The Bridgroom greits when the sun gae down," united to old words of a somewhat indelicate character. About the end of 1771 or beginning of 1773, a young lady in Fifeshire, the daughter of a noble family there, and then only in her twenty-first year, being very fond of the tune, but scrupulous about the words, thought she would try her hand at making new words to it. She accordingly set to work, and produced a simple ballad of some eight or nine verses, which, on becoming known, was received with rapture wherever it spread—was translated into almost every European language—and was made the subject of dramas and of paintings innumerable. This little ballad, which records a tragedy in domestic life unhappily of no uncommon occurrence and yet of heart-rending pathos, was called "Auld Robin Gray," and the name of its authoress was LADY ANN LINDSAY, daughter of the Earl of Balcarras, by his countess, Ann Dalrymple, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castletoun, Bart. She was born on the 8th Dec. 1760, and was married in 1783 to Sir Andrew Barnard, a son of the bishop of Limerick, and Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope. Her husband died in 1807 without issue; her own death did not take place till the 6th of May, 1835, at Berkley Square, London, where she had long resided. "Lady Ann Barnard's shoe," says Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, "was pretty, and replete with vivacity; her figure light and elegant; her conversation lively; and, like the rest of her family, peculiarly agreeable. Though she had wit, she never said ill-natured things to show it; she gave herself no airs either as a woman of rank or as the authoress of Auld Robin Gray."—Shortly before her death, she made a communication to Sir Walter Scott, containing a revised copy of Auld Robin Gray, with two verses of a continuation or second part. These were printed in a thin 4to volume for the Bannatyne Club. In the preface is inserted a letter from the authoress, from which we make the following extract.—"Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born [written] soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond. ———, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.'—'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret. . . . Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerminham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing-dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I

hugged myself in my obscurity." It remains to be added, that although "Auld Robin Gray" was originally written to the old tune of "The Bridgroom greits when the sun gaes down," it is now, with the exception of the first verse, which retains the old air, universally sung to a beautiful modern tune, composed by the Rev. William Keever, rector of Wrington, who died in 1823, aged 80. We do not here give the continuation or second part of "Auld Robin Gray," in which the old gentleman is made to die, and "young Jamie" to marry the widow, as it is admitted on all hands to be a failure, and to destroy totally the beauty of the original story. In the present version we follow chiefly the old reading, which differs somewhat from that given by the authoress when late in life, as the alterations she then made do not appear to us to be improvements.]

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,
The wae o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown he had naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me!

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm—my Jamie at the sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
I toll'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?
And wherefore was I spar'd to cry, Wae is me!

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say:
Ae kiss we took—nae mair—I bad him gang away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

[THE popular tune called "Whistle o'er the lave o't" was composed about 1720, by John Bruce, a musician belonging to Dumfries. The old words are unfit for publication. The following was written by Burns for Johnson's Museum.]

FIRST when Maggie was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—speir nae mair;
But whistle o'er the lave o't.
Meg was meek and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child;
Wiser men than me's beguiled;
Sae, whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gae,
I carena by how few may see;
Sae, whistle o'er the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dished up in her winding-sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't;
Sae, whistle o'er the lave o't.

The Land o' Bonnets Blue.

[THIS song, to the tune of "Whistle o'er the lave o't," was written by a Scottish clergyman at Liverpool many years ago, and sung at an anniversary dinner held there in commemoration of the birth-day of Robert Burns.]

Noo, by my troth, ilk brither dear,
I trow ye're a' right welcome here;
We'll prove to mirth our title clear,
But winna prove the lave o't.
Here's to the land o' bonnets blue,
Tartan kilts and tarry woo';
O for a waught o' mountain dew,
To toast the guld and brave o't.

Dowf and dowie be his lot,
Whae'er denies a brither soot,
Wi' helping han' to share a gront,
If want should mak' him crave o't.
Here's to the land, &c.

As for the honest feeling heart,
May poortith never mak' it smart;
But heaven its best o' bliss impart,
As shuckle's he would have o't.
Here's to the land, &c.

The warly wretch may fume and fret,
And grip and pinch baith air and late;
But what o' earth at last he'll get
Will only be a grave o't.
Here's to the land, &c.

May we, when eld shall bleach our crown
White as our native thistle's down,
Mount high to life and light aboon,
There to enjoy the lave o't.
Here's to the land, &c.

Then fill a bowl, and while we drink,
We'll rivet closer friendship's link,
Till joys run ower, and cares deep sink
Beneath the whirling wave o't.
Here's to the land, &c.

Marriage and the care o't.

[WRITTEN by ROBERT LOCHORE, Glasgow, about the year 1802, to the tune of "Whistle o'er the lave o't."—Mr. Lochore is author of *Margaret and the Minister*, *Highland Donald*, *The Magic Pill*, and other metrical tales.—Also, *The Auld Sark Sleeve*, *A Landscape*, &c.]

Quoth Rab to Kate, My sony dear,
I've woo'd ye mair than ha'f a year,
An' if ye'd wed me ne'er cou'd speer,
Wi' blateness, an' the care o't.
Now to the point: sincere I'm wi't:
Will ye be my ha'f-marrow, sweet?
Shake han's, and say a bargain be't,
An' ne'er think on the care o't.

Na, na, quo' Kate, I winna wed,
O' sic a snare I'll aye be rede;
How mony, thochtless, are misled
By marriage, an' the care o't!
A single life's a life o' glee,
A wife ne'er think to mak' o' me,
Frae toll an' sorrow I'll keep free,
An' a' the dool an' care o't.

Weel, weel, said Robin, in reply,
Ye ne'er again shall me deny,
Ye may a toothless maiden die
For me, I'll tak' nae care o't.
Fareweel for ever!—aff I hie;—
Sae took his leave without a sigh:
Oh! stop, quo' Kate, I'm yours, I'll try
The married life, an' care o't.

Rab wheel't about, to Kate cam' back,
An' ga'e her mou' a hearty smack,
Synne lengthen'd out a lovin' crack
'Bout marriage an' the care o't.
Though as she thoct she didna speak,
An' lookit unco mim an' meek,
Yet blythe was she wi' Rab to cleeck
In marriage, wi' the care o't.

Vittoria.

[WILLIAM GLEN.—Air, "Whistle o'er the lave o't."—This song was written on the occasion of the battle of Vittoria, at which the 71st or Glasgow regiment of light infantry played a distinguished part. We have been told, that when first produced at the old theatre in Queen street, Glasgow, the song was received with rapturous applause, and had a run of many nights.]

SING a' ye bards wi' loud acclaim,
High glory gie'to gallant Grahame,
Heap laurels on our Marshall's fame,
Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.
Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
An' rais'd her stately form again,
Whan the British Lion shook his mane
On the mountains o' Vittoria.

Let blust'rin' Suchet crouslay crack,
Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
And Jourdan wish his baton back,
He left upon Vittoria;
If e'er they meet their worthy king,
Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
An' some Scottish piper play the spring
He blew them at Vittoria.

Gi'e truth an' honour to the Dane,
Gi'e German's monarch heart and brain;
But aye in sic a cause as Spain,
Gi'e Britons a Vittoria.

The English Rose was ne'er sae red,
The Shamrock waved whare glory led,
And the Scottish Thistle rais'd its head,
An' smiled upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Whare thousands fought and mony fell;
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
At the battle of Vittoria.
The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maistly wede awa',
An' could an' pale as wreaths o' snaw
They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and tremblin' knees
The Eagle standard-bearer flees,
While the "meteor flag" floats to the breeze,
An' wantons on Vittoria.
Britannia's glory there was shown,
By the undaunted Wellington,
An' the tyrant trembled on his throne,
Whan hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,
Let a' their trophies for them wave,
An' green be our Cadogan's grave,
Upon thy field, Vittoria!
There let eternal laurels bloom,
While maidens mourn his early doom,
An' deck his lowly honour'd tomb
Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes play,
Barossa heard your Highlan' lay,
An' the gallant Scot show'd there that day,
A prelude to Vittoria.
Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice,
To them wha made poor Spain rejoice,
Shout Wellington an' Lynedoch, boys,
Barossa an' Vittoria!

Boat Song.

[FROM "The Lady of the Lake," by SIR WALTER SCOTT. This may be appropriately sung to the tune of "The Banks of the Devon."]]

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the Tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the
 mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
 O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
 Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!
 O! that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem, [grow!
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deep-moost glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Mary's twa lovers.

[WRITTEN by ROBERT LOCHORE, about 1802, to the tune of "Beattie Bell and Mary Gray." This and the other song by the same author, given in p. 206, have only before appeared in a small local miscellany, entitled "The Temple of Apollo."]

DEAR aunty, I've been lang your care,
 Your counsels guld ha'e blest me;
 Now in a little case ance mair
 Wi' your advice assist me:

Twa lovers frequent on me wait,
 An' baith I frankly speak wi';
 Sae I'm put in a puzzlin' strait
 Whilk o' the twa to cleek wi'.

There's sony James, wha wears a wig,
 A widower fresh and canty;
 Though turn'd o' sixty, gaes fu' trig,
 He's rich, and rowes in plenty.
 Tam's twenty-five, hauds James's plough,
 A lad deserves regardin';
 He's clever, decent, sober too,
 But he's no worth as fardin'.

Auld James, 'tis true, I downa see,
 But's cash will answer a' things;
 To be a lady pleases me,
 And buskit be wi' braw things.
 Tam I esteem, like him there's few,
 His gait and looks entice me;
 But, aunty, I'll now trust in you,
 And fix as ye advise me.

Then aunt, wha spun, laid down her robe,
 An' thus reply't to Mary:
 Unequal matches in a yoke
 Draw thrawart an' camstrarie.
 Since gentle James ye dinna like,
 Wi' 's gear ha'e nae connexion;
 Tam's like yoursel', the bargain strike,
 Grup to him wi' affection.

Love Delights.

[WILLIAM CHALKERS.—Tune, "Lewie Gordon."—Here first printed.]

O LOVE delights in sunny bower,
 'Mid sunny rays, like summer flower;
 But when the storms o' winter blaw,
 Its fairest beauties fade awa'.

The rose in youth may please awhile,
 And youthful days wi' joy beguile,
 The lily, too, with snowy crest,
 May lean upon the rose's breast.
 But love delights, &c.

What though the rose's blushes fade,
 And lilies droop beneath the shade,
 In dormant life they still remain,
 To grow, to bud, to bloom again.
 But love delights, &c.

The Banks of the Debon.

["*THREE* verses," says BURNS, "were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M'Kittrick Adair, Esq., physician. She is sister to my worthy friend Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline; and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, (August, 1787,) residing at Herveyton, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon.—I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness and got the notes taken down for this work."—The name of the Gaelic air is "Benarach Donnach Ruith," or "The Brown Dairy-maid."]

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding
Devon,

With green-spreading bushes, and flowers
blooming fair!

But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon

Was once a sweet bud on the breeze of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,

In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;

And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,

That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,

With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!

And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizes

The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in her gay gilded lilies,

And England triumphant display her proud
rose;

A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,

Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Thomson's collection, to the tune of "Bothlenurehus' Rant." The heroine was Jean Lorimer, of whom we have had occasion to speak in previous notes.]

LAASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,

Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,

Wilt thou wi' me tend the flocks?

Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now Nature cleads the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome summer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower,
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow-waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasp'd to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Craigie-burn-wood.

[ANOTHER song by BURNS in honour of Jean Lorimer, the "lassie wi' the lint-white locks." Burns wrote it to aid the eloquence of a Mr. Gillespie, one of her suitors. The eloquence and the poet's verse were equally unavailing; she married an officer who used her cruelly, and the result was a separation after a few months. "Craigie-burn-wood," says Currie, "is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, about three miles distant from the village of that name. The woods of Craigie-burn and Dumerieff were at one time favourite haunts of our poet. It was there he met the 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' and there he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics." The chorus of the present song is old.]

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood,
And blithely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn-
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow. [wood.
Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O! to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading haves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they ha'e nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I winna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee;
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

Craigie-burn-wood.

[THIS is another version of Craigie-burn-wood
which BURNS sent to Thomson's collection.]

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wi' birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my grief impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

The Braes aboon Bonaw.

[WRITTEN and music arranged by W. GILFILLAN.]

WILT thou go, my bonnie lassie,
Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,
Wilt thou go, say ay or nay,
To the braes aboon Bonaw, lassie?

Though Donald ha'e nae mickle fraise,
Wi' Lawland speeches fine, lassie,
What he'll impart comes frae the heart,
Sae let it be frae thine, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

Wi' stiller clasp I'll deck thy waist,
Wi' silken anood thy hair, lassie;
Thou'lt sleep 'twixt Donald and the wa',
On bed o' bent sae rare, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

When summer days clead a' the braes
Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,
At milking aheal, we'll join the reel,
My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
The tarmigan sae shy, lassie,
For duck an' drake I'll tent the brake,
Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

For trout an' par, wi' canny care,
I'll wylie skim the flee, lassie;
Wi' sic like cheer I'll please my dear,
Then come awa' wi' me, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

"Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie,
Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie;
I'll kilt my coats, I'll tent the goats,
On the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie

"Gin thou'lt prove true thou's never rue
The love thou bear'st for me, laddie,
Ilk joy an' care wi' thee I'll share,
Until the day I dee, laddie.
Come awa', my bonnie laddie,
Come awa', my braw laddie;
Come weel, come wae, I'll kilt and gae,
To the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie."

When Autumn.

[FROM a very elegant volume of poems, entitled, "Lays and Lyrics, by Captain CHARLES GRAY, of the Royal Marines, F. R. A. S. E.:" Edinburgh, 1841.—Captain Gray has been long known as a successful song-writer. So far back as 1811, he published a small collection of "Poems and Songs," some of the latter of which have become established favourites with the public. The Captain is a native of Anstruther, in Fifeshire: and, after a service in the royal marine forces of nearly forty years, is now resident in Edinburgh, on the full-pay retired list. The present fine song has been set to music by Mr. Peter Macleod.]

WHEN autumn has laid her sickle by,
And the stacks are theekit to haud them dry;
And the sapless leaves come down frae the trees,
And dance about in the fitfu' breeze;
And the robin again sits burd-alane,
And sings his sang on the auld peat stane;
When come is the hour o' gloamin grey,
Oh! sweet is to me the minstrel's lay.

When winter is driving his cloud on the gale,
And spairgin about his snaw and his hail,
And the door is steekit against the blast,
And the winnocks wi' wedges are firm and fast,
And the ribs are rypet, the cannel a-light,
And the fire on the hearth is bleesin' bright,
And the bicker is reamin' wi' pithy brown ale;
Oh! dear is to me a sang or a tale.

Then I tove awa' by the ingle-side,
And tell o' the blasts I was wont to bide,
When the nights were lang and the sea ran high,
And the moon hid her face in the depths of the sky,
And the mast was strained, and the canvass rent,
By some demon on message of mischief sent;
Oh! I bless my stars that at hame I can bide,
For dear, dear to me is my ain ingle-side.

The Social Cup.

[AT page 192 will be found the original version of this popular song, by Captain CHARLES GRAY, which was written for the first anniversary of the

Anstruther Musomanik Society, in October, 1814. We here give the author's latest improved copy, as it appears in his "Lays and Lyrics." The two versions, it will be seen, differ materially from each other.—Air, "Andro and his cutty gun."]

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry are we,
Blythe are we, ane and a';
Aften ha'e we cantie been,
But sic a nicht we never saw!
The gloamin saw us a' sit down,
And meikle mirth has been our fa';
Then let the sang and toast gae run!
'Till chanticler begins to crow!
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—
Plek and wale o' merry men;
What care we though the cook may crawl,
We're masters o' the tappit-hen!

The auld kirk bell has chappit twal—
Wha cares though she had chappit twa:
We're licht o' heart and winna part,
Though time and tide may rin awa!
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—
Hearts that care can never ding;
Then let time pass—we'll steal his glass,
And pu' a feather frae his wing!

Now is the witchin' time of nicht,
When ghaists, they say, are to be seen;
And fays dance to the glow-worm's licht
Wi' fairies in their gowns of green.
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—
Ghaists may tak' their midnight stroll;
Witches ride on brooms astride,
While we sit by the witchin' bowl!

Tut! never speir now wears the morn—
The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky,
And, gif like her we fill our horn,
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry!
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—
Blythe out-owre the barley broe;
And let me tell, the moon herel'
Aft dips her toom horn i' the sea!

Then fill us up a social cup,
And never mind the dapple-dawn:
Just sit awhile—the sun may smile
And licht us a' across the lawn!
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we;—
See! the sun is keekin' ben;
Gie time his glass—for months may pass
Ere we ha'e sic a night again!

Allister M'Allister.

[It is singular that the authorship of this spirited song is unknown.—Air, "Jenny's Bawbee."]

O ALLISTER M'ALLISTER,
Your chanter sets us a' astir,
Then to your bags and blaw wi' birr,
We'll dance the Highland fling.
Now Allister has tuned his pipes,
And thrang as bunnies frae their bykes,
The lads and lasses loup the dykes,
And gather on the green.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

The miller, Hab, was sidgein' faim
To dance the Highland fling his lane,
He lap as high as Elspa's wame,
The like was never seen;
As round about the ring he whuds,
And cracks his thumbs and shakes his duds,
The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,
And blinded a' their een.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Neist rachie-handed smiddy Jock,
A' blacken'd o'er wi' coom and smoke,
Wi' shanchlin' blear-ey'd Bess did yoke,
That slaverin'-gabbit quean.
He shook his doublet in the wund,
His feet like hammers strack the grund,
The very moudiwarts were stunn'd,
Nor ken'd what it could mean.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now wanton Willie was nae blate,
For he got hand o' winsome Kate,
"Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate
To dance the Highland fling."
The Highland fling he danced wi' glee,
And lap as he were gaun to see;
Kate beck'd and bobb'd a' bonnille,
And tript it light and clean.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,
And weary houghs are wantin' rest,
Besides they sair wi' drouth were street,
Wi' dancin' sae I ween.
I trow the gauntrees gat a lift,
And round the bicker flew like drift,
And Allister that very night,
Could scarcely stand his lane.
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

The Glasgow Fair.

[THIS ditty, descriptive of "The Humours of Glasgow Fair," was popular as a street song some twenty-five years ago. Old James Livingstone, the celebrated comic singer, brought it into repute. We can learn nothing of the author beyond that his name was BRACKENRIDGE, and that he was by trade a compositor.—The fair of Glasgow is held annually, and has been so from time immemorial, on the second week of July that includes a Monday.]

O, THE sun frae the eastward was peeping,
And braid through the winnows did stare,
When Willie cried—Tam, are ye sleeping?
Mak' haste, man, and rise to the fair;
For the lads and the lasses are thranging,
And a' body's now in a steer;
Fye, haste ye, and let us be gangin',
Or, faith, we'll be langsome I fear.
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Then Tam he got up in a hurry,
And wow but he made himsel' snod,
And a pint o' milk brose he did worry,
To mak' him mair tough for the road:
On his head his blue bannet he slippit,
His whip o'er his shoulder he fiang,
And a clumsy oak cudgel he grippet,
On purpose the loons for to bang.
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now Willock had trysted wi' Jenny,
For she was a braw canty quean,
Word gade that she had a gay penny,
For whilk Willie fondly did green.
Now Tam he was blaming the liquor,
Yae night he had got himsel' fou,
And trysted gied Maggy MacVicar,
And faith he thoct shame for to rue.
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

The carles, fu' cadgie, sat cocking
Upon their white nags and their brown,
Wi' snuffing, and laughing, and joking,
They soon cantered into the town;
'Twas there was the funning and sporting,
Eh! lord what a swarm o' braw folk,
Rowly-powly, wild beasts, wheel o' fortune,
Sweety stan's, Maister Punch, and black Jock.
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now Willock and Tam gayan bouzie,
By this time had met wi' their Joes,
Consented wi' Gibble and Susy
To gang awa' down to the shows;
'Twas there was the fiddling and drumming,
Sic a crowd they could scarcely get through,
Fiddles, trumpets, and organs a bummung;
O, Sirs, what a bully-baloo.
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Then hie to the tents at the paling,
Weel theeked wi' blankets and mats,
And deals seated round like a tap-room,
Supported on stanes and on pats;
The whisky like water they're selling,—
And porter as sma' as their yill,—
And aye as you're pouring they're telling,
"Troth dear, it's just sixpence the gill!"
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Says Meg—"See yon beast wi' the claes on't,
Wi' the face o't as black as the soot,
Preserve's! it has fingers and tae on't—
Eh, lass, it's an unco like brute!"
"O, woman, but ye are a gomerai,
To mak' sic a won'er at that,
D'ye na ken, you daft gowk, that' a mongrel,
That's bred 'twixt a dog and a cat."
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

"See yon souple jaud how she's dancing,
Wi' the white ruffled breeks and red shoon,
Frae tap to the tae she's a' glancing,
Wi' gowd and a feather aboon.—
My troth, she's a braw decent kimmer,
As I have yet seen in the fair."
"Her decent!" quo' Meg, "she's a limmer,
Or, faith, she would never be there."
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now Gibble was wanting a toothfu',
Says he, "I'm right tired o' the fun,
D'ye think we'd be the waur o' a mouthfu'
O gude nappy yill and a bun?"
"Wi' a' my heart," Tam says, "I'm willing,—
'Tis best for to water the corn;
By jing, I've a bonnie white shilling,
And a saxeption that ne'er saw the morn."
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Before they got out o' the bustle,
Poor Tam got his fairing I trow,
For a stick at the ginge'bread play'd whistle,
And knocked him down like a cow:

Says Tam, "Wha did that, dell confound him—
Fair play, let me win at the loon,"
And he whirled his stick round and round him,
And swore like a very dragoon.
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Then next for a house they gaed glow'ring,
Where they might get wetting their mou'.
Says Meg, "Here's a house keeps a pouring,
Wi' the sign o' the muckle black cow."
"A cow!" quo' Jenny, "ye gawky!
Preserve us! but ye've little skill,
Did ye e'er see a hawky like that—
Look again and ye'll see it's a bill."
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

But just as they darkened the entry,
Says Willie, "We're now far enough,
I see it's a house for the gentry,—
Let's gang to the sign o' the pleugh."
"Na faith," then says Gibble, "we're rather
Gae dauner to auld Luckie Gunn's,
For there I'm to meet wi' my father,
And auld uncle John o' the Whins."
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now they a' in Luckie's had landed,
Twa rounds at the blicker to try,
The whisky and yill round was handed,
And baps in great bourrocks did lie.
Blind Aleck the fiddler was trysted,
And he was to handle the bow;
On a big barrel head he was hoisted,
To keep himsel' out o' the row.
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Had ye seen sic a din and guffawing,
Sic hooching and dancing was there,
Sic rugging, and riving, and drawing,
Was ne'er seen before in a fair.
For Tam, he wi' Maggy was wheeling,
And he gied sic a terrible loup,
That his head came a thump on the ceiling,
And he cam' down wi' a dump on his doup.
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Now they ate and they drank till their bellies
Were bent like the head o' a drum,
Synne they raise, and they capered like fillies,
Whene'er that the fiddle play'd bum.
Wi' dancing they now were gown weary,
And scarcely were able to stan',
So they took to the road a' fu' cheery
As day was beginning to dawn.
Lilt te turan an uran, &c.

Jamie.

[WRITTEN by Burns for Thomson's collection, to the beautiful old tune called "Fee him, father."]

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love another jo,
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary e'en I'll close,
Never more to waken, Jamie,
Never more to waken.

Meg o' Marley.

[JAMES HOGG.]

O KEN ye Meg o' Marley glen,
The bonny blue-e'd dearie?
She's play'd the dell among the men,
An' a' the land's grown cery.
She's stown the "Bangor" frae the clerk,
An' smoo'd him wi' the shame o't;
The minister's fa'n through the text,
An' Meg gets a' the blame o't.

The ploughman ploughs without the sock;
The gadman whistles spar'ry;
The shepherd pines among his flock,
An' turns his e'en to Marley;
The tailor lad's fa'n ower the bed;
The cobler ca's a parley;
The weaver's neb's out through the web,
An' a' for Meg o' Marley.

What's to be done, for our gudeman
Is syting late an' early?
He rises but to curse an' ban,
An' sits down but to fery.
But ne'er had love a brighter lowe
Than light his torches sparely
At the bright e'en an' blythesome brow
O' bonny Meg o' Marley.

Nancy.

[WRITTEN by Burns for Thomson's collection, to the tune of "The Quaker's Wife." Clarinda (Agnes M'Lehose) is the subject of the song.]

THINK am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish;
Though despair had wrung his core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure;
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning;
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

He's owre the hills.

[Modern Jacobite song.]

HE'S OWRE the hills that I lo'e weel;
He's owre the hills we darena name,
He's owre the hills ayont Dumblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gane to fight for him,
My brithers winna bide at hame,
My mither greets and prays for them,
And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.
He's owre the hills, &c.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,
But, ah! that luv maun be sincere,
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.
He's owre the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains;
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did, our lads will do:
Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.
He's owre the hills, &c.

See noble a look, see princely an air,
See gallant and bold, see young and see fair;
Oh! did you but see him, ye'd do as we've done;
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.
He's owre the hills, &c.

A Boy's Song.

[JAMES HOOE.]

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and see,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Mary Shearer.

[WRITTEN by THOMAS ATKINSON. Set to music by T. M'Farlane. Mr. Atkinson was a bookseller in Glasgow, and author of a vast variety of fugitive pieces in prose and verse. He died of pulmonary disease while on his passage to Barbadoes for the benefit of his health, on the 10th of October, 1833, in the 39d year of his age.]

She's aff and awa' like the lang summer day,
And our hearts and our hills are now lonesome
and dreary; [brae,
The sun-blinks o' June will come back ower the
But lang for blythe Mary fu' mony may weary!
For mair hearts than mine
Kenn'd o' nane that were dearer;
But nane mair will pine
For the sweet Mary Shearer!

She cam' wi' the spring just like ane o' its flowers,
And the blue bell and Mary baith blossom'd
together;
The bloom o' the mountain again will be ours,
But the rose o' the valley nae mair will come
hither!
Their sweet breath is fled—
Her kind looks still endear her;
For the heart maun be dead
That forgets Mary Shearer!

Than her brow ne'er a fairer wi' jewels was hung;
An e'e that was brighter ne'er glanced on a lover;
Sounds after ne'er dropt frae an aye-saying tongue,
Nor mair pure is the white o' her bridal-bed cover
O! he maun be blest'd
Wha's allowed to be near her;
For the fairest and best
O' her kin's Mary Shearer!

But farewell, Glenlin, and Dunoon, and Loch
Striven,
My country and kin!—since I've see lov'd the
stranger;
Where she's been maun be either a pine or a heaven,
—See across the braid world for a while I'm a
ranger!
Though I try to forget—
In my heart still I'll wear her:—
For mine may be yet,
—Name and a'—Mary Shearer!

Row weel, my boatie.

[FROM a small periodical called "The Wanderer," published in Glasgow in 1818. The words were set to music by R. A. Smith.]

Row weel, my boatie, row weel,
Row weel, my merry men a',
For there's dool and there's wae in Glenfiorich's
bowers,
And there's grief in my father's ha'.

And the skiff it danc'd light on the merry wee
waves,
And it flew ower the water as blue,
And the wind it blew light, and the moon it
shone bright,
But the boatie ne'er reached Allandhu.

Ohon! for fair Ellen, ohon!
Ohon! for the pride of Strathcoe—
In the deep, deep sea, in the salt, salt breeze,
Lord Beoch, thy Ellen lies low.

Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS in 1789, and set to music by Allan Masterton in Johnson's Museum. Lockhart has pronounced this "the best of all Burns's bacchanalian pieces." The meeting which it celebrates took place between the Poet, William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, and Allan Masterton, another school-master, and musical amateur. Nicol had bought a small farm named Laggan, in the parish of Dunscore, Dumfriesshire, where he spent the autumn vacations. Allan Masterton and the Poet went on a visit to the "illustrious Lord of Laggan's many hills." Nicol, as in duty bound, produced his best. Tradition asserts, that day dawned long ere the guests arose to depart. "The air is Masterton's," says Burns, "the song is mine. . . . We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, to celebrate the business."]

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam' to prie;
Three blyther lads, that lee lang night,
Ye wadna fand in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a wee drap in our e'e;
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met three merry boys;
Three merry boys I trow are we:
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the mune—I ken her horn—
That's blinkin' in the lift as hie;
She shines as bricht to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait awee.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold coward loun is he;
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three.

SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE.

[WRITTEN BY JOHN STRUTHERS, and published in the second volume of "The Harp of Caledonia," Glasgow, 1831.—William Nicol and Allan Masterton did not survive Burns much more than a year. "These three honest fellows," says Currie,—"all men of uncommon talents—were in 1796 all under the turf."]

Ten night it flew, the grey cock crew,
Wi' blythesome clasp o'er a' the three;
But pleasure beam'd lik moment new,
And happier still they hop'd to be.
For they were na fou, na, nae that fou,
But just a drap in ilka e'e;
The cock might crawl, the day might daw
They sipp'd aye the barley bree.

The moon, that from her silver horn
Pour'd radiance ower tower and tree,
Before the fast approaching morn,
Sank, far, behind yon western sea.
Yet they were na fou, &c.

And soon the gowden beams o' day
Ting'd a' the mountain taps as hie,
And burnier sheen with bickering play
Awoke the morn's wild melody.
But aye they sat, and aye they sang
"There's just a wee drap in our e'e;
And monie a day we've happy been,
And monie mae we hope to be."

The moon still fills her silver horn,
 But, ah! her beams nae mair they see;
 Nor crowing cock, nor dawning morn,
 Disturbs the worm's dark revelry.
 For they were na fou, na, nae that fou,
 But clay-cauld death has cloe'd lik e'e,
 And, waefu', now the gowden morn
 Beams on the graves o' a' the three.

Nae mair in learning Willie toils,
 Nor Allan wakes the melting lay,
 Nor Rab, wi' fancy-witching wiles,
 Beguiles the hour o' dawning day.
 For though they were na very fou,
 That wicked wee drop in the e'e
 Has done its turn—untimely, now
 The green grass waves o'er a' the three.

The Soldier's Return.

[The original words of the fine old Scotch air called "The Mill, Mill, O," are rather coarse and indelicate. The same objection holds, though in a smaller degree, to Ramsay's version of "The Mill, Mill, O," beginning,

"Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid
 Was sleeping sound and still, O."

But the words of Burns to the same tune, which he wrote for Thomson's collection, are fortunately beyond the reach of cavil, being alike remarkable for purity of thought and diction. "Burns, I have been informed," (thus writes a Dumfriesshire clergyman to Thomson,) "was one summer evening in the inn at Brownhill, with a couple of friends, when a poor way-worn soldier passed the window. Of a sudden it struck the poet to call him in, and get the recital of his adventures; after hearing which he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction, not unusual to him. He was lifted to the region where he had his garland and his singing-robcs about him, and the result was this admirable song he sent you for 'The Mill, Mill, O.'"]

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning:
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger;
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth;
 A poor but honest sodger.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,
 My hands unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coll,
 I thought upon my Nancy;
 I thought upon the witching smile,
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
 Where early life I sported;
 I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy oft I courted.
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling?
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my e'e was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 O! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom!
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger,
 I've serv'd my king and country lang:
 Tak' pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
 And lovelier grew than ever;
 Quoth she, A sodger ance I loved,
 Forget him will I never.
 Our humble cot and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake o't;
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she reddened like a rose—
 Syne pale as ony lily,
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?
 By Him, who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded;
 I am the man! and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we're ne'er be parted.
 Quoth she, My grandsire left me gowd,
 A mallin' plenish'd fairly;
 Then come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour.
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger:
 Remember he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour o' danger.

Song to Maria.

[WRITTEN BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES, and first published in the "Edinburgh Literary Journal," 1839. Set to music by J. T. May.]

Y^er^e my ain, love, ye're my ain!
 Forms sae fair, I ne'er see mony;
 Hearts sae fond, sae true, love, nane!
 Ye're my ain! my dear! my bonny!
 Years a score, a score, amaist,
 Ha'e we lo'ed and lived thegither:
 Ilk ane sweeter than the last;
 Ye're my ain, I ha'e nae ither!

Will we mak' the ae score twa?
 Bounteous still's the power that's o'er us!
 Bloomy summer's scarce awa';
 Mellow autumn's a' before us;
 Long 'tis then till winter, dear!
 Comes wi' thoughtfu' smile and greets us'
 Far's the close! yet, far or near,
 Ye're my ain, where'er it meets us!

The Cock-Laird.

[THIS is a song considerably older than the days of Ramsay, although it is sometimes attributed to him. The original verses are given in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* (1725.) One or two of these are too coarse for insertion. The present version is given from a collation of several copies. A "cock-laird" means a small proprietor.]

A COCK-LAIRD, fu' cadgie,
 Wi' Jennie did meet;
 He hawsed, he kiss'd her,
 And ca'd her his sweet.

Wilt thou gae along wi' me,
 Jennie, Jennie?
 Thou's be my ain lemmane,
 Jo Jennie, quo' he.

If I gae along wi' thee,
 Ye maunna fall
 To feast me wi' caddels
 And guid hackit kail.
 What needs a' this vanity,
 Jennie? quo' he;
 Is na bannocks and dribly-beards
 Guid meat for thee?

Gin I gang along wi' you,
 I maun ha'e a silk hood,
 A kirtle-sark, wyliecoat,
 And a silk smood,
 To tie up my hair in
 A cockermonie.
 Hout awa', thou's gane wud, I trow.
 Jennie! quo' he.

Gin ye'd ha'e me look bonnie,
 And shine like the moon,
 I maun ha'e katiets and patiets,
 And cam'el-heel'd shoon;
 Wi' craig-claiths and lug-babs,
 And rings twa or three.
 Hout the deil's in your vanity,
 Jennie! quo' he.

And I maun ha'e pinnars,
 With pearlines set roun',
 A skirt o' the puady,
 And a waistcoat o' brown
 Aw' wi' sic vanities,
 Jennie, quo' he,
 For curches and kirtles
 Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
 As muckle a-year,
 As haud us in pottage
 And guid knockit bear
 But, havin' nae tenants,
 Oh, Jennie, Jennie,
 To buy ought I ne'er have
 A penny, quo' he.

The Borrowstown merchants
 Will sell ye on tick;
 For we maun ha'e braw things,
 Although they should break:

When broken, frae care
The fools are set free,
When we mak' them lairds
In the Abbey, quo' she.

Henry.

[JAMES STIRBET of Dalry, Ayrshire. — Air,
"Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch." — Here printed for
the first time.]

CAN my dearest Henry leave me?
Why, ah! why would he deceive me?
Whence this cold and cruel change,
That bids him thus forsake and grieve me?

CAN be the hours of love forget,
The stolen hours I'll mind for ever,
When doun the burn we fondly met,
And aften vow'd we ne'er should sever?
Will my Henry then deceive me?
Faithless laddie! can he leave me?
Ne'er till now did fancy dream,
My dearest laddie aye would grieve me.

AND will he then me aye forsake?
Must I for ever, ever lose him?
And can he leave this heart to break,
That swells and bursts within my bosom?
Never, Henry, could I leave thee,
Never could this heart deceive thee;
Why then, laddie, me forsake,
And aye wi' cruel absence grieve me?

Cock up your beaver.

[THE tune called "Cock up your beaver" is old:
it can be traced at least as far back as Playford's
"Dancing-Master" published in 1657. Of the
original words, the first stanza here given is all
that remains: the second stanza was added by
Burns for Johnson's Museum. Hogg gives some
additional verses in his Jacobite Relics.]

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad
Came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet
That wanted the crown;

But now he has gotten
A hat and a feather,—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

Cock up your beaver,
And cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border
And gi'e them a brush;
There's somebody there
We'll teach better behaviour—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

Jenny dang the Weaver.

[SIR A. BOSWELL, BART.]

AT Willie's wedding on the green,
The lasses, bonnie witches,
Were a dress'd out in aprons clean,
And braw white Sunday mutches:
Auld Maggie bade the lads tak' tent,
But Jock would not believe her;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the Weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the Weaver;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the Weaver.

AT ilka country dance or reel,
Wi' her he would be babbling;
When she sat down—he sat down,
And to her would be gabbling;
Where'er she gaed baith butt and ben,
The coof would never leave her;
Aye kecklin' like a clocking hen,
But Jenny dang the Weaver.
Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he, My lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither;
You've bonnie een, and if you're kind,
I'll never seek anither:
He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried Peugh!
And bade the coof no deave her;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the Weaver;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly Weaver.

Cromlet's Lilt.

[THIS song or dirge is given in the second volume of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany with the signature X, signifying that the author is unknown. It is also given with the music, in the Orpheus Caledonius (1738.) The tune is the well-known one of "Robin Adair." Burns in his notes to Johnson's Museum, says: "The following interesting account of this plaintive dirge was communicated to Mr. Riddell by Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee;—" In the latter end of the 16th century the Chisholms were proprietors of the estate of Cromlocks (now possessed by the Drummonds.) The eldest son of that family was very much attached to a daughter of Stirling of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of fair Helen of Ardoch. At that time the opportunities of meeting betwixt the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after, than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother-tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education:—at that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune, or found a grave, in France. Cromlus, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress to a lay-brother of the monastery of Dumblain, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromlock, and near Ardoch. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of Cromlus; and by the misinterpreting or keeping up the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connection was broken off betwixt them: Helen was inconsolable, and Cromlus has left behind him, in the ballad called 'Cromlet's Lilt,' a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love. When the artful monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover: Helen was obdurate; but at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother with whom she lived, and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands, she submitted rather than consented to the ceremony. But there her compliance ended;

and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out, that, after three gentle taps on the wainscot, at the bed-head, she heard Cromlus' voice, crying "Helen, Helen, mind me!" Cromlus soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered, her marriage disannulled, and Helen became Lady Cromlocks.—N. B. Margaret Murray, mother to these thirty-one children, was daughter to Murray of Strewan, one of the seventeen sons of Tullybardine, and whose youngest son, commonly called the Tutor of Ardoch, died in the year 1715, aged 111 years.]

SINCE all thy vows, false maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
To sad despair;
Into some wilderness
My grief I will express,
And thy hard-heartedness,
Oh, cruel fair!

Have I not given our loves
On every tree
In yonder spreading grove,
Though false thou be?
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful shade,
Where neither sun nor wind
E'er entrance had.
Into that hollow cave
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
I'll drink the spring;
Cold earth shall be my seat;
For covering,
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on high
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
No tears nor sighs;
No grave do I require,
Nor obsequies:

The courteous red-breast, he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
I'll visit thee,
Oh, thou deceitful dame,
Whose cruelty
Has kill'd the kindest heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee:

Had I a cave.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Thomson's collection, to the tune of "Robin Adair." The poet, in composing the song, had in his mind a passage in the history of his friend Cunningham, who was jilted by his sweetheart under peculiar circumstances of aggravation.]

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar:
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Fairest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond-plighted vows—fleeing as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there

Phillis the fair.

[Also written by BURNS, for Thomson's collection, to the tune of "Robin Adair." The Phillis here celebrated was Miss Phillis Macmurdo, afterwards Mrs Norman Lockhart of Carnwath, who died in 1835.]

While larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare;

Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share;
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooling were:
I marked the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare.
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny!
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

A down winding Nith.

[THIS is another song written by BURNS, for Thomson's collection, in honour of Miss Phillis or Philadelphia Macmurdo. It is adapted to the tune called "The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre." The tune has its name from an old song, the subject of which was the complaint of a young lady (said to be a baronet's daughter) who, about the beginning of the last century, married one of her father's tenants. Being disowned by her family, she was obliged to submit to the drudgery of menial labour. The two first verses are all that can be quoted.

The muckin' o' Geordie's byre,
And shooin' the gryp sas clean,
Has gar'd me weel my cheeks,
An' greit wi' baith my e'en.
It was not my father's will,
Nor yet my mither's desire,
That e'er I should fyle my fingers,
Wi' muckin' o' Geordie's byre.

Balloon Tytler wrote a version of the old song, beginning, "As I went over yon meadow," but it is very poor. In the Orpheus Oaledonius, (1736,) the tune is given to different words, beginning, "My father's a deliver of dykes." These words Ramsay partially adopted in his song entitled

"Slichtit Nancy," which will be found at page 101 of this collection. There are, if we mistake not, some Jacobitical songs founded on the burthen of the song, "The mucking o' Geordie's Byre;" and in the year 1819, during the Radical excitement, Alex. Rodger of Glasgow wrote a clever political song with that title, the first four lines of which ran thus:

There lives an auld farmer ca'd Geordie,
A wee bittock south o' the Tweed,
O' three bits o' farms he's ca'd lordie,
Three snug little mailings indeed, &c.]

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties!

They never wi' her can compare:
Whoever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, of my Phillis,—
For she is simplicity's child.

The rosebud's the blush of my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily!
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie;
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
Its dew-drop of diamond her eye.
Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes through the green spreading

grove,
When Phoebus peepes over the mountains,
On music, on pleasure, and love.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer day!
While worth in the mind of my Phillis,
Will flourish without a decay.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties!
They never wi' her can compare:
Whoever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

Halucket Meg.

[WRITTEN by the late Rev. J. NICOL, minister of Inverleithin, Peeblesshire, to the tune of "The Mucking of Geordie's byre," of which tune some account is given in the Introduction to the preceding song.]

Meg, muckin' at Geordie's byre,
Wrought as gin her judgment was wrang;
Ilk daud o' the scartle strake fire,
While, loud as a lavrock, she sang!
Her Geordie had promised to marrie,
An' Meg, a sworn foe to doopair,
Not dreamin' the job could miscarrie,
Already seem'd mistress an' mair!

My neebours, she sang, aften jeer me,
An' ca' me, daft, halucket Meg,
An' say, they expect soon to hear me
I' the kirk, for my fun, get a fleg!
An' now, 'bout my marriage they clatter,
An' Geordie, poor fallow! they ca'
An' auld doited hav'rel!—Nae matter,
He'll keep me aye brankin' an' braw.

I grant ye, his face is kenspeckle,
That the white o' his e'e is turn'd out,
That his black beard is rough as a heckle,
That his mou to his lug's rax'd about;
But they needna let on that he's crazie,
His pike-staff wull ne'er let him fa';
Nor that his hair's white as a daisie,
For, sient a hair has he ava!

But a weel-pleenish'd maffin has Geordie,
An' routh o' gude goud in his kist,
An' if siller comes at my wordie,
His beauty, I never wull miss't!
Daft gouks, wha catch fire like tinder,
Think love-raptures ever will burn!
But wi' poortith, hearts bet as a cinder,
Wull cauld as an iceshogle turn!

There'll just be as bar to my pleasure,
A bar that's aft fill'd me wi' fear,
He's sic a hard, ne'er-be-gawn miser,
He likes his saul less than his gear!
But though I now flatter his fallin',
An' swear nought wi' goud can compare,
Gude sooth! it sall soon get a scallin'!
His bags sall be moukide nae mair!

I dreamt that I rode in a chariot,
 A flunkie ahint me in green;
 While Geordie cried out, he was harriet,
 An' the saut tear was blindin' his een;
 But though 'gainst my spendin' he swear aye,
 I'll hae frae him what ser's my turn;
 Let him slip awa' when he grows wearie,
 Shame fa' me! gin lang I wad mourn!

But Geordie, while Meg was haranguin',
 Was cloutin' his brooks i' the banks,
 An' when a' his fallins she brang in,
 His strang, hazle-pike-staff he tak:
 Designin' to rax her a lounder,
 He chanced on the lather to shift,
 An' down frae the banks, flat's a flounder,
 Flew, like a shot-starn frae the lift!

But Meg, wi' the sight, was quite haster'd,
 An' nae doubt, was bannin' ill luck;
 While the face o' poor Geordie was plaster'd,
 And his mon' was fill'd fu' wi' the muck!
 Confound ye! cried Geordie, an' spat out
 The glaur that adown his beard ran;—
 Preserve us! quo' Meg, as she gat out
 The door,—an' thus lost a gudeman!

Bannocks o' barley.

[THIS is a fragment of a Jacobitical song contributed by Burns to Johnson's Museum. A spurious addition to it is given by Cromek in his "Remains of Nithdale and Galloway Song." The old tune of "Bannocks o' barley" was originally called "The Killogie," and was sung to words, here inadmissible, beginning,

"A lad and a lassie lay in a Killogie."
 Hogg, in his *Jacobite Relics*, vol. i., gives a song to the same tune, called "Cakes of Crowdy," written against the Revolution of 1688, but it is not worth quoting.]

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley!
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley!
 Wha in a bruley will first cry a parley?
 Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.
 Bannocks o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley!
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley!

Wha, in his wae days, were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
 Bannocks o' bear-meal, &c.

Argyll is my name.

[ATTRIBUTED to the celebrated John, DUKE OF ARGYLL AND GREENWICH, who figures so favourably in the "Heart of Midlothian" as the patron of Jeanie Deans. He died in 1743, at the age of sixty-three. A modified version of the song, by Sir Alex. Boswell, Bart. of Auchinleck, is given in the 8d. vol. of George Thomson's collection.—Air, "Bannocks o' barley."]

ARGYLL is my name, and you may think it strange,
 To live at a court, yet never to change;
 A' falsehood and flattery I do disdain,
 In my secret thoughts nae guile does remain.
 My king and my country's foes I have faced,
 In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced;
 I do every thing for my country's weal,
 And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Adieu to the courtie of London town,
 For to my ain countrie I will gang down;
 At the sight of Kirkcaldy ance again,
 I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain.
 O, the muckle deil tak' a' your noise and strife:
 I'm fully resolved for a country life,
 Where a' the braw lasses, wha ken me weel,
 Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley meal.

I will quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 And put my blue bonnet and my plaidie on;
 With my silk tartan hose, and leather-heel'd shoon,
 And then I will look like a sprightly loon.
 And when I'm sae dress'd frae tap to tae,
 To meet my dear Maggie I vow I will gae,
 Wi' target and hanger hung down to my heel;
 And I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a rich garment to giv' to my dear,
 A ribbon o' green for Maggie to wear;
 And mony thing braver than that I declare,
 Gin she will gang wi' me to Paisley fair.
 And when we are married, I'll keep her a cow,
 And Maggie will milk when I gae to plow;
 We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang kail,
 And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Gin Maggie should chance to bring me a son,
 He'll fight for his king, as his daddy has done;
 He'll hie him to Flanders, some breeding to learn,
 And then hame to Scotland, and get him a farm.

And there we will live by our industry,
And wha'll be me happy as Maggie and me?
We'll a' grow as fat as a Norway seal,
Wi' our feasting on bannocks o' barley meal.

Then fare ye weel, citizens, nois men,
Wha jolt in your coaches to Drury Lane;
Ye bucks o' Bear-garden, I bid you adieu,
For drinking and swearing, I leave it to you.
I'm fairly resolved for a country life,
And nae langer will live in hurry and strife;
I'll aff to the Highlands as hard's I can reel,
And whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

Janet Dunbar.

[ROBERT NICOLL.—Air, "Glenorchy braes."—
Printed here with the permission of Nicoll's publisher, Mr. Tait of Edinburgh.]

A sowsie auld carline is Janet Dunbar,
A dowsie auld carline is Janet Dunbar;
For a gash skilly body, weel kent near and far,
Thro' the hail kintra side, cawty Janet Dunbar.

Folk spier her advice, baith the greatest and least,
For she cures a' diseases o' man an' o' beast;
She has words that will keep awa' witches and dells,
She has syrups in bottles, and herbs in auld creels;
To cauld and rheumatics she proves sic a foe,
They canna get rest in the parish a day;
In this queer kind o' warld there's mony a waur,
Than our cheery auld carline, gash Janet Dunbar!
A sowsie, &c.

Her hame is a howf to the bairnies at schule,
And she daunts them an' hands them fu' oushie an' weel;
Till in her auld lug a' their sorrows they tell,
For she'll sould for their sakes, e'en the dominie's sell!

But Janet's hie time is when night settles down,
An' a' the auld wives gather in frae the town,
To tell what they are na, and thae ither are,
This is meat, drink, and claesing to Janet Dunbar.
A sowsie, &c.

And Janet's auld house has a butt and a ben,
Where twa folk can meet and let naeboddy ken;

For Janet thinks true love nane e'er should restrain,
Having had, thretty years' sin', a lad o' her ain;
And then when the whispering and courting has dune,
For some lee-like story is Janet in tune,
About some bluidy doings in some Highland scour,
You're a queer aye!—'deed are ye noo, Janet
A sowsie, &c. [Dunbar.

But when some o' her cronies ha'e kirsen'd a wean,
Then Janet aye braw in her glory is seen,
She winks to the neighbours, and jokes the guid-man,
Till his face grows aye red, that he maksly could ban;
Syne she turns to the mither, an' tak's the wean's loof,
An' tells that he'll neither be laggard nor coof!
You're a happy auld body—aye bright be your star,
And lang may ye stump about, Janet Dunbar.
A sowsie, &c.

The Collier's bonnie lassie.

[THIS IS RAMSAY'S version of an old song called
"The Collier's bonnie lassie," and appears in the
first volume of his Tea-Table Miscellany. The first
stanza of the original song ran thus:

The collier has a daughter,
And, O! she's wondrous bonnie;
A laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in lands and money.
She wadna ha'e a laird,
Nor wad she be a lady;
But she wad ha'e a collier,
The colour o' her daddie.

The tune is given in the Orpheus Caledonius (1735.)
It was selected by Gay for one of his songs in his
Opera called "Polly," beginning "When right
and wrong's decided."]

THE collier has a daughter,
And, O! she's wondrous bonnie.
A laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in lands and money.
The tutors watched the motion
Of this young honest lover:
But love is like the ocean;
Wha can its depths discover!

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Gentle but unaffected.
The collier's bonnie lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lillie,
Aye sweet, and never saucy,
Secured the heart o' Willie.

He loved, beyond expression,
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession;
His life was dull without her.
After mature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her;
In softest flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus told her:

My bonnie collier's daughter,
Let naething discompose ye;
It's no your scanty tocher,
Shall ever gar me lose ye:
For I have gear in plenty;
And love says, it's my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me
Upon your wit and beauty.

The Collier Laddie.

[TUNE. "The Collier's bonnie lassie."—"I do not know," says Burns, "a blyther old song than this."—The poet himself furnished Johnson with a copy of the words and the tune for the Museum.]

WHAR live ye, my bonnie lass,
And tell me what they ca' ye?
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the collier laddie.

See ye not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie!
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gawdy:
And aye to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my collier laddie.

I can win my five-pennies in a day,
And spen't at night fu' brawlie:
And make my bed in the collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my collier laddie.

Love for love is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haad me,
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my collier laddie.

Deluded Swain.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS, for Thomson's collection, to the tune of "The Collier's bonnie lassie."]

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee
Is but a fairy treasure—
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, and an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee:
Hold on till thou art mellow;
And then to bed in glory.

Woe to the woodlands, hie.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here first printed.]

HIE to the woodlands, hie!
The balmy morning breeze,
And the laughing voice of merry spring
Are piping 'mong the trees.

The soft blue sky, the spangled earth,
The rich green woods, the streamlet's mirth—
All Nature's voice cries loud—Be gay!
Oh! 'tis the flowery month of May.

Hie to the woodlands, hie!
The lambs frisk on the lea,
And the little birds are singing blythe
From every brake and tree.
In every note that steals along
Is heard the tale of their sweet song;
'Tis love that bids them chant—Be gay!
Oh! 'tis the flowery month of May.

Hie to the woodlands, hie!
And gather honey flowers
On mossy bank and bracken braes
The long sweet summer hours.
The cowslip and the sweet blue-bell,
The wild rose and the pimpernell,
And wild thyme too, all cry—Be gay!
Oh! 'tis the flowery month of May.

The happy hour is nigh—
I'll seek the shady grove,
With her my heart longs for its own,
And sing my notes of love.
The purest flower from earth that springs,
The sweetest bird on tree that sings,
Are nought to her I bid—Be gay!
Oh! 'tis the flowery month of May.

The Woodlark.

[WRITTEN by BURNS, for Thomson's collection, and suited either for the tune of "Loch-Eroch side," or "Where'll bonnie Ann lie."]

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art:
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
His notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

As gloaming was drawing.

[JOHN FLEMING.—Air, "Lucy's Flitting."] —

As gloaming was drawing her veil o'er the moun-
tains,
And tinging with azure the far distant hill;
And, save the small rills from the moss-cover'd
fountains,
The lone face of nature was silent and still.

How sweetly the stream of the valley meander'd,
And sweet was the scent of the hoar hawthorn
tree;
Thus allured by the beauties of nature I wander'd
To where the small streamlet was lost in the sea.

And there sat a maiden, lamenting her lover,
Responsive she sigh'd to the slow-heaving wave:
"Thy cares and thy sorrows, dear Edward, are
over,"
She said, "Though the wild weltering deep is
thy grave."

Oh, thine was a bosom once fraught with affection,
Yes, thine was a heart that to friendship was
dear;
Pure virtue has found in thy bosom protection—
Thy bright eye to pity denied not a tear.

Oh, hope, gentle hope, thou art gone, yes, for ever,
No more thy bright beams can illumine my mind;
For in this lone bosom shall flourish for ever
Wild stems of despair with distraction entwined.

Roll slowly, roll slowly, thou dark-heaving billow,
Roll slowly along o'er the bed of the brave;
Oh, move not his head from his soft sandy pillow,
But heave the soft sea-weeds along by his grave.

And mine be the task in the stillness of gloaming,
To view the smooth waters that cover his bed;
And when the winds blow and the billows are
foaming,
Oh, then shall the tears of remembrance be shed

Helen of Kirkconnell.

[THE story upon which this song is founded is thus related in the first edition of Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland:—"In the burial-ground of Kirkconnell, are still to be seen the tombstones of Fair Helen, and her favourite lover Adam Fleeming. She was a daughter of the family of Kirkconnell, and fell a victim to the jealousy of a lover. Being courted by two young gentlemen at the same time, the one of whom thinking himself slighted, vowed to sacrifice the other to his resentment, when he again discovered him in her company. An opportunity soon presented itself, when the faithful pair, walking along the romantic banks of the Kirtle, were discovered from the opposite banks by the assassin. Helen perceiving him lurking among the bushes, and dreading the fatal resolution, rushed to her lover's bosom, to rescue him from the danger; and thus receiving the wound intended for another, sunk and expired in her favourite's arms. He immediately revenged her death, and slew the murderer. The inconsolable Adam Fleeming, now sinking under the pressure of grief, went abroad and served under the banners of Spain, against the infidels. The impression, however, was too strong to be obliterated. The image of woe attended him thither; and the pleasing remembrance of the tender scenes that were past, with the melancholy reflection, that they could never return, harassed his soul, and deprived his mind of repose. He soon returned, and stretching himself on her grave, expired, and was buried by her side. Upon the tombstone are engraven a sword and cross, with 'Hic jacet Adam Fleeming.' The memory of this is preserved in an old Scots ballad, which relates the tragical event, and which is said to have been written by Adam Fleeming, when in Spain." The following is the modern version of this ballad, which is much abridged from the old, and which yet retains all the beauty and pathos of the original. The opening verse has been made use of by Gifford in his poem "To Anna."

"I wish I were where Anna lies!
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
Come, and partake my narrow bier!"

I wish I were where Helen lies—
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lies.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

Cursed be the heart that thought the thought,
And cursed the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died for sake o' me.

O think na but my heart was sair
When my love fell and spak' nae mair:
I laid her down wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lies.

I laid her down, my sword did draw,
Stern was our strife in Kirtle-shaw—
I hew'd him down in pieces sma',
For her that died for me.

O that I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
"O come, my love, to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou liest low, and tak'st thy rest
On fair Kirkconnell lies.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
I'm sick of all beneath the skies,
Since my love died for me.

Yonder sunny brae.

[WILLIAM ANDERSON, author of "Landscape Lyrics," &c. This song was written in 1832, and is now for the first time printed here.]

On yonder sunny brae we met,
Amid the summer flowers;
And never can my heart forget
The rapture of those hours,
When she I loved forsook her home,
And there with me did stray;
Oh! much I wish again to roam
On yonder sunny brae.

The gushing of the waterfall,
The sunshine of the sky;
The bloom, the balm, and more than all,
The sparkle of her eye,
Brought to my heart a blissful tide
That drove all care away,
And I was happy at her side,
On yonder sunny brae.

'Twas then I breathed my fondest vow,
My deepest love revealed,
I kiss'd her lip, her cheek, her brow,
It could not be concealed.
No sweeter scene my eyes shall see,
Though far my steps should stray,
There's not a spot so dear to me
As yonder sunny brae.

I canna sleep.

[WILLIAM ANDERSON, author of "Landscape Lyrics," &c. Written in 1833. Printed here for the first time.]

I CANNA sleep a wink, lassie,
When I gang to bed at night,
But still o' thee I think, lassie,
Till morning sheds its light.
I lie and think o' thee, lassie,
And I toss frae side to side,
Like a vessel on the sea, lassie,
When stormy is the tide.

My heart is no my ain, lassie,
It winna bide wi' me,
Like a birdie it has gane, lassie,
To nestle saft wi' thee.
I canna lure it back, lassie,
Sae keep it to yonself,
But, oh! it sure will brak, lassie,
If you dinna use it well.

Where the treasure is, they say, lassie,
The spirit lingers there,
And mine has fled away, lassie,
You needna ask me where:
I marvel oft if rest, lassie,
On my eyes and heart wad bide,
If I thy truth possess'd, lassie,
And thou wert at my side.

The Star of Glengary.

THE red moon is up o'er the moon-covered moun-
tain;
The hour is at hand when I promised to rove
With the turf-cutter's daughter by Logan's fair
water,
And tell her how truly her Donald can love!
I ken there's the miller, wi' plenty o' siller,
Would fain win a glance frae her beautiful e'e,
But my ain bonnie Mary—the star o' Glengary—
Keeps a' her sweet smiles an' saft kisses for me!

'Tis lang since we first trod the Highlands to-
gether,
Twa frolicsome bairns gaily starting the deer,
When I ca'd her my life—my bonnie wee wife—
And ne'er knew sic joy as when Mary was near;
And still she's the blossom I wear in my bosom—
A blossom I'll cherish an' wear till I dee,
For my ain bonnie Mary—the star o' Glengary!
She's health, an' she's wealth, an' she's a' good
to me!

I'm naeboddy noo.

[WILLIAM ANDERSON, author of "Landscape Lyrics." Printed here for the first time.]

I'm naeboddy noo, though in days that are gane,
When I'd hooses, and lands, and gear o' my ain,
There war' mony to flatter, and mony to praise,
And wha but mysel' was sae proud in those days!

Ah! then roun' my table wad visitors thrang,
Wha laugh'd at my joke, and applauded my sang,
Though the tane had nae point, and the tither
nae glee, [me!
But of coorse they war' grand when comin' frae

When I'd plenty to gie, o' my cheer and my crack,
There war' plenty to come, and wi' joy to partak',
But whanever the water grew scant at the well,
I was welcome to drink all alane by mysel'.

Sae lang as my bottle was ready and free,
Friends in dozens I had who then crooded to prie,
They sat over the toddy until they war' fou,
Noo I drink by mysel', for I'm naeboddy noo.

When I'd nae need o' aid, there were plenty to
 proffer,
 And noo when I want it, I ne'er get the offer:
 I could greet when I think hoo my siller decreast,
 In the feasting o' those wha came only to feast.

The fulsome respec' to my gowd they did gi'e,
 I thought a' the time was intended for me;
 But whanever the end o' my money they saw,
 Their friendship, like it, also flicker'd awa'.

My advice ance was sought for by folks far and
 near,
 Sic great wisdom I had ere I tint a' my gear,
 I'm as weel able yet to gi'e counsel that's true,
 But I may jist haud my wheaht, for I'm naeboddy
 noo.

Lament for the Bards.

[ROBERT GILFILLAN.—Tune, "Hame, hame, to
 my ain countrie."]

THE harp of Scotia dear,
 That oft in joy was strung;
 Alas! 'tis silent now,
 And on the willows hung.
 The balmy breath of morn
 Awakes no more the strain,
 And to the gloamin' gale
 It kindles not again!

The minstrels famed in song,
 Who gave to song its fame—
 Ah! whither have they fled,
 The high of note and name?
 Alas! not to the bowers
 Of song, and summer fair,
 But in the tuneless grave,
 We mark the mighty there!

The cloud that gathering comes
 Across the evening sky,
 Obscures in heavy gloom
 The fair stars clust'ring high;
 So came the cloud of death,
 While yet we thought it day,
 And in the gloom of night
 Took all our stars away.

The groves may yet be green,
 The valleys still be gay,
 And down the sunny glen
 The blackbird pour his lay;
 But Scotia's harp no more
 Swells in the vocal throng,
 Nor heard the minstrel's voice
 In rapture and in song!

The Weaver's Wife.

[FROM Blackwood's Magazine.—Air, "The
 Boatie Rowa."]

Oh! weel befa' the busy loom
 That piles the hale day lang;
 And, clicking briskly, fills the room
 Wi' sic a cheery sang.
 Oh! weel befa' the eldient han'
 That cleeds us, great and sma',
 And blessings on the kind gudeman
 That dearly lo'es us a'.

Our purse is low, our lot is mean,
 But waur it well might be;
 Our house is canty aye and clean,
 Our hearts frae canker free.
 We fash wi' nae ambitious scheme,
 Nor heed affairs o' state;
 We dinna strive against the stream,
 Or murmur at our fate.

Oh! mickle is the wealth that springs
 Frae industry and peace,
 Where nae reproach o' conscience stings,
 And a' repinin's cease.
 The heart will loathe the richest meat,
 If nae kind blessin' be sent:
 The coarsest morsel will be sweet
 When kitchen'd wi' content.

Oh! wad the Power that rules o'er life
 Impart some gracious charm,
 To keep me still a happy wife,
 And shield the house frae harm.
 Instead of wealth and growing care,
 I ask but health and love:
 Instead of warldly wit and leir,
 Some wisdom from above.

Our bairns! the comfort o' our heart,
 Oh! may they long be spared!
 We'll try by them to do our part,
 And hope a sure reward.
 What better tocher can we gie
 Than just a taste for fame;
 What better heirship, when we die,
 Than just an honest name?

To my auld Wife.

[TUNE, "Gloomy Winter."]

Our youthfu' days are lang awa',
 Past and gane our prime an' a',
 And the leaf's begun to fa'
 Wi' you an' me, my dearie, O!

Spring it does not last for aye,
 Summer quickly fleets away,
 Syne the flowers do a' decay,
 An' sae maun we, my dearie, O!

For we baith are wearin' auld,
 You'r growin' grey, an' I am bauld,
 Comin' fast is winter cauld
 O' life, to us, my dearie, O!

Twa score o' years ha'e near hand fled,
 Sin' we twa thegither wed,
 Our share o' joys an' waes we've had,
 My auld, my faithfu' dearie, O!

Contented on through life let's pass,
 Care ne'er maks a sorrow lass,
 Still ye are my ain dear lass,
 My auld, my faithfu' dearie, O!

Ne'er let you or me complain,
 Friends o' yours and mine are gane,
 Wha the married life began,
 Wi' you an' me, my dearie, O!

Whilst we twa aye spared ha'e been,
 Till our bairnle's bairns we've seen,
 Wha some day wi' divets green
 May see us hap'd, my dearie, O!

Time on wing mak's nae delay,
 Fast approaching is the day,
 When they doun us baith will lay
 In the cauld grave, my dearie, O!

When we meet that dreaded hour,
 May death's sting ha'e tint its power,
 Syne we'll fit to blissfu' bower
 To joys that ne'er shall wearie, O!

Handsome Nell.

[TUNE, "I am a man unmarried."—"The following composition," says Burns, in his Common-place Book, "was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of my life, when my heart glowed with honest warm simplicity, unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. The performance is, indeed, very puerile and silly, but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest, and my tongue was sincere. The subject of it was a young girl, who really deserved all the praises I have bestowed on her. I not only had this opinion of her then—but I actually think so still, now that the spell is long since broken, and the enchantment at an end."—"This ballad," says Lockhart, "though characterised by Burns as a very puerile and silly performance, contains here and there lines of which he need hardly have been ashamed at any period of his life."]

O, once I loved a bonnie lass,
 Ay, and I love her still;
 And whilst that virtue warms my breast
 I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,
 And mony full as braw,
 But for a modest gracefu' mien
 The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
 Is pleasant to the e'e,
 But without some better qualities
 She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
 And what is best of a',
 Her reputation is complete,
 And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel;
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

The Banks of the Esk.

[ALEX. SMART.—Here first printed.]

By life's sunnny morning, by Esk's winding stream,
My days glided by like a beautiful dream,
And free as a bird I would carelessly rove,
Indulging fond visions of beauty and love.

Then nature was clad in her richest of green,
And youth's bounding pulse lent a charm to the scene,

While each living thing in its joy was a part
Of the gladness that found a sweet home in my heart.

By Esk's winding stream, in the pride of the year,
The banks are as green and the waters as clear,
But nature's soft verdure can never again
Impart the same feelings that gladdened me then.

Sweet home of my childhood! though far from my view,
In fancy's fond dreams I am ever with you;
And Oh! your remembrance can only depart
With the last throb of feeling that gladdens my heart.

My Highland Vale.

[WRITTEN by DAVID VEDDER. Music by Peter Macleod.]

On! the sunny peaches glow,
And the grapes in clusters blush;
And the cooling silver streams
From their sylvan fountains rush;
There is music in the grove,
And there is fragrance in the gale,
But there's nought sae dear to me
As my own Highland vale.

Oh! the queen-like virgin rose,
Of the dew and sunlight born,
And the azure violet
Spread their beauties to the morn;
So does the hyacinth,
And the lily pure and pale,
But I love the daisy best
In my own Highland vale.

Hark! hark, those thrilling notes;
'Tis the nightingale complains;
Oh! the soul of music breathes
In those morn'te plaintive strains
But they're not so dear to me
As the murmur of the rill,
And the bleating of the lambs
On my own Highland hill.

Oh! the flowerets fair may glow,
And the juicy fruits may blush,
And the beauteous birds may sing,
And the crystal streamlets rush,
And the verdant meads may smile,
And the cloudless sun may beam;
But there's nought beneath the skies
Like my own Highland home!

The blind lassie.

[THOMAS C. LATTO.—Here first printed.—Tune,
"The Flower o' Dunblane."]

O HARK to the strain that sae sweetly is ringin',
And echoing clearly o'er lake and o'er lea,
Like some fairy bird in the wilderness singin',
It thrills to my heart, yet nae minstrel I see.
Bound yonder rock knittin', a dear child is sittin',
Sae toilin' her pitifu' pittance is won,
Hersel' tho' we see nae, 'tis mitherless Jeanie,—
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

Five years syne come autumn she cam' wi' her mither,
A sodger's puir widow, sair wasted an' gane;
As brown fell the leaves, sae wi' them did she wither, [lane.
And left the sweet child on the wide world her
She left Jeanie weepin', in His holy keepin'
Wha shelters the lamb frae the cauld wintry win',
We had little siller, yet a' were good till her,
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

An' blythe now an' cheerfu', frae mornin' to e'enin'

She sits thro' the simmer, an' gladdens lik ear,
Baith auld and young daut her, sae gentle and winnin',

To a' the folks round, the wee lassie is dear.
Braw leddies caress her, wi' bounties would press her,

The modest bit darlin' their notice would shun,

For though she has naething, proud hearted this wee thing,

The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

The Thorn Tree.

[From Tait's Magazine for Sept. 1838.]

I watch'd the moon blink owre the hill,

And, oh, she glentit bonnily!

Then met my lass, when a' was still,

Below the spreading thorn tree.

Oh! for the thorn tree—the fair, the spreading thorn tree!—

The flame o' love lowes bonnily aneath a spreading thorn tree!

The glow o' youth beam'd on her cheek,

And love was lowin' in her e'e,

And Cupids play'd at hide-and-seek

Around us at the thorn tree.

Oh! for the thorn tree—the fair, the spreading thorn tree!—

The flame o' love lowes bonnily aneath a spreading thorn tree!

The wanton breeze, wi' downy wing,

Cam' soofin' owre us cannily;

And saft and sweet the burn did sing,

When trottin' by the thorn tree.

Oh! for the thorn tree—the fragrant-scented thorn tree!—

I ken o' naught sic joys can gie as love aneath the thorn tree!

I clasp'd my lassie to my heart,

And vow'd my love should lasting be;

And wuss'd lik ill to be my part,

When I forgot the thorn tree.

Oh! for the thorn tree—the fresh, the scented thorn tree!—

I'll ever mind, wi' blythesome glee, my lassie and the thorn tree!

We met beneath the rising moon—

She beddit maist as soon as we,

She hung the westlan' heights aboon

When we cam' frae the thorn tree.

Oh! for the thorn tree—the fresh, the milk-white thorn tree!—

'Twas past the midnight hour a wee, when we cam' frae the thorn tree!

I've seen the glass careerin' past—

I lik'd it too—I'll never lee;

But, oh! its joys can ne'er be clasp'd

Wi' love aneath the thorn tree!

Oh! for the thorn tree—the fresh, the milk-white thorn tree!— [the thorn tree!]

Of a' the joys there's nae to me like love aneath

Soldier, rest.

[From "The Lady of the Lake," by Sir W. Scott.]

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;

Dream of battled fields no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,

Hands unseen thy couch are strewing!

Fairy strains of music fall,

Every sense in slumber dawning.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er.

Dream of fighting fields no more;

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,

Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear;

Armour's clang, or war-steed champing;

Trump nor pibroch summon here,

Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,

At the day-break, from the fallow,

And the bitter sound his drum,

Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near,

Guards nor warders challenge here;

Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,

Shouting clans, or squadrons tramping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
 While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveilla.
 Sleep!—the deer is in his den;
 Sleep!—thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep!—nor dream in yonder glen
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
 Think not of the rising sun;
 For at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveilla.

The Boatie Rows.

[This song appears in Johnson's Museum with three different sets of music, but it is satisfactory to know that the air now universally adopted is the genuine old one. It was arranged into a glee by William Knyvett of London. Burns says, "The author of the song beginning 'O weel may the boatie row' was a Mr. Ewen of Aberdeen. It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to 'There's nae luck about the house.'" The Mr. Ewen here spoken of was JOHN EWEN, Esq., who died at Aberdeen on the 21st October, 1831, in the 80th year of his age. He was a native of Montrose, but went early in life to Aberdeen, where he accumulated a fortune, partly as a dealer in hardware goods and partly by marriage. On his death, he bequeathed the bulk of his property (something above £15,000) towards the founding of an Hospital at Montrose, similar to Gordon's Hospital of Aberdeen, for the maintenance and education of boys, overlooking entirely his only child, a daughter, who had married in 1787, and gone abroad. The will was challenged by his daughter, and finally set aside by the House of Lords, in consequence of its uncertainty and want of precision both as to the sum to be accumulated by the trustees before they were to commence building the hospital, and as to the number of boys to be educated in it when built.]

O WEEL may the boatie row,
 And better may she speed!
 And weel may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairns' bread!

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wishes her to speed!

I culst my line in Largo Bay,
 And fishes I caught nine;
 There's three to boil, and three to fry,
 And three to bait the line.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wishes her to speed!

O weel may the boatie row,
 That fills a heavy creel,
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
 And buys our parritch meal.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie row'd he would be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O muckle lighter grew my creel!
 He swore we'd never part.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And muckle lighter is the lade,
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
 And dress'd myself fu' braw;
 I trow my heart was dowf and wae,
 When Jamie gaed awa:
 But weel may the boatie row,
 And lucky be her part;
 And lightsome be the lassie's care
 That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
 Are up, and gotten kear,
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And lightsome be her heart that bears
 The murlain and the creel!

And when wi' age we are worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll row to keep us hale and warm
 As we did them before:

Then, weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed!

The Lark and Wren.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here first printed.—Air,
"Chough and Crow."]

THE lark and wren are long awake,
The throistle sings in glee;
The morning breeze sweeps o'er the brake
In joyous liberty.
The dew bells swing in beauty bland,
The streamlet chants its lay;
Then bear a hand, my merry band,
It is our harvest day.

The village maids, all braided fair,
Are tripping o'er the green,
And shepherd lads, with floating hair,
Are kissing beauty's queen.
Each happy swain o'er all the land
Enjoys this morning gay,
Then bear a hand, my merry band,
This is our harvest day.

When evening brings its shady hour
Then who so blythe as we?
The lamp of love in barn and bower
Lights up a scene of glee;
Old Time forgets his running sand
And joins our roundelay,
Now bear a hand, my merry band,
This is our harvest day.

The Evening Shade.

[WILLIAM GLASS.—Tune "Andro and his cutty
gun."]

Blythe, blythe, an' happy are we,
Could care be flegg'd awa';
This is but ae night o' our lives,
An' wha wou'd grudge tho' it were twa.

THE ev'ning shade around is spread,
The chilling tempest sweeps the sky;
We're kindly met, an' warmly set,
And streams o' nappy rinnin' by.
Blythe, &c.

While gettin' fou, we're great, I trow,
We scorn misfortune's greatest bangs;
The magic bowl can lift the soul
Aboon the world and a' its wrangs.
Blythe, &c.

The days o' man are but a span,
This mortal life a passing dream,
Nought to illumine the dreary gloom
Save love an' friendship's sacred gleam.
Blythe, &c.

Then toom your glass to my sweet lass,
And neist we'll turn it o'er to thine;
The glowin' breast that loo's them best
Shall dearest ever be to mine.
Blythe, &c.

An' here's to you, my friend see true,
May discord ne'er a feeling wound!
An' shou'd we fyte, ne'er harbour spite,
But in a bowl be't quickly drown'd.
Blythe, &c.

Now rap an' ring, an' gar them bring
The biggest stoupsfu' yet we've seen;
Why should we part, when hand and heart
At ilka bumper grows mair keen?
Blythe, &c.

For a' that.

[WRITTEN by BURNS in 1794, and in January, 1795, sent to Thomson with the following observation. "A great critic (Aikin) on songs, says that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song; but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."]

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by;
We dare be puir, for a' that,

For a' that, and a' that,
Our tolls obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea-stamp—
The man's the gowd, for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A man's a man, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae puir,
Is king o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon brikie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that.

For a' that.

[THIS is the bard or fiddler's song in Burns's Jolly Beggars. It is sung to the same tune as the foregoing. Part of it appears in the 3d vol. of Johnson's Museum. The first two lines in the chorus belong to an old song.]

I am a bard of no regard
Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;
But Homer-like, the glowran hyke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

For a' that, and a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wis enough, for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalla's burn, and a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that;
But lordly Will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to throw that.
For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, and a' that:
But for how lang the flee may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft ha'e put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and here's The sex!
I like the jads for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that.

Tune your Fiddles.

[WRITTEN by the Rev. JOHN SKINNER, author of "Tullochgorum," &c., to suit an air composed by William Marshall, butler to the duke of Gordon, and called "The Marquis of Huntly's Reel." Marshall was a distinguished composer of Scottish airs and melodies, and also eminent as a player on the violin. A collection of his tunes, consisting of 176, was published in 1833, which was followed by a supplement containing 74 additional tunes. Every one is familiar with his "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathpey," to which Burns's "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw" is sung. Marshall was a native of Fochabers, and died so recently as 1833, aged 85.]

TUNE your fiddles, tune them sweetly,
Play the marquis' reel discreetly,
Here we are a band completely
Fitted to be jolly.

Come, my boys, blythe and gawle,
Every youngster choose his lassie,
Dance wi' life and be not saucy,
Shy nor melancholy.

Come, my boys, &c.

Lay aside your sour grimaces,
Clouded brows and drumble faces,
Look about and see their Graces,
How they smile delighted:

Now's the season to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry,
Time enough to come camsterry,
When we're auld and doited.
Now's the season, &c.

Butler, put about the claret,
Through us a' divide and share it,
Gordon Castle weel can spare it,

It has claret plenty:
Wine's the true inspiring liquor,
Draffy drink may please the vicar,
When he grasps the foaming bicker,
Vicars are not dainty.

Wine's the true inspiring liquor, &c.

We'll extol our noble master,
Sprung from many a brave ancestor,—
Heaven preserve him from disaster,
So we pray in duty.
Prosper, too, our pretty duchess,
Safe from all distressful touches,
Keep her out of Pluto's clutches,
Long in health and beauty.
Prosper, too, our pretty duchess, &c.

Angels guard their gallant boy,
Make him long his father's joy,
Sturdy, like the heir of Troy,
Stout and brisk and healthy.
Pallas grant him every blessing,
Wit and strength, and size increasing,
Plutus, what's in thy possessing,
Make him rich and wealthy.
Pallas grant him every blessing, &c.

Youth, solace him with thy pleasure,
In refined and worthy measure:
Merit gain him choicest treasure,
From the Royal donor:
Famous may be in story,
Full of days and full of glory;
To the grave, when old and hoary,
May he go with honour!
Famous may be in story, &c.

Gordons, join our hearty praises,
Honest, though in homely phrases,
Love our cheerful spirit raises,

Lofty as the lark is:
Echo, waft our wishes daily,
Through the grove and through the alley
Sound o'er every hill and valley,
Blessings on our Marquia.
Echo, waft our wishes, &c.

Ye gods.

[THIS appears in the first volume of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany (1794), and, with the music, in the Orpheus Caledonius (1725). It was written by the accomplished WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, on hearing that a young lady of birth and beauty had worn his miniature in her bosom. The tune is called "The fourteenth of October," or "St. Crispin's day," the fourteenth of that month, old style, being the reputed birth-day of the famous king Crispin.]

Ye gods! was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?
Move softer, thou fond fluttering heart,
Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Did'st thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, blest shade, that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! It seems to hear
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
Engrossing all that beauteous heaven,
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks, that lifeless air,
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
To life can bring the silent shade:
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

[THE popular tune of "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen" is not very old—at least it cannot be traced in any of the older musical collections. The following are the earliest words to the tune, and are given in Herd's Collection of 1776. Perhaps the reader may detect in them the meaning of the now proverbial phrase, "Cauld kail in Aberdeen, and custocks in Strathbogie."]

Cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Strathbogie,
But yet I fear they'll cook o'er soon,
And never warm the cogie.
The lasses about Bogle gicht,
Their limbs they are sae clean and tight,
That if they were but girded right,
They'll dance the reel o' Bogle.

Wow, Aberdeen, what did you mean,
Sae young a maid to woo, sir?
I'm sure it was nae joke to her,
Whate'er it was to you, sir.
For lasses now are no sae blate
But they ken sould folk's out o' date,
And better playfare can they get
Than custocks in Strathbogie.

The "Bogle," here and elsewhere celebrated, is a stream in Aberdeenshire, which runs through the beautiful strath or valley called Strathbogie. It is not known who was the author of the following convivial song, but it is alluded to by Burns as an old song.]

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Stra'bogie,
Where lika lad maun ha'e his lass,
But I maun ha'e my cogie.
For I maun ha'e my cogie, Sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gi'e my three-gird cog
For a' the wives in Bogle.

Johnny Smith has got a wife
Wha scrimps him o' his cogie.
But were she mine, upon my life,
I'd dook her in a bogie.
For I maun ha'e my cogie, Sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gi'e my three-gird cog
For a' the wives in Bogle.

Twa three todlin' weans they ha'e,
The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;
Whene'er the totums cry for meat,
She curses aye his cogie;
Crying, Wae betide the three-gird cog!
Oh, wae betide the cogie!
It does mair skaith than a' the illa
That happen in Stra'bogie.

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's;
And, what the maist did laugh at,
She brak the bicker, spilt the drink,
And tightly gouff'd his haffet,
Crying, Wae betide the three-gird cog!
Oh, wae betide the cogie,
It does mair skaith than a' the illa
That happen in Stra'bogie.

Yet here's to lika honest soul
Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie,
And for ilk silly whinging fool,
We'll dook him in a bogie.
For I maun ha'e my cogie, Sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gi'e my three-gird cog
For a' the queans in Bogle.

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

[THIS counter strain to the convivial song of the same name was written by Alexander fourth DUKE OF GORDON (born in 1743; died in 1837,) and inserted in the second volume of Johnson's Museum.]

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Stra'bogie,
Gin I ha'e but a bonnie lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie.
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light:
Gi'e me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogle.

In cotillions the French excel,
 John Bull loves country dances;
 The Spaniards dance fandangoes well;
 Mynheer an allemande prances:
 In foursome reels the Scots delight,
 At threesome's they dance wondrous light,
 But twasome's ding a' out o' sight,
 Dance'd to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners weel,
 Wale each a blythesome rogie:
 I'll tak' this lassie to mysel',
 She looks sae keen and vogle:
 Now, piper lad, bang up the spring;
 The country fashion is the thing,
 To prie their mou's ere we begin
 To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now lika lad has got a lass,
 Save yon auld doited fogie,
 And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
 As they do in Stra'bogie;
 But a' the lassies look sae fain,
 We canna think oursel' to hain,
 For they maun ha'e their come-again
 To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,
 Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
 We'll stop a while and tak' a rest,
 And tiddle up a cogie.
 Come now, my lads, and tak' your glass,
 And try ilk other to surpass,
 In wishing health to evry lass,
 To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Could Kail in Aberdeen.

[WRITTEN by WILLIAM REID, bookseller,
 Glasgow.]

THERE's could kail in Aberdeen,
 And bannocks in Strathbogie,
 But naething drives awa' the spleen
 Sae weel's a social cogie.
 That mortal's life nae pleasure shares
 Wha broods o'er a' that's fogie:
 Whane'er I'm fash't wi' worldly cares,
 I drown them in a cogie.

Thus merrily my time I pass,
 With spirits brisk and vogle,
 Blest wi' my bulks and my sweet lass,
 My cronies and my cogie.
 Then hasts and gi'e's an auld Scots sang
 Sic like as Kathrine Ogie;
 A gude auld sang comes never wrang,
 When o'er a social cogie.

The Cogie.

[TANNAHILL.—Tune, "Could kail in Aberdeen."]

WHEN poorth cauld, and sour disdain,
 Hang o'er life's vale sae fogie,
 The sun that brightens up the scene,
 Is friendship's kindly cogie.
 Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 The friendly, social cogie;
 It gars the wheels o' life rin light,
 Though e'er sae doilt and clogie.

Let pride in fortune's chariots fly,
 Sae empty, vain, and vogle;
 The source of wit, the spring of joy,
 Lies in the social cogie.
 Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 The independent cogie;
 And never snool beneath the frown
 Of onie selfish rogie.

Poor modest worth, with heartless e'e,
 Sits hunkling in the bogie,
 Till she asserts her dignity,
 By virtue of the cogie.
 Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 The poor man's patron cogie,
 It warms care, it fights life's faughts,
 And lifts him frae the bogie.

GI'e feckless Spain her weak snail broo,
 Gi'e France her weel spic'd fogie,
 Gi'e brither John his luncheon too,
 But gi'e to us our cogie.
 Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 Our kind heart-warming cogie;
 We doubly feel the social tie,
 When just a wee thought grogie

In days of yore our sturdy sires,
 Upon their hills sae scrogie,
 Glow'd with true freedom's warmest fires,
 And fought to save their cogie.

Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
Our brave forefathers' cogie;
It rous'd them up to doughty deeds,
O'er which we'll lang be vogie.

Then here's may Scotland ne'er fa' down,
A cringing coward dogie,
But bauldly stand, and bang the loon,
Wha'd reave her of her cogie.

Then, O protect the cogie, sirs,
Our good auld mithers' cogie;
Nor let her luggie e'er be drain'd
By ony foreign rogie.

Let Topers sing.

[WRITTEN by Captain CHARLES GRAY, of the
Royal Marines. Tune, "Willie brew'd a peck o'
maut."]

LET topers sing in praise of wine,
Their midnight balls, their mirth and glee;
Auld Scotland's sons may sidge fu' fain
While they ha'e routh o' barley-bree.
The workman, wha has toiled a' day,
Sits down at nicht frae labour free;
See, care is fled! his smile how gay,
When owre a stoup o' barley-bree.

Gif onis man, in barilkhood,
Should wi' his neebor disagree,
Let them baith gang in social mood,
And settle't owre the barley bree:
For barley drink, wad they but think,
Is cheaper than a lawyer's fee:—
Though sairy vex'd, aye mind the text—
Its best to "tak' a pint and gree."

Ken ye the witty Willie Clark?
A learned man, I trow, is he;
And nocht to him is deep or dark,
When seated by the barley-bree.
He tells a tale—he sings a sang—
While fast the merry moments flee;
A winter nicht, though ne'er sae lang,
Seems short when "Willie's wig's a-joe!"

French brandy is but trash—shame fa't!
Jamaica rum I downa pree;
Gi'e me the pith o' Scottish maut,
Aboon them baith it bears the gree.

When I've a bawbee in my pouch,
I aften birl i' frank and free,
To care, the carline, I ne'er crouch—
The life o' man is barley bree!

Life aye has been.

[TUNE, "Could hail in Aberdeen."]

LIFE aye has been a weary roun'
Whare expectation's blunted,
Whare hope gets mony a crackit crown,
An' patience, sairly dunted,
Along the road rins hirplin' down
Beside neglectit merit,
Whase heart gies mony a weary stoun',
And broken is his spirit.

But de'il me care though fate whilles gloms,
Gae, lassie, heat the water:
Wi' fate we'll never fash our thumbs,
But gar the gill-stoup clatter.
Punch is a sea whare care ne'er sooms,
But pleasure rides it rarely,
We'll fill again whan this sea tooms,
Then let us set till't fairly.

Highland Whisky.

[DUNCAN CAMPBELL.]

YE social sons of Caledon,
Wha like to rant and roar, sirs,
Wha like to drink and laugh and sing,
And join a pot encore, sirs,
Attentive listen to my lay,
'Twill make ye blythe and frisky
When I relate, without delay,
The praise of Highland whisky.

Aboon a' drink it bears the gree,
It's a drink that never fails man,
Auld fools may drink their trash of tea,
And ither folks their ales, man;
To a Scotchman gi'e him barley bree,
If you would make him frisky,
And then he'll swear nocht will him fear,
For sic's the power of whisky.

Wi' brandy, or wi' foreign wine
He would not wet his craigie,
There's none of them can charms combine,
If match'd with the Kilbagie,
Then fill us up another glass,
And let us drink our fill, sirs,
What signifies the cutty stoup?
Bring in the *Hawick gill*, sirs.

What though o' siller we're bereft,
Sae muckle mair's the pity.
But while we ha'e a penny left
We'll gie't for aquavita;
Then, O, my cheering, care-dispelling,
Heart-reviving whiskey,
Curse a' your foreign trash, say I,
Gi'e me good Highland whiskey.

Farewell to Whiskey.

[THIS is called "Neil Gow's Farewell to Whiskey," but we have not learned who was the author of the words. Neil was born in Strathbrand, in Perthshire, in 1727, and died at Inver, near Dunkeld, in 1807.]

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,
The man that play'd the fiddle weel;
I wat he was a canty chiel,
And dearly lo'ed the whiskey, O!
And, aye sin he wore the tartan trews,
He dearly lo'ed the Athole brose;
And was was he, you may suppose,
To play fareweel to whiskey, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,
And find my blude grow unco cauld;
I think 'twad make me blythe and bauld,
A wee drap Highland whiskey, O.
Yet the doctors they do a' agree,
That whiskey's no the drink for me.
Saul! quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,
Should they part me and whiskey, O.

Though I can baith get wine and ale,
And find my head and fingers hale,
I'll be content, though legs should fail,
To play fareweel to whiskey, O.
But still I think on auld lang syne,
When Paradise our friends did tyne,
Because something ran in their mind,
Forbid like Highland whakey, O.

Come, a' ye powers o' music, come;
I find my heart grows unco gium;
My fiddle-strings will no play bum,
To say, Fareweel to whiskey, O.
Yet I'll take my fiddle in my hand,
And screw the pegs up while they'll stand,
To make a lamentation grand,
On gude auld Highland whiskey, O.

Up in the air.

[THIS convivial song is by ALLAN RAMSAY. It will be remembered that the burthen of the first verse,

"Up in the air

On my bonnie grey mare,

And I see her yet, and I see her yet"—

is put into the mouth of poor Madge Wildfire, in Sir Walter Scott's inimitable tale of "The Heart of Mid Lothian."]

Now the sun's gane out o' sight,
Beet the ingle, and snuff the light:
In glens the fairies skip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to France.

Up in the air

On my bonny grey mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet.
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and snaw,
O'er frozen hags like a foot-ba';
Nae starns keek through the azure slit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit.

The man i' the moon

Is carousing aboon,
D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet.
The man, &c.

Tak' your glass to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
And gently puffs the lover's fire.

Up in the air,

It drives away care,
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost,
Come, Willy, gies about yer toast,
Till't lads, and hilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythsome bowt.

Up wi't, there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
Huzza, huzza, and huzza lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.

Wilt thou be my dearie.

[WRITTEN by BURNS, to the tune of "The Sutor's Dochter," in honour of Miss Janet Miller, of Dalawinton.]

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasures of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me,
Or if thou wilt not be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

Oh, my love's bonnie.

O! my love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,
O! my love's bonnie and dear to me;
The smile o' her face, and her e'e's witchin' grace,
Are mair than the wealth o' this warld can gie.
Her voice is as sweet as the blackbird at gloamin',
When echo repeats her soft notes to the ear,
And lovely and fresh as the wild roses blooming,
That dip in the stream o' the Carron see clear.
O! my love's bonnie, &c.

But poorth's a foe to the peace o' this bosom,
That glows see devoutly, dear lassie, for thee;
Alas! that e'er poorth should blight love's young
blossom,
When riches nae lasting contentment can gie.
For O! my love's bonnie, &c.

Yet hope's cheerfu' sun shall aboon my head hover,
An' guide a lone wanderer when far, far frae
thee;
For ne'er till it sets will I prove a false lover,
Or think o' anither, dear lassie, but thee.
For O! thou art bonnie, &c.

Loch-Erroch Side.

[THE tune called "Loch-Erroch Side" is altered from an older air called "I'm over young to marry yet," (see p. 153.) Loch-Erroch or Erich is a large lake in Perthshire. The words of the present song are said to be by JAMES TYTLER, author of "The bonnie brucket lassie," &c. Tytler was the son of a clergyman at Brechin, and though educated first for the church, and afterwards for the medical profession, he was mainly employed through life in literary and chemical speculations. He died in Massachusetts, North America, in 1805, aged 58. He was commonly called *Balloon Tytler*, from having been the first in Scotland who ascended in a fire balloon upon the plan of Montgolfier.]

As I cam' by Loch-Erroch side,
The lofty hills surveying,
The water clear, the heather blooms,
Their fragrance sweet conveying;
I met, unsought, my lovely maid,
I found her like May morning;
With graces sweet, and charms so rare,
Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
While in my arms I prest her!
And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,
As fondly I caress'd her:
She said, if that your heart be true,
If constantly you'll love me,
I heed not care nor fortune's frowns,
For nought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,
For ever thou shalt find me;
And of our meeting here so sweet,
Loch-Erroch sweet shall mind me.
Enraptured then, My lovely lass,
I cried, no more we'll tarry!
We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,
For lovers soon should marry.

Young Peggy.

[This is given in Johnson's Museum to the tune of "Loch-Erroch Side." It is an early production of Burns's.]

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With pearly gems adorning:
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has grac'd them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them;
Her smile is, like the evening, mild,
When feather'd tribes are courting,
And little lambskins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her,
As blooming Spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage Winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen;
And spiteful Envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Powers of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From every ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

The Cogie.

[DANIEL M'PHAIL, (see p. 192).—Tune, "Loch-Erroch Side."]

LET bardies tune the rural strain,
And sing the loves o' nymph or swain,
Or mourn the hapless lover's pain,
That's slighted by his dearie.

But me, nae tale o' love-sick dame,
Shall lighten to the paths o' fame,
My dearest joy, my only theme,
Shall be a social cogie.

In morn o' life, wi' cantie glee,
We mark wi' youthfu' fancy's e'e,
Our daddies roun' the barley bree,
Fu' outh an' unco cheerie.
But when to manhood's height we speel,
An' meet through life some hearty chiel,
In friendship's glow, it's then we feel,
The pleasures o' the cogie.

Through life, when fortune turns her wheel,
And ruin's blast blaws roun' our biel,
Nae frien'ly han' then near to shiel,
But a' gae tapalteeie;
E'en then, wi' some keel-hearted frien',
Wha's life ance happier days ha'e seen,
We baith on hope our sorrows lean,
And cry, "anither cogie."

See lyart age, wi' joyless years,
On life's dark brink wi' dowie fears,
Nae fostering hope his bosom cheers,
The prospect's dark an' drearie;
E'en then, when tales o' auld langsyne
Bring youthfu' cantie days to min',
Mang former joys our cares we tyne,
An' toom the cheering cogie.

Thus lika scene o' life we see,
Is strongly mark'd wi' social glee;
Then let us taste the joys that flee—
In youth or age be cheerie.
Then roun' when social spirits join,
An' hearts an' han's in friendship twine,
Owe whiskey, nappy yill, or wine,
'Tis still a social cogie.

Are ye sleeping, Maggie.

[ROBERT TANNANHILL.—Air, "Sleepy Maggie."]

O, ARE ye sleepin', Maggie?
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie!

Mirk and rainy is the night;
No a starn in a' the carle;
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank;
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
Loud the iron yett does clank;
And cry o' howlets maks me eerie.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I raise your waukrife daddy,
Cauid's the blast upon my cheek;
O rise, rise, my bonnie lady!

She oped the door; she let him in;
He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie;
Blaw your warst, ye wind and rain,
Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye!

Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,
Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,
What care I for howlet's cry,
For boor-tree bank and warlock craigie?

Handsome Katie.

[BUCHANAN.—Tune, "Sleepy Maggie."]

Now winter comes, wi' breath ane snell,
And nips wi' frost the gisen'd gowan,
Yet frosty winter, strange to tell!
Has set my thravart heart a-lowin'.

O dearest, charming Katie!
O sweetest, winsome Katie!
My heart has flown across the loan,
To dwell wi' my sweet neighbor Katie.

When a' the chieils, wi' noses blae,
Creep chitt'rin' roun' the cantle ingie,
Through sleet an' maw to Kate I gae,
Drawn wi' a whang o' Cupid's lingle.
O dearest, &c.

When our back door I gang to steek,
And bonnie Kate, frae her back winnock,
Giv's a bit alee an' smilin' keek,
It warms me like a toasted bannock.
O dearest, &c.

To sleep I try, but no ae wink;
(Fras hapless love, may fate aye screen us!)
I sprawl an' fidget, when I think
There's nought but a wee loan atween us.
O dearest, &c.

Langsyne Leander lika night
Swam o'er the sea at Hero's biddin';
But if my Kate wad me invite,
I've nought ado but jump the midden.
O dearest, &c.

This is the night.

[AIR, "Low down he's in the broom."]

THIS is the night my Johnny sat,
And promised to be here;
O, what can stay his longing step!
He's sickle grown, I fear.
Wae worth this wheel! 'twill no rin roun',
Nae mair this night I'll spin:
But count each minute wi' a sigh,
Till Johnny he steal in.

How snug that canty fire it burns,
For twa to sit beside;
And there fu' oft my Johnny sat,
And I my blushes hid.
My father how he snugly snores,
My mother's fast asleep;
He promised oft, but, oh! I fear,
His word he will not keep.

What can it be keeps him frae me?
The road it's no sae lang;
And frost and snaw is nought ava,
If folk were fain to gang.
Someither lass wi' bonnier face,
Has caught his wandering e'e;
Than thole their jeers at kirk an' fair
Oh! sooner let me dee.

O! if we lasses could but gang
And woo the lads we like,
I'd run to thee, my Johnny dear
Ne'er stop at bog or dyke;
But custom's such a powerfu' thing
Men aye their will maun ha'e,
While mony a bonnie lassie sits,
And mourns from day to day.

But wheesht! I hear my Johnny's foot;
That's just his very clog;
He sneaks the fa'-yetts safely too—
O hang that colly dog!
And now for a' thae sugar'd words,
And kisses not a few;
O, but this world's a Paradise,
When lovers they prove true.

She rose and let me in.

[THE old song of "She rose and let me in" was written by FRANCIS SEMPLE, Esq. of Beltrees, in Renfrewshire, but is too indelicate for admission. Semple lived about the middle of the seventeenth century. A manuscript volume of his poems is known to have been in the possession of a lady in Paisley within the last thirty years, but unfortunately all trace of it is now lost. Ritson says, "This song (the present) is an *English* song of great merit, and has been *Scottified* by the Scots themselves." But the reverse happens to be the case, for it is a Scotch song, and has been *Anglified* by the Scots themselves. The original Scotch words are to be found, with the music, in Playford's "Choice Ayres and Songs," 1683, also (without the music) in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, Herd's Collection, &c. What may be called the *Anglified* version (which we here give) first appeared in Johnson's Museum. Burns was mistaken in thinking that Ramsay was the author of this version—for Ramsay gives the original words with all their warmth and high colouring.]

THE night her sable mantle wore,
And gloomy were the skies;
Of glittering stars appear'd no more,
Than those in Nelly's eyes.
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

But she with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove;
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflamed my love.
Her beauty oft had pleased before,
While her bright eyes did roll;
But virtue had the very power
To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part?
I loved her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondness I obey'd,
Resolved she should be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
My treasure so divine.

Now, happy in my Nelly's love,
Transporting is my joy;
No greater blessing can I prove,
So blest a man am I:
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd fluttering heart;
But virtue only is the chain
Holds, never to depart.

Thou art gane awa'.

[PRINTED anonymously in Urban's collection and Johnson's Museum.—Tune, "Hand awa' frae me, Donald."]

THOU art gane awa', thou art gane awa',
Thou art gane awa' frae me, Mary!
Nor friends nor I could make thee stay—
Thou hast cheated them and me, Mary!
Until this hour I never thought
That ought could alter thee, Mary;
Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
Think what you will of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said or might pretend,
That stole the heart of thine, Mary,
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.
I spoke sincere, nor flattered much,
Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary;
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;
No, I loved only thee, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet while I live,
I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary;
Let friends forget, as I forgive,
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary;
So then, farewell! of this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary;
For all the world I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

Let me in this ae night.

[THE tune of "O let me in this ae night" is to be found under different names in some of the oldest musical collections. The original words of the song are given in Herd's collection, 1776, but we can only quote part of them.—

O, lassie, art thou sleeping yet?
Or are you waukin' I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.
O, let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
O, let me in this ae night,
And I'll ne'er come back again, jo.

The morn it is the term-day,
I maun away, I canna stay,
O, pity me before I gae,
And rise and let me in, jo.
O, let me in, &c.

The night it is baith cauld and weet;
The morn it will be snaw and sleet,
My shoon are frozen to my feet,
Wi' standing on the plain, jo.
O, let me in, &c.

I am the laird o' Windy-wa's,
I come na here without a cause,
And I ha'e gotten mony fa's
In coming thro' the plain, jo.
O, let me in, &c.

"My father's waking on the street,
My mither the chamber-keys does keep;
My chamber-door does chirp and cheep,
And I daurna let you in, jo.

"O, gae your ways this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
O, gae your ways this ae night,
For I daurna let you in."

Here ends the remonstrance of the damsel—and here our quotation must stop. The following is Burns's version of the song, which he wrote for Thomson's collection.]

O, LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou waukin', I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.
O, let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O, rise and let me in, jo.

Out ower the moss, out ower the muir,
I came this dark and drearier hour;
And here I stand without the door,
Amid the pouring storm, jo.
O, let me in, &c.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet;
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak' pity on my wearie feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O, let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
O' a' my grief and pain, jo.
O, let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam' again;
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now, this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And, ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The smelliest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd this summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say,
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And, ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

Forlorn, my love.

[THIS is another song by BURNS to the tune of "O, let me in this ae night."]

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.
O wert thou, love, but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.

But dreary though the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert thou, love, but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

Rob Roy Macgregor.

[THIS is introduced as a finale to the opera of "Rob Roy," and is sung to the tune of "Duncan Gray." Terry manufactured the opera from Sir Walter's celebrated novel of "Rob Roy," but we cannot say who is the author of the song.]

PARDON now the bold outlaw,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Grant him mercy, gentles a',
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Let your hands and hearts agree,
Set the Highland laddie free,
Make us sing wi' muckle glee,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Long the state has doom'd his a',
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Still he spurn'd the hateful law,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Scots can for their country die;
Ne'er frae Britain's foes they flee,
A' that's past forget—forgie,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Scotland's fear and Scotland's pride,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Your award must now abide,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
Lang your favours ha'e been mine,
Favours I will ne'er resign,
Welcome then for auld langsyne,
Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Here's a health.

[WORDS by W. H. FREEMAN. Music by Alex. Lee.]

HERE'S a health to fair Scotland, the land of the brave!

Here's a health to the bold and the free!
And as long as the thistle and heather shall wave,
Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee!
Here's a health to the land of victorious Bruce,
And the champions of liberty's cause;
And may their examples fresh heroes produce
In defence of our rights and our laws.
Here's a health, &c.

Here's a health to the land where bold Wallace unfur'd

His bright banner of conquest and fame—
The terror of fieman, the pride of the world!—
Long may Scotland hold dearly his name.
And still, like their fathers, our brothers are true,
And their valour with pleasure we see;
Of the wreaths that were won at renowned Waterloo,
There's a bough of the laurel for thee.
Here's a health, &c.

Here's success to the shamrock, the thistle, the rose,
May they ever in harmony twine;
And should wily discord again interpose,
Let us challenge each other in wine.

For while we're united foes threaten in vain,
And their daring our fame shall increase,
Till the banner of Victory o'er land and main,
Triumphant is waving in Peace.
Here's a health, &c.

Scotland yet.

[WRITTEN by the REV. H. S. RIDDEL. Set to music by Peter Macleod.]

Gae bring my gude auld harp ance mair,
Gae bring it firm and fast—
For I mean sing anither sang,
Ere a' my glee be past.
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
The burden o't shall be,
Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes,
And Scotland's hills for me!
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And, foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still,
As they dance down the dells;
And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea;
Then Scotland's dales, and Scotland's vales,
And Scotland's hills for me!
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

Her thistle wags upon the fields
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest blood
To dye her auld grey plaid;
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee,
Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me!
Then drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang—
Gie me the hills where Osman dwelt,
And Colla's Minstrel sang;
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That ken na to be free.

Then Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me!
We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

Janet and Me.

[ROBERT GILFILLAN.]

O, wha are sae happy as me and my Janet?
O, wha are sae happy as Janet and me?
We're bairn turning auld, and our walth is soon
tauld,
But contentment ye'll find in our cottage sae wee.
She spins the lang day when I'm out wi' the owen,
She croons i' the house while I sing at the plough;
And aye her blythe smile welcomes me frae my toll,
As up the lang glen I come wearied, I trow!

When I'm at a beuk she is mending the cleading,
She's darning the stockings when I sole the
shoon; [weary;
Our cracks keep us cheery—we work till we're
And syne we sup sowans when ance we are done.
She's baking a scone while I'm smoking my cutty,
While I'm i' the stable she's milking the kye;
I envy not kings when the gloaming time brings
The canty fireside to my Janet and I!

Aboon our auld heads we've a decent clay bigging,
That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's
awa';

We've twa wabs o' linen, o' Janet's ain spinning,
As thick as dog-lugs, and as white as the snaw!
We've a kebbuck or twa, and some meal i' the
girnle;

Yon sow is our ain that plays grunt at the door;
An' something, I've guess'd, 's in yon auld painted
kist,

That Janet, fell bodie, 's laid up to the fore!

Nae doubt, we have haen our ain sorrows and
troubles,

Aften times pouches toom, and hearts fa' o' care;
But still, wi' our crooses, our sorrows and losses,
Contentment, be thankit, has aye been our share;
I've an auld rusty sword, that was left by my father,
Whilk ne'er shall be drawn till our king has a foe;
We ha'e friends ane or twa, that aft gie us a ca',
To laugh when we're happy, or grieve when
we're wae.

The laird may ha'e gowd mair than schoolmen
 can reckon,
 An' flunkies to watch lika glance o' his e'e;
 His lady, aye braw, may sit in her ha',
 But are they mair happy than Janet and me?
 A' ye wha ne'er kent the straight road to be happy,
 Wha are nae content wi' the lot that ye dree,
 Coine down to the dwellin' o' whilk I've been
 telling,
 Ye've learn it by looking at Janet an' me!

Bonnie lassie.

[ROBERT ALLAN.]

BONNIE lassie, blythsome lassie,
 Sweet's the sparkling o' your e'e;
 Aye sae wyling, aye beguiling,
 Ye ha'e stown my heart frae me.

Fondly wooing, fondly sueing,
 Let me love, no love in vain
 Fate shall never fond hearts sever,
 Hearts still bound by true love's chain.

Fancy dreaming, hope bright beaming,
 Shall each day life's feast renew;
 Ours the treasure, ours the pleasure,
 Still to live and love more true.

Mirth and folly, joys unholy,
 Never shall our thoughts employ;
 Smiles inviting, hearts uniting,
 Love and bliss without alloy.

Bonnie lassie, blythsome lassie,
 Sweet's the sparkling o' your e'e;
 Aye sae wyling, aye beguiling,
 Ye ha'e stown my heart frae me.

Tak' it, man, tak' it.

[The author of this clever song, we believe, belonged to Paisley, where he published a small vol. of poems in 1835. He has since died. His name was DAVID WEBSTER.—*Alr*, "Brose and Butter."]

WHEN I was a miller in Fife,
 Looh! I thought that the sound o' the happer
 Said, Tak' hame a wee flow to your wife,
 To help to be brose to your supper.

Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
 But someway by random it rackit;
 For I liftet twa neivefu' o' mair,
 While the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.

Then bey for the mill and the mill,
 The garland and gear for my cogie,
 And hey for the whiskey and yill,
 That washes the dust frae my craigie.

Although it's been lang in repute,
 For rogues to make rich by deceiving:
 Yet I see that it disna weel suit
 Honest men to begin to the thieving.
 For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,
 Od, I thought lika dunt it wad crackit;
 Sae I flang frae my neive what was in't,
 Still the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

A man that's been bred to the plough,
 Might be deav'd wi' its clamorous clapper;
 Yet there's few but would suffer the sough,
 After kenning what's said by the happer.
 I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,
 Saying, Shame, be your conscience no chackit;
 But when I grew dry for a horn,
 It chang'd aye to Tak' it, man, tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

The smugglers whiles cam' wi' their packs,
 'Cause they kent that I liked a bicker,
 Sae I bartered whyles wi' the gowks,
 Giv'd them grain for a soup o' their liquor.
 I had lang been accustomed to drink,
 And aye when I purposed to quat it,
 That thing wi' its claspertie clink,
 Said aye to me, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

But the warst thing I did in my life,
 Nae doubt but ye'll think I was wrang o't.
 Od, I tauld a bit bodle in Fife
 A' my tale, and he made a bit sang o't.
 I have aye had a voice a' my days,
 But for singin' I ne'er gat the knack o't;
 Yet I try whyles, just thinking to please
 My frien's here, wi' Tak' it, man, tak' it.
 Then hey for the mill, &c.

Now, miller and a' as I am,
 This far I can see through the matter;
 There's men mair notorious to fame,
 Mair greedy than me o' the muter.

For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,
Or wi' safety, the ha'f we may mak' it,
Ha'e some speaking happer within,
That says aye to them, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
Then hey for the mill, &c.

Campsie Glen.

[JAMES LAWSON, formerly of Glasgow, now of New York.—Tune, "Kelvin Grove."—Campsie Glen is a beautiful valley near the village or clachan of Campsie in Stirlingshire, rich in geological and botanical treasures, and enlivened by a cascade or waterfall. It is situated about ten miles north of Glasgow, and forms a favourite summer-day resort to the inhabitants of that city.]

Lar us owre to Campsie Glen, bonnie lassie, O,
By the dingle that you ken, bonnie lassie, O,
To the tree where first we woo'd,
And cut our names so rude,
Deep in the sauch-tree's wood, bonnie lassie, O.

O'er the willow brig we'll wend, bonnie lassie, O,
And the ladders we'll ascend, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the woodroof loves to hide
Its scented leaves, beside
The streamlets, as they glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Where the blue bell on the brae, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the sweetest scented slae, bonnie lassie, O,
And the flow'rets ever new,
Of nature's painting true,
All fragrant bloom for you, bonnie lassie, O.

Where the music of the wood, bonnie lassie, O,
And the dashing of the flood, bonnie lassie, O,
O'er the rock and ravine mingle,
And glen and mountain dingle,
With the merry echoes tingle, bonnie lassie, O.

On the moss-seat we'll recline, bonnie lassie, O,
Wi' a hand in each of thine, bonnie lassie, O;
The bosom's warmest thrill
Beats truer, safter still,
As our hearts now glowing fill, bonnie lassie, O.

Then before bright heaven's eye, bonnie lassie, O,
We will double love-knots tie, bonnie lassie, O;
Then true affection plighted,
We'll love and live united,
With hearts and hands united, bonnie lassie, O.

Caledonia.

[ROBERT ALLAN.—Air, "Kelvin Grove."]

The simmer sweetly smiles in Caledonia,
The simmer sweetly smiles in Caledonia,
Where the scented hawthorns blaw,
White as the drifted snaw,
'Mang the bonnie woods and wilds o' Caledonia.

There's mountain, hill, and dale, in Caledonia,
There's mountain, hill, and dale, in Caledonia,
There's mountain, hill, and dale,
Where lovers tell their tale,
By the bonnie siller streams o' Caledonia.

The twilight hour is sweet in Caledonia,
The twilight hour is sweet in Caledonia,
The twilight hour is sweet,
When fa's the dewy weat,
On the bonnie banks and braes o' Caledonia.

The glens are wild and steep in Caledonia,
The glens are wild and steep in Caledonia,
The glens are wild and steep,
And the ocean's wide and deep,
That encircles thee, my native Caledonia.

There's a bonnie, bonnie lass in Caledonia,
There's a bonnie, bonnie lass in Caledonia,
Ilka airt the wind can blaw,
She's fairest o' them a',
An' the dearest ane to me in Caledonia.

I hae listen'd.

[ROBERT MILLIKEN, bookseller, Glasgow.—Air, "Kelvin Grove."—Here first printed.]

I HAVEN listen'd to your sang, bonnie lassie, O,
And thought the time nae lang, bonnie lassie, O;
There was something in your lay,
O' that saft sweet melody,
I will mind for mony a day, bonnie lassie, O.

It was o' that pleasant kind, bonnie lassie, O,
That can soothe a weary mind, bonnie lassie, O;
It was far more dear to me
Than the blossom on the tree,
To the cheerfu' humming bee, bonnie lassie, O.

I'll sometimes think on thee, bonnie lassie, O,
That sung of Gregorie, bonnie lassie, O,
I'll mind the magic spell
O' thy voice's dulcet swell,
On my ear that softly fell, bonnie lassie, O.

E'en though I should be afe, bonnie lassie, O,
Where other winds do war, bonnie lassie, O,
In cottage, bower, or hall,
When the evening shadows fall,
To my memory thee I'll call, bonnie lassie, O.

Bonnie Mysie.

[AIR, "My only jo and dearie, O."]

DID you e'er see young Mysie Brown,
The bonniest lass in Auchterfell?
Of a' the maids the parish round,
The swankies owned she bore the bell.

Young roses budded on her cheek,
Her neck was like the drifted snaw,
And there her ringlets, soft and sleek,
Waved lightly black as ony crow.

Light o'er the gowans she would skip,
Blithe as a lamb upon the lea;
The smile of love upon her lip—
His lightnings flashing in her e'e.

Soft as the burnie whimples by,
Or bee that hums on heather-bell,
Or simmer gloaming sephyrs sigh,
Young Mysie's gentle accents fell.

The laverock welcoming the morn
Wi' dewy breast in cloudless air,
Or mavis on the blossomed thorn,
Wi' Mysie's sang could ne'er compare.

She buskit trigly in her claes,
Sae weel put on, sae neat and clean;
Like vernal flowers on banks and brace,
She aye was lovely to be seen.

She was nae idle glaiket quean,
That took delight to jouk and play;
In eident thrift frae morn to e'en,
She pass'd her time frae day to day.

What lass e'er look'd on Andrew Slight,
The wale of a' in Murlingden,
But saw him in her dreams at night,
And, waking, wish'd to dream again?

At kirk and fair he show'd a grace,
At wark few had a wighter arm:
Nane show'd mair snoodum in their face,
Nae bosom held a heart mair warm.

Oh! willawins for Andrew now!
He leads a dowie, heartless life:
Deep care sits glooming on his brow,—
He's linked to a weirdless wife.

She is to a' her sex a shame,
The scorn and talk of a' the town;
Ye'll ferlie when ye hear her name—
The meekly modest Mysie Brown.

Love laughs nae langer in her e'e,
Her dimpling smile nae mair is seen,
Her hair hangs huddling o'er her bree,
Her claes are neither neat nor clean.

As day she's donnard, daisied and doited,
Bum-bazed she wanders out and in;
The neist aye cankered, capernoited,
She deaves his lugs wi' scalding din.

Yet she of fondness has her fits,
But wi' a wild and wanton air,
When they are o'er, she moping sits,
And seems the image o' despair.

At morn, she's sulky, sour, and sad,
Her head like dying ben she sings;
At e'en, her rauckie tongue's sae mad,
That a' the roof aboon them rings.

She'll daud her bairnies to the wa',
And fling the stools and chairs about;
Will Andrew wi' foul tongue misca',
And, aiblins, try to gie 'm a clout.

Their house was ance right weel provided,
But back and bed is bauch and bare,
For a' thing is sae sair misguled,
The siller gangs he kens na where.

It grieves the muse to tell the cause
Which makes a worthy pair unhappy:
Let prudent maidens o'er it pause—
The gentle Mysie takes a drapple!

How eerily, how drearily.

[WILLIAM GLEN.]

How eerily, how drearily, how wearily to pine,
 When my love's in a foreign land, far frae thae arms o' mine,
 Three years ha'e come an' gane sin' first he said to me,
 That he wad stay at hame wi' Jean, wi' her to live and die;
 The day comes in wi' sorrow now, the night is wild and drear,
 An' every hour that passeth by, I water wi' a tear.

I kiss my bonnie baby, I clasp it to my breast,
 Ah! aft wi' sic a warm embrace its father hath me prest!
 And when I gaze upon its face, as it lies upon my knee,
 The crystal drape out owre my cheeks will fa' frae ilka e'e,
 O! mony a mony a burning tear upon its face will fa',
 For oh! it's like my bonnie love, an' he is far awa'.

When the spring-time had gane by and the rose began to blaw,
 An' the harebell an' the violet adorn'd lik bonnie shaw,
 'Twas then my love cam' courtin' me, and wan my youthfu' heart,
 An' mony a tear it cost my love, ere he could frae me part,
 But though he's in a foreign land, far far across the sea,
 I ken my Jamie's guileless heart is faithfu' unto me.

Ye wastlin' win's upon the main, blaw wi' a steady breeze,
 And waft my Jamie hame again across the roarin' seas,
 O! when he clasps me in his arms, in a' his manly pride,
 I'll ne'er exchange that ae embrace for a' the world beside.
 Then blow a steady gale, ye win's, waft him across the sea,
 And bring my Jamie hame again to his wee bairn and me.

Jeanie Graham.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here first printed.]

Oh! Jeanie Graham, oh! Jeanie Graham, thou'r't dearer far to me
 Than summer to a weary soul upon a wintry sea;
 Thy walk is like a silver clud abune the deep green hills,
 Thy voice is sweeter than the sang o' bonnie keesome rills,
 The melody o' life an' love dwalls in that heart o' thine;
 Oh! what a prince of joy were I, if, Jeanie, thou wert mine!

Oh! Jeanie Graham, thy very name is music to my ear,
 Thy lightsome step, thy merry laugh, thine e'e's sae bright and clear,
 As dew drops on the hawthorn tree, around my heart still hang,
 An', like the haly pillar cloud, they float wher'er I gang:
 Oh! joy dwell in your bonnie brierst wherever you may be!
 The very Kebla of my soul thou wert and art to me.

The Spinnin' Wheel.

[THIS song is by ROBERT NICOLL, who early distinguished himself as a poet, and early fell a sacrifice to his literary exertions. He was the son of a small farmer in Perthshire, where he was born in January, 1814. When only 21 years of age, he published a volume of poems, which were much admired. He latterly conducted "The Leeds Times." His death took place in the house of his kind friend, patron, and biographer, Mrs. Johnstone of Laverock Bank, in Dec. 1837. The present song, and others by Nicoll extracted elsewhere, we are permitted to give through the courtesy of his publisher, Mr. Tait of Edinburgh.]

I winna sing o' bluidy deeds an' wae fu' war's alarms,
For glancin' swords and prancin' steeds for me possess nae charms;
But I will sing o' happiness, which fireside bosoms feel,
While listenin' to the birrin' soun' o' Scotland's Spinnin' Wheel.

The Spinnin' Wheel! the Spinnin' Wheel! the very name is dear—
It minds me o' the winter nights—the blythest o' the year—
O' cozie hours in hamely ha's, while snaw is on the hill;
And sonsie lasses while they ca' auld Scotland's Spinnin' Wheel.

The auld wife by the ingle sits an' draws her cannie thread—
It hauds her baith in milk an' meal, an' a' thing she can need;
An' gleesome scenes o' early days upon her spirits steal,
Brought back to warm her wither'd heart by Scotland's Spinnin' Wheel.

O, there is gladsome happiness, while roun' the fire are set
The youngers—when ahint the backs a happy pair are met,
Wha wi' a silent kiss o' love their blessed paction seal—
While sittin' in their truth beside auld Scotland's Spinnin' Wheel.

O! weal I lo'e the blackbird's sang in spring time o' the year—
O! weal I lo'e the cushat's croon in merry May to hear;
But o' the soun's o' love an' joy there's nane I lo'e sae weel—
There's nane sae pleasant—as the birr o' Scotland's Spinnin' Wheel.

Dae mair we'll meet.

[JOHN SIM.—Air, "We'll meet beside the dusky glen."]

Nae mair we'll meet again, my love, by yon burn side,
Nae mair we'll wander through the grove, by yon burn side,
Ne'er again the mavis' lay will we hae at close o' day,
For we ne'er again will stray down by yon burn side.

Yet mem'ry oft will fondly brood, on yon burn side,
O'er haunts which we sae aft ha'e trod, by yon burn side,
Still the walk wi' me thou'll share, though thy foot can never mair
Bend to earth the gowan fair, down by yon burn side.

Now far remov'd from every care, 'boon yon burn side,
Thou bloom'st, my love, an angel fair, 'boon yon burn side;
And if angels pity know, sure the tear for me will flow,
Who must linger here below, down by yon burn side.

The simmer sun.

[ROBERT GILFILLAN.—Tune, "The Lea Rig."]

THE simmer sun now blinks again,
The laverock seeks the morning sky,
The gowan glitters on the plain,
The daisy on the mountain high;
And blythe my laddie on the hill
Sings wi' a heart, save true love, free;
His sang it seems to please me still,
Although I ken 'tis a' 'bout me!

He speaks o' love, I think o' name,
He says without me he wad dee;
I bid him woo some ither aye,
But aye he fondly turns to me.
His pipe is sweetest on the hill,
His voice is softest on the lea;
I canna lo'e the laddie ill
That's aye sae unco fond o' me.

The bee is for the moorland bound,
The mavis sings the braes amang,
And nature, in her happy round,
Is rife wi' music, mirth, an' sang.
Alake! my heart, whaur wilt thou gang?
'Tis no as it has been wi' thee!
To be sae coy is surely wrang,
The laddie's aye sae kind to me.

Sorrow and Song.

[JAMES HEDDERWICK, JUNR., editor of "The Glasgow Citizen."]

WEEP not over poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances,—
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

Bills o'er rocky beds are borne,
Ere they gush in whiteness;
Pebbles are wave-chafed and worn,
Ere they show their brightness.

Sweetest gleam the morning flowers
When in tears they waken;
Earth enjoys refreshing showers
When the boughs are shaken.

Ceylon's glistening pearls are sought
In its deepest waters;
From the darkest mines are brought
Gems for beauty's daughters.

Through the rent and shiver'd rock
Limpid water breaketh;
'Tis but when the cords are struck
That their music waketh.

Flowers by heedless footsteps prest,
All their sweets surrender;
Gold must brook the fiery test,
Ere it show its splendour.

When the twilight cold and damp
Gloom and silence bringeth,
Then the glowworm lights its lamp,
And the balbul singeth.

Stars come forth when night her shroud
Draws as daylight fainteth;
Only on the tearful cloud
God his rainbow painteth.

Weep not, then, o'er poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances,—
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

A' body's like to be married.

[We find the original of this in the Scots Magazine for July, 1802, where it is signed "Duncan Gray." There are some verbal differences between the old copy and the present.]

As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire,
An' thought o' the time that was fast feelin' by'er,
She said to hersel' wi' a heavy hooch hie,
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

My youthfu' companions are a' worn awa',
And though I've had woovers mysel' ane or twa;
Yet a lad to my mind I ne'er could yet see,
Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

There's Lowrie, the lawyer, would ha'e me fu' fair
Who has baith a house an' a yard o' his ain;
But before I'd gang to it I rather wad die,
A wee stumpin' body! he'll never get me.

There's Dickey, my cousin, frae Lunnun cam'
 down,
 Wi' fine yellow buskins that dazled the town,
 But, puir deevil, he got ne'er a blink o' my e'e,
 Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

But I saw a lad by yon saughie burn side,
 Wha weel wad deserve ony queen for his bride
 Gin I had my will soon his ain I would be,
 Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

I gied him a look, as a kind lassie should,
 My frien's, if they kenn'd it, would surely run wud;
 For tho' bonnie and guid, he's no worth a bawbee,
 Oh! a' body's like to be married but me.

'Tis hard to tak' shelter behint a laigh dyke,
 'Tis hard for to tak' aye we never can like,
 'Tis hard for to leave aye we fain wad be wi'
 Yet it is harder that a' should be married but me.

Nicol Jarvie's Journey.

[As sung by Mr. Mackay, in the Opera of "Rob Roy."—Air, "Quaker's Wife."]

You may sing o' your Wallace and brag o' your
 Bruce,
 And talk o' your fechtin' Red Reiver,
 But whare will ye find me a man o' sic use,
 As a thorough-bred Sant Market Weaver?
 Let ance Nicol Jarvie come under your view,
 At hame whare the people adore me,
 Whare they made me a baillie and councillor too,
 Like my father, the Deacon, before me.

These claverin' chieles in the clachan hard bye,
 They'll no gie a body but hard words,
 My faith! they shall find if again they will try,
 A het poker's as guid as their braid swords;
 It's as weel though to let that fies stick to the wa',
 For mayhap they may chance to claymore me,
 To let sleepin' dogs lie is the best thing aye,
 Said my father, the Deacon, before me.

My puir cousin Rab, O! his terrible wife
 Was sae proud, that she chose to disown me,
 Fient a bodle cared she for a magistrate's life,
 My conscience! she was just gaun to drown me!

But if ever again in her clutches I pop,
 Puir Matty may live to deplore me,
 But were I in Glasgow, I'd stick to my shop,
 Like my father, the Deacon before me.

Now to think o' them hangin' a baillie so high,
 To be picked at by corbies and burdies!
 But if I were at Glasgow, my conscience! I'll try
 To let their craigs feel the weight o' their hurdies.
 But stop, Nicol! stop man! na, that canna be,
 For if aye wad to hame aye restore ye,
 In the Sant Market safe, I'd forget and forgie—
 Like my father, the Deacon before me.

The old Scotch air.

My mother sang a plaintive song,
 Which winter nights beguiled;
 And as its echo died along,
 She wept, and yet she smiled.
 I clasped my infant hands, and crept
 Close to her parent knee,
 And then I'd weep because she wept,
 Yet wondered why 't might be.

My child, she said, I hear her yet,
 Her kind eye bent on mine;
 Thou'rt young, and dost perchance forget
 That native land of thine,
 That lies beneath the polar ray,
 Far on the dark blue sea—
 A land of heath and mountain grey,
 But far from you and me.

I was a little child, like you,
 When first I heard that strain,
 And oft I dream of fountains blue,
 And it comes back again;
 And with it comes a broken font
 Of tears, I deemed was dry;
 Old faces, voices, come as wont,
 And will not pass me by.

Your father, boy, loved that sweet trill—
 He said I sung it well;
 And why I weep to hear it still,
 Fond memory can tell.
 You were an infant when he left
 His home for hostile shore—
 The sword your father's life bereft—
 I never saw him more.

I heard my mother sing that song,
And then I left our hall;
Ere I returned again, 'twas long,
But death had reft me all.
The wallflower hung on turret strong,
The moss on ruin grey,
And all who sang or heard that song
Were gone—were wede away.

I heard a stranger sing that air—
A little fair-haired child,
With sunny brow that knew no care,
With joyous eye and mild;
She warbled snatches of that strain,
And laughed right joyously;
In after years she may retain
Its memory, like me.

Janet Macbean.

[FROM "POEMS AND SONGS BY ROBERT NICOLL."
W Tait, Edinburgh.]

JANET MACBEAN a public keeps,
An' a merry auld wife is she;
An' she sells her yill wi' a jaunty air
That wad please your heart to see.
Her drink's o' the best—she's hearty aye,
An' her house is neat an' clean—
There's no an auld wife in the public line
Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

She has aye a curtesy for the laird
When he comes to drink his can,
An' a laugh for the farmer an' his wife,
An' a joke for the farmer's man.
She toddles but an' she toddles ben,
Like onie wee bit queen—
There's no an auld wife in the public line
Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

The beggar wives gang a' to her,
An' she sairs them wi' bread an' cheese;—
Her bread in bannocks an' cheese in whangs
Wi' a blythe gudewill she gies.
Vow, the kintra-side will miss her sair
When she's laid aneath the green—
There's no an auld wife in the public line
Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

Amang alehouse wives she rules the roast;
For upo' the Sabbath days
She puts on her weel hain'd tartan plaid
An' the rest o' her Sabbath class;
An' she sits, nae less! in the minister's seat:
Ilk psalm she lirts, I ween—
There's no an auld wife in the public line
Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

☞ say, bonnie lass.

O SAY, bonnie lass, will ye lie in a barrack,
And marry a sodger, and carry his wallet?
O say will you leave baith your mammy and
daddy,
And go to the wars with your sodger laddie?
O say, will you leave baith your mammy and
daddy,
And go to the wars with your sodger laddie?

O yes, bonnie lad, I will lie in a barrack,
And marry a sodger, and carry his wallet;
I'll neither ask leave of my mammy nor daddy,
But aff and away with my dear sodger laddie?

O say, bonnie lass, will ye go a-campaigning,
And bear all the hardships of battle and famine?
When wounded and bleeding, then wilt thou draw
near me,
And kindly support me, and tenderly cheer me?

O yes, I will brave all these perils you mention,
And twenty times more if you had the invention;
Neither hunger, nor cold, nor dangers alarm me,
While I have my Harry, my dearest, to charm me.

The Curler's Song.

[AIR, 'Cauld kail in Aberdeen.']

WHAN chattering birds, on flight'ring wing,
About the barn doors mingle,
And biting frost, and cranreuch cauld,
Drive coo' around the ingle;

Then to the loch the curlers hie,
 Their hearts as light's a feather,
 And mark the tee wi' mirth and glee,
 In cauld, cauld, frosty weather.

Our buirdly leaders down white ice,
 Their whinstones dour send snooing,
 And birks and brooms ply hard before,
 When o'er the hog-score moving;
 Till cheek by jowl within the brugh,
 They're laid 'side ane anither,
 Then round the tee we flock wi' glee,
 In cauld, cauld, frosty weather.

Wi' canny hand they neist play down,
 Their stanes o' glibber metal;
 Yet bunkers aften send aglee,
 Although they weel did ettle.
 "Now strike—no—dra w—come fill the port,"
 They roar, and cry, and blether;
 As round the tee we flock wi' glee,
 In cauld, cauld, frosty weather.

A stalwart chiel, to redd the ice,
 Drives roaring down like thunder;
 Wi' awfu' crash the double guards
 At ance are burst asunder;
 Rip rapping on frae random wicks
 The winner gets a yetther;
 Then round the tee we flock wi' glee,
 In cauld, cauld, frosty weather.

Our chief, whase skill and steady arm,
 Gain mony a bonspell dinner,
 Cries, "Open wide—stand off behind,
 Fy, John, fy, show the winner;
 He goes—he moves—he rides him out
 The length of ony tether,"
 Huzzas wi' glee rise round the tee,
 In cauld, cauld, frosty weather.

But now the moon glints through the mist,
 The wind blaws snell and freezing,
 When straight we bicker aff in haste
 To whare the ingie's bleezing;
 In Currier Ha', sae bein and snug,
 About the board we gather
 Wi' mirth and glee, sirloin the tee,
 In cauld, cauld, frosty weather.

In canty cracks, and sangs and jokes,
 The night drives on wi' daffin',
 And mony a kittle shot is ta'en,
 While we're the toddy quaffing.

Wi' heavy heart we're laith to part,
 But promise to forgether
 Around the tee neist morn wi' glee,
 In cauld, cauld, frosty weather.

The Linnet.

[ROBERT ALLAN of Kilbarchan.—Air, "M'Gillchrist's Lament."]

CHAUNT no more thy roundelay,
 Lovely minstrel of the grove;
 Charm no more the hours away
 With thy artless tale of love.
 Chaunt no more thy roundelay,
 Sad it steals upon mine ear;
 Leave, O leave thy leafy spray,
 Till the smiling morn appear.

Light of heart, thou quit'st thy song,
 As the welkin's shadows lour,
 Whilst the beetle wheels along,
 Humming to the twilight hour.
 Not like thee, I quit the scene
 To enjoy night's balmy dream;
 Not like thee, I wake again,
 Smiling with the morning beam.

Tee-total Song.

[AIR, "Cauld kail in Aberdeen."]

TERRR' cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 And custocks in Strathbogie;
 And morn and e'en they're blythe and bein,
 That haud them frae the cogie.
 Now haud ye frae the cogie, lads,
 And bide ye frae the cogie;
 I'll tell ye true, ye'll never rue
 O' passin' by the cogie!

Young Will was braw and weel put on,
 Sae blythe was he and vogie,
 And he got bonny Mary Don,
 The flower o' a' Strathbogie:

Wha wad hae thoct at wooing time,
He'd e'er forsaken Mary,
And ta'en him to the upplin' trade
Wi' boosin' Rab and Harry.

Sair Mary wrought, sair Mary grat,
She scarce could lift the ladle;
Wi' pithless feet 'tween lika greet,
She rock'd the borrowed cradle.
Her weddin' plenishin' was gane,
She never thought to borrow;
Her bonny face was waxin' wan,
And Will wrought all the sorrow.

He's reelin' hame as winter night,
Some later nor the gloamin';
He's ta'en the rig—be's mis'd the brig,
And Bogle's ower him foam'in'.
Wi' broken banes out ower the stanes,
He creepit up Strathbogie,
And a' the night he pray'd wi' might,
To keep him frae the cogie.

Now Mary's heart is light again,
She's neither sick nor silly;
For auld or young, nae sinfu' tongue
Could e'er entice her Willie.
And aye the sang through Bogle rang,
O! hand ye frae the cogie!
The weary gill's the milnest ill
On braes o' fair Strathbogie.

Red gleams the sun.

[DR. COUPER.—Air, "Nae Gow."]

Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap,
The dew sits on the gowan;
Deep murmurs through her glens the Spey,
Around Kinrara rowan.
Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?
Alas! wert thou but near me,
Thy gentle soul, thy melting eye,
Would ever, ever cheer me.

The lav'rock sings among the clouds,
The lambs they sport so cheerie,
And I sit weeping by the birk,
O where art thou my dearie?

Aft may I meet the morning dew
Lang greet till I be weary,
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid,
Thou canna be my dearie.

Sweet's the dew.

[THE author of this and the following song was JOHN GOLDIE, the original editor of the Paisley Advertiser. He was a native of Ayr, and for some time before he started the Paisley newspaper, which was the first ever published in that town, and was begun on the 9th Oct. 1834, he had been engaged as editor of the Ayr Courier. Previous to this, too, in 1833, he had brought out by subscription a small volume of "Poems and Songs." He died suddenly, from the bursting of a blood-vessel, on the 27th Feb. 1886, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. At the time of his death, he was engaged in compiling for Mr. M'Phun of Glasgow a collection of songs, which was published in two small volumes, with the title of "The Spirit of British Song."]

Swann's the dew-deck'd rose in June,
And lily fair to see, Annie,
But there's ne'er a flower that blooms,
Is half so fair as thee, Annie.
Beside those blooming cheeks o' thine,
The opening rose its beauties tins,
Thy lips the rubies far outshine;
Love sparkles in thy e'e, Annie.

The snow that decks yon mountain top,
Nae purer is than thee, Annie;
The haughty mien, and prideful look,
Are banish'd far frae thee, Annie;
And in thy sweet angelic face,
Triumphant beams each modest grace,
"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace,"
A form as bright as thine, Annie.

Wha could behold thy rosy cheek,
And no feel love's sharp pang, Annie,
What heart could view thy smiling looks,
And plot to do thee wrang, Annie.
Thy name in lik sang I'll weave,
My heart, my soul wi' thee I'll leave,
And never, till I cease to breathe,
I'll cease to think on thee, Annie.

R

And can thy bosom.

[GOLDIE.—Air, "Louden's bonnie woods and braes."]

AND can thy bosom bear the thought,
To part frae love and me, laddie?
Are all those plighted vows forgot,
Sae fondly pledged by thee, laddie?
Can'st thou forget the midnight hour,
When in yon love-inspiring bower,
You vow'd by every heavenly power,
You'd ne'er lo'e aye but me, laddie.
Wilt thou—wilt thou gang and leave me,
Win my heart, and then deceive me?
Oh! that heart will break, believe me,
Gin ye part wi' me laddie.

Aft ha'e ye roos'd my rosy cheek,
Aft prais'd my sparkling e'e, laddie,
Aft said nae bliss on earth ye'd seek,
But love and live wi' me, laddie.
But soon those cheeks will lose their red,
Those eyes in endless sleep be hid,
And 'neath the turf the heart be laid,
That beats for love, and thee, laddie.
Wilt thou—wilt thou gang and leave me,
Win my heart and then deceive me?
Oh! that heart will break, believe me,
Gin ye part frae me, laddie.

You'll meet a form mair sweet and fair,
Where rarer beauties shine, laddie,
But oh! the heart can never bear,
A love sae true as mine, laddie.
But when that heart is laid at rest,
That heart that lo'ed ye last and best,
Oh, then the pangs that rend thy breast,
Will sharper be than mine, laddie.
Broken vows will vex and grieve me,
Till a broken heart relieve me,
Yet its latest thought, believe me,
Will be love and thine, laddie.

The Heathy Hills.

[MITCHELL.—Air, "Thou bonnie wood of Craigie lea."]

O! WHEN I on the heathy hills,
That rise aboon the Stanley lea;
And wand'ring by the crystal rills,
Where, Mary, first I courted thee:

There mem'ry would recal the hours,
I aft would spend at e'en'ing's fa',
To twine for thee a wreath o' flowers,
The flowers o' Caledonia.

Here golden groves in every vale,
Attract the stranger's wondering eye,
And gorgeous flowers perfume the gale,
Which wahtons through a cloudless sky.
But what's to me the richest flowers,
That ever graced an Indian isle,
If discontent pervade its bowers,
And blight youth's unsuspicious smile?

Will golden groves or glowing skies,
The heart's affections e'er enshrine,
If gentle love the charm denies,
Which beams in my love's face divine?
Then, Scotland, though thy heathy hills,
Aft lie beneath a sheet o' snaw;
In fancy I still seek the rills,
That glide near Stanley's castle wa'.

Glen-na-h'Albyn.

[SUMMER.—Glen-na-h'Albyn, or Glen-more na-h'Albyn, the great glen of Caledonia, is a valley abounding in lakes which stretches north-east to south-west, the whole breadth of the kingdom, from the Moray Firth at Inverness to the Sound of Mull below Fort-William.—Air, "Cadill gu lo."]

On the airy Ben-nevis the wind is awake;
The boat's on the shallow, the ship on the lake.
Ah! now in a moment my country I leave;
The next I am far away, far on the wave.
O! fare thee well, fare thee well, Glen-na-h'Albyn, [h'Albyn.
O! fare thee well, fare thee well, Glen-na-

I was proud of the power and the fame of my chief,
And to raise them was ever the aim of my life;
And now in his greatness he turns me away,
When my strength is decayed and my locks are worn grey.
Oh! fare thee well, do.

Farewell the grey stones of my ancestors' graves,
I go to have mine of the foam of the waves;
Or to die unlamented on Canada's shore,
Where none of my fathers were gather'd before.
Oh! fare thee well, do.

Maggie Lauder.

["THIS old song," says Burns, "so pregnant with Scottish *naïveté* and energy, is much relished by all ranks, notwithstanding its broad wit and palpable allusions. Its language is a precious model of imitation: sly, sprightly, and forcibly expressive. Maggie's tongue wags out the nick-names of Rob the piper, with all the careless lightness of unrestrained gaiety."—The author of "Maggie Lauder" is generally said to be FRANCIS SEMPLE, Esq. of Beltrees in Renfrewshire, who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, and who is also the reputed author of the songs entitled "The Blythsome Bridal" and "She rose and let me in," (see pages 90 and 244.) Semple was the descendant of a poetical family. A progenitor of his—Robert, Lord Semple, was a voluminous versifier in the previous century, and published a number of works between the years 1565 and 1572. The cousin-german of this writer, Sir James Semple of Beltrees, was author of "The Packman's Pater-noster;" his successor, Robert Semple, was author of the celebrated "Epitaph on Habbie Simpson," and father of Francis Semple, the subject of the present notice. Besides the songs ascribed to him, Francis Semple was author of "The Banishment of Poverty," and some epitaphs in Pennycuik's collection of Poetical Pieces. Mr. Motherwell, we know, at one time contemplated collecting and publishing the works of the Semples of Beltrees, but whether he had proceeded any way in the undertaking before his lamented death we cannot say. Doubts as to Semple being the author of "Maggie Lauder" have been thrown out, on two grounds: first, that the scene of the song belongs to Fifeshire, and secondly, that the song, if so old as Semple's day, would have appeared in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, which it does not. To these objections it may be answered, that, although the heroine, Maggie Lauder, professedly belongs to Anster in Fife, the scene of the song is not laid there; for the third line says, "A piper met her gaun to Fife." The allusion also to "Habbie Simpson" in the last stanza, "Sin' we lost Habbie Simpson," may be considered favourable to Semple's claim, for Habbie was a noted piper in Kilbarchan, a village in Renfrewshire, contiguous to the estate of Beltrees. A statue of Habbie is still to be seen in a niche of the village steeple of the place. As to the song not appearing in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, that might arise

from accident or oversight: the *tune* of "Maggie Lauder" can at least be traced as far back as the beginning of the last century, and Gay introduced it in his musical opera of *Achilles*, printed in 1733. With all this, we candidly confess, that, judging from internal evidence, we would be inclined to pronounce "Maggie Lauder" to be a production subsequent, and not anterior, to the days of Ramsay.]

WHA wadna be in love
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And speir'd what was't they ca'd her;—
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone you hallanshaker!
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags,
I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, ha'e ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live you upo' the border?
The lasses a', bairn far and near,
Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right gude will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallow'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done! quo' he—play up! quo' she;
Weel bobb'd! quo' Rob the Ranter;
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I ha'e sic a dancer.

Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nae in Scotland plays as weel,
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
I've lived in Fife, bairn maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Cin' ye should come to Anster fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.

SEQUEL TO MAGGIE LAUDER.

[WRITTEN by CAPT. CHARLES GRAY, and first published in a small collection of his pieces, 1811.]

THE cantie spring scarce rear'd her head,
And winter yet did bland her,
When the Ranter cam' to Anster fair,
An' spier'd for Maggie Lauder;
A snug wee house in the East Green,
Its shelter kindly lent her;
Wi' canty ingle, clean hearth-stane,
Meg welcomed Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
An' to the kirk they ranted;
He play'd the auld "East Nook o' Fife,"
An' merry Maggie vaunted,
That Habb himself ne'er play'd a spring,
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring;
An' wha's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk an' loud reports
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves a true an' carefu' wife,
As ever was in Anster;
An' since the marriage knot was tied,
Rob swears he couldna want her,
For he lo'es Maggie as his life,
An' Meg lo'es Rob the Ranter.

The Joyfu' Widower.

[WRITTEN by BURNS, for Johnson's Museum, to the tune of "Maggie Lauder."]

I MARRIED with a scolding wife,
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years,
A man and wife together;
At length from me her course she steer'd,
And gone I know not whither:

Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil could ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder;
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

Though Boreas bauld.

[CAPT. CHARLES GRAY.—Air, "Maggie Lauder."]

THOUGH Boreas bauld, that carle anki,
Should sough a surly chorus;
And winter fell walk out himsel',
And throw his mantle o'er us;
Though winds blaw drift adown the lift,
And drive hailstones afore 'em,
While you an' I sit snug an' dry,
Let's push about the jorum!

Though no a bird can now be heard
Upon the leafless timmer;
Whate'er betide, the ingle side
Can mak' the winter simmer!
Though cauldrie souls hate reeking bowls,
And loath what's set before 'em;
How sweet to tout the glasses out—
O lessa me on a jorum!

The hie hill taps, like baxters' baps,
Wi' snaw are white and floury;
Skyts down the lum, the hailstones come
In winter's wildest fury!
Sharp Johnny Frost wi' barkynt hoast
Maks travellers tramp the quicker;
Shou'd he come here to spoil our cheer,
We'll drown him in the bicker!

Bea, beet the fire—come big it higher,
Lest cauld should mak' us canker'd;
This is our hame, my dainty dame,
See, all the tither tankard!

Wi' guld ait cakes, or butter bakes,
And routh o' whiskey toddy,
Wha daur complain, or mak' a mane,
That man's a saul-less body:

Auld Janet Baird.

[AIR, "Johnnie M'Gill," or "The Laird o' Cockpen."]

AULD Janet Baird, auld Janet Baird,
A wonderfu' woman was auld Janet Baird,
Come gentle or semple, come cadger or caird,
A groat made them welcome wi' auld Janet Baird.

Auld Janet Baird was a changewife o' fame,
Wha keepit guld liquor, as weel's a guide name;
Could pray wi' the priest, an' could laugh wi' the laird,
For learned an' leesome was auld Janet Baird.

Auld Janet could brew a browet o' guld ale,
An' baket guld bannocks to quicken its sale,
An' while that a customer's pouch held a plack,
Auld Janet na'er fail'd in her sang or her crack.

Auld Janet Baird was baith gaucy and sleek,
Wi' the cherry's dark red on her lip and her cheek,
Wi' a temper and tongue like a fiddle in tune,
An' merry an' licht as a laverock in June.

Auld Janet Baird had a purse fu' o' gowd,
A but an' a ben wi' guld plenishin' stow'd,
A kist fu' o' naiprie, a cow, and kail yard;
An' wha was sae bein' or sae braw's Janet Baird?

Auld Janet grew wanton, auld Janet grew braw,
Wore new-fangled mutches, red ribbons, an' a',
At bridal or blythe-meet, at preachin' or fair,
The priest might be absent, but Janet was there.

Auld Janet grew skelch, an' auld Janet grew
crouse, [house,
An' she thocht a guldman a great mense to a
And aft to herself she wad sich and complain,
"O, woman's a wearifu' creature alane!"

The clack o' sic beinness brought customers routh,
To crack wi' the carlin, an' slocken their drouth,
An' mony's the wooer who vow'd and declared,
He'd sell his best yaud to win auld Janet Baird.

But Janet had secretly nourished for lang
A sort of love-liking for honest Laird Strang
"He's sober an' civil—his youth can be spared;
He'd mak' a dooce husband," quoth auld Janet Baird.

The wooer that's hooly is oftentimes crost,
An' words wared on courtin' are often words lost;
"For better for waur, here's my loof," quoth the laird;

"Content; it's a bargain," quoth auld Janet Baird.

The marriage was settled, the bridal day set,
The priest, an' the piper, an' kindred were met,
They've wedded an' bedded, an' sickerly pair'd,
She's now Mrs. Strang that was auld Janet Baird.

The Wee Auld Man.

[HENRY B. RIDDELL.—First published in the Portfolio of British Songs. The air is an old reel tune, originally called "The Drummer," but now better known by the name of "The Tailor," for which Burns wrote some words, with the burthen, "For weel he kenn'd the way, O."]

ABOUT the clooin' o' the day,
The wild green woods amang, O,
A wee auld man cam' doon this way,
As fast as he could gang, O.
He entered into this wee house,
Where unco weel kent he, O,
That there, there lived a virtuous lass,
And fair as fair could be O.
For he had vow'd to ha'e, O,
To ha'e, O, to ha'e, O,
For he had vow'd to ha'e, O,
A wife o' his ain, O.

He tell't the auld gudewife he'd come
Her dochter Jean to woo, O,
And gin she would but come wi' him,
She never would it rue, O.
For he had oxen, horse, and kye,
And sheep upon the hill, O,
And monie a cannie thing forbye,
That should be at her will, O.
For he had vow'd, &c.

The auld gudewife replied in turn,
Up rising frae her stool, O,
The lass that would your proffer spurn,
Would surely be a fool, O.

She to the door made anxious haste,
And ca'd young Jeanie in, O,
And when aroun' the fire they're placed,
The courtin' did begin, O.
For he had vow'd, &c.

The wee auld man tauld ower his tale
Wi' croose and cantie glee, O;
But Jeanie's heart was hard and canld,
Nae love for him had she, O.
Said she, Auld gouk! you've act a part
That I can ne'er be thine, O;
You come to woo my mither's heart,
You come nae here for mine, O.
For this is no the way, O,
The way, O, the way, O,
For this is no the way, O,
A lassie's heart to win, O.

And soon a rap came to the door,
And out young Jeanie ran, O,
Said she, You may count ower your store
Wi' them that you began, O.
The wee auld man rose up in wrath,
And loud and lang he swore, O,
Syn'e hired up his shouthers bath,
And hasten'd to the door, O.
Still vowing he would ha'e, O, &c.

The guid, guid wife.

[Air, "Highland liddle."]

To ha'e a wife and rule a wife,
Taks a wise man, taks a wise man;
But to get a wife to rule a man,
O that ye can, O that ye can;
So the wife that's wise we aye maun prize,
For they're few ye ken, they're scarce ye ken;
O Solomon says ye'll no fin' aye,
In hundreds ten, in hundreds ten.

When a man's wed, it's often said,
He's aye o'er blate, he's aye o'er blate;
He strives to improve his first calf luv,
When it's o'er late, when it's o'er late.
Ye maun daut o' them and mak' o' them,
Else they'll tak' the barley-hood, the barley-hood;
Gin the hinny-moon wad ne'er gang dune,
They wad aye be guid, they wad aye be guid.

Gin ye marry when ye're auld,
Ye will get jeers, ye will get jeers;
An' if she be a bonnie lass,
Ye may get fears, ye may get fears;
For gin she's tall; when she grows baul.
She'll crack your croun, she'll crack your croun
An' gif ye plea wi' aye that's wee;
She'll pu' ye down, she'll pu' ye down.

Sae he that gets a guid, guid wife,
Gets gear aneugh, gets gear aneugh;
An' he that gets an ill, ill wife,
Gets cares aneugh, gets fears aneugh;
A man may spen' an' ha'e to the en',
If his wife be ought, if his wife be ought:
But a man may spare an' aye be bare,
If his wife be nought, if his wife be nought.

A cogie o' yill.

[WRITTEN about the close of the last century by ANDREW SHERIFFS OF SHERIFFS, at one time editor of The Aberdeen Chronicle, and author of a Scottish pastoral, first printed at Aberdeen in 1787, and afterwards at Edinburgh in 1790, with the title of "Jamie and Bess." Sheriff was by trade a bookbinder. Burns, in his third Northern Tour, speaks of him as "a little decrepid body, with some abilities." The air to the present song was composed by Robert Macintosh, an eminent violin player, who died in London in 1807.]

A coorn o' yill,
And a pickle atmeal,
And a dainty wee drapple o' whiskey,
Was our forefathers' dose,
For to sweet down their brose,
And keep them aye cheery and frisky.
Then hey for the whiskey, and hey for the meal,
And hey for the cogie, and hey for the yill,
Gin ye steer a' thegither they'll do unco weel,
To keep a chiel cheery and brisk aye.

When I see our Scots lads,
Wi' their kilts and cockbads,
That see often ha'e lounder'd our foes, man;
I think to myself,
On the meal and the yill,
And the fruits o' our Scottish kail brose, man.
Then hey, &c.

When our brave Highland blades,
 W! their claymores and plaids,
 In the field drive like sheep a' our foes, man;
 Their courage and pow'r—
 Spring frae this to be sure,
 They're the noble effects o' the brose, man.
 Then hey, &c.

But your spyndle-shank'd sparks,
 Wha see ill fill their sarks,
 Your pale-visaged milkops and beaux, man;
 I think when I see them,
 'Twere kindness to gi'e them—
 A cogie o' yill or o' brose, man.
 Then hey, &c.

What John Bull despises,
 Our better sense prizes,
 He denies eatin' blanter ava, man;
 But by eatin' o' blanter,
 His mare's grown, I'll warrant her,
 The manliest brute o' the twa, man.
 Then hey, &c.

Donald Gunn.

[DAVID WEBSTER.—Ah, "Johnnie Pringle."]

HEARD ye e'er o' Donald Gunn,
 Ance sae duddy, dowd, and needy,
 Now a laird in yonder toun,
 Callous-hearted, proud, and greedy.

Up the glen aboon the linn,
 Donald met w! Maggie Millar,
 Wooed the lass among the whins,
 Because she had the word o' siller;
 Meg was neither trig nor braw,
 Had mae fauts than aye laid till her;
 Donald lookt ower them a',
 A' his thought was on the siller.
 Heard ye e'er, &c.

Donald grew baith braid and braw,
 Ceased to bore the whinstone quarry,
 Maggie's siller pays for a',
 Brooks instead o' duddy barrie;
 Though he's ignorant as a stirk,
 Though he's dour as ony donkey;
 Yet, by accidental jirk
 Donald rides before a funky.
 Heard ye e'er, &c.

Clachan bairnies roar w! fright,
 Clachan dogs tak' to their trotters;
 Clachan wives the pathway dight
 To tranquillise his thraward features;
 Gangrel bodies in the street
 Beck and bow to make him civil,
 Tenant bodies in his debt,
 Shun him as they'd shun the devil.
 Heard ye e'er, &c.

Few gangs trigger to the fair,
 Few gangs to the kirk see gaucie,—
 Few w! Donald can compare
 To keep the cantel o' the cauld:
 In his breast a bladd o' stane,
 Neith his hat a box o' brochan,
 In his niver a wally cane,
 Thus the tyrant rules the clachan.
 Heard ye e'er, &c.

Miss Weir.

[SAID to be composed by a Seceding Clergyman
 at Biggar.]

O LOVE! thou delights in man's ruin,
 Thy conquests they cost us full dear;
 Maun I forfeit my life for the viewing
 The charms o' that lovely Miss Weir?
 Tho' sometimes thou bid me aspire,
 Again thou distracts me w! fear
 And envy o' aye that is higher—
 Wha's even'd to the charming Miss Weir.

As down in yon valley a-walking,
 Where nae christen'd creature was near,
 The birds all around me were talking
 O' naething but charming Miss Weir:
 That sweet little bird, called the linnet,
 In accents delightfully dear,
 Declared to the world that in it
 Was nought like the lovely Miss Weir.

Oh Cupid! my head it is muddy,
 I wish it may ever be clear;
 For aye, when I sit down to study,
 My mind runs on charming Miss Weir.
 I'm tae'd like a ship on the ocean,
 That kens na what course for to steer;
 Yet at times I'm so vain in my motion,
 As hope for the lovely Miss Weir.

Hey the Hielan Heather.

[JOHN IMLAH. Music by A. Lee.]

HEY! for the Hielan heather,
Hey! for the Hielan heather,
Dear to me, and aye shall be,
The bonnie braes o' Hielan heather;
Hey! for the Hielan heather,
Dear to me, and aye shall be,
The bonnie braes o' Hielan heather.

There light o' heart and light o' heel,
The lads and lasses trip thegither;
Native norlan' rant an' reel,

Amang the bonnie Hielan heather.
Singing, hey! for the Hielan heather,
Hey! for the Hielan heather,
Dear to me, and aye shall be,
The bonnie braes o' Hielan heather.

Hey! for the Hielan heather,
Hey! for the Hielan heather,
Dear to me, and aye shall be,
The bonnie braes o' Hielan heather.
The broom and whin, by loch and linn,
Are tipp'd with gowd in simmer weather,
Sweet and fair, but meikle mair,
The purple bells o' Hielan heather.
Singing, hey! for the Hielan heather,
Hey! for the Hielan heather,
Dear to me, and aye shall be,
The bonnie braes o' Hielan heather.

The Lass of Preston Mill.

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—Air, "Good night and
joy be wi' ye a'."]

THE lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,
Its gentle breath among the flowers
Scarce stirr'd the thistle's top of down;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking o'er the hill,
When I met among the hawthorns green
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Her naked feet among the grass
Shone like two dewy lilies fair;
Her brow beam'd white aneath her locks
Black curling o'er her shoulders bare;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,
Her lips had words and wit at will,
And heaven seemed looking through her een,
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Quoth I, fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Where black-cocks crow, and plovers cry?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
Six vales are lowing wi' my kye.
I have look'd long for a weel-faur'd lass,
By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill—
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

I said, Sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie's a kiss, and come with me;
A lovelier face O ne'er look'd up,—
The tears were dropping frae her e'e.
I ha'e a lad who's far awa',
That weel could win a woman's will;
My heart's already full of love,—
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Now who is he could leave sic a lass,
And seek for love in a far countree?
Her tears dropp'd down like simmer dew;
I fain wad kiss'd them frae her e'e.
I took ae kiss o' her comely cheek—
For pity sake, kind sir, be still;
My heart is full of other love,
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

She streak'd to heaven her twa white hands,
And lifted up her watery e'e—
Sae lang's my heart kens aught of God,
Or light is gladsome to my e'e;
While woods grow green, and burns run clear,
Till my last drop of blood be still,
My heart shall haud nae other love,
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
And Nith's romantic vale is fu';
By Ae and Clouden's hermit streams
Dwells many a gentle dame, I row.
O! they are lights of a bonnie kind,
As ever shone on vale and hill,
But there's ae light puts them all out,—
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

The simmer morn.

[J. MITCHELL.—Air, "Green grows the rashes."]

Bright shines the simmer's morn,
Bright shines the simmer's morn;
Come let us view the flowery fields,
And hail wi' joy the waving corn.

Let those who think that pleasure lies
Within the magic glasses, O,
Come view with me the glorious skies,
And own themselves but asses, O.
Bright shines, &c.

Will dissipation's feeble gait
Wi' health's elastic step compare?
Will aching heads ne'er learn to hate
The haunts, where lurks the demon care?
Bright shines, &c.

Refreshing is the morning air,
The night is damp and dreary, O;
The fool who would the two compare,
May sleep till he is weary, O.
Bright shines, &c.

Then let us seek the flowery dells,
Where health is in attendance, O,
And from the pure, the crystal rills,
Drink to sweet independence, O.
Bright shines, &c.

The tavern's roar, then, let us shun,
If health or wealth we prize them, O;
The poor man's fortune is begun,
When he learns to despise them, O.
Bright shines, &c.

The Land o' Cakes.

[JOHN IMLAR.—Air, "The Black Watch."]

THE land o' cakes! the land o' cakes!
O! monie a blessing on it;
Fair fa' the land o' hills, o' lakes,
The bagpipe and the bonnet.
The countrie o' the kilted clans,
That cowed the Dane and Roman;
Whose sons ha'e still the hearts an' han's
To welcome friend or foeman.

Then swell the sang baird loud and lang,
Till the hills like aspens quiver;
An' fill ye up, and toast the cup,
The land o' cakes for ever.

Be scorn'd the Scot within whose heart
Nae patriot flame is burning;
Wha kent nae pain frae hame to part,
Nae joy when back returning.
Nae love for him in life shall yearn,
Nae tears in death deplore him;
He hath nae coronach nor cairn,
Wha shames the land that bore him.
Then swell the sang, &c.

Fair flower the gowans in our glens,
The heather on our mountains;
The blue bells deck our wizard dens,
An' kiss our sparkling fountains.
On knock an' knowe, the whin an' broom,
An' on the braes the breckan;
Not even Eden's flowers in bloom
Could sweeter blossoms reckon.
Then swell the sang, &c.

When flows our quegh within the glen,
Within the hall our glasses;
We'll toast auld Scotland's honest men,
Thrice o'er her bonnie lasses.
And deep we'll drink the Queen and Kirk,
Our country and our freedom;
Wi' broad claymore an' Highland dirk,
We're ready when they need them.
Then swell the sang, &c.

The Heather Bell.

[PORTY and Air by DR. R. SPITTAL.]

ON! deck thy hair wi' the heather bell,
The heather bell alone;
Leave roses to the Lowland maid,
The Lowland maid alone.
I've seen thee wi' the gay, gay rose,
And wi' the heather bell,—
I love you much with both, fair maid;
But wear the heather bell.
For the heather bell, the heather bell,
Which breathes the mountain air,
Is far more fit than roses gay
To deck thy flowing hair.

Away, away, ye roses gay!
 The heather bell for me;
 Fair maiden, let me hear thee say,
 The heather bell for me.
 Then twine a wreath o' the heather bell,
 The heather bell alone;
 Nor rose, nor lily, twine ye there,
 The heather bell alone;
 For the heather bell, the heather bell,
 Which breathes the mountain air,
 Is far more fit than roses gay
 To deck thy flowing hair.

The Flowers of Edinburgh.

[The well-known popular tune called "The Flowers of Edinburgh" is not much more than a hundred years old. It appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, 1743, but cannot be traced in any earlier musical collection. It became a fashionable hornpipe about 1740, and was called "The Flowers of Edinburgh," in compliment, it is supposed, to the young ladies of the Scottish capital who were then attending the dancing schools. About the same time the following words were written to the tune. Burns was mistaken in thinking that there were older words to the tune, and that these had a Jacobitical allusion.]

My love was once a bonnie lad,
 He was the flower of a' his kin,
 The absence of his bonnie face
 Has rent my tender heart in twain.
 I day or night find no delight;
 In silent tears I still complain;
 And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,
 That ha'e ta'en from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fill my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose;
 I sigh and moan while others rest;
 His absence yields me no repose.
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,
 Through every grove and distant plain;
 Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
 To hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's naething strange in nature's change,
 Since parents show such cruelty;
 They caused my love from me to range,
 And know not to what destiny.

The pretty kids and tender lambs
 May cease to sport upon the plain;
 But I'll mourn and lament in deep discontent
 For the absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee entreat,
 To send a fair and pleasant gale;
 Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait,
 And convey me upon your tail;
 Heaven bless my voyage with success,
 While crossing of the raging main,
 And send me safe o'er to a distant shore,
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay;
 The bells shall ring and sweet birds sing,
 To grace and crown our nuptial day.
 Thus blest wi' charms in my love's arms,
 My heart once more I will regain;
 Then I'll range no more to a distant shore,
 But in love will enjoy my darling swain.

Scotland dear.

[ALEXANDER HUME.—Here first printed.—Air,
 "Gala Water."]

My mountain hame, my mountain hame,
 My kind, my independent mother!
 While thought an' feeling rule my frame,
 Can I forget the mountain heather?
 Scotland dear!

Though I to other lands may go,
 Should fortune's smile attend me thither,
 As robin comes in winter's snaw
 I'll hameward seek the mountain heather,
 Scotland dear!

I love to hear your daughters dear
 The simple tale in sang revealing;
 Whene'er your music greets my ear,
 My bosom melts wi' joyous feeling,
 Scotland dear!

When I shall die, O I wad lie
 Where life an' me first met thegither,
 That my could clay, through its decay,
 Might bloom again in the mountain heather,
 Scotland dear!

Mary Cowley.

[ALEXANDER LAING.]

MARY ance had mony a charm,
Few could boast o' half sae mony;
In ilka day an' Sunday claes,
Mary aye was neat and bonnie.
But the fairest flow'r o' May
Is nae in a' the wreath o' July;
And now among the maidens gay,
Ye winna meet wi' Mary Cowley!

Mary ance had mony a lad,
Few could boast o' half sae mony;
But ah! the silly sickle maid,
The newest aye was best of ony.
Now the laddies woo nae mair,
Now the lassie rues her folly;
And dowie are the wearie days
An' lanely nights o' Mary Cowley!

Lassie, I maun leave you too,
Though I lo'e you best o' ony;
Ye ha'e woored mony ane,
Ye winna be the want o' Johnny!
Lassie, yet, afore we part,
O, tak' the lad that lo'es you truly,
Lest ye be left wi' shame an' was,
To dree the fate o' Mary Cowley.

Sae will we yet.

[WRITTEN many years ago by WALTER WATSON, a weaver in Kirkintilloch.]

BRT ye down here, my cronies, and gi'e us your
crack,
Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its back,
Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,
For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we
yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,
Since he has not the soul to enjoy it himself;
Since the bounty of providence is new ev'ry day,
As we journey through life, let us live by the way.
Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy gude ale;
For to comfort our hearts and enliven the tale;
We'll aye be the merrier the langer we sit,
For we've drank thegither mony a time, and sae
will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through!
Our seed time and harvest we ever will get,
For we've lippen'd aye to providence, and sae will
we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the king, and happy may he be,
And success to his forces by land and by sea!
His enemies to triumph we never will permit,
Britons aye have been victorious, and sae will
they yet.
And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily roun',
For the sun has to rise, though the moon it goes
down.
Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, it's time
enough to sit,
When we fell, we aye got up again, and sae will
we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Wlythe are we yet.

[WRITTEN by EBERNEZER PICKEN, a native of
Palsley, whose poems were published at Edin-
burgh in 1813, in two small vols. He died in 1815
or 1816.]

BLITHES are we set wi' lither;
Fling care ayont the moon;
Nae sae aft we meet thegither!
Wha wad think o' parting soon?
Though snaw bends down the forest trees,
And burn and river ceases to flow;
Though nature's tide has shor'd to freeze,
And winter nithers a' below.
Wlythe are we, &c.

Now, round the ingle cheerily meet,
We'll ecog the blast and dread nae harm,
Wi' jaws o' toddy reeking het,
We'll keep the genial current warm.

The friendly crack, the cheerfu' sang,
Shall cheat the happy hours awa',
Gar pleasure reign the e'ening lang,
And laugh at biting frost and snaw.
Blythe are we, &c.

The cares that cluster round the heart,
And gar the bosom stound wi' pain,
Shall get a fright afore we part,
Will gar them fear to come again.
Then, fill about, my winsome chieft,
The sparkling glass will banish pine:
Nae pain the happy bosom feels,
Sae free o' care as yours and mine.
Blythe are we, &c.

The land for me.

[WRITTEN BY J. HEDDERWICK, JUNR., editor
of "The Glasgow Citizen" Newspaper.—Music
by S. Barr.]

I've been upon the moonlit deep,
When the wind had died away,
And like an ocean god asleep,
The bark majestic lay;
But lovelier is the varied scene,
The hill, the lake, the tree,
When bathed in light of midnight's queen,
The land! the land! for me.

The glancing waves I've gilded o'er
When gently blew the breeze;
But sweeter was the distant shore,
The bark majestic lay;
The zephyr 'mong the trees,
The murmur of the mountain rill,
The blossoms waving free,
The song of birds on every hill,
The land! the land! for me.

The billows I have been among,
When they roll'd in mountains dark,
And night her blackest curtain hung
Around our heaving bark;
But give me when the storm is fierce,
My home and fireside glee,
Where winds may howl, but dare not pierce,
The land! the land! for me.

And when around the lightning flash'd,
I've been upon the deep,
And to the gulf beneath I've dash'd
Adown the liquid steep;
But now that I am safe on shore,
There let me ever be;
The sea let others wander o'er,
The land! the land! for me.

If on earth.

[AIR, "We'll meet beside the dusky glen."—
This appeared in a small collection with the signature "MRS. J. S., DUTHIELOAN."]

If on earth there is enjoyment,
'Tis our ain fireside,
Though the mind has its employment,
At our ain fireside;
Our bairnies round us twine,
Like the ivy on the vine,
Wi' looks sae sweet and kin'
At our ain fireside.

Yet we're no without our toil,
At our ain fireside,
Care mixes wi' the smile,
At our ain fireside;
But wi' hearts sae leal an' true,
We hope to wuddle through
Life's linked and ravelled clew,
At our ain fireside.

But when our bairns are up,
At our ain fireside,
They'll be our stay and prop,
At our ain fireside;
Wi' filial love and care,
They will a' our pleasures share,
And our age they will reverse,
At our ain fireside.

Though we ha'e nae muckle wealth,
At our ain fireside,
Yet wi' sweet content and health,
At our ain fireside;
We envy not a king,
For riches canna bring
The blessings we can sing,
At our ain fireside.

And when the time shall come,
At our ain fireside,
That'll lay us in the tomb,
Frae our ain fireside;
Wi' faith that canna shrink,
We'll no tremble on the brink,
When death shall loose the link,
At our ain fireside.

Give me the ear.

[J. MITCHELL, Paisley. Air, "Oran an Oig."
—This originally appeared in a small book of
Proverbs published by Mr. John Neilson of
Paisley.]

Oh give me the ear that is deaf to the ills,
Which the slanderer's tongue has in store;
And the eye that the moisture of pity distills,
When the good and the great are no more.
O give me the tongue that disdains to repeat
What envy so glibly will tell,
But responds to our joys when in friendship we
meet
Round the board, care's dark thoughts to dispell.

O give me the heart that can bleed for the woes
Which another is fated to feel—
And the hand that on penury freely bestows,
Yet the gift will as nobly conceal.
Give me these, and I vow in my journey through
life,
Care ne'er will a shadow impart;
If Nature bestow on my friend and my wife,
Such an ear, such a tongue, such a heart.

The Lark.

[JAMES HOGG.—Music by Clark.]

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumbersome,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where on the dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and mountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away.

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Bird of the wilderness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.

The Tweed.

[W. ALEXANDER.]

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon light."—SCOTT.

Oh, ha'e ye seen the Tweed while the moon shone
bright,
And the stars gemmed the sky wi' their siller light?
If ye ha'ena seen it, then
Half its sweets ye canna ken
Oh, gae back and look again
On a shining night!

Oh, ha'e ye seen the Tweed when the cloister and
lale
In the long shadows slept of the mouldering pile?
Oh the fondest canna deem
What that silent scene doth seem
Till beneath pale Cynthia's beam
He hath gazed awhile!

Oh, ha'e ye seen the Tweed when the moon's in
the cloud—
When the dark waves are rolling baith fierce and
loud?
Oh, beware ilk wizard den,
For in sooth ye mayna ken,
What spirits roam the glen
'Neath their dusky shroud!

Oh, ha'e ye seen the Tweed when the moon's gane
down—

When the sun caps ilk hill wi' a gowden crown?
Oh, ye'd pause in fix'd delight,
As bursts upon the sight
'Neath the Eldons, spreading bright,
The landscape roun'!

But ha'e ye seen the maidens who trip the
green,

Wi' their tempting lips and their sparkling e'en?
Let the Tweed be e'er so fair,
Still there's something dearer there,
What were a' the riggs o' Yair
To my winsome quean!

Oh, ha'e ye seen the Tweed while the moon shone
bright,
And the stars gemm'd the sky wi' their siller
light?

If ye ha'ena seen it, then
Half it's sweets ye canna ken,
Oh, gae back and look again
On a shining night!

Hurra for the Highlands.

[ANDREW PARK.—Music by S. Barr.]

HURRA! for the Highlands! the stern Scottish
Highlands;
The home of the clansman, the brave, and the free,
Where the clouds love to rest, on the mountain's
rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

'Tis there where the cataract sings to the breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light;
And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the
seas,

In his fleet, tiny bark through the perilous night.
Then hurra! for the Highlands, &c.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine, and
shower,
Where the hurricane revels in madness on high;
For there it has might that can war with its
power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky.
Then hurra! for the Highlands, &c.

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its
charms;

I have wandered through Erin, that gem of the sea;
But the Highlands alone the true Scottish heart
warms,

For her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.
Then hurra! for the Highlands, &c.

The Dainty Bit Plan.

[WILLIAM CROSS.—Airs, "Brose and Butter."—
Published originally in "The Penny Songster,"
Glasgow, 1839.]

Our May had an e'e to a man,
Nae less than the newly-placed preacher;
And we plotted a dainty bit plan
For trapping our spiritual teacher,
O, we were aly, aly! O, we were aly and sleekit!
But ne'er say a herring is dry until it be reeased
and reekit.

We treated young Mr. M'Gock,
We piled him wi' tea and wi' toddy;
And we praised every word that he spoke,
Till wi' put him maist out o' the body.
O, we were aly, aly! &c.

Frae the kirk we were never awa',
Except when frae hame he was helping;
And then May, and often us a',
Gaed far and near after him skelping.
O, we were aly, aly! &c.

We said aye, which our neighbours thought aroll,
That to hear him gang through wi' a sermon,
Was, (though a wee dry on the whole,)
As refreshing's the dew on Mount Harmon.
O, we were aly, aly! &c.

But to come to the heart o' the nit—
The dainty bit plan that we plotted
Was to get a subscription afit,
And a watch to the minister voted.
O, we were aly, aly! &c.

The young women folk o' the kirk,
By turns lent a hand in collecting;
But May took the fack o' the wark,
And the trouble the rest o' directing.
O, we were aly, aly! &c.

A gran' watch was gotten belyve,
And May, wi' sma' priggish consentit
To be ane o' a party o' five
To gang to the manse and present it.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

We a' gied a word o' advice
To May in a deep consultation,
To ha'e something to say unco nice,
And to speak for the hale deputation.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

Taking present and speech bath in hand,
May delivered a bonnie palaver,
To let Mr. M'Gock understand
How zealous she was in his favour.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

She said that the gift was to prove,
That his female friends valued him highly,
But it couldna express a' their love;
And she glintit her e'e at him slyly.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

He put the gold watch in his fob,
And proudly he said he would wear it;
And, after some flattering gab,
Tauld May he was gaun to be marryit.
O, we were sly, sly! O, we were sly and sleekit!
But Mr. M'Gock was nae gowk, wi' our dainty
bit plan to be cleekit.

May came hame wi' her heart to her mouth,
And became, frae that hour, a disenter,
And now she's renewing her youth
Wi' some hopes o' the burgher precentor.
O, but she's sly, sly! O, but she's sly and sleekit!
And cleverly opens ae door as soon as another is
sleekit.

A wet sheet.

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

A wet sheet and a fowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free,
A way the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And marry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is wakening loud.
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
The hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

My bonnie Wife.

[W. MILLAR.—Music by P. M'Leod.]

On, weel I mind the happy days,
The days o' youthfu' love and pride,
When 'mang the glens and heathery braes,
I woo'd and won my bonnie bride;
And weel I mind the blessed time,
When Hymen wove the nuptial spell,
And waken'd joys whilk faw but they
Far, far an' owre in heav'n can tell.

My bonnie wife—the charm o' life,
She's mair than India's gowd to me;
Oh! blessings on my bonnie wi',
I'll like her till the day I dee.
She's aye sae blythe when I come hame,
Sae glad o' e'e, sae sweet o' mou',
The saft voice o' my couthie dame
Is kinder than the turtle's coo.

And then she's aye sae gude and meek
That angel's e'en her heart might see;
I think its mairly for her sake
Contentment likes to dwell wi' me.
When gay young frien's come down the ga'e,
Or siblins been auld birkie's ca',
Our wee bit cot she mak's sae neat,
It's no that unco-like ava:

For though we brag nae routh o' braws,
Nor count wi' daintier folks to shine,
Her form mak's up for pictured wa's,
Her face gars lika thing look fine.
And when around the fire at night
Our wee love-does come tottling ben,
There's something gars my heart beat light—
A-maist owre rich for mortal ken!

The skies without may smile or frown,
But still our cheerie hearth's the same;
Like birds that aye gang wi' the sun,
We've simmer a' the year at hame.
Lang may the rose bloom on her cheek,
The star o' joy light up her e'e;
Lang may the smile play on her lip,
And a' that's gude her portion be.

And when the sun o' life gae down,
May gowden glories light her rest,
And endless joys, the earth aboon,
Mak' her the happiest o' the best.
My bonnie wife—the charm o' life,
She's mair than India's gowd to me,
Oh! blessings on my bonnie wife,
I'll like her till the day I dee.

The Lass o' Arranteenie.

[TANNAHILL.—Music by R. A. Smith.—Arranteenie or Ardentenny is beautifully situated on the banks of Loch Long. The song was written by Tannahill from hearing a friend describe with rapture a young woman whom he had accidentally met there, in a Highland excursion.]

FAR lone among the Highland hills,
Midst nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander.
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are naught to me, when goun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
Just opening fresh and bonny,
It blinks beneath the hazel bough,
And's scarcely seen by ony.
Sae sweet amidst her native hills,
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow,
I view the distant ocean,
There avarice guides the bounding prow,
Ambition courts promotion.
Let fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurel'd favours many,
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie.

She's fair and fause.

[BURNS contributed this song, which has much the character of an epigram, to Johnson's Museum. He also supplied the air, which he picked up from some country musician.]

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'd her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam' in wi' routh o' gear,
And I ha'e tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but world's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' sickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O woman, lovely woman fair!
An angel form's fa'n to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

My Jamie.

[Music by A. Lee.]

ON' sing from thy spray
Thy wild notes so gay,
Pretty warbler, oh sing from the tree;
Oft beneath thy rosy bower,
I've met at twilight hour,
My Jamie that's far o'er the sea.

Beside yon myrtle boughs,
We gave our mutual vows,
From sorrow our hearts then were free,
All pleasure now is gone,
While I murrur alone,
My Jamie is far o'er the sea.

But why should I sigh,
The summer is nigh,
And the birds sing again from the tree!
The roses shall bloom,
And the soft breezes soon
Shall waft him again from the sea.

Thou bright star of night,
Oh! guide him aright:
From dangers my Jamie keep free,
Now of wealth I've a store,
He shall wander no more,
Ne'er again shall he sail on the sea.

A Lassie Fair.

[CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY, R. M.—Air, "For a' that, and a' that'"]

A LASSIE fair—the dell-may-care—
Once lichtl'd me and a' that,
And though I'm poor, you may be sure,
I didna like to elaw that;
For a' that, and a' that,
I'm hearty still for a' that,
I gat the slight, I took it light,
And that's the way to thraw that.

Gif they should nick you wi' this trick,
Ne'er break your heart and a' that,
Just glower about, you'll find me out,
Will ease your pain and a' that;
And a' that, and a' that,
Your sighs and sobs, and a' that,
See never dwine about ae quean,
There's plenty yet for a' that!

Nane but a fool spurns nature's rule,
To love and wed, and a' that;
Or gin a lass to him proves false,
Tak's to his bed, and a' that;
And a' that, and a' that,
Nae doctor's drugs, and a' that,
Will ever prove a cure for love,
Like him again, and a' that!

Gif I can find aye to my mind,
My heart and hand, and a' that,
To her I'll gi'e, baith frank and free,
They're my delight for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that;
They're dear to me, for a' that,
I lo'e them still, and ever will,
Though aye did jilt, and a' that.

The Broomy Brae.

[BY JOHN JACK, Rutherglen.]

How dear to me yon broomy knowe,
By a' the places roun',
The birdies there ha'e blyther notes,
The burn a sweeter soun';
The hawthorn bush blooms rieber far,
The flowers appear mair gay,
And nature wears a brighter hue,
On yonder broomy brae.

There first I tauld my artless love,
And met a kind return;
There first I preed my lassie's mou'
Beside the wimplin' burn:
And aft to that sequester'd spot,
At hour o' gloamin' grey,
I gang to meet my ain dear lass,
On yonder broomy brae.

Gloomy Winter.

[THIS fine song was written by TANNANHILL about the year 1808, and the music arranged by R. A. Smith from what was considered an old air, called "Lord Balgonie's Favourite." The editor, however, of Albyn's Anthology (Alexander Campbell) afterwards claimed the air as his own.]

Gloomy winter's now awa',
Saft the westlin' breezes blaw:
Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.
Sweet the craw-flowers early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blythly spend the gowden day
 'Midst joys that never wearie, O.
Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks aae brierie, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry braikens fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

The Highland Laddie.

[THERE WAS AN old song called "The Highland Laddie," which was sung to an old tune, both of which, song and tune, are now nearly forgotten. The burthen of the original words ran thus:

"O, my bonnie, bonnie Highland laddie,
O, my handsome Highland laddie!
When I was sick and like to die,
He row'd me in his Highland plaidie."

RAMSAY wrote two sets of words to the old tune: viz. the one which we here give, and another called "The Highland Lassie." An English version of the latter was afterwards published, to which Dr. Arne, the celebrated composer, set new music. Dr. Arne's tune is the one now sung to the present words, and is remarkable for beauty and compass. Sheridan, in his opera of "The Duenna," (1775,) adopts the tune for the well-known words, beginning,

"Ah, sure a pair was never seen," &c.]

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
But O! they're vain and idly gaudy;
How much unlike the graces' men
And manly looks of my Highland laddie.
O my bonnie Highland laddie,
My handsome, charming, Highland laddie;
May heaven still guard, and love reward,
The Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to choom,
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak' young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

The bravest beau in burrows town,
In a' his aiv, wi' art, made ready,
Compared to him, he's but a clown,
He's finer far in 's tartan plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

O'er beaty hill wi' him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddie;
Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie,
O my bonnie, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss and be as glad
Behind a bush in 's Highland plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonnie, &c.

Bonnie George Campbell.

[RECOVERED from tradition by John Finlay, author of "Wallace." Arranged from the old air by R. A. Smith.]

HIGH upon Hielands, and laigh upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rode out on a day;
Saddled, and bridled, and booted rode he,
Toom hame came the saddle, but never came he.

Down came his auld mither greeting fu' sair,
And out came his bonnie wife wringing her hair,
"My meadow lies green, and my coon is unshorn,
My barn is to build, and my bable's unborn."

Rob Macgregor.

[WRITTEN by D. THOMSON of Galaahels.—Air,
"Donald Caird."]

ROB MACGREGOR'S come again,
Ilka ane thought dead and gane;
By a wizard's cantrip slight,
Rob again has seen the light.
He appears in a' his glory,
Laughing baith at Whig and Tory;
Rob's a chief o' some regard,
No a scamp like Donald Caird.

Rob Macgregor's come again!
Rob Macgregor's come again!
Think ye does the shirra ken,
Rob Macgregor's back again.

Bars o' iron and bolts o' steel
Yield to Rob, for Rob's a dell;
Glasgow jail it canna hand him,
No a beagle dares to daud him.
Rob has keys to ilka prison,
Turnkey cousins by the dozen;
Borough bailles and their guard
Shrink afore the Highland laird.

Rob Macgregor's come again!
Rob Macgregor's come again!
Lawland bodies pay your kaim,
Rob Macgregor's come again.

Robin's wife's a wife o' mettle,
Weel she guards auld Scotland's kettle;
Nought to Helen is a prize
Like an imp of the excise!
A' the Highland hills in chorus,
Sing the dirge o' gauger Morris,
A' the pack might weel be spared,
Reavers waur than Donald Caird.

Rob Macgregor's come again!
Rob Macgregor's come again!
Lomonds wild are a' his ain,
We're fain to see him back again.

Rob Macgregor dealt in cattle,
But to pay them was a battle;
Robin took a shorter plan,
Clear'd the marches like a man.
Now he's king o' hill and dale,
A' the Lennox pays black mail.
Soger lads be on your guard,
Ye are na catching Donald Caird.

Rob Macgregor's come again!
Rob Macgregor's come again!
We'll get back the days that's gane,
Rob Macgregor's come again!

Robin Roy's caught at last,
Bring the wuddle, haud him fast;
Robin louns and takes the river,
Lost for ance, and lost for ever;
Jouking up and jouking down,
Like an otter swam the loon!
Rob has baffled a' the guard,
No sneaked aff like Donald Caird.

Rob Macgregor's aff again!
Rob Macgregor's aff again!
Highland blood, and Highland bane!
Rob Macgregor's ne'er been ta'en!

Bauldy Baird.

[AIR, "Donald Caird."]

BAULDY BAIRD'S come again,
Bauldy Baird's come again,
Tell the news through brugh and glen,
Bauldy Baird's come back again!

O Bauldy Baird can buy and sell
Barrels o' herring, and lades o' meal;
Cheat till the guidman be poor,
And pouch till the guidwife look sour;
Laugh and clatter, curse and ban,
Tell a lee wi' ony man.
Tell the news to a' you ken,
That Bauldy Baird's come again.

Bauldy Baird can drink, I trow,
Till a' the bodies roun' be fou;
Ilka ane that shares his bloker,
Kens how Bauldy pays his liquor.
When your fou, he's on the catch:
He'll buy your blankets, corn, or watch.
Ye sharpers a', though London-rear'd,
Are a' but cunts to Bauldy Baird.

Bauldy Baird can brag o' gambling,
Kens the airts o' dark dissembling.
Bauldy Baird can mak' a fen,
To cut the Jack, an' Catch-the-ten.

Farmer bodles! watch your pease,
Hlde your butter, eggs, and cheese,
For whether ripe, or in the braid,
It's a' ane to Bauldy Baird.

O! close that slap there, steak that yett,
Eise some stooks will tak' the gate;
For Bauldy's poney likes your grain
Just as weel as 'twere his ain:
Stooks o' corn, and sheaves o' pease;
Bees' skeps, and saugh trees:
For faith, he's no so easy scar'd,
It's a funny shot that'll hit Bauldy Baird.

On Bauldy Baird the law was vile,
To draw him on a cart to jail;
But Bauldy Baird, the pawkie deevil,
Deed he slipt the loop and left the beagle;
O'er the dike an' through the flet's,
Bauldy ran wi' mettle heels.
Watch the corn stack, Robin Shaw,
For Bauldy Baird's run awa'.

Heather Jock.

[AIR, "Donald Caird."]

HEATHER Jock's noo awa',
Heather Jock's noo awa';
The maircock noo may crouselly craw
Since heather Jock's noo awa'.

Heather Jock was stark and grim,
Faucht wi' a' would fecht wi' him;
Swank and supple, sharp and thin,
Fine for gann against the win'.
Tawnie face and tousie hair,
In his cleadie unco bare,
Curs'd and swore whens'er he spoke,
Nane could equal heather Jock.

Jock kent lika bore and bole,
Could creep through a wee bit hole,
Quietly pilfer eggs and cheese,
Dunts o' bacon, skeps o' bees;
Sip the kirk and steal the butter,
Nall the hens without a flutter;
Na! the watchfu' wily cock
Dursna craw for Heather Jock.

Eppie Blaikie lost her gown,
She coft sae dear at borough town;
Sandle Tamson's Sunday wig,
Left the hoose to rin the rig;
Jenny Baxter's blankets a',
Took a thoct to slip awa';
An' a' the weans bit printed frocks—
Wha was thief but Heather Jock?

Jock was nae religious youth,
For at the priest he thraw'd his mouth,
He wadna say a grace nor pray,
But play'd his pipes on Sabbath day;
Robbed the kirk o' baan and book,
Everything would lift—he took;
He didna lea the weather-cock,
Sic a thief was Heather Jock.

Nane wi' Jock could draw a tricker,
'Mang the moor-fowl he was sicker,
He watch'd the wild ducks at the springs
And hang'd the hares in hempen strings,
Blass'd the burns and speed'd the fish,
Jock had mony a dainty dish,
The best o' moor-fowl and black-cock,
Aye graced the board o' Heather Jock.

Nane wi' Jock had ony say,
At the neive or cudgel play,
Jock for bolt nor har e'er staid,
Till aunc the jail his courage laid,
Then the Judge, without delay,
Sent him aff to Botany Bay,
And bade him mind the laws he broke,
And never mair play Heather Jock.

The Wearie Body.

[AIR, "Donald Caird."]

THE wearie body's back again,
The unco body's back again:
Fye let a' the neebors ken
The wearie body's back again.

Weel ye mind for monie a year,
He kept the kintra side in fear;
The bairnies toddlin' wi' their dame
Would cower to hear the cadger's name!

For he was kent baith far and wide,
For he could den and he could hide,
And cadge wha like the kintra thro',
Nane could cadge like him, I trow.

The wearie body, &c.

Lang did they curse his soupple legs,
When he ran aff wi' hens and eggs,
The wives would cry, the dell he in't,
If I hinna lost my tail o' lint;
And then they'd rue his freenly gills,
That gart them aft to sign his bills,
And mony a wearie wicht, I trow,
Paid dear enough for gettin' fou.

The wearie body, &c.

At last he thoct to save his neck,
He hied him aff to cauld Quebec,
And there set up the grocer trade,
And many a pauky trick he play'd;
But Yankie he was nae sic fool,
He dipp'd the cadger in the pool,
And for fear he would their country stain,
They kickit the body back again.

The wearie body, &c.

O! had you seen sic consternation,
Ilk face was mark'd wi' pale vexation;
And young and auld alike complain,
Is the wearie body back again?
The shuttle chocked in the shed,
The list'nin' tailor brak' his thread;
The wright, wi' spite, threw by his plane,
Is the body really back again?

The wearie body, &c.

The sturdy mason drapp'd his mell,
The blacksmith's big fore-hammer fell;
The cannie nurse let fa' the wean—
Loch! woman, d'ye think he's back again!
The chattrin' barber cut the face,
The auld goldman forgat the grace,
Na! the lasses wadna lie their lane,
Sin' e'er they heard o' him back again.

The wearie body, &c.

Weel may Scotland greet wi' spite,
And g'i'e the Yankies a' the wite,
That wadna let the wicht remain,
But pest us wi' him back again;
For weel I wat they kent fu' weel,
A rogue like him was just a dell;
They might had mair respect for men,
Than sent the body back again.

The wearie body, &c.

Willie Waggetail.

[KILPATRICK.—Air, "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks."]

QUEEN Willie Waggetail,
The auld farrant donnart body,
He fed me aye on lang hail,
Soups o' broo, and draps o' crowdie;
Cream scones three times a-year;
Whey to cool the bluid in simmer;
British wine the saul to cheer,
Wi' swats that reamed aboon the timmer.

Though Willie Waggetail's awa',
His gear 'il mak' me blythe and bonnie:
Come over the burn, sweet Johnnie Faa;
For wha has cheeks sae red as Johnnie?
Come to my arms, my Johnnie Faa,
I'll daut ye late and bless ye early;
Our lairds ha'e doft their bonnets braw,
To fight for Scotland and Prince Charlie.

As Johnnie Faa gaed over the burn,
He sung unto himself fu' cheerie,—
Hech! things ha'e ta'en an awfu' turn,
Sin' Luckie Waggetail's my dearie;
My heart louns licht, and vow I'm fain,
To think upon the jig that's coming;
But, as sure as death, I maist think shame
To marry Willie Wagtail's woman.

The Wanter.

[AIR, "The green purse."]

I HA' a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonnie piece lan' an' a plantin' on't,
It fattens my flocks, an' my barns it has stow'd,
But the best thing o' a's yet a-wantin' on't.

There's a but and a ben, a stable, a byre,
A guld kale yard and a weel snecket yett,
Wi' plenty o' peats to throw o' the fire,
But the best thing o' a's a wantin' yett.

I thought o' a wife for ten years and mair,
But nane will answer that stops hereabout,
And I ha'e nae time to gang here and there;
A wanter I am, and I'll bide sae, I doubt.

A bonnie tame paitrick I wared upon Bell,
A sweet singin' mavis to Jeanie I gied,
To Betty I plainly did offer myself,
She saw the green purse, but I didna succeed.

So I've done my duty; fareweel to all folly;
I'll tak' up my bulk, and I'll sit in my chair,
Wi' my red nicht-cap, my cat, and my colly,
Contented and cheerfu', tho' sixty and mair.

Bannocks o' Barley.

[AIR, "Fitz Roy's rambles through Glasgow."]

AN auld Hielan' couple sat lane by the ingle,
While smokin' their cutties and crackin' awa',
They spak' o' langsyne, o' their daffin' when single,
O' the freaks o' their childhood, their auld age
and a'.

To his wife he bragged o' his bauldest o' actions,
When he was a sodger wi' Geordie the Third;
How his faes fell before him, the leader o' factions,
And Donald he grat as his faes bit the yird.

Sae up wi' the kilties and bonnie blue bonnets,
When put to their mettle they're ne'er kent
to fail,

For a Hieler's heart is upheld wi' a haggis,
And weel butter'd bannocks o' barley meal.

Thus Donald was bless'd, and his wife heard wi'
pleasure,

His stories o' danger, his troubles and toils;
My kintra, he cried, is my heart's dearest treasure,
And Mary, thou'rt next, for I lo'e thy saft smiles.
This poor happy couple, their broom covered
dwellin'

Stood far frae the world, its tidings and cares,
And the news never reached their snug little cot-
tage,

Unless when a packman stepped in wi' his wares.
Sae up wi' the kilties, &c.

The Romans, langsyne, loot a claught at our ban-
nock,

The Danes and the Normans would try the
same game;

But Donald cam' down wi' his claymore and
crummock,

Maul'd maist o' them stark, chased the lave o'
them hame.

And should ony mair ever play sic a plisky,
She vows by the dirk o' the Laird o' Kintail,
That she'll part wi' her bluid, or she'll part wi'
her whiskey,
Ay, or part wi' her bannocks o' barley meal.
Sae up wi' the kilties, &c.

There's Mungo M'Farlane, the Laird o' Drum-
garlin,

A biry auld carle o' three score and five,
He'll wield his lang arm, and he'll gie them a
harlin',

And keep his ain grun wi' the glegest alive.
There's Michael the sodger, that fought wi' the
rebels,

And lost his left leg just a wee e'er they ran,
But he's got ane o' wood, and he gars it play thud,
And whare there's a row, Michael's aye in the
thrang.

Sae up wi' the kilties, &c.

Then fill up a glass, let us ha'e a guid waught o't,
Our mither Meg's mutch be't our care to keep
clean,

And the foul silly loon that would try to lay
claught o't,

May Clootie's lang claws haul oot baith o' his een.
She's auld, but she's rauked, she'll no bide their
scoornin';

She'll beat them when tried in a battle, I'd ball;
Sae we'll ne'er let her want Athole brose in the
mornin',

Nor weel butter'd bannocks o' barley meal.
Sae up wi' the kilties, &c.

Lizy Liberty.

[REV. JOHN SKINNER.—Tune, "Tibbie Fowler
in the glen."—Written during the political com-
motions which agitated Europe shortly after the
great French revolution of 1789.]

THERE lives a lassie on the brae,
O! but she's a bonnie creature;

They ca' her Lizy Liberty,
And monie ane's wooing at her.

Wooing at her, fain wad ha'e her,
Courtin' at, but canna get her;

Bonnie Lizy Liberty,
There's o'er monie wooing at her.

Her mither wears a plettit mutch;
 Her father is an honest dyker,
 An' she hersel's a dainty quean,
 Ye winna shaw me monie like her.
 Wooling at her, &c.

A pleasant lass she's kent to be,
 Wi' fouth o' sense an' smeddum in her;
 There's no a swankie far or near,
 But tries wi' a' his might to win her.
 Wooling at her, &c.

But sweet and pleasant as she is,
 She winna thole the marriage tether,
 But likes to rove and rant about,
 Like highland cots amang the heather.
 Wooling at her, &c.

It's seven years, and somewhat mair,
 Sin' Matthew Dutch made courtship till
 her,
 A merchant bluff, ayont the burn,
 Wi' heaps o' breeks an' bags o' siller.
 Wooling at her, &c.

The next to him was Baidie John,
 Stept up the brae and keeket at her,
 Syne turn'd as great a fool's he came,
 And in a day or twa forgat her.
 Wooling at her, &c.

Now Lawrie French has ta'en the whim,
 To toss his airs, and frisk about her,
 And Malcolm Fleming puffs and swears
 He disna value life without her.
 Wooling at her, &c.

They've casten out wi' a' their kin,
 Thinking that wad gar them get her;
 Yet after a' the fash they've ta'en,
 They maybe winna be the better.
 Wooling at her, &c.

But Donald Soot's the happy lad,
 Wha seems to be the coohest wi' her;
 He never fails to get a kiss,
 As often as he likes to see her.
 Wooling at her, &c.

But Donald, tak' a friend's advice,
 Although I ken ye fain wad ha'e her,
 E'en just be doing as ye are,
 And haud wi' what ye're getting frae her.
 Wooling at her, &c.

Ye're weel, and wats nae, as we say,
 In getting leave to dwell beside her;
 And gin ye had her mair your ain,
 Ye'd maybe find it waur to guide her.
 Wooling at her, &c.

Ah! Lawrie, ye've debauch'd the lass,
 Wi' vile new-fangled tricks ye've play'd her
 Depraved her morals;—like an ass,
 Ye've courted her, and syne betray'd her.
 Wi' hanging of her, burning of her,
 Cutting, hacking, slashing at her;
 Bonnie Lily Liberty,
 May ban the day ye ettled at her.

Maclaine.

[A BALLAD of the Forty-five, written, composed, and dedicated to the Clan, by Miss Ross.]

BANNERS are waving o'er Morven's dark heath,
 Claymores are flashing from many a sheath;
 Hark! 'tis the gathering. On, onward! they cry;
 Far flies the signal to conquer or die.

Then follow thee, follow a boat to the sea,
 Thy Prince in Glen Moidart is waiting for thee,
 Where war-pipes are sounding and banners are free,

Maclaine and his clansmen the foremost you'll see.

Wildly the war-cry has startled yon stag,
 And waken'd the echoes of Gillian's lone crag;
 Up hill and down glen each brave mountaineer
 Has belted his plaid and has mounted his spear.
 Then follow thee, &c.

The signal is heard from mountains to shore,
 They rush like the flood o'er dark Corry-vohr,
 The war-note is sounding, loud, wildly, and high,
 Louder they shout, On, to conquer or die!
 Then follow thee, &c.

The heath-bell at morn so proudly ye trod,
 Son of the mountain! now covers thy sod;
 Wrapt in your plaid, 'mid the bravest ye lie,
 The words as ye fell still conquer or die.
 Then follow thee, &c.

Oh, take me to yon sunny isle.

[ROBERT GILFILLAN—Music by J. Satchell.]

Oh! take me to yon sunny isle that stands in Forth's sea,
 For there, all lonely, I may weep, since tears my lot must be;
 The cavern'd rocks alone shall hear my anguish and my woe,
 But can their echoes Mary bring? ah! no, no, no!

I'll wander by the silent shore, or climb the rocky steep,
 And list to ocean murmuring the music of the deep;
 But when the soft moon lights the waves in evening's silver glow,
 Shall Mary meet me 'neath its light? ah! no, no, no!

I'll speak of her to every flower, and lovely flowers are there,
 They'll may be bow their heads and weep, for aye, like them, was fair,—
 And every bird I'll teach a song, a plaintive song of woe,
 But Mary cannot hear their strains?—ah! no, no, no!

Slow steals the sun a-down the sky, as loth to part with day,
 But airy morn with carolling voice shall wake him forth as gay;
 Yet Mary's sun rose bright and fair, and now that sun is low,
 Shall its fair beam e'er grace the morn? ah! no, no, no!

But I must shed the hidden tear, lest Mary mark my care:
 The stifling groan may break my heart, but it shall linger there!
 I'll even feign the outward smile, to hide my inward woe,
 I would not have her weep in heaven—ah! no, no, no!

The days o' auld Langsyne.

[M'PHEIL.—Tune, "The Burnside."]

O HAPPY, happy were the days o' auld langsyne,
 The hamely sweets, the social joys o' auld langsyne,
 When lika ane wi' friendly glow and cordial heart wad join,
 To pledge wi' friendship leal and true the days o' langsyne.
 When lika ane, &c.

How fied the joys that we ha'e seen, o' auld langsyne,
 When happy aft we baith ha'e been, in days o' langsyne:
 Still lika former tender scene, wi' dear delight we min',
 But a' alas! can ne'er reca' the days o' langsyne.
 Still lika former, &c.

How sweet the fond endearing charms o' auld langsyne,
 Wi' Jeanie in my youthfu' arms, in days o' langsyne;
 In rapture press'd her throbbing breast wi' glowing love to mine,
 Thae happy hours flew o'er wi' bliss in days o' langsyne.
 In rapture press'd, &c.

Amang our native woods and braes how pleasant the time,
 To pu' for her I loo'd see dear the primrose in its prime:
 Then fairer bloom'd ilk bonnie flower, mair sweet the birds did sing,
 When wi' the lass I dearly lo'ed, in days o' langsyne.
 Then fairer bloom'd, &c.

Nae mair amang our bonnie glens we'll garlands entwine,
 Nor pu' the wild-flower by the burn, to bask my lassie fine;
 Nae mair upon yon sunny knoe we'll mark the sun decline,
 Nor tell the tender tales that pleased in days o' langsyne.
 Nae mair upon, &c.

But still through life we'll happy be, at fate ne'er repine:
 Though warldly cares, at times, should thrav, we'll ne'er our pleasure tyne;
 While seated here, in frien'ly glow, wi' hearts an' han's we join,
 And bring again, wi' cantie glee, the days o' langsyne.
 While seated here, &c.

Wae be to the orders.

[WILLIAM MOTHEWELL.—Music by R. A. Smith.]

On was be to the orders that marched my luv awa',
 And wae be to the cruel cause that gars my tears down fa'!
 Oh wae be to the bluidy wars in Hie Germanie,
 For they ha'e ta'en my luv, and left a broken heart to me!

The drums beat in the mornin' afore the screech o' day,
 And the wee wee fies piped loud and shrill, while yet the morn was grey;
 The bonnie flags were a' unfuri'd, a gallant sight to see,
 But wae me for my sodger lad that marched to Germanie.

Oh, lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie Pier o' Leith,
 Oh dreich it is to gang on foot wi' the snaw drift in the teeth!
 And oh, the cauld wind froze the tear that gather'd in my e'e,
 When I gade there to see my luv embark for Germanie!

I looked ower the braid blue sea, see lang as could be seen
 Ae wee bit sail upon the ship, that my sodger lad was in;
 But the wind was blawin' sair and snell, and the ship sailed speedilie,
 And the waves and cruel wars ha'e twinn'd my winsome luv frae me.

I never think o' dancin', and I downa try to sing,
 But a' the day I spier what news kind neibour bodles bring;
 I sometimes knit a stocking, if knittin' it may be,
 Syne for every loop that I cast on, I'm sure to let down three.

My father says I'm in a pet, my mither jeers at me,
 And bans me for a dautit wean, in dorts for aye to be;
 But little weet they o' the cause that drumles see my e'e:
 Oh they ha'e nae winsome luv like mine in the wars o' Germanie!

Glen-Orra.

[THIS and the three following songs originally appeared in "The Harp of Renfrewshire," published at Paisley in 1819.]

THE gale is high, the bark is light,
Swiftly it glides the dark sea over,
Why bear, ye waves, so base a freight,
Why waft, ye winds, a vagrant lover.
Wake, artless maid, thy dream is o'er,
No bright'ning hope can gild to-morrow,
Thy lover hails a distant shore,
Nor thinks of thee far in Glen-Orra.

THE moon is up, the maiden's gone,
Where flower and tree the night dews cover,
To weep by mountain streamlet lone,
O'er perjur'd vows of faithless lover,
Turn, faithless wretch, seek Orra's wild,
To rapture raise the maiden's sorrow,
Ah! see where love so lately smil'd,
Cold, cold, she sinks in dark Glen-Orra.

THE moon hangs pale o'er Orra's steep,
And lists a hapless maiden sighing,
The sullen night-winds, cavern'd, sleep,
As loth to rave o'er maiden dying.
The hue of death has blench'd the lip,
The rosy cheek is pale with sorrow,
Ere morn, death's chilly hand shall nip
The loveliest flower in green Glen-Orra.

Anna.

JOHN SIM.—Air, "Ye banks and braes," &c.]

O FARE thee weel, fair Cartha's side,
For ever, ever fare thee weel!
Upon thy banks I've oft enjoy'd
What virtuous love alone can feel.
With Anna as I fondly stray'd,
And mark'd the gowan's hamely mien,
The violet blue, the primrose gay,
Enrich'd the joyful fairy scene.

THE sun had set, the western clouds
Began to lose their radiance bright,
The mavis' tuneful note was hush'd,
And all proclaim'd approaching night;

Then was the time I fondly pour'd
In Anna's ear my ardent tale,
She blush'd, and oft I fondly thought
That love like mine would soon prevail.

SHE spoke, she look'd as if she lov'd,
Yet, ah! how false was Anna's heart!
Though heavenly fair her angel form,—
How fraught with guile, how full of art!
Now far from Anna, far from home,
By Lugar's stream I sadly mourn;
I think on scenes I still must love,
On scenes that never can return.

O fare thee weel, fair Cartha's banks,
And Anna—O!—a long farewell!
Nor ever may that pang be thine,
Which my sad heart so oft doth feel.
But happy, happy may'st thou be,
By fairy scenes on Cartha's side,
And may a better far than me,
Through life be thy true love and guide.

Her kiss was soft.

[JAMES YOOL, of Paisley.—Air, "What ails this heart o' mine."]

HIS kiss was soft and sweet,
Her smiles were free and fair,
And beaming bright the witching glance
Of her I thought my ain.

That kiss has poison'd peace,
Her smiles have rous'd despair,
For kindly though her glances be,
They beam on me nae mair.

NOW lonely's every haunt
That I once trod with joy,
And dull and drear the sacred grove
Where we were wont to toy.

THE rose can please nae mair,
The lily seems to fade,
And wae'fu' seems the blackbird's sang,
That us'd to cheer the glade.

THIS bosom once was gay,
But now a brow of gloom
Pours forth, in characters of care,
That it is pleasure's tomb.

Yet none shall hear the sigh
That struggles to be free,
No tear shall trace this sorrow cheek,
Nor murmur burst from me.

Though silent be my woe,
'Tis not the less severe—
Forlorn I brood on former joys
To love and memory dear.

She minds na o' the vows
That seal'd our youthful love,
But heaven has records that will last,
My faith and truth to prove.

How ardently.

[JAMES YOOL.—Air, "My Nannie, O."]

How ardently my bosom glows
Wi' love to thee, my dearie, O,
My panting heart its passion shows,
Whenever thou art near me, O.
The sweetness o' thy artless smile,
Thy sparkling e'e's restless wile,
Gars sober reason back recoll,
Wi' love turn'd teapalteele, O.

Thy lips, sure seats o' sweet delight,
Wha e'er may hafins see them, O,
Maun be a cauldrie, lifeless wight,
Shou'd he no try to pree them, O;
To me thou ever shalt be dear,
Thy image in my heart I'll wear,
Contentment's sun my day shall cheer,
As lang's thou't be my dearie, O.

Nae will-o'-wisp's delusive blaze,
Through fortune's fen sae drearie, O,
Nor wealth, nor fame's attractive rays,
Shall lure me frae my dearie, O;
But through the rural shady grove,
Owre flow'ry lea wi' thee I'll rove;
My cot shall be the seat o' love
While life remains, my dearie, O.

The pleasing scenes of nature gay,
May charm the heart that's sairy, O;
Yet even such scenes to me add wae,
When absent frae my dearie, O.

Remembrance broods still on the hour,
When first within yon lonely bower,
I felt the love-enslaving power
Of thy sweet charms, my dearie, O.

In Summer.

[WRITTEN by BUANS for Johnson's Museum.
The air is an old one, and is called "The Country
Lass."]

In summer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn wad'd green in ilka feld,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel',
Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will,
Out spak' a dame in wrinkl'd eil',
O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

'Tis ye ha'e woocers mony a ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young ye ken,
Then wait a wee, and canny wale
A routhie but, a routhie ben:
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak' this frae me, my bonnie ben,
'Tis plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen
I dinna care a single fice;
He lo'es see weel his craps an' kye,
He has nae love to spare for me:
But blythe's the blink o' Robbie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;
Ae blink o' him I wadna gi'e
For Buskie Glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,
The canniest gate the strife is sair;
But aye fu' han't is fecthing best,
A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend and some will spare,
And wifit folk maun ha'e their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye,
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy.

We may be poor, Robie and I;
 Light is the burden love lays on:
 Content and love brings peace and joy;
 What mair ha'e queens upon a throne?

The Breist-knots.

[THIS is an abridged version of a long song which appears in the third volume of Johnson's Museum, in the broad Buchan dialect, by an anonymous correspondent. Breist-knots formed at one time an important ornament of female attire. Mr. Sinclair, the well-known vocalist, was instrumental in bringing the present version of the song into public repute.]

HEY the bonnie, how the bonnie,
 Hey the bonnie breist-knots!
 Tight and bonnie were they a',
 When they got on their breist-knots.

There was a bridal in this town,
 And till't the lasses a' were boun',
 Wi' manlike facings on their gowns,
 And some o' them had breist-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,
 Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
 Wi' glancin' buckles in their shoon,
 And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Forth cam' the wives a' wi' a phrase,
 And wished the lassie happy days;
 And meikle thoct they o' her claes,
 And 'specially the brest-knots.

Bonnie Peggy.

[JOHN SIM.—Air, "Bonnie lassie, O."]

O, we aft ha'e met at e'en, bonnie Peggy, O,
 On the banks of Cart sae green, bonnie Peggy, O,
 Where the waters smoothly rin,
 Far aneath the roaring lin,
 Far frae busy strife and din, bonnie Peggy, O.

When the lately crimson weest, bonnie Peggy, O,
 In her darker robe was drest, bonnie Peggy, O,
 And a sky of azure blue,
 Deck'd with stars of golden hue,
 Rose majestic to the view, bonnie Peggy, O.

When the sound of fute or horn, bonnie Peggy, O,
 On the gale of evening borne, bonnie Peggy, O,
 We have heard in echoes die,
 While the wave that rippl'd by,
 Sung a soft and sweet reply, bonnie Peggy, O.

Then how happy would we rove, bonnie Peggy, O,
 Whilst thou blushing own'd thy love, bonnie
 Peggy, O,
 Whilst thy quickly throbbing breast
 To my beating heart I press'd,
 Ne'er was mortal half so blest, bonnie Peggy, O.

Now, alas! these scenes are o'er, bonnie Peggy, O;
 Now, alas! we meet no more, bonnie Peggy, O,
 Oh! ne'er again, I ween,
 Will we meet at summer e'en,
 On the banks of Cart sae green, bonnie Peggy, O.

Yet hadst thou been true to me, bonnie Peggy, O,
 As I still ha'e been to thee, bonnie Peggy, O,
 Then with bosom, O how light,
 Had I hail'd the coming night,
 And yon evening star so bright, bonnie Peggy, O.

The Unhappy Father.

[ALEXANDER LAING.]

AN! lassie, I think wi' a sair broken heart,
 On the licht happy time that's awa';
 When smiling ye sat on your fond mither's knee,
 An' prattl'd an' lisp'd—"mamma,"—
 On the blythe happy days when ye play'd on the
 green,
 An' when I unyok'd my team:
 How ye left a' your play-things an' totter'd an' ran,
 An' met me at e'en coming hame.

O, then I was happy, an' fond were the hopes
 Affection sae feelingly drew;
 The fears o' the future that vex't me at times,
 A' fled when I thoct upon you:

I thoct gin I liv'd to be helpless an' auld,
Gin second childhood I should see—
Should providence spare, I had aye growin' up,
Wad then be a parent to me.

I taught you betimes, as a father should do,
The path o' true virtue to prise;
An' as far as I could, wi' the precepts I gave,
I gave you example likewise;
An' duly at morning an' evening I pray'd,
That gudeness wad aye be your guide—
But ye've chosen to walk i' your ain wilfu' ways,
And the blessing has yet been denied.

Ye've left me to see that I've rested my hopes,
On the perishing faith of a dream;
The dawn o' your promise—the day-spring o'
life,

Ye've clouded wi' sin an' wi' shame.
Oh! lassie, I think wi' a sair broken heart,
On the licht happy time that's awa';
When smiling ye sat on your fond mither's knee,
An' prattl'd an' lisped—"mamma!"

My heart's my ain.

[THIS very sensible ditty of a young maiden was first printed in Herd's collection of 1776. It is adapted to a tune called "We'll kick the world before us."]

'Tis no very lang sinsyne,
That I had a lad o' my ain;
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my lane.
The lass he is courting has siller,
And I ha'e nane at a',
And 'tis nought but the love o' the tocher
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blythe that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Untill that I meet wi' a lad,
Wha has sense to wale a good wife.
For though I say't mysel',
That should nae say't, 'tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife
He'll ne'er ha'e occasion to rue.

I gang aye fu' clean and fu' tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell,
Though I've seldom a gown on my back,
But sic as I spin mysel';
And when I'm clad in my curtsay,
I think mysel' as braw
As Susie, wi' her pearling,
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckl'd thegither,
And may they live happy for life;
Though Willie now aights me, an's left me,
The chiel he deserves a gudewife.
But, O! I am blythe that I miss'd him,
As blythe as I weel can be;
For ane that's sae keen o' the siller,
Would never agree wi' me.

But the truth is, I am aye hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit or scant;
The wee thing I ha'e I'll mak' use o't,
And there's nane about me shall want:
For I'm a gude guide o' the world,
I ken when to hand and to gie;
But whinging and cringing for siller
Would never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
And he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom sae happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wad cast up,
To mak' me his partner for life,
If the chiel has the sense to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

Say not the Bard.

[W. M'LAREN.—First printed in "The Harp of Renfrewshire."]

THOUGH the winter of age wreathes her snow on
his head,
And the blooming effulgence of summer is fled,
Though the voice that was sweet, as the harp's
softest string,
Be trem'lous, and low as the zephyrs of spring,
Yet say not the Bard has turned old.

Though the casket that holds the rich jewel we prize,
 Attracts not the gaze of inquisitive eyes;
 Yet the gem that's within may be lovely and bright,
 As the smiles of the morn or the stars of the night,
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

When the tapers burn clear and the goblet shines bright,
 In the hall of his chief on a festival night,
 I have smiled at the glance of his rapturous eye,
 While the brim of the goblet laugh'd back in reply;
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

When he sings of the valorous deeds that were done,
 By his clan or his chief in the days that are gone,
 His strains then are various—now rapid—now slow,
 As he mourns for the dead or exults o'er the foe;
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

When summer in gaudy profusion is dress'd,
 And the dew-drop hangs clear on the violet's breast,
 I list with delight to his rapturous strain,
 While the borrowing echo returns it again;
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

But not summer's profusion alone can inspire
 His soul in the song, or his hand on the lyre,
 But rapid his numbers, and wilder they flow,
 When the wintry winds rave o'er the mountains of snow;
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

I have seen him elated when the black clouds were riven,
 Terrific and wild by the thunder of heaven,
 And smile at the billows that angrily rave,
 Incessant and deep o'er the mariner's grave;
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

When the eye that expresses the warmth of his heart,
 Shall fall the benevolent wish to impart,—
 When his blood shall be cold as the wintry wave,
 And silent his harp as the gloom of the grave,—
 Then say that the Bard has turned old.

Jamie o' the Glen.

[THIS is an old and once popular song, but nothing is known of its author.]

AULD Rob, the laird o' muckle land,
 To woo me was na very blate,
 But spite o' a' his gear he fand
 He came to woo a day owre late.
 A lad sae blythe, sae fu' o' gloe,
 My heart did never ken,
 And nane can gi'e sic joy to me
 As Jamie o' the glen.

My minnie grat like daft, and rair'd,
 To gar me wi' her will comply,
 But still I wadna ha'e the laird,
 Wi' a' his onsen, sheep, and kye.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

Ah, what are silks and satins braw?
 What's a' his warldly gear to me?
 They're daft that cast themsel's awa',
 Where nae content or love can be.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

I cou'dna bide the silly clash
 Came hourly frae the gawky laird!
 And sae, to stop his gab and fash,
 Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

Now ilka summer's day sae lang,
 And winter's clad wi' frost and snaw,
 A tunefu' lilt and bonnie sang
 Aye keep dull care and strife awa'.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

There's none to soothe.

[JAMES YOOL.—Air, "Bonnie was yon rosy brier."]

THERE'S none to soothe my soul to rest,
 There's none my load of grief to share,
 Or wake to joy this lonely breast,
 Or light the gloom of dark despair.
 Oft to the winds my grief I tell,
 They bear along the mournful tale,
 To dreary echo's rocky cell,
 That heaves it back upon the gale.

The little wild bird's merry lay,
That wont my lightsome heart to cheer,
In murmuring echoes dies away,
And melts like sorrow on my ear.
The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm,
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,
And cloy'd that eye alone could charm.

Kind Robin lo'es me.

[THE old original words to the beautiful Scottish melody of "Kind Robin lo'es me" are scarce fit for insertion here. The following version of the song appears in Herd's collection, 1776.]

Robin is my only jo,
Robin has the art to lo'e,
So to his suit I mean to bow,
Because I ken he lo'es me.
Happy, happy was the shower,
That led me to his birken bower,
Where first of love I felt the power,
And kend that Robin lo'ed me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
Speak of gloves and kissing strings,
And name a thousand bonnie things,
And ca' them signs he lo'es me.
But I prefer a smack of Rob,
Sporting on the velvet fog,
To gifts as lang's a plaiden wob,
Because I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and sonny, frank and free,
Lo'ed by a', and dear to me,
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
Because my Robin lo'es me.
My titty, Mary, said to me,
Our courtship but a joke wad be,
And I, or lang, be made to see,
That Robin did na lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been,
Me and my honest Rob between,
And in his wooing, O see keen,
Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
Then fly, ye lassy hours, away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When "join your hands," Mees John shall [say,
And mak' him mine that lo'es me.

Till then, let every chance unite,
To weigh our love, and fix delight,
And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
Who doubt that Robin lo'es me.
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin lo'es me.

Loch Cathrine.

AMID Loch Cathrine's scenery wild,
Is seen my lassie's dwelling,
Where cavern'd rocks on mountains p'il'd
Howl to the sea-breeze swelling:—
She's purer than the snow that fa's
On mountain's summit airy;
The sweetest mountain flow'r that blows
Is not so fair as Mary.

'Tis sweet when woodland echo rings,
Where purling streams meander,
But sweeter when my Mary sings,
As through the glens we wander.
The wild deer on the mountain side,
The fabled elf or fairy,
Or skiff, that skirts the crystal tide,
Moves not more light than Mary.

From Lowland plains I've wandered far,
In endless search of pleasure;
Till guided by some friendly star,
I found this lovely treasure.
Although my native home has charms,
Among these hills I'll tarry;
And while life's blood my bosom warms,
I'll love my dearest Mary.

Lullaby.

[JOHN SM.—Air, "Bonnie Wood o' Craigie Lee."]

Rest, lovely babe, on mother's knee,
Rest, lovely babe, on mother's knee,
And cry nae to fill wi' wae
The heart that only beats for thee.

Thou hast, my babe, nae father now,
To care for thee when I am gone;
And I ha'e ne'er a friend sae true
As would my bonnie baby own.
Rest, lovely babe, &c.

O' ance, and I could little think
A lot sae hard wou'd e'er be thine,
As thus a mother's tears to drink!
For, baby, thou hast drunk o' mine,
Rest, lovely babe, &c.

O smile, my babe! for sic a smile
Thy father aye put on to me;
O smile, my babe, and look the while,
For thou look'st wi' thy father's e'e.
Rest, lovely babe, &c.

O that this widow'd heart wou'd beat
Till thou in years hadst upward grown,
That I might learn thy future fate,
Nor leave thee in the world alone.
Rest, lovely babe, &c.

The bashfu' Moor.

[ANDERSON.—Air, "Dainty Davie."]

WHEN'E'ER ye come to woo me, Tam,
Dinna at the window tap,
Or cough, or hem, or gi'e a clap,
To let my father hear, man:
He's auld and fall'd and wants his sleep,
Sae by the hallan saftly creep,
Ye needna watch, and glowr, and peep,
I'll meet you, never fear, man.
If a lassie ye wad win,
Be cheerfu' ever, bashfu' never;
Ilka Jock may get a Jean,
If he has sense to try, man.

When'e'er we at the market meet,
Dinna look like ane hauf daft,
Or talk about the cauld an' heat,
As ye were weather-wise, man.
Hand up your head, and bauldly speak,
And keep the blushes frae your cheek,
For he wha has his tale to seek,
We lasses a' despise, man.
If a lassie, &c.

I met you lately a' your lane,
Ye seem'd like ane stown frae the dead,
Your teeth e'en chattered in your head,
But ne'er a word o' love, man;

I spak', ye look'd anither way,
Then trembled as ye'd got a flay,
And owre your shouther cried, "gude day,"
Nor ance to win me strave, man.
If a lassie, &c.

My aunty left me threescore poun',
But dell a' ane o' a' the men
Till then did bare-legg'd Elspah ken,
Or car'd a strae for me, man;
Now tugging at me soon and late,
They're cleeking but the yellow bait.
Sae mind me, Tam, I needna wait,
When I ha'e choies o' three, man.
If a lassie, &c.

There lives a lad owre yonder mair,
He has nae faut but ane—he's puir;
When'e'er we meet, wi' kisses sweet
He's like to be my death, man:
And there's a lad abint your trees,
Wad wand for me aboon the knees;
Sae tell your mind, or, if you please,
Nae langer fish us baith, man.
If a lassie, &c.

Honest men.

[AIR, "Roy's Wife o' Akivalloch."]

How green the fields, the flowers so fair,
How bright the sun, that o'er us passes,
How useless these if that there were
Nae honest men, nor bonnie lasses.
Honest men and bonnie lasses,
Honest men and bonnie lasses,
Lang may live and happy be,
A' honest men and bonnie lasses.

God's noblest work 's an honest man,
A bonnie lass by far 's the fairest,
Of all that's fair in nature's plan,
And e'er to man will be the dearest.
Honest men, &c.

How happy, and how blest the man,
His days or nights can ne'er be dreary,
Who calls an honest man his friend,
And has a bonnie lass for's deary.
Honest men and bonnie lasses,
Honest men and bonnie lasses,
A' they wish and a' they want,
To honest men and bonnie lasses.

The lass o' Haddington.

[WRITTEN and Composed by JAMES JAAP.]

A BONNIE lass there never was, the sun ne'er shone the like upon,
She's fair and sweet, neat and complete, the bonnie lass of Haddington;
And in her face there shines sic grace, her smile's sae sweet to look upon,
Sae fair's the lass, nane can surpass the bonnie lass of Haddington.

When night comes near, and all is drear, my fancy roams on her alone,
She is the light that cheers the night, the bonnie lass of Haddington,
My every care, my every prayer, my every thought I think upon,
'Tis were she mine, this maid divine, the bonnie lass of Haddington.

Can ye lo'e me.

CAN ye lo'e me weel, lassie, to this heart then swiftly flee,
Here you aye shall dwell, lassie, more than a' the world to me.
When the moonbeams shine sae clear, at that hour by lovers blest,
At the gloamin', lassie dear, haste to meet this throbbing breast.
Can you lo'e me weel, lassie, to this heart then swiftly flee,
Here you aye shall dwell, lassie, more than all the world to me.

Where the burnie flows, lassie, gently owre the mountain side,
And the wild flower blows, lassie, watered by the streamlet tide,
As the hare-bell's blossoms shine, on the bleak and barren brae,
Let that brilliant eye of thine light me on my lonely way.
Can ye lo'e me weel, lassie, to this heart then swiftly flee,
Here you aye shall dwell, lassie, more than all the world to me.

The years of Youth.

[W. ALEXANDER.]

Oh! the wild roving years of youth are all flown away,
As gay romantic morning dreams before the dawn of day,
And calmer joys, and deeper thoughts, and love which may not roam,
Are blending with the sunny smiles that cheer the scenes of home.

The gazing crowd, what is it now? its praise we cannot prize—
The flattering slave perchance we hear, but silently despise—
The loud, yet passing peal of mirth, which rang in bower or hall—
One faithful heart's affection won—is worth a world of all.

When first the upland fountain bursts upon the plain, 'tis seen
Divided as a thousand streams, in bright yet varied sheen;
But soon they seek some kindred course, which, deep'ning as they glide
The boundless main alone may change their sweetly mingled tide.

'Tis thus with life, a thousand hopes our youthful thoughts divide,
Till all their glowing energies in one dear wish subside;
Oh! break not then the spell which e'en to joy adds new delight,
And robes creation's fairest forms with beauty still more bright!

Bonnie Mary Græme.

[FROM a volume of sweet and elegant poems published at Glasgow in 1842, under the title of,
"Poems of Past Years. By JAMES PARKER."]

Oh! whar ha'e ye been roamin'—whar ha'e ye been roamin'—
Whar ha'e ye been roamin', bonnie Mary Græme?
Whar ha'e ye been roamin' this cauld dowie gloamin'—
Whar ha'e ye been roamin', sae far awa' frae hame?
The tear is in your e'e—was't the pearly dew that sent it?—
It used na' sae to be, bonnie Mary Græme!
There's a glow on your cheek—was't the damask rose that lent it?—
O, what gars ye greet, or what gars ye think shame?

There's care upon your brow—ill fa' the hand that wrought it!
There's sorrow in your bosom, bonnie Mary Græme!
Sae blythsome as ye used to be, O, wha could e'er ha'e thoct it!—
Somebody or ither has been sair—sair to blame!
Your step, that was sae lightsome, gangs creepin' slow and eerie,
An' sair your voice is alter'd, bonnie Mary Græme!
A canker's in the bud that micht ha'e bloomed sae cheery,
Gin he had kept his faith to thee, bonnie Mary Græme!

My first and last love.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here printed for the first time.]

O morning time o' happiness, O gouden time o' glee,
When light o' heart an' fu' o' hope I roam'd the lily lee,
An' as I pu'd ilk bonnie flower among the sparklin' dew,
I clasp'd it to my breast and said, O Jeanie, 'tis like you!
The pride o' May, the pink o' June, the gem o' summer's bowers
Were nae sae sweet by hauf as thee, my winsome queen o' flowers.

Thy cheek mair soft than eider down, an' white as driven snaw,
Thine e'e o' love, thy bonnie locks, in happy dreams, yet fa'
Upon my cauld and broken heart, an' glow in fairer sheen
Than a' the flowers that ever grew on Endrick's fairy green,
Thy life was mine, my life was thine, yet a' was but a spell—
The hour is past,—my bleeding heart can only sigh, Farewell.

The circle of Friendship.

[AIR, "The kail brose of auld Scotland."]

THE cauld blasts o' winter blaw chill o'er the
plain,
And nature grows pale 'neath the tyrant's domain;
We'll seek our low'd cottage, and leave the bleak
scene;

For there's nought like the circle of friendship
To brighten life's path with a smile.

The heart leaps wi' joy, by the canty fire-side,
Surrounded by faces whose faith has been tried,
Where kind hospitality loves to preside;
For there's nought like the circle of friendship
To brighten life's path with a smile.

Tho' our table is spread with no Eplour's fare;
Tho' our wealth is but sma', we shall never despair,
While we just ha'e a plack wi' a neighbour to
share;

Still we'll meet in the circle of friendship
And brighten life's path with a smile.

The nabob surrounded with splendour may pine;
For friends are but scanty where sycophants
shine;—

Here the juice of the malt is as sweet as the vine;
And there's nought like the circle of friendship
To brighten life's path with a smile.

Let statesmen delight in the court's vain parade,
Where each plays for self in the great masquerade.

Our pleasures tho' humble, we trust are repaid;
For there's nought like the circle of friendship
To brighten life's path with a smile.

While the coxcomb is lost in the butterfly throng,
Where the dance to the music is floating along;
We enjoy our bit crack, wi' a canty Scots song;
For there's nought like the circle of friendship
To brighten life's path with a smile.

Then blest be the faces that welcom'd me here,
Wherever I wander they'll ever be dear,—
While our glasses, at parting, will brim with a
tear;

For there's nought like the circle of friendship
To brighten life's path with a smile.

The weel-tocher'd Lass.

[FROM RAMSAY'S TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY. TUNE,
"Kirk wad let me be."]

I WAS once a weel-tocher'd lass,
My mither left dollars to me,
But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
My step-dame has gart them flee.
My father, he's aften frae hame,
And she plays the dell with his gear;
She neither has lawtith nor shame,
And keeps the hail house in a steer.

She's barmy-faced, thriftless, and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, half-naked, and cauld,
I see her destroy what's mine.
But soon I might hope a revenge,
And soon of my sorrows be free;
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonnie lass tenderlie,
I'll tak' thee, sweet May, in thy smood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
'Tis only yoursel' that I want;
Your kindness is better to me
Than a' that your stepmother, scant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, it's true
And ye are the sprout of a laird;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
And ruth of good rucks in my yard.
Ye shall have naething to fash ye,
Sax servants shall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy coats my lassie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amiss,
Consented, while Ringan, o'erjoy'd,
Received her with mony a kiss.
And now she sits blithely singin',
And joking her drunken stepdame,
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

Bonnie Jean.

[Tune, "Ettrick banks."]

See spring her graces wild disclose,
 Birds sweetly chant on ilka spray;
 'Mang broomy knowes the shepherd goes,
 While sportive lambskins round him play.
 Enraptured now I take my way,
 While joy enlivens a' the scene;
 Down by yon shaded stream I stray,
 To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.

Ye Kellburn groves, by spring attired,
 Where zephyrs sport among the flowers,
 Your fairy scenes I've oft admired,
 While jocund pass'd the sunny hours.
 But doubly happy in your bowers,
 When fragrance scents the dewy e'en,
 I wander where your streamlet pours,
 To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.

Let grandeur rear her lofty dome,
 Let mad ambition kingdoms spoil,
 Through foreign lands let avarice roam,
 An' for her prize unceasing toll;
 Give me fair nature's vernal smile,
 The shelter'd grove, and daisied green,
 I'll happy tread my native soil,
 To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.

Her blue rollin' e'e.

[Hoco.—Tune, "Banks of the Devon."]

Mr lassie is lovely as May-day, adorning
 Wi' gowans an' primroses ilka green lee;
 Tho' sweet is the violet, new blown i' the morning,
 As tender an' sweet is her blue rollin' e'e.
 O say, what is whiter than snaw on the mountain?
 Or what wi' the red rose in beauty can vie?
 Yes, whiter her bosom than snaw on the mountain,
 And bonnie her face as the red rose can be.

See yon lowly cottage that stands by the wild wood,
 Hedged round wi' sweet briar and green willow
 tree;

'Twas yonder I spent the first days of my childhood,
 And first felt the power o' a love-rollin' e'e.

Tho' soon frae my hame and my lassie I wander'd,
 Tho' lang I've been toasing on fortune's rough
 sea,
 Aye dear was the valley where Ettrick meander'd;
 Aye dear was the blink o' her blue rollin' e'e.

O for the evening, and O for the hour, [be;
 When down by yon greenwood she promised to
 When quick as the summer dew dries on the
 flower,
 A' earthly affections and wishes wad flee.
 Let Art and let Nature display their proud trea-
 sure;
 Let Paradise boast o' what once it could gie;
 As high is my bliss, and as sweet is my pleasure,
 In the heart-melting blink o' my lassie's blue e'e.

The banks o' Glaisart.

[Tune, "Locherroch side."—This and the fol-
 lowing song first appeared in "The Pocket Ency-
 clopædia of Song," Glasgow, 1816.—Glaisart is a
 rivulet in Campsie parish, Stirlingshire.]

Now flowery summer comes again,
 And decks my native, bonnie plain,
 While feather'd warblers swell the strain,
 Aroun' the banks o' Glaisart.
 Our woody, wild, romantic glens,
 Our flowery groves, and fairy dens,
 Form heart-enliv'ning, charming scenes,
 Aroun' the banks o' Glaisart.

In childhood's days, sweet dawn o' life,
 Unknown to sorrow, care and strife,
 Aft ha'e I roved 'mid pleasures rife,
 Upon thy banks, sweet Glaisart.
 There too, fair Jeanie, maid o' glee,
 In youthfu' days engaged my e'e,
 And first her mou' I blythe did prie,
 Upon thy banks, sweet Glaisart.

O charming are the towering Fells,
 Where rural pleasure kindly dwells;
 And lovely are the blooming belles,
 That grace thy banks, sweet Glaisart.
 Here Nature's han', in days o' yore,
 That after-awains might her adore,
 Bequeath'd the peerless gifts, in store,
 That grace thy banks, sweet Glaisart.

Yes, wi' that bonnie Clachan Glen,
 Whare birdies chant the artless strain,
 Her warks she crown'd—and mark'd her ain
 The bonnie banks o' Glaisart.
 Ecclipsing a' her favours high,
 She blythe proclaim'd wi' smiling eye,
 "Now, never now, shall scene outvie
 The bonnie banks o' Glaisart."

Mary, O.

[TUNE, "Gloomy winter's now awa'."]

TRILLING Harp, come let us sing,
 Come let me brace lik' gowden string,
 And warble owre some bonnie spring,
 In praise o' my sweet Mary, O.
 The lay along let sweetly move,
 Freely let the love-notes rove,
 Peerless, yea, resound my love,
 My blythe, my bonnie Mary, O.
 For O she's handsome, sweet, and fair,
 Blooming, sprightly, mild, and rare;
 Ne'er shall maid wi' her compare,
 My blythe, my darling Mary, O.

Though Burns divine, in rapture keen,
 Sang sweetly o' his "Bonnie Jean,"
 She scarcely e'er in shape or mien,
 Could match my bonnie Mary, O.
 Though Tannahill in numbers fain,
 Extoll'd his "Jessie o' Dumblane,"
 And though her praises charm ilk swain,
 Excell'd she's now by Mary, O.
 O had thae twa sweet bards but seen
 This blooming maid o' bonnie mien,
 They'd tuned her heavenly lyres I woen,
 And peerless made my Mary, O.

Ye powers aboon, O guard frae harms
 The maid whase smile my bosom warms,
 And lang endow'd wi' rowth o' charms,
 Let bloom my bonnie Mary, O.
 O guide her through this dreary vale
 O' sorrow, trouble, woe, and wail,
 And heaven-ward when she soars, entail
 Eternal bliss on Mary, O.
 For O she's handsome, sweet, and fair,
 Blooming, sprightly, mild, and rare;
 Ne'er shall maid wi' her compare,
 My blythe, my darling Mary, O.

The Plaidie.

[TUNE, "Old Highland laddie."]

THE wind blew hie owre muir and lea,
 And dark and stormy grew the weather;
 The rain rain'd sair; nae shelter near
 But my luve's plaid amang the heather.
 O my bonnie Highland lad,
 My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie;
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
 Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie?

Close to his breast he held me fast;
 Sae cozie, warm, we lay thegither;
 Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet
 As my luve's plaid amang the heather!
 O my bonnie, &c.

'Mid wind and rain he tauld his tale;
 My lightsome heart grew like a feather;
 It lap sae quick I goudna speak,
 But silent sigh'd amang the heather.
 O my bonnie, &c.

The storm blew past; we kist in haste;
 I hameward ran and tauld my mither;
 She gloom'd at first, but soon confest
 The bowls row'd right amang the heather
 O my bonnie, &c.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream,
 Whare Will and I fresh flowers will gather;
 Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear
 Kind-hearted lad amang the heather.
 O my bonnie Highland lad,
 My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie;
 Should storms appear, my Will's aye near
 To row me in his tartan plaidie.

The spinning o't.

[TUNE, "Rock and wee pickle tow."]

NOW Sandy, the winter's cauld blasts are awa',
 And simmer, we've seen the beginning o't;
 I've lang been wearied o' frost and o' snaw,
 And sair ha'e I tired o' the spinning o't;

For when we were married our cleeding was thin,
And poortith, ye ken, made me eident to spin,
Twas fain love o' you that first gart me begin,
And blessings ha'e followed the spinning o't.

When mornings were cauld, and the keen frost
and snaw
Were blawin', I mind the beginning o't,
And ye gaed to wark, be it frost or be't thaw,
My task was nae less at the spinning o't:
But now we've a pantry baith muckle and fu'
O' lika thing gude for to gang in the mow;
A barrel o' ale, wi' some mant for to brew,
To mak' us forget the beginning o't.

And when winter comes back, wi' the snell hail
and rain,
Nae mair I sit down to the spinning o't,
Nor you gang to toll in the cauld fields again,
As little think on the beginning o't:
O' sheep we ha'e scores, and o' kye twenty-five,
Far less we ha'e seen wad made us fu' blythe;
But thrift and industry maks poor fouk to thrive,
A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Although at our marriage our stock was but sma',
And heartless and hard the beginning o't,
When ye was engaged the owen to ca',
And first my young skill tried the spinning o't;
But now we can dress in our plaides sae sma',
Fu' neat and fu' clean gae to kirk or to ha',
And look aye as blythe as the best o' them a',
Sic luck has been o' the beginning o't.

The bud on the brier.

[TUNE, "The Campbells are comin'"]

THE bud on the brier it is bonnie enough,
An' sae is the flower on the ha', las:
How sweet shines the red setting sun in the stream,
But thou art the sweetest o' a', las.
The laverock on the lea, las,
The lintie on the tree, las,
The mavis aft renews her sang,
But nane o' them sings like thee, las.

The meeting o' friends may be happy, I own,
An' blinks o' content gi'e us a', las;
But rapture ne'er comes frae the e'e to the heart,
Save only when love gi'es the law, las.

The bottle has its charms, las,
Which toil and care disarm, las,
But lasting pleasure ne'er is found,
Till love the boom warm, las.

In conquerin' kingdoms let tyrants unite,
An' patriots fight to be free, las;
But conquerin' canna gi'e them the delight,
I ha'e being conquer'd by thee, las.
For freedom's but a name, las,
And slavery's just the same, las,
I'll wear thy chain wi' a' my heart,
Gif ye will be my ain, las.

The love-melting kiss that I steal frae thy lips,
Will keep me aye constant and true, las,
An' lik coming day be mair blest than the past,
An' lik endearment renew, las.
Then time may flee like wind, las,
Its loss we ne'er shall find, las;
The rose that fades upon thy cheek,
Will flourish in thy mind, las.

Daintie Dabie.

[For the original Daintie Davie, see page 98.]

THE lasses fain wad ha'e frae me
A sang, to keep them a' in glee,
While ne'er a ane I ha'e to gi'e,
But only Daintie Davie.
I learn'd it early in my youth,
When barley bannocks caused a drouth:
Whar cronies met to weet their mouth,
Our sang was Daintie Davie.
O, Daintie Davie is the thing;
I never kent a cantie spring,
That e'er deserved the Highland fling,
Sae weel as Daintie Davie.

When friends an' folk at bridals meet,
Their drouthie mou's and craigs to weet,
The story canna be complete
Without they've Daintie Davie.
Sae lasses tune your spinnets weel,
An' lilt it up wi' a' your skill,
There's nae strathapey nor Highland reel,
Comes up to Daintie Davie.
O, Daintie Davie, &c.

Though bardies a', in former times,
 Ha'e stain'd my sang, wae worth their rhymes !
 They had but little mense, wi' crimes,
 To blast my Daintie Davie.
 The rankest weeds the garden spoil,
 When labour tak's the play a while;
 The lamp gae out for want o' oil,
 And aae it fared wi' Davie.
 O Daintie Davie, &c.

There's ne'er a bar but what's complete,
 While lika note is aye so sweet,
 That auld and young get to their feet,
 When they hear Daintie Davie.
 Until the latest hour of time,
 When music a' her power shall tine,
 Each hill, an' dale, an' grove, shall ring
 Wi' bonnie Daintie Davie.
 O, Daintie Davie, &c.

Lassie wi' the raven locks.

[A. FLETCHER, schoolmaster, Dunoon, Argyllshire.—Tune, "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks."]

LIASSIE wi' the raven locks,
 Charming lassie, Highland lassie;
 Gladly wad I tend thy flocks,
 Bonnie Highland Mary, O.

Where Kehaig joins the briny tide,
 And Cowal's hills spread far and wide,
 Along the winding banks o' Clyde,
 I met wi' Highland Mary, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

Her foot aae neatly mark'd the sand,
 An' gently waded her lily hand,
 As, slow, she traced the sea-beat strand,
 The lovely Highland Mary, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

How mildly glanced her hazel e'e!
 Like sunbeams on the dewy lee :—
 It, stowling, wiled the heart frae me,
 The witching smile of Mary, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

Her eye-brows of a jetty-hue;
 Her lips "like rose-buds moist wi' dew;"
 A sweeter face ne'er blest'd my view
 Than youthfu' Highland Mary's, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

Though pure the flowers that blaw unseen
 Among her native woodlands green,
 Yet purer far's the heart, I ween,
 Of artless Highland Mary, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

Let others range frae isle to isle,
 Where never-ending simmers smile :—
 Mair dear the groves o' Ballochyle,
 That shelter Highland Mary, O.
 Lassie wi' &c.

I'd cheerfu' toll frae dawn o' day,
 O'er yon lone glen and ferny brae,
 Could I but get, by gloaming grey,
 Ae blythsome blink o' Mary, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

O may aae cloud the sun o'ercast,
 To chill this floweret's snawie breast !
 Nae reptile's breath untimely blast
 The op'ning bloom of Mary, O !
 Lassie wi', &c.

Blue-eyed Anne.

[WRITTEN BY ANGUS FLETCHER, among the ruins of Dunoon Castle, which command a distant view of Mont Stuart in the Isle of Bute. This song appeared first in a Greenock Newspaper, January 1806, but is here given with the author's latest corrections. It was written to the air of "Miss Forbes' farewell to Banff," and has also been set to music of its own by an Edinburgh publisher, who calls the tune "The Flower of Dunoon."]

NINE times bleak winter's cranreuch snell
 Despoiled o' bloom the daisied lee;
 And nine times has the primrose pale
 Spread round the dells of Coir-in-ta-shie,
 Since, where Mont Stuart's dusky grove
 Waves o'er yon foaming distant sea,
 I blushing own'd my youthful love,
 And Blue-eyed Anne repoved nae me.

Wha then wad think our joys could fade?
 Love's dearest pleasures a' we knew;
 And not a cloud was seen to shade
 The blissful scenes young fancy drew.
 But scowling tempests soon o'ercast
 Our azure skies and summer sea—
 I've borne misfortune's rudest blast,
 Yet Blue-eyed Anne still smiles on me.

Now safe retired, no more I'll stray
Ambition's faithless path along,
But calmly spend the careless day
Dunoon's green winding vales among:
And aft I'll climb this hoary pile,
When spring revives each flower and tree,
To view yon sweet sequester'd isle,
Where Blue-eyed Anne first smiled on me.

What ails you, Fate.

[TUNE, "FOR A' THAT AN' A' THAT."—Written by
ALEX. DOUGLAS, a weaver in Pathhead, Fifeshire,
who published a volume of poems in 1806.]

WHAT ails you now, my dainty Fate,
Ye winna wed an' a' that?
Say, are ye fley'd, or are ye blate,
To tell your love an' a' that?
To kiss an' clasp, an' a' that?
O fy for shame, an' a' that,
To spend your life without a wife;
'Tis no the gate ava that.

Ere lang you will grow auld and frail,
Your haffets white an' a' that;
An' whare's the Meg, the Kate, or Nell,
Will ha'e you syne wi' a' that?
Bunkled brow an' a' that;
Wissen'd face an' a' that;
Wi' beard sae grey, there's nane will ha'e
A kiss frae you, an' a' that.

O stand na up wi' where an' how,
Wi' ifs an' buts an' a' that,
Wi' sockless scruples not a few:
Fu' up your heart an' a' that.
Crouselly crack an' a' that;
Come try your luck an' a' that:
The hiny-moon will ne'er gang done,
If guidit weel an' a' that.

There's monie lass baith douce an' fair,
Fu' sonsy, fier, an' a' that,
Wad suit you to a very hair,
Sae clever they're an' a' that;
Handsome, young, an' a' that,
Sae complaisant an' a' that;
Sae sweet an' braw, and gude an' a';
What ails the chield at a' that?

Come, look about, an' wale a wife,
Like honest fook an' a' that;
An' lead a cheerru' virtuous life;
Ha'e plenty, peace, an' a' that;
A thrifty wife an' a' that,
An' bonnie bairns an' a' that,
Syne in your ha' shall pleasures a'
Smile ilka day an' a' that.

Mary.

[DANIEL WHEIR.—Tune, "Good night, and joy
be wi' you a'"]

How dear to think on former days,
And former scenes I've wander'd o'er;
They well deserve a poet's praise,
In lofty rhyme they ought to soar.
How oft I've wander'd by the Clyde,
When night obscured the landscape near,
To hear its murmur'ing waters glide,
And think upon my Mary dear.

And when the moon shot forth her light,
Sweet glimmer'ing through the distant trees,
How sweet to pass the peaceful night,
And breathe, serene, the passing breeze.
Though grand these scenes of peace and joy,
'Tis not for them I'd drop the tear;
Remembrance will my heart annoy,
When thinking on my Mary dear.

Far from my friends, far from my home,
I wander on a distant shore;
Far from those scenes I used to roam,
And scenes perhaps I'll tread no more.
My fancy still beholds the Clyde,
Her scenes of grandeur now appear;
What power can s'er my thoughts divide,
From Clyde's fair banks and Mary dear.

No power on earth can change my heart,
Or tear these scenes from out my mind;
And when this world and I shall part,
For them I'll cast a look behind.
Swift fly the time until we meet;
Swift fly away each day and year,
Until my early friends I greet,
And kiss again my Mary dear.

Bessie's Lamentation.

[TUNE, "Jessie the Fower o' Dumblane." This and the two following songs were first published in "The Pocket Encyclopedia of Song," Glasgow, 1816.]

By the side o' yon river, as Bessie sat sighin',
Lamentin' her Jamie frae her far awa',
The last sound o' the bell on the night breeze was
dyin'.

An' careless aroun' her the dew-drops did fa';
O! welcome, she cried, thou sweet hour of devotion!

O rise, bonnie moon, a young lassie does ca';
Shine clearly, an' witness my full heart's emotion;
I'll think on my Jamie, though he be awa'.

O! gin he was here, or gin I had gaen wi' him:—
But whicht my fond heart, he will quickly return;
My arms shall enfold him; soon, soon shall I see
him,

An' ne'er on this bank again lanely I'll mourn.
An' thou, bonnie moon, whast beheld my sad
wailin',

O tell it to Jamie, O tell it him a';
While gazin' on thee, owre the deep as he's sailin',
O! fair be the breezes aroun' him that blaw.

How sweet is't to see thee shine clearly and bonnie,
On the gay fies o' harst, or the silvery snaw—
How sweet are these scenes! but far sweeter than
onle

The lad to me dearest, though he be awa':
For what to me's Nature, though varied in feature;
Without him—nae joy can it gi'e me ava:—
O! come then, my laddie, O come, binna later,
For drearie's the time whan frae me ye're awa'.

Fair Helen.

[TUNE, "Humours of Glen."]

THE bright rose o' simmer the brier was adornin',
An' sweet fell the perfume encircelin' the flower,
An' rich on its leaves hung the tears o' the mornin',
An' aft sigh'd the gale thro' the brier-ahaded
bower:

But Helen, fair Helen, the early dawn courtin',
Appear'd, an' now pale grew the rose's deep dye;
When rival'd Aurora beheld the nymph sportin',
She mantled her face in a fold o' the sky.

Enraptured I saw her sae bloomin' an' bonnie,
That love bade the full tide o' fervour to flow;
But blame na my ardour, for tell me could onle
Resist the fond impulse—ah! tell me? oh no.—
Though calm was the hour, and delicious the
pleasure,

When viewin' the beauties o' Nature sae fair,
Beside lovely Helen, 'twas joy without measure,
The fairest, the dearest, the sweetest was there!

A boon may I venture to beg frae thee, Heaven?
Amid a' my care, an' my toil, an' my fear,
Be the heart-warmin' impulse o' frien'ship me
given,

To live in her smile, or be worthy her tear:
An' never, thou dread power, Adversity, bend her;
Frae sadness an' sorrow, oh! aye be she free:
That lika true bliss may for ever attend her,—
Is the prayer o' the poet, dear Helen, for thee.

The Lass o' Netherlee.

[NETHERLEE is four miles south-west of Glasgow.]

AULD farran' cantie bodie,
Cam' ye frae the Netherlee?
Auld farran' cantie bodie,
Did you there my lassie see?

Kind, an' blythe, an' sweet as onle,
Fairer never can ye see;
In face an' form my lassie's bonnie,
Dimpled love sits in her e'e.
Auld farran', &c.

Hair like the mornin's gouden beam,
On the tapmaist mountain hie;
An' oh! whan dress'd in tartan sheen,
Beauty's power is ill to dree.
Auld farran', &c.

Her lips wad mak' the cherry blush
Deeper red—though red it be;
An' weel like I the dew to brush
Frae her lips sae sweet an' wee.
Auld farran', &c.

But sawna ye the lassie then,
Through the wood or owre the lea?
Though ye're the wale o' cantiest men,
To seek her quickly maun I flee.

Fare ye weel then, funnie bodie!
Whan ye ca' 't the Netherlee,
Spier for me, auld farran' bodie,
Then the lassie dear ye'll see.

Wie, bonnie lassie.

[THIS popular song has hitherto appeared in all the collections as an anonymous production, but we have the authority of a highly esteemed correspondent for saying that it was written by the REV. JAMES HONEYMAN, minister of Kinneff, in Kincardineshire, who died at an advanced age in or about the year 1778. Mr. Honeyman wrote other poetical pieces, but none of them came before the public except this song, and the circumstance that brought it to light was this. About the time it was written, an itinerant teacher of music appeared in the district, and happening to get a copy of it, he sang it in his classes, at his concerts, and on other occasions, till it acquired a local popularity, and the demand for copies increased so much that the aid of the printer was called in to supply them, and thus, by and bye, it came to be spread over the country in ballad-books and broad-sheets. It is surprising that "Wie bonnie lassie" should have escaped so successful a collector as David Herd, who was himself a native of Kincardineshire.]

Hix, bonnie lassie, blink o'er the burn,
And if your sheep wander I'll gi'e them a turn;
Sae happy as we'll be on yonder green shade,
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

A yowe and twa lammies are a' my haill stock,
But I'll sell a lammie out o' my wee flock,
To buy thee a head-piece, sae bonnie and braid,
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I ha'e a wee whittle made me a trout creel,
And, oh, that wee whittle I likit it weel;
But I'll gi'e't to my lassie, and mair if I had,
If she'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I ha'e little siller, but ae hauf-year's fee,
But if ye will tak' it, I'll gi'e't a' to thee;
And then we'll be married, and lie in ae bed,
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

Old Nanny's Song.

[FROM HOGG'S "Brownie of Bodsbeck."]

THE kye are rowting in the lone,
The ewes bleat on the brae,
O, what can ail my auld gudeman,
He bides sae lang away!

An' aye the Robin sang by the wud,
An' his note had a wasome fa',
An' the corbie croupit in the clud,
But he durstna light ava;

Till out cam' the wee grey moudiowrt
Frae 'neath the hollow stane,
An' it howkit a grave for the auld grey head,
For the head lay a' its lane!

But I will seek out the robin's nest,
An' the nest of the ouzel shy,
For the siller hair that is beddit there
Maun wave aboon the sky.

The lassie o' the glen.

[THIS little lyric is the earliest poetical production of ANOUS FLETCHER, and first appeared in several Newspapers about the year 1808 or 9. It was written to a Gaelic air, but it may also be sung to the good old tune of "Willie was a wanton wag." Glendaruel, one of the richest and prettiest valleys in Scotland, forms the parish of Kilmodan, in Cowal; and is generally called, by way of pre-eminence, The Glen. The river Ruel winds slowly and beautifully through its whole length.]

BENEATH a hill, 'mong birken bushes,
By a burnie's dimplit linn,
I told my love, with artless blushes,
To the lassie o' the Glen.

O the birken bank sae grassy!
Hey the burnie's dimplit linn!
Dear to me's the bonnie lassie
Living in yon rashie glen.

Lanely Ruel! thy stream sae glamsie,
Shall be aye my fa'rite theme;
For, on thy bank my Highland lassie
First confes'd a mutual flame.
O the birken, &c.

There, as she mark'd the sportive fishes
Upward spring wi' quiv'ring fin,
I slyly stole some melting kisses,
Frae the lassie o' the glen.
O the birken, &c.

What bliss! to sit, and nane to fash us,
In some sweet wee bowery den;
Or fondly stray among the rushes,
Wi' the lassie o' the glen.
O the birken, &c.

And though I wander now unhappy,
Far frae scenes we haunted then,
I'll ne'er forget the—bank sae grassy,
Nor—the lassie o' the glen.
O the birken, &c.

The Farewell.

[J. BURTT.—Tune, "Jockie's far awa'."]

O welcome winter! wi' thy storms,
Thy frosts, an' hills o' snaw;
Dismantle nature o' her charms,
For I maun lea' them a'.
I've mourn'd the gowan wither'd laid
Upon its wallow bier;
I've seen the rose-bud drooping fade
Beneath the dewy tear.
Then fare ye weel, my frien's sae dear,
For I maun lea' you a'.
O will ye sometimes shed a tear
For me, when far awa'?
For me, when far frae hame and you,
Where ceaseless tempests blow,
Will ye repeat my last adieu,
An' mourn that I'm awa'?

I've seen the wood, where rude winds rave,
In gay green mantle drest,
But now its leafless branches wave
Wild whistling in the blast:
So perish'd a' my youthful joy,
An' left me thus to mourn:
The vernal sun will gild the sky,
But joy will ne'er return.
Then fare ye weel, &c.

In vain will spring her gowans spread
Owe the green swarded lea:
The rose beneath the hawthorn shade
Will bloom in vain for me:
In vain will spring bedeck the bowers
Wi' buds and blossoms brow—
The gloomy storm already lowers
That drives me far awa'.
Then fare ye weel, &c.

O winter! spare the peaceful scene
Where early joys I knew:
Still be its fields unfolding green,
Its sky unclouded blue.
Ye lads and lasses! when sae blythe
The social crack ye ca'—
O spare the tribute of a sigh
For me, when far awa'!
Then fare ye weel, &c.

Poor Mary.

[ANGUS FLETCHER.—Tune, "A' body's like to get married but me."]

I met my dear lassie short syne in yon dale,
But deep was her sigh, and her cheek it was pale;
And sad the soft smile that was heaven to see:
Poor Mary, I fear, is unhappy—like me.

A feverish heat has deprived o' their bloom
Her lips, once sae rosy, exhaling perfume;
An' changed is the glance o' her blythe hazel e'e,—
Poor Mary, I fear, is unhappy—like me.

'Twas thus a fair floweret adorn'd my lone walk,
But chill blew the east on its tender green stalk:
No more its sweet blossoms allure the wild bee—
Poor Mary, I fear, is unhappy—like me.

If I were but destined to ca' her my ain,
I'd shield her sae fondly frae snaw, win, an' rain;
And, nightly, this bosom her pillow wad be:—
Poor Mary, I fear, is unhappy—like me.

Detraction and malice—society's pest!
I know 'tis your venom that pains her pure breast;
But, O for that haven, 'yont life's stormy sea,
Where Mary, I trust, shall be happy wi' me!

Carle Time.

[WILLIAM FERGOUSON.—Here first printed.]

O! CARLE Time, auld carle Time,
My bleasin' I'd gi'e thee,
Gin ye would turn your face, and bring
Back by-gane days to me :—
Bring back the lang, lang sunny days,
When youth an' hope were mine,
Wi' a' the friends I lo'ed an' lost,
In days o' lang syne.

O! kindly carle, dinna gloom,
But leave your onward track,
For through the mist o' forty years
I fondly wad gang back :—
I'll leave behind my lade o' care,
And, light o' heart and limb,
I'll follow you through early scenes,
By distance now made dim.

O! lead me to the dear loved spot,
Where childhood's hours were spent,
Where misery was but a name,
And toil was scarcely kent;
Where pleasures hung in clusters round,
Like blossoms on the tree;
And a' the world I saw, appear'd
A paradise to me!

And, gentle carle, let me sit
An hour by that auld chair,
That bore my mother lang, and see
My kindly mother there—
O, Time! I'd gi'e you a' I'm worth,
Or ever like to be,
For as look o' that blessed face,
Sair worn wi' grief for me!

And, carle, there's a birken bower,
O' early love the scene—
Cleed, cleed again its wither'd boughs,
Wi' leaves o' glossy green :—
And, O! bring back to meet me there,
Frae out the darksome tomb,
My early-lost, my bonnie bride,
In a' her maiden bloom.

O! cruel carle, I plead in vain—
Ye leave me to my fate;
Wi' moody brow, and eident step,
Ye keep your onward gate:

But carle Time, auld carle Time,
My bleasin' I'd gi'e thee,
Gin ye would turn your face, and bring
Back by-gane days to me.

The autumn leaves.

[ALEX. MACLAGGAN.—Here first printed.]

THE autumn leaves fa' fast, dear May,
O! wearily fast,
Poor blighted things, they canna thole
The buffets o' ilk blast.
The birds will soon be mute, dear May,
The sweet flowers dead an' gane,
And soon ilk strippet tree will stand
As bare's yon auld mill stane.

The black bat flitts—the howlet hoots
Frae Roslin's castle wa',
The wicked spirit o' the winds
Raves through ilk hoary ha'.
Rude ruin on the rafters bare
Has fix'd his gorin teeth,
And the pick-axe o' the labourin' wight
Is working hard beneath.

The roarin' lin', the waves, the win',
Sing sadly i' the ear,
That winter, wi' his boasts an' frosts,
And cauld and cramps, is near.
And when the wreckin' tempest sweeps
Athwart the leafless lea,
And shakes ilk biggin' to the found,
O' wha will shelter thee?

Nae brither brave, nae sister sweet,
Greet's thee with kindred smile;
Thy honour'd father's auld grey hairs
Lie 'neath our abbey-isle.
Your mither on her cauld death-bed
Aft fondly turn'd to thee,
Syne grasp'd my hand, and, weepin', left
Her wee pet lamb to me.

Why weeps my early love? why heaves
With sighs thy gentle breast?
Behreth these silly words o' mine,
That wreck thy bosom's rest!

For why should I stand haverin' here,
Like pulin' hopeless swain,
When lika bluish, and sigh, and tear,
Declares ye a' my ain!

Matrimonial Happiness.

["THIS song," says Burns, "was the work of a very worthy, facetious old fellow, JOHN LAPRAIK, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk; which little property he was obliged to sell, in consequence of some connection, as security, for some persons concerned in that villanous bubble, *The Ayr Bank*. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes." It will be recollected, that Burns, hearing the song sung at a "country rocking," was so much taken with it that he addressed a rhyming epistle to Lapraik, which opened up a correspondence between them. The poet says,

"There was ae sang amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life."

Lapraik was greatly the senior of Burns, having been born in 1737, yet he long survived him, as he died at Muirkirk, where he latterly kept the village post office, in 1807. In 1788, he published at Kilmarnock a volume of poems, but none of them surpassed, if they equalled, the song which drew forth the generous praise of Burns.—Tune, "The Scots Recluse," or "Johnnie's Grey Brecks."]

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us aye, wha ance were twain.
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the meltin' kiss:
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only giv' us change o' bliss.

Ha'e I a' wish? It's a' for thee!
I ken thy wish is me to please.
Our moments pass aye smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gae;

Weel pleased they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And aye, when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest:
And, if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bide her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drop a tear.
Ha'e I a joy? It's a' her ain!
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them dijoin.

Johnnie and Mary.

[THIS was introduced as a Scotch song in Bickersstaff's opera of "Love in a Village," first acted at Covent Garden Theatre in 1763.]

Down the burn and through the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow;
Johnnie liltin', tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonnie mou':
Dear she loo'd the well known song,
While her Johnnie, blythe and bonnie,
Sung her praise the whole day long.
Down the burn and through the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnnie liltin', tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonnie mou'.

Costly claihs she had but few;
Of rings and jewels nae great store;
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnnie wisly wish'd nae more:
Love's the pearl the shepherds prize;
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the shepherd's eyes.
Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnnie could nae these impart;
Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth,
Was still her faithfu' Johnnie's heart:
Sweet the joys the lovers find,
Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the burn, &c.

One day I heard Mary.

[THIS was written by ROBERT CRAWFORD to the tune of "I'll never leave thee," and printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany.]

ONE day I heard Mary say, how shall I leave thee?
 Stay, dearest Adonis, stay; why wilt thou grieve me?
 Alas! my fond heart will break, if thou should leave me:
 I'll live and die for thy sake, yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say, has Mary deceived thee?
 Did e'er her young heart betray new love, that has grieved thee?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray, thou may believe me.
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day, and never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth, what can relieve thee?
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe? This breast shall receive thee.
 My passion can ne'er decay, never deceive thee;
 Delight shall drive pain away, pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad, how shall I leave thee?
 Oh! that thought makes me sad; I'll never leave thee!
 Where would my Adonis fly? Why does he grieve me?
 Alas! my poor heart will die, if I should leave thee.

My Nannie's awa'.

[THIS was written by BURNS in December, 1794, for Thomson's collection, to the tune of "There a few gude fellows when Jamie's awa'," or as it is now more commonly called, "There'll never be peace till Jamie come hame." Clarinda, *alias* Agnes M'Lehose, is the supposed subject of the song.]

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the west o' the morn;
 They pain my sad bosom, as sweetly they blaw!
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dew of the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa';
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, as pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay:
 The darg, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa'.

Sae merry as we ha'e been.

[THIS is the title of a very old air, which is to be found in our oldest musical collections. The original words to the tune are probably lost. The old chorus, however, is retained in the following beautifully-natural song, which was first printed in Herd's collection, 1778. Burns characterizes the chorus as "truly pathetic."

"Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been!
My heart it is like for to break,
When I think on the days we ha'e seen."

The version here given of the present song differs somewhat, but chiefly in verbal points, from that given by Herd.]

A Lass that was laden wi' care
Sat heavily under a thorn;
I listen'd a while for to hear,
When thus she began for to mourn:—
Whene'er my own lover was near,
The birds seem'd far sweeter to sing;
The cold nipping winter-time wore
A face that resembled the spring.
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been!
My heart is like for to break,
When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

There was love in his sweet silent looks,
There was love in the touch of his hand;
I lik'd mair the glance o' his e'e,
Then a' the green earth to command:
A word, and a look, and a touch—
Hard-hearted, oh! how could I be?
Oh! the caulest lass i' the land
Wad ha'e sigh'd and ha'e melted like me!
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been!
I wonder my heart diena break,
When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

But now he is far, far awa',
Between us is the rolling sea;
And the wind that wafts pleasure to a',
Brings nae word frae Willie to me.
At night, when the rest o' the folk
Are merrily seated to spin,
I sit myself under an oak,
A-heavy sighing for him.

Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been!
My heart it will break ere the spring,
As I think on the days that are gane.

Hap me wi' thy petticoat.

[THERE was an old nursery song, the words of which ran somewhat thus:

"I'll hap ye wi' my petticoat,
My ain kind dow;
I'll hap ye wi' my petticoat,
My ain kind dow.
The wind blaws cauld, my claithing's thin,—
O dearie, on me rue;
And hap me wi' thy petticoat,
My ain kind dow."

The tune to which this was sung was one of great beauty and simplicity, although its simplicity has been somewhat injured by modern changes. RAMSAY wrote the following words to the tune, but mistook himself greatly, we think, when he endeavoured to weave the words of a nurse's lullaby into an impassioned lover's address.]

O BELL, thy looks ha'e kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain;
When night returns, I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charm-
ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.
But waking, think what I endure,
While cruel thou decline
Those pleasures, which alone can cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fall, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.
Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to alight,
By hind'ring the design.
May all the powers of love agree,
At length to make thee mine;
Or loose my chains and set me free
From every charm of thine.

The Country Lass.

[This ditty, which breathes so much homely sense and rural contentment, is marked as an old song in the Tea-Table Miscellany. It is at least older than the beginning of last century, as it appears in "Pills to Purge Melancholy" (2d vol. circa 1700,) where it is erroneously directed to be sung to the tune of "Cold and Raw." The genuine old air of "The Country Lass" is given in Johnson's Museum. The comparatively modern tune of "Sally in our alley" somewhat resembles it.]

ALTHOUGH I be but a country lass,
Yet a lofty mind I bear, O;
And think myself as rich as those
That rich apparel wear, O.
Although my gown be hame-spun grey,
My skin it is as soft, O,
As them that satin weeds do wear,
And geck their heads aloft, O.

What though I keep my father's sheep,
The thing that maun be done, O;
With garlands o' the finest flowers,
To shade me frae the sun, O?
When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where grass and flowers do spring, O;
Then, on a flowery bank, at noon,
I set me down and sing, O.

My Paisley piggy, corked with sage,
Contains my drink but thin, O;
No wines did e'er my brains engage,
To tempt my mind to sin, O.
My country curds and wooden spoon,
I think them unco fine, O;
And on a flowery bank, at noon,
I set me down and dine, O.

Although my parents cannot raise
Great bags of shining gold, O,
Like them whose daughters, now a-days,
Like swine, are bought and sold, O:

Yet my fair body it shall keep
An honest heart within, O;
And for twice fifty thousand crowns,
I value not a prin, O.

I use nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck, O,
Nor shining rings upon my hands,
My fingers straight to deck, O.
But for that lad to me shall fa',
And I have grace to wed, O,
I'll keep a brow that's worth them a';
I mean my silken smood, O.

If camnie fortune give to me
The man I dearly love, O,
Though he want gear, I dinna care,
My hands I can improve, O;
Expecting for a blessing still
Descending from above, O;
Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kiss,
Repeating tales of love, O.

Amang the Heather.

[WILLIAM CROSS.—Here first printed.—Tune.
"O'er the muir amang the heather."]

AMANG the braes aboon Dunoon,
In vernal May's delightfu' weather,
I met at e'en a bonnie lass
Alane amang the blooming heather.

A hame-spun gown and westlin' plaid
Was dress enough, she had nae ither,
But blythe and comely was her face,
And light her step amang the heather.

I spake her fair, and speert her name,
To tell me true she didna swither,
But modestly she hung her head,
And blush'd as red 's the blooming heather.

A bonnie lass and free-hand' lad
Maun ha'e a crack when they forgather,
Sae down we sat beside a burn
That wimpled through the blooming heathes.

We spake o' kirks, we spake o' fairs,
The sprouting corn, the bonnie weather;
O' every thing we talk'd but love,
Though love was a' our thoughts thegither.

Could I keep still my louping heart,
Or as word right put to anither,
When for my ain I tried to claim
The bonnie lass among the heather?

Ah no! though lang I ettled sair,
My tongue could never slip the tether,
But weel the lassie guess'd my mind
That night amang the blooming heather.

The balmy air, the glowing sky,
The thymey sod, the blooming heather,
And sic an angel by my side—
I trow 'twas heaven a' thegither!

The night grew late before we wist,
It took us hours to part wi' ither;
And now she's mine, the bonnie lass
That staw my heart amang the heather.

The Lass o' Livingston.

[THIS is the name of an old tune and old song. Burns says, "The old song, in three eight line stanzas, is well known, and has merit as to wit and humour; but it is rather unfit for insertion. It begins,

'The bonnie lass o' Livingston,
Her name ye ken, her name ye ken,
And she has written in her contract
To lie her lane, to lie her lane,' &c."

The following song to the tune of "The Lass o' Livingston," was written by RAMSAY, and published in the first volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany.]

FAIN'D with her slighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear;
The gods descended from above,
Well pleased to hear, well pleased to hear;
They heard the praises of the youth,
From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus she sung, and thus she sung:

"Bless'd days! when our ingenuous sex,
More frank and kind, more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
But spoke their mind, but spoke their mind.
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
Would he return, would he return,
She ne'er again would give him care,
Or cause him mourn, or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I the deservin swain,
Yet still thought shame, yet still thought shame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame, to own my flame?
Why took I pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy—and seem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My alighted joy, my alighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
Own your desire, own your desire;
While love's young power, with his soft wing,
Fans up the fire, fans up the fire.
Oh! do not with a silly pride,
Or low design, or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride,
But answer plain, but answer plain."

Thus the fair mourner wall'd her crime,
With flowing eyes, with flowing eyes;
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
With sweet surprise, with sweet surprise.
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd, his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd.

Address to a Lady.

[THIS sweet little song, headed, "Address to a Lady," was written by BURNS, to the tune of "The Lass o' Livingston." The lady in question was Mrs. Riddell of Woodleigh Park.]

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry air,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or d.d. misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blow, around thee blow,
Thy belid should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

The Crook and Plaid.

[REV. HENRY S. RIDDELL.]

I WINNA lo'e the laddie that ca's the cart and plough,
Though he should own that tender love that's only felt by few;
For he that has this bosom a' to fondest love betray'd,
Is the kind and faithfu' laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild, his fleecy flock to view,
When the larks sing in the heaven aboon, and the flowers wake 'mang the dew,
When the thin mist melts afore the beam, ower gair and glen convey'd,
Where the laddie loves to wander still, that wears the crook and plaid.

At noon he leans him down, high on the heathy fell,
When his flocks feed a' sae bonnille below him in the dell;
And there he sings o' faithful love, till the wilds around are glad;
Oh, how happy is the laddie that wears the crook and plaid!

He pu's the blooms o' benther pure, and the lily-flour sae meek,
For he weens the lily like my brow, and the heath-bell like my cheek.
His words are soft and tender as the dew frae heaven shed;
And nane can charn me like the lad that wears the crook and plaid.

Beneath the flowery hawthorn-tree, wild growing in the glen,
He meets me in the gloamin' grey, when nane on earth can ken;
And leal and tender is his heart beneath the spreading shade,
For weel he kens the way, I trow, to row me in his plaid.

The youth o' mony riches may to his fair one ride,
And woo across a table his many-titled bride;
But we will woo beneath the tree, where cheek to cheek is laid—
Oh, nae wooer's like the laddie that rows me in his plaid!

To own the tales o' faithfu' love, oh, wha wad no comply?
Sin' pure love giv's mair o' happiness than aught aneath the sky.
Where love is in the bosom thus, the heart can ne'er be sad;
Sae, through life, I'll lo'e the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

Prince Charles Edward.

[DAVID VEDDER.—Arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air by Finlay Dun.]

FAREWELL to thee, Scotland, thy verdure is blighted,
Thy daisies are steeped in the blood of the brave;
And I, who thy wrongs with the sword would have righted,
Am tossed like a fugitive serf on the wave!

Impelled to the pursuit, by gold and by vengeance,
 My foemen are swift as the storm-driven rack;
 From the fierce brutal tribes they've selected their engines,
 The beagles and blood-hounds are scenting my track.

Farewell to thee, Scotland, thy hills are receding,
 So beagles and blood-hounds can track as they may;
 But my heart to its centre is wounded and bleeding,
 For thousands who fell on Culloden's dark day.
 The hill-fox's howl, and the lone widow's wallings,
 Commingle at midnight, 'midst tempest and rain;
 And the red mountain-streamlets by smouldering shellings,
 Brawl hoarsely and fiercely the dirge of the slain.

The chieftains and heroes who followed my banner
 Are pining in dungeons, and bleaching on walls;
 Or, stripp'd of their all, saving conscience and honour,
 The grass growing rank on their hearths and their halls,
 Farewell to thee, Scotland, thy loftiest mountain
 Is fading and blending with ocean and sky,
 I groan—for my tears are dried up at the fountain—
 A wanderer I've lived, and an exile I'll die.

The Scotsman's Farewell.

[JOHN BURNS.]

Let me gaze on those mountains, with heath overgrown
 'Mid whose wild flowers I sported, ere sorrow I knew;
 Let me leave them one tear, ere my bark shall be thrown
 O'er the wave that may hide them for ever from view!

Though I go to a land as enchanting and fair—
 That has comforts as many, and troubles as few—
 Where the heart, all it pants for, as freely may share,
 And find its attachments as tender and true—

Yet the place of our birth, like our earliest love,
 To the throbb of affection must ever be dear;—
 And kind, or severe, as our fortune may prove,
 We look back on that spot—with a smile—or a tear

Oh yes! there's no loadstone that equals our home,
 Nor magnet so true as the pulse of the heart:—
 And the mem'ry of boyhood, where'er we may roam,
 Sheds a ray o'er the mind that will never depart.

Farewell, Caledonia! thou first in contending
 Against the oppressors of freedom and truth—
 May I fall like my fathers—thy blessings defending—
 And sleep 'neath the turf I have trod in my youth!

How hard's the fate.

[WRITTEN by a Young Lady.—Tune, "For a' that an' a' that."]

How hard's the fate of womankind,
When I think on't for a' that;
When they meet a young man to their mind,
They darena tell for a' that.
For a' that and a' that;
And twice as meikle's a' that;
Though they lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel,
They darena tell for a' that.

The world's sae censorious,
Which causes this and a' that,
Gars us conceal our fondest thoughts,
And say we hate and a' that.
For a' that, &c.

I vow I will be none of these
That play the fool and a' that;
When I meet a young man to my mind,
I'll tell I love for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that;
The bonnie lad that I lo'e best,
Shall be my ain for a' that.

Jeanie's black e'e.

[MACGILL.—Tune, "Could frosty morning."]

THE sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning;
Light sprang the laverock and mounted sae hie;
When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewie
morning,
My Jeanie cam' linking out owre the green lea.
To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens:
Aft, aft to the kent gate she turn'd her black e'e;
Then lying down dowyle, sigh'd by the willow tree,
"Ha me mohatel na dousku me."†

Saft through the green birks I sta' to my Jewel,
Stralk'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree:
Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel,—
"Ha me mohatel na dousku me."

† I am asleep, do not waken me.

▲ WI' luve's warm sensations I've mark'd your im-
patience,
Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watch'd your
black e'e.—
You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean; open thae
lovely een;—
"Ha me mohatel na dousku me."

Bright is the whin's bloom ilk green knowe adorn-
ing,
Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew;
Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning;
Dark waves her haffet locks owre her white brow
O! light, light she's dancing keen on the smooth
gowany green,
Barefit and kilted half up to the knee;
While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport
my fill,—
"I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me!"

I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping
sound;
Kiss her frae lug to lug; nae aye can see;
Sweet, sweet's her hinny moa.—"Will, I'm no
sleeping now;
I was asleep, but ye've waken'd me."
Laughing till like to drop, swith to my Jean I lap,
Kiss'd her ripe roos, and blest her black e'e;
And aye since, whane'er we meet, sing, for the
sound is sweet,
"Ha me mohatel na dousku me."

When life was gay.

[TUNE, "My only jo and dearie, O."]

WHEN life was gay, an' hope was young,
Nae cares to mak' me eerie, O,
By birken shaw I sat an' sung,
An' tuned my pipe fu' cheerie, O;
Nae birdie, singin' frae the tree,
Was hauf sae blythe, sae gay as me,
Till tost upon life's troubled sea,
I traversed lang an' wearie, O.

How changed were then the lightsome hours
When beat my heart sae rarely, O,
When far frae Clutha's sylvan bowers,
Misfortune skeipt me sairly, O.—

I sought the long embattled line,
Eager in glory's path to shine—
But dool cam' owre the hapless time
I yielded to the fairlie, O.

But sin' the dearest bliss o' man,
That wyles our way see drearie, O,
The brawest lass in a' the lan',
Smiles on me kind an' cheerie, O;
Contented wi' my peacefu' lot,
My sorrows now are a' forgot;
An' monie mae I wad bear for't,
If blest wi' thee, my dearie, O!

O woman, man's delight an' care!
The sweetest pride o' nature, O,
Reposes on her bosom fair,
Sits smilin' on ilk feature, O!
Man may be bold, he may be strong,
May figure through life's chequer'd throng,
But still the hard, in deathless song,
The chief o' warks will rate her, O!

Farewell to Abondale.

[ANDREW SIMSON.]

FAREWELL, ye vales where Avon flows,
Farewell, ye hills that rise around,
Farewell, abodes of sweet repose,
Where innocence and peace abound.
No more beside your streams I'll stray,
Nor pu' the wild flowers as they blaw;
No longer listen to the lay,
That's carol'd through the birken shaw.

Farewell, Pomillon's flowery braes,
Whose murmuring rills so sweetly fa',
Where aft I've spent the summer days,
When sorrow's hand was far awa'!
Thou'st listen'd to the lover's wail,
As am'rously thou glided through;
Thou'st listen'd to my artless tale,
But never heard't a tale so true.

Farewell, thou dear ungrateful maid,
Thou'lt mind me when I'm far awa';
And but for thee, I might have staid,
To breathe the gales that round thee blaw.

Thou knew'st my heart was a' thy ain,
And thine thou vow'dst was mine alone;
But cursed gold has made us twain,
Whom heaven had fated to be one.

Farewell, thou still beloved maid,
Love, rage, and grief, my soul disarms;
For never, never could I've staid,
To see thee in another's arms.
No more by Avon's streams we'll stray,
Nor pu' the wild flowers as they blaw;
No longer listen to the lay,
That's carol'd through the birken shaw.

Hush, ye rude breezes.

[ANDREW SIMSON.—Tune, "Bonnie Dundee."]

HUSH, hush, ye rude breezes, my Harry is comin',
Nor aim at my lover the blasts that ye blaw,
For he'd come to my arms, though the burn it
was foam'in',
In winter or summer, thro' sleet or thro' snaw.
He hears not, nor fears not your blustering thunder,
But thinks his dear lassie how soon he shall see;
And oh! may rude fate never cast us asunder,
Nor blast all the hopes of my Harry and me.

My Harry is blythsome, my Harry is cheerie,
Wi' him ilk thing round me looks bonnie and
braw; [drearie,
But ilk thing aroun' me looks darksome and
If e'er he gae frae me, or turns to gae 'wa.
Lang ha'e I lo'ed him, an' never, O never,
Can I think my dear laddie for ever to lea';
But if 'tis our fate that death should us sever,
One grave shall receive both my Harry and me

O'er the mist-shrouded.

[J. BURTT.—Tune, "Banks of the Devon."]

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the grey mountain
straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave;
What woes wring my heart, while intently sur-
veying [wave.
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the

Ye foam-crested billows allow me to wall,
 Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;
 Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Colla's
 green vale,
 The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
 And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
 No more shall my arms cling with fondness around
 her,

For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her
 grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
 I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
 Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
 And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

The Wanderer's Return.

[WRITTEN by W. A. C. SHAND, and first published in "The Edinburgh University Souvenir," 1886, a little volume of which the author was editor. Mr. Shand is a native of Aberdeen, and at present resident in Russia.]

ALONE, alone, in the evening beam,
 By the flowery marge of my native stream,
 Weary, and wan, and faint I stand,
 'Mid the old green bowers of my fatherland.

I hear the strain of the wandering rills,
 In sob and swell 'mid the far-off hills;
 Softly blent, as they dream along,
 With the reaper's shout and the goatherd's song.

Oh, woe! oh, woe! that my heart should wear
 The dull dark shadow of grief and care,
 With wood, and lake, and stream unroll'd,
 As fresh and fair as in times of old!

Again I turn to my father's hearth,
 But it rings no more with the tones of mirth;
 And I list in vain, in the sunset calm,
 For the low glad note of the evening psalm.

The moon! the moon! but she looks not in
 On childhood's laughter and manhood's din!
 Lonely and dim her pale gleams fall
 O'er broken lattice and crumbling wall!

My brethren! my brethren, where are they—where?
 Are they gather'd yet round my mother's chair?
 Do they wander still in the forests dim,
 The strong of arm, and the fleet of limb?

Oh, no—oh, no—they shall weave no more,
 By lake and dale as in days of yore,
 In antique garland and wild festoon,
 The starry blossoms and leaves of June!

Alone, alone, in the evening beam,
 By the flowery marge of my native stream,
 Weary, and wan, and faint I stand,
 'Mid the old green bowers of my fatherland.

Wee Johnny Duncan.

[G. CRAWFURD.—From the Ayr Advertiser, March, 1842.]

WEE Johnny, puir man! has nae mammy awa,
 And his daddy was dead ere the daylight he saw,
 An auld doited granny, and he, live their lane;
 But wee Johnny Duncan is a' body's wean.

There's Nancy M'Kissock lives neist door but three,
 Is kind to the bairn as a mither could be;
 She gies him his sup, and she gies him his bane;
 For wee Johnny Duncan is a' body's wean.

The Baille's guld Lady has seven wee boys,
 She spares their auld claes and their cast-away
 toys, [fain;
 Round a muckle cock-horsey the thing's dancing
 O! wee Johnny Duncan is a' body's wean.

He's up at the Railroad, he's down at the Green,
 And lika bit lassie counts Johnny a frien',
 The grocer gies candy and ally campaign;
 For wee Johnny Duncan is a' body's wean.

He's into the Court house and laughs at the Deacon,
 An' glowers at the Provost, an' stan's a'lylly keekin',
 The crier says, laughing, "Boy, whar are ye ga'en?
 O! come awa', Johnny, ye're a' body's wean."

In thy manhood, dear Johnny, forget not to say,
 "In sorrow, and sickness, the Lord was my stay,"
 And think on the days that can come not again,
 When friends loved and cherished the wee orphan
 wean.

Cuttie's Wedding.

[FROM "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland," collected by Peter Buchan: Edinburgh, 1898.]

Busk and go, busk and go,
Busk and go to Cuttie's wedding!
Wha wad be the lass or lad
That wadna gang an they were bidden?

Cuttie be's a lang man,
O he'll get a little wife;
But he'll tak' on to the town loan
When she tak's on her fickle-fykie.

Cuttie be cam' here yestreen;
Cuttie he fell ower the middie;
He wat the house, and tint his shoon,
Courtin' at a cankert maiden.

He sat him down upon the green,
The lass cam' till him wi' a biddin';
He says, Gin ye were mine, my dame,
Monie ane's be at our weddin'.

Busk and go, busk and go,
Busk and go to Cuttie's wedding!
Wha wad be the lass or lad
That wadna gang an they were bidden?

Behold the hour.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Thomson's collection to an Irish air called "Oran gaol." The subject of the song was Clarinda, who contemplated going to the West Indies.]

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Saver'd from thee, can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took my last farewell,
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye.

Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
Oh, tell me, does she muse on me?

My bonnie Mary.

[In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated 17th Dec., 1788, Burns quotes this song, and "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," as *old compositions*, with which he is much pleased. He afterwards, in his Notes on the Museum, says, "The silver Tassie: The air is Oswald's; the first half stanza of the song is old; the rest mine." Mr. Peter Buchan gives the ballad, from which Burns borrowed the first four lines of this charming song. It commences thus:

"As I went out to take the air,
'Twas on the banks of Diveron water,
I chose a maid to be my love,
Were it my fortune for to get her."
And towards the close of the ballad occurs the verse of which Burns took advantage:
"Ye'll bring me here a pint of wine,
A server and a silver tassie,
That I may drink, before I gang,
A health to my ain bonnie lassie."
The ballad, Mr. Buchan says, was composed in the year 1636, by Alexander Lesley, Esq. of Edin on Diveronside, in honour of a certain Helen Christie. Burns wrote his song after seeing a young officer take leave of his sweetheart at the pier of Leith, and embark for foreign service.]

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier of Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Derwick Law;
And I maun lea' my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly;
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar;
The battle closes thick and bloody:
But it's not the roar of sea or shore,
Would mak' me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts of war, that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to alight,
By hind'ring the design.
May all the powers of love agree,
At length to make thee mine;
Or loose my chains and set me free
From every charm of thine.

The Country Lass.

[THIS ditty, which breathes so much homely sense and rural contentment, is marked as an old song in the Tea-Table Miscellany. It is at least older than the beginning of last century, as it appears in "Pills to Purge Melancholy" (2d vol. circa 1700,) where it is erroneously directed to be sung to the tune of "Cold and Raw." The genuine old air of "The Country Lass" is given in Johnson's Museum. The comparatively modern tune of "Sally in our alley" somewhat resembles it.]

ALTHOUGH I be but a country lass,
Yet a lofty mind I bear, O;
And think myself as rich as those
That rich apparel wear, O.
Although my gown be hame-spun grey,
My skin it is as soft, O,
As them that satin weeds do wear,
And geck their heads aloft, O.

What though I keep my father's sheep,
The thing that maun be done, O;
With garlands o' the finest flowers,
To shade me frae the sun, O?
When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where grass and flowers do spring, O;
Then, on a flowery bank, at noon,
I set me down and sing, O.

My Paisley piggy, corked with sage,
Contains my drink but thin, O;
No wines did e'er my brains engage,
To tempt my mind to sin, O.
My country curds and wooden spoon,
I think them unco fine, O;
And on a flowery bank, at noon,
I set me down and dine, O.

Although my parents cannot raise
Great bags of shining gold, O,
Like them whose daughters, now a-days,
Like swine, are bought and sold, O:

Yet my fair body it shall keep
An honest heart within, O;
And for twice fifty thousand crowns,
I value not a prin, O.

I use nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck, O,
Nor shining rings upon my hands,
My fingers straight to deck, O.
But for that lad to me shall fa',
And I have grace to wed, O,
I'll keep a brow that's worth them a';
I mean my silken smood, O.

If cammie fortune give to me
The man I dearly love, O,
Though he want gear, I dinna care,
My hands I can improve, O;
Expecting for a blessing still
Descending from above, O;
Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kiss,
Repeating tales of love, O.

Among the Heather.

[WILLIAM CROES.—Here first printed.—Tune, "O'er the muir among the heather."]

AMONG the braes aboon Dunoon,
In vernal May's delightful weather,
I met at e'en a bonnie lass
Alane among the blooming heather.

A hame-spun gown and westlin' plaid
Was dress enough, she had nae ither,
But blythe and comely was her face,
And light her step among the heather.

I spake her fair, and speert her name,
To tell me true she didna swither,
But modestly she hung her head,
And blush'd as red 's the blooming heather.

A bonnie lass and free-han'd lad
Maun ha'e a crack when they forgather,
Sae down we sat beside a burn
That wimpled through the blooming heathes.

We spake o' kirks, we spake o' fairs,
The sprouting corn, the bonnie weather;
O' every thing we talk'd but love,
Though love was a' our thoughts thegither.

Could I keep still my loupin' heart,
Or ae word right put to anither,
When for my ain I tried to claim
The bonnie lass among the heather?

Ah no! though lang I ettled sair,
My tongue could never slip the tether,
But weel the lassie guess'd my mind
That night among the blooming heather.

The balmy air, the glowing sky,
The thymey sod, the blooming heather,
And sic an angel by my side—
I trow 'twas heaven a' thegither!

The night grew late before we wist,
It took us hours to part wi' iither;
And now she's mine, the bonnie lass
That staw my heart among the heather.

The Lass o' Livingstone.

[THIS is the name of an old tune and old song. Burns says, "The old song, in three eight line stanzas, is well known, and has merit as to wit and humour; but it is rather unfit for insertion. It begins,

'The bonnie lass o' Livingstone,
Her name ye ken, her name ye ken,
And she has written in her contract
To lie her lane, to lie her lane,' &c."

The following song to the tune of "The Lass o' Livingstone," was written by RAMSAY, and published in the first volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany.]

I AIR'D with her alighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear;
The gods descended from above,
Well pleased to hear, well pleased to hear;
They heard the praises of the youth,
From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus she sung, and thus she sung:

"Bless'd days! when our ingenuous sex,
More frank and kind, more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorners vex,
But spoke their mind, but spoke their mind.
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
Would he return, would he return,
She ne'er again would give him care,
Or cause him mourn, or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I the deserving swain,
Yet still thought shame, yet still thought shame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame, to own my flame?
Why took I pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy—and seem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My alighted joy, my alighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
Own your desire, own your desire;
While love's young power, with his soft wing,
Fans up the fire, fans up the fire.
Oh! do not with a silly pride,
Or low design, or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride,
But answer plain, but answer plain."

Thus the fair mourner wall'd her crime,
With flowing eyes, with flowing eyes;
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
With sweet surprise, with sweet surprise.
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd, his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd.

Address to a Lady.

[THIS sweet little song, headed, "Address to a Lady," was written by Burns, to the tune of "The Lass o' Livingstone." The lady in question was Mrs. Riddell of Woodleigh Park.]

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry air,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or d.d. misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blow, around thee blow,
Thy belid should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

The Crook and Plaid.

[REV. HENRY S. RIDDELL.]

I WINNA lo'e the laddie that ca's the cart and pleugh,
Though he should own that tender love that's only felt by few;
For he that has this bosom a' to fondest love betray'd,
Is the kind and faithfu' laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild, his fleecy flock to view,
When the larks sing in the heaven aboon, and the flowers wake 'mang the dew,
When the thin mist melts afore the beam, ower gair and glen convey'd,
Where the laddie loves to wander still, that wears the crook and plaid.

At noon he leans him down, high on the heathy fell,
When his flocks feed a' sae bonnie below him in the dell;
And there he sings o' faithful love, till the wilds around are glad;
Oh, how happy is the laddie that wears the crook and plaid!

He pu's the blooms o' heather pure, and the lily-flour sae meek,
For he weens the lily like my brow, and the heath-bell like my cheek.
His words are soft and tender as the dew frae heaven shed;
And nane can charm me like the lad that wears the crook and plaid.

Beneath the flowery hawthorn-tree, wild growing in the glen,
He meets me in the gloamin' grey, when nane on earth can ken;
And leal and tender is his heart beneath the spreading shade,
For weel he kens the way, I trow, to row me in his plaid.

The youth o' mony riches may to his fair one ride,
And woo across a table his many-titled bride;
But we will woo beneath the tree, where cheek to cheek is laid—
Oh, nae wooer's like the laddie that rows me in his plaid!

To own the tales o' faithfu' love, oh, wha wad no comply?
Sin' pure love g'ies mair o' happiness than aught aneath the sky.
Where love is in the bosom thus, the heart can ne'er be sad;
Sae, through life, I'll lo'e the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

Prince Charles Edward.

[DAVID VEDDER.—Arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air by Finlay Dun.]

FAREWELL to thee, Scotland, thy verdure is blighted,
Thy daisies are steeped in the blood of the brave;
And I, who thy wrongs with the sword would have righted,
Am tossed like a fugitive serf on the wave!

Impelled to the pursuit, by gold and by vengeance,
 My foemen are swift as the storm-driven rack;
 From the fierce brutal tribes they've selected their engines,
 The beagles and blood-hounds are scenting my track.

Farewell to thee, Scotland, thy hills are receding,
 So beagles and blood-hounds can track as they may;
 But my heart to its centre is wounded and bleeding,
 For thousands who fell on Culloden's dark day.
 The hill-fox's howl, and the lone widow's wailings,
 Commingle at midnight, 'midst tempest and rain;
 And the red mountain-streamlets by smouldering shellings,
 Brawl hoarsely and fiercely the dirge of the slain.

The chieftains and heroes who followed my banner
 Are pining in dungeons, and bleaching on walls;
 Or, stripp'd of their all, saving conscience and honour,
 The grass growing rank on their hearths and their halls,
 Farewell to thee, Scotland, thy loftiest mountain
 Is fading and blending with ocean and sky,
 I groan—for my tears are dried up at the fountain—
 A wanderer I've lived, and an exile I'll die.

The Scotsman's Farewell.

[JOHN BURNS.]

Let me gaze on those mountains, with heath overgrown
 'Mid whose wild flowers I sported, ere sorrow I knew;
 Let me leave them one tear, ere my bark shall be thrown
 O'er the wave that may hide them for ever from view!

Though I go to a land as enchanting and fair—
 That has comforts as many, and troubles as few—
 Where the heart, all it pants for, as freely may share,
 And find its attachments as tender and true—

Yet the place of our birth, like our earliest love,
 To the thro' of affection must ever be dear;—
 And kind, or severe, as our fortune may prove,
 We look back on that spot—with a smile—or a tear

Oh yes! there's no loadstone that equals our home,
 Nor magnet so true as the pulse of the heart:—
 And the mem'ry of boyhood, where'er we may roam,
 Sheds a ray o'er the mind that will never depart.

Farewell, Caledonia! thou first in contending
 Against the oppressors of freedom and truth—
 May I fall like my fathers—thy blessings defending—
 And sleep 'neath the turf I have trod in my youth!

How hard's the fate.

[WRITTEN by a Young Lady.—Tune, "For a' that an' a' that."]

How hard's the fate of womankind,
When I think on't for a' that;
When they meet a young man to their mind,
They darena tell for a' that.
For a' that and a' that;
And twice as meikle's a' that;
Though they lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel,
They darena tell for a' that.

The world's sae censorious,
Which causes this and a' that,
Gars us conceal our fondest thoughts,
And say we hate and a' that.
For a' that, &c.

I vow I will be none of these
That play the fool and a' that;
When I meet a young man to my mind,
I'll tell I love for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that;
The bonnie lad that I lo'e best,
Shall be my ain for a' that.

Jeannie's black e'e.

[MACNEIL.—Tune, "Cauld frosty morning."]

THE sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning;
Light sprang the laverock and mounted sae hie;
When true to the tryet o' blythe May's dewie
mornings,
My Jeanie cam' linking out owre the green lea.
To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens:
Aft, aft to the kent gate she turn'd her black e'e;
Then lying down dowylie, sigh'd by the willow tree,
"Ha me mohatel na dousku me."†

Soft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel,
Strelk'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree:
Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel,—
"Ha me mohatel na dousku me."

† I am asleep, do not waken me.

▲ WI' luve's warm sensations I've mark'd your im-
patience,
Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watch'd your
black e'e.—
You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean; open thae
lovely een;—
"Ha me mohatel na dousku me."

Bright is the whin's bloom ilk green knowe adorn-
ing,
Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew;
Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning;
Dark waves her haffet locks owre her white brow.
O! light, light she's dancing keen on the smooth
gowany green,
Barefit and kilted half up to the knee;
While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport
my fill,—
"I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me!"

I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping
sound;
Kiss her frae lug to lug; nae ane can see;
Sweet, sweet's her hinny mon.—"Will, I'm no
sleeping now;
I was asleep, but ye've waken'd me."
Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,
Kiss'd her ripe roes, and blest her black e'e;
And aye since, whane'er we meet, sing, for the
sound is sweet,
"Ha me mohatel na dousku me."

When life was gay.

[TUNE, "My only Jo and dearie, O."]

WHEN life was gay, an' hope was young,
Nae cares to mak' me eerie, O,
By birken shaw I sat an' sung,
An' tuned my pipe fu' cheerie, O;
Nae birdie, singin' frae the tree,
Was hauf sae blythe, sae gay as me,
Till tost upon life's troubled sea,
I traversed lang an' wearie, O.

How changed were then the lightsome hours
When beat my heart sae rarely, O,
When far frae Clutha's sylvan bowers,
Misfortune skelp't me sairly, O.—

I sought the long embattled line,
Eager in glory's path to shine—
But dool cam' owre the hapless time
I yielded to the fairie, O.

But sin' the dearest bliss o' man,
That wyles our way see drearie, O,
The bravest lass in a' the lan',
Smiles on me kind an' cheerie, O;
Contented wi' my peacefu' lot,
My sorrows now are a' forgot;
An' monie mae I wad bear fort',
If blest wi' thee, my dearie, O!

O woman, man's delight an' care!
The sweetest pride o' nature, O,
Reposes on her bosom fair,
Sits smilin' on ilk feature, O!
Man may be boid, he may be strong,
May figure through life's chequer'd throng,
But still the bard, in deathless song,
The chief o' warks will rate her, O!

Farewell to Abondale.

[ANDREW SIMSON.]

FAREWELL, ye vales where Avon flows,
Farewell, ye hills that rise around,
Farewell, abodes of sweet repose,
Where innocence and peace abound.
No more beside your streams I'll stray,
Nor pu' the wild flowers as they blaw;
No longer listen to the lay,
That's carol'd through the birken shaw.

Farewell, Pomillon's flowery braes,
Whose murmuring rills so sweetly fa',
Where aft I've spent the summer days,
When sorrow's hand was far awa'!
Thou'lt listen'd to the lover's wail,
As am'rously thou glided through;
Thou'lt listen'd to my artless tale,
But never heard't a tale so true.

Farewell, thou dear ungratefu' maid,
Thou'lt mind me when I'm far awa';
And but for thee, I might have staid,
To breathe the gales that round thee blaw.

Thou knew'st my heart was a' thy ain,
And thine thou row'd'st was mine alone;
But cursed gold has made us twain,
Whom heaven has had fated to be one.

Farewell, thou still beloved maid,
Love, rage, and grief, my soul disarms;
For never, never could I've staid,
To see thee in another's arms.
No more by Avon's streams we'll stray,
Nor pu' the wild flowers as they blaw;
No longer listen to the lay,
That's carol'd through the birken shaw.

Hush, ye rude breezes.

[ANDREW SIMSON.—Tune, "Bonnie Dundee."]

HUSH, hush, ye rude breezes, my Harry is comin',
Nor aim at my lover the blasts that ye blaw,
For he'd come to my arms, though the burn it
was foam'in',
In winter or summer, thro' sleet or thro' snaw.
He hears not, nor fears not your blustering thunder,
But thinks his dear lassie how soon he shall see;
And oh! may rude fate never cast us asunder,
Nor blast all the hopes of my Harry and me.

My Harry is blythsome, my Harry is cheerie,
Wi' him ilk thing round me looks bonnie and
braw; [drearie,
But ilk thing aroun' me looks darksome and
If e'er he gae frae me, or turns to gae 'wa.
Lang ha'e I lo'ed him, an' never, O never,
Can I think my dear laddie for ever to lee';
But if 'tis our fate that death should us sever,
One grave shall receive both my Harry and me

O'er the mist-shrouded.

[J. BURTT.—Tune, "Banks of the Devon."]

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the grey mountain
straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave;
What woes wring my heart, while intently sur-
veying [wave.
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the

Ye foam-crested billows allow me to wall,
 Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;
 Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Colla's
 green vale,
 The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
 And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
 No more shall my arms cling with fondness around
 her,

For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her
 grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
 I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
 Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
 And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

The Wanderer's Return.

[WRITTEN by W. A. C. SHAND, and first published in "The Edinburgh University Souvenir," 1880, a little volume of which the author was editor. Mr. Shand is a native of Aberdeen, and at present resident in Russia.]

ALONE, alone, in the evening beam,
 By the flowery marge of my native stream,
 Weary, and wan, and faint I stand,
 'Mid the old green bowers of my fatherland.

I hear the strain of the wandering rills,
 In sob and swell 'mid the far-off hills;
 Softly blent, as they dream along,
 With the reaper's shout and the goatherd's song.

Oh, woe! oh, woe! that my heart should wear
 The dull dark shadow of grief and care,
 With wood, and lake, and stream unroll'd,
 As fresh and fair as in times of old!

Again I turn to my father's hearth,
 But it rings no more with the tones of mirth;
 And I list in vain, in the sunset calm,
 For the low glad note of the evening psalm.

The moon! the moon! but she looks not in
 On childhood's laughter and manhood's din!
 Lonely and dim her pale gleams fall
 O'er broken lattice and crumbling wall!

My brethren! my brethren, where are they—where?
 Are they gather'd yet round my mother's chair?
 Do they wander still in the forests dim,
 The strong of arm, and the fleet of limb?

Oh, no—oh, no—they shall weave no more,
 By lake and dale as in days of yore,
 In antique garland and wild festoon,
 The starry blossoms and leaves of June!

Alone, alone, in the evening beam,
 By the flowery marge of my native stream,
 Weary, and wan, and faint I stand,
 'Mid the old green bowers of my fatherland.

Wee Johnny Duncan.

[G. CRAWFORD.—FROM the Ayr Advertiser, March, 1842.]

WEE Johnny, puir man! has nae mammy ava,
 And his daddy was dead ere the daylight he saw,
 An auld doited granny, and he, live their lane;
 But wee Johnny Duncan is a' body's wean.

There's Nancy M'Kissock lives neist door but three,
 Is kind to the bairn as a mither could be;
 She gies him his sup, and she gies him his bane;
 For wee Johnny Duncan is a' body's wean.

The Bailie's guld Lady has seven wee boys,
 She spares their auld claes and their cast-away
 toys, [fain;
 Round a muckle cock-horse the thing's dancing
 O! wee Johnny Duncan is a' body's wean.

He's up at the Railroad, he's down at the Green,
 And lika bit lassie counts Johnny a frien',
 The grocer gies candy and ally campaign;
 For wee Johnny Duncan is a' body's wean.

He's into the Court house and laughs at the Deacon,
 An' glowers at the Provost, an' stan's slyly keekin',
 The crier says, laughing, "Boy, whar are ye ga'en?"
 O! come awa', Johnny, ye're a' body's wean."

In thy manhood, dear Johnny, forget not to say,
 "In sorrow, and sickness, the Lord was my stay,"
 And think on the days that can come not again,
 When friends loved and cherished the wee orphan
 wean.

Cuttie's Wedding.

[FROM "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland," collected by Peter Buchan: Edinburgh, 1828.]

Busk and go, busk and go,
Busk and go to Cuttie's wedding!
Wha wad be the lass or lad
That wadna gang an they were bidden?

Cuttie he's a lang man,
O he'll get a little wife;
But he'll tak' on to the town loan
When she tak's on her fickle-fykie.

Cuttie he cam' here yestreen;
Cuttie he fell ower the midden;
He wat the house, and tint his shoon,
Courtin' at a cankert maiden.

He sat him down upon the green,
The lass cam' tili him wi' a biddin';
He says, Gin ye were mine, my dame,
Monie an's be at our weddin'.

Busk and go, busk and go,
Busk and go to Cuttie's wedding!
Wha wad be the lass or lad
That wadna gang an they were bidden?

Behold the hour.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Thomson's collection to an Irish air called "Oran gaoil." The subject of the song was Clarinda, who contemplated going to the West Indies.]

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Sever'd from thee, can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took my last farewell,
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye.

Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
Oh, tell me, does she muse on me?

My bonnie Mary.

[In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated 17th Dec., 1788, Burns quotes this song, and "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," as *old compositions*, with which he is much pleased. He afterwards, in his Notes on the Museum, says, "The silver Tassie: The air is Oswald's; the first half stanza of the song is old; the rest mine." Mr. Peter Buchan gives the ballad, from which Burns borrowed the first four lines of this charming song. It commences thus:

"As I went out to take the air,
'Twas on the banks of Diveron water,
I chose a maid to be my love,
Were it my fortune for to get her."

And towards the close of the ballad occurs the verse of which Burns took advantage:

"Ye'll bring me here a pint of wine,
A server and a silver tassie,
That I may drink, before I gang,
A health to my ain bonnie lassie."

The ballad, Mr. Buchan says, was composed in the year 1636, by Alexander Lesley, Esq. of Kdin on Diveronside, in honour of a certain Helen Christie. Burns wrote his song after seeing a young officer take leave of his sweetheart at the pier of Leith, and embark for foreign service.]

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier of Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick Law;
And I maun lea' my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly;
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar;
The battle closes thick and bloody:
But it's not the roar of sea or shore,
Would mak' me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts of war, that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

❶ **Lassie I lo'e Dearest.**

[J. BURTT.]

O LASSIE I lo'e dearest!
Mair fair to me than fairst,
Mair rare to me than rarest;
How sweet to think o' thee;
When blythe the blue e'd dawnin'
Steals saftly o'er the lawnin',
And furls night's sable awnin',
I love to think o' thee.

An' while the honied dew-drap
Still trembles at the flower-tap,
The fairest bud I pu't up,
An' kiss't for sake o' thee;
An' when by stream, or fountain,
In glen, or on the mountain,
The lingering moments counting,
I pause an' think o' thee.

When the sun's red-rays are streamin',
Warm on the meadow beamin',
Or o'er the loch wild gleamin',
My heart is fu' o' thee.
An' tardy-footed gloamin',
Out o'er the hills slow comin',
Still finds me lanely roamin',
And thinkin' still o' thee.

When sighs the distant billow,
An' night blasts shake the willow,
Stretch'd on my lanely pillow
My dreams are a' o' thee.
Then think when frien's caress thee,
O think when cares distress thee,
O think when pleasures bless thee,
O him that thinks o' thee!

Advice to the Lasses.

[J. BURTT.]

LASSES, lookna sourly meek,
But laugh an' love in youth's gay morn:
If ance the bloom forsake your cheek,
Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

The secret favour that you meet,
Or the favour ye return,
If vainly ye let ithers see't,
Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Wi' care the tender moments grip,
When your cautious lovers burn
But if you let that moment slip,
Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Be on your guard wi' Sir or Laird;
A' ties but that o' marriage spurn;
For if ye grant what he may want,
Fareweel your heuks, your hairst is shorn.

The lad that's wi' your siller ta'en,
Reject his vows wi' honest scorn;
For ance the glitterin' ore's his ain,
Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Widows rest you as ye are—
Nae lover now dare crook his horn;
But mak' him master o' your gear—
Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Lasses that nae lads ha'e got,
But live in garrets lane and lorn,
Let ilk be carefu' o' her cat—
Ne'er think o' heuks—your hairst is shorn.

Lay of the Hopeless.

[THE two following beautiful lyrics are the production of ROBERT MILLER, who died in Sept. 1834, at the early age of twenty-five. He was a native of Glasgow, and brought up to the profession of the law. He never published any collected volume, but he contributed various poetical pieces of great merit to the periodicals of the day. It is remarkable, that his "Lay of the Hopeless," in which he expresses so deep a heart-weariness of life, was written not many days before he was suddenly cut off.]

On! would that the wind that is sweeping now
O'er the restless and weary wave,
Were swaying the leaves of the cypress-bough
O'er the calm of my early grave!

And my heart, with its pulses of fire and life,
Oh! would it were still as stone!
I am weary, weary of all the strife,
And the selfish world I've known.

I've drunk up bliss from a mantling cup,
When youth and joy were mine;
But the cold black dregs are floating up,
Instead of the laughing wine;
And life hath lost its loveliness,
And youth hath spent its hour,
And pleasure palls like bitterness,
And hope hath not a flower.

And love! was it not a glorious eye
That smiled on my early dream?
It is closed for aye where the long weeds sigh
In the churchyard by the stream:
And fame—oh! mine were gorgeous hopes
Of a flashing and young renown:
But early, early the flower-leaf drops
From the withering seed-cup down.

And beauty! have I not worshipp'd all
Her shining creations well?
The rock—the wood—the waterfall,
Where light or where love might dwell.
But over all, and on my heart
The mildew hath fallen sadly—
I have no spirit, I have no part
In the earth that smiles so gladly!

I only sigh for a quiet bright spot
In the churchyard by the stream,
Whereon the morning sunbeams float,
And the stars at midnight dream:
Where only nature's sounds may wake
The sacred and silent air,
And only her beautiful things may break
Through the long grass gathering there!

Where are they.

[ROBERT MILLER.]

THE loved of early days!
Where are they?—where?
Not on the shining braes,
The mountains bare;—

Not where the regal streams
Their foam-bells cast—
Where childhood's time of dreams
And sunshine past.

Some in the mart, and some
In stately halls,
With the ancestral gloom
Of ancient walls;
Some where the tempest sweeps
The desert waves;
Some where the myrtle weeps
On Roman graves.

And pale young faces gleam
With solemn eyes;
Like a remember'd dream
The dead arise:
In the red track of war
The restless sweep;
In sunlit graves afar
The loved ones sleep.

The braes are bright with flowers,
The mountain streams
Foam past me in the showers
Of sunny gleams;
But the light hearts that cast
A glory there
In the rejoicing past,
Where are they?—where?

Welcome Jamie hame again.

[WRITTEN by H. S. VAN DYKE.—Set to music
by T. A. Rawlings.]

Now mony a weary day has pass'd,
An' mony a lang an' sleepless night,
Sin' I beheld my sodger last,
Wha left me for the cruel fight.
But though I wept that we maun part,
Though ilka pleasure turn'd to pain,
I'll keep a place within my heart
To welcome Jamie hame again.

He shall nae say that time has changed
The passion I ha'e joy'd to feel,
Nor that as thought has been estranged
Frae ane whom I ha'e lo'd sae weel.

For I will dry my tearful e'e,
Will think nae mair o' parted pain,
And let my bonnie sodger see
I welcome Jamie hame again.

The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie.

[NOTHING is known of the history of the fine air, called "The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie," beyond that it is very old. Ramsay inserted the original words in his "Tea-Table Miscellany," under the title of "The auld Yellow-Hair'd Laddie," and also in the same collection gave verses of his own to the same tune. We here copy both sets.]

I.

[OLD VERSION.]

THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
Cried, Milk the yowes, lassie, let nane o' them gae;
And aye as she milkit, she merrily sang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.
And aye as she milkit, she merrily sang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.

The weather is cauld, and my cleadin is thin,
The yowes are new clipt, and they winna bucht in;
They winna bucht in, although I should dee:
Oh, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.

The gudewife cries butt the house, Jennie, come
ben;
The cheese is to mak', and the butter's to kirn.
Though butter, and cheese, and a' should gang
sour,
I'll crack and I'll kiss wi' my love ae half hour.
It's ae lang half hour, and we'll e'en mak' it
three, [be.
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my gudeman shall

II.

[RAMSAY'S VERSION.]

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To woods and deep glens where the hawthorn
trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves, evening and morn:
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylfens and fairies, unseen, danced around.

The shepherd thus sung: "Though young Maddie
be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;
Her breath's like the breezes perfumed in the
spring.

"That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke
truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

"That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dower,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour."
Then sighing, he wish'd, would but parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

Peggy and Pattie.

[FROM RAMSAY'S "Gentle Shepherd."—Tune,
"The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie."]

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first seyed my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATTIE.

WHEN corn-riggs waved yellow, and blue heather-
bells
Bloom'd bonnie on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, brier, or bracken, gave trouble to me,
If I found but the berries right ripened for thee.

PEGGY.

WHEN thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And cam' aff the victor, my heart was aye fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me,
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATTIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the "Cowden Broom-knowes,"

And Rosie liltis sweetly the "Milking the Ewes,"
There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nancy can sing;
With, "Through the wood, Laddie," Bess gars
our lugs ring:

But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The "Boatman," "Tweedside," or the "Lass of
the Mill,"

'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me,
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire,
With praises sae kindly increasing love's fire!
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

On Whitsunday morning.

["THE Yellow-Hair'd Laddie" must have been a favourite tune in Ramsay's day. Here is another song which appears in the "Tea-Table Miscellany," adapted to the same air. It is marked by simplicity and natural feeling.]

On Whitsunday morning

I went to the fair;
My yellow-hair'd laddie
Was selling his ware;
He gied me sic a blithe blink,
With his bonnie black e'e,
And a dear blink, and a fair blink,
It was unto me.

I wist not what ailed me,
When my laddie cam' in;
The little wee sternies
Flew aye frae my een;
And the sweat it dropt down
Frae my very e'e-bree,
For my heart aye played
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie pattie.

I wist not what ailed me,
When I went to my bed,
I tossed and I tumbled,
And sleep frae me fled.

Now, it's, sleeping and waking,
He's aye in my e'e,
And my heart aye plays
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie pattie.

All joy was bereft me.

[THIS song was written by SIR WALTER SCOTT in the year 1806. If we had not found it in the collected edition of his poems, we would not readily have believed it to be a production of his.]

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea;
O weary betide it! I wander'd beside it,
And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd my fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I ha'e gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they
were walling,
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my e'e,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was
sailing, [me]
And wish'd that the tempest could a' blow on

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring,
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean
faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they
did rattle,
And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar;
And, trust me, I'll smile, though my een they
may glisten,
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance
'tween lovers, [through the e'e,
When there's naething to speak to the heart
How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the sea.

Till at times—could I help it?—I pined and I
ponder'd,
If love could change notes like the bird on the
tree—

Now I'll never ask if thine eyes may ha'e wander'd,
Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through
channel,

Hardships and danger despising for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame!

Enough, now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and
Spain;

No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou
leave me,

I never will part with my Willie again.

Her bonnie black e'e.

[WILLIAM LAIDLAW, author of "Lucy's sitting."]

On the banks o' the burn while I pensively wander,
The mavis sings sweetly, unheeded by me;
I think on my lassie, her gentle mild nature,
I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When heavy the rain fa's, and loud loud the win'
blaws,

An' simmer's gay cleodin' drives fast frae the tree;
I heedna the win' nor the rain when I think on
The kind lovely smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

When swift as the hawk, in the stormy November,
The cauld norlan' win' ca's the drift owre the lea;
Though bidin' its blast on the side o' the mountain,
I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When braw at a weddin' I see the fine lasses,
Tho' a' neat an' bonnie, they're naething to me;
I sigh an' sit dowie, regardless what passes,
When I miss the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When thin twinklin' sternies announce the grey
gloamin',

When a' round the ingle's aae cheerie to see;
Then music delightfu', saft on the heart stealin',
Minds me o' the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When jokin', an' laughin', the lave they are merry,
Tho' absent my heart like the lave I maun be;
Sometimes I laugh wi' them, but oft I turn dowie,
An' think on the smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

Her lovely fadr form frae my mind's awa' never,
She's dearer than a' this hale warld to me;
An' this is my wish, May I leave it, if ever
She row on another her love-beaming e'e.

While some to distant.

[REV. J. NICOL.]

WHILE some to distant regions sail
Through storms that on the ocean roar;
Or dye wi' blude the flowerie vale,
Where love and pleasure reign'd before,
Or, o' stern poverty afraid,
Their countless sums o' gowd conceal
I joyfu' sing the bonnie maid,
The bonnie maid I lo'e sae weel.

Did e'er the roses on the green,
Or lilies, bath'd in mornin' dew,
Attract thy sight?—Then thou hast seen,
Her dimplin' cheek's untainted hue:
The mornin' star didst thou e'er see
In skies which not a cloud conceal?
Then thou beheldst the sparklin' e'e
O' the sweet maid I lo'e sae weel.

My fleecy flock I'll tend secure;
My little orchard dress wi' care;
Wi' blushin' flowerets deck my bower,
A pleasant dwellin' for my fair.
O! wad she spend her days wi' me,
What joy, what happiness I'd feel!
The pleasure o' my life wad be
To please the maid I lo'e sae weel.

But if my simple vow she slight,—
That mournfu' day, ah! shall I view!—
I'll bid adieu to sweet delight!
To love and beauty bid adieu!
I'll seek some solitary shade,
My ceaseless sorrow to conceal!
But still I'll bless the bonnie maid,—
The bonnie maid I lo'ed sae weel!

The Campsie Lassie.

[STERLE.—Tune, "Miss Forbes's Farewell."]

I'LL ne'er forget yon bonnie glen,
'Mang Campsie fells sae vernal green,
For there I met the sweetest lass
Yon towering hills had ever seen.
The smile of love sat on her lips,
And twinkled in her sparkling e'e,
And while I fondly gazed on her,
I wish'd she had been born for me.

My thoughts are wandering 'mang yon braes,
And aye the lass I think I see,
Wha trippet o'er yon craggy rocks,
Ae joyful summer day wi' me.
There's nane can tell what's yet to come,
But round my heart I will entwine
The hope that time will bring the day,
When I can ca' yon lassie mine.

My Jeanie and I.

[The original of this song was written by TOM D'UNFAY, and published in 1702. Ramsay altered and pruned it for his Miscellany, and since his day it has been pruned still farther. It is sung to different tunes.]

MY Jeanie and I have toll'd
The live-lang summer's day,
Till we were almost spoil'd
At making of the hay.
Her kurehy was o' Holland clear,
Tied to her bonnie brow;
I whisper'd something in her ear,—
But what is that to you?

Her stockings were o' keracy green,
And tight as ony silk;
O, sic a leg was never seen!
Her skin was white as milk;
Her hair was black as aye could wish;
And sweet, sweet was her mou'!
Ah! Jeanie daintily can kiss—
But what is that to you?

The rose and lily bath combine
To make my Jeanie fair:
There is nae benison like mine;
I have amaisht nae care.

But when another swain, my fair,
Shall say you're fair to view;
Let Jeanie whisper in his ear—
Pray what is that to you?

The Folk at Lindores.

[THIS originally appeared in "The Portfolio of British Song," Glasgow, 1834. It was written by JAMES STIRLING, at the time schoolmaster of St. James's parish, Glasgow,—now resident in Canada.—Tune, "Eppie Macnab."]

O WHEE! may I mind on the folk at Lindores;
Though it's lang sin' I had onie troke at Lindores;
For the blythe winter night
Flew o'er us fu' light,
WI' the sang, an' the crack, an' the joke at Lindores.

The auld wife an' the lasses would spin at Lindores;
An' the auld man to tales would begin at Lindores,
How in days o' his youth
The red rebels cam' south,
An' spukist the folk o' his kin at Lindores.

An' he'd tell monie strange says and saws at Lindores;
How he hated the domnie's tawse at Lindores,
How i' the lang-day
The truan' he'd play,
An' set aff to herrie the craws at Lindores.

An' he'd sing monie an auld warld rhyme at Lindores;
An' tell o' the covenant time at Lindores;
How Clavers, fell chiel!
Was in league wi' the del,
How a ball stottit ance aff his warne at Lindores.

They were kind to ilk body that came to Lindores,
To the pulr, an' the blind, an' the lame at Lindores;
Wi' handful's o' meal,
An' wi' platefu's o' kale,
An' the stranger was sure o' a hame at Lindores.

But the auld man's departed this life at Lindores;
An' a tear's in the e'e o' the wife at Lindores;
I dinna weel ken
Whan I'll be there again,
But sorrow, I'm fearin', is rife at Lindores.

Nan of Logie Green.

[PICKEN.]

By pleasure long infected,
Kind Heaven, when least expected,
My devious path directed
To Nan of Logie Green;
Where thousand sweets repose 'em
In quiet's unruffled bosom,
I found my peerless blossom
Adorning Logie Green.

The city belle declaiming,
My fancy may be blaming,
But still I'll pride in naming
Sweet Nan of Logie Green.
Her cheek the vermell rose is,
Her smile a heav'n discloses,
No lily leaf that blows is
So fair on Logie Green.

Ye town-bred dames, forgive me,
Your arms must ne'er receive me;
Your charms are all, believe me,
Eclipse'd on Logie Green.
Forgive my passion tender—
Heav'n so much grace did lend her
As made my heart surrender
To Nan of Logie Green.

No more the town delights me,
For love's sweet ardour smites me,
I'll go where he invites me—
To Nan of Logie Green:
My heart shall ne'er deceive her,
I ne'er in life shall leave her;
In love and peace for ever
We'll live at Logie Green.

The Beggat.

[T. MOUNCEY CUNNINGHAM.]

WHA's this, bedight in tatter'd claes,
Comes loutin' owre a sturdy rung,
Wi' cloutit wallets fore and aft,
And at his belt a gully hang?

▲ Deep is the glen wi' drifted snaw,
And keen the wind blaws owre the hill;
Ye downa up Borinalroch gang,
The nippin' cauld your blade will chill.

Come in, an' share the kindly bleeze,
Whare feckless eild his bouk may warin,
Come in, an' share the frien'ly beild,
To shield thee frae the bitter storm.
Ye mauna trow that ilka Scot
Is reft o' pity's haly flame:
Auld neiber, gi'e's your shiverin' nieve,
An' mak' my lanely ha' your hame.

Now, though the scone our Leesy beuk
Was toastit nice as scone cou'd be,
An' though our Crummy's aften roos'd,
The milk nor scone he doughtna proe;
But glow'r'd, as gin the awesome hour
Drew near, to close his yirthly wee;
Like some auld aik, before the storm
Has laid its ancient honours low.

Tell me, auld neiber, where ye wan
That rusty blade, an' honest scar?
I trow ye've been on mony a field,
Amid the horrid din o' war?
He couldna speak—a deadly smile
Play'd on his looks serenely dour!
An' ere we wist, the vet'ran auld,
A lifeless corse lay on the floor!

☉ Weel's me.

[TUNE, "Landlady, count the Lawin'."]

O, WHEEL's me on my ain man,
My ain man, my ain man!
O, weel's me on my ain gudeman!
He'll aye be welcome hame.

I'm wae I blamed him yesternight,
For now my heart is feather light;
For gowd I wadna gi'e the sight,
I see him linkin' owre the height.
O, weel's me on my ain man, &c.

Rin, Jeanie, bring the kebbuck ben,
An' sin 'aneath the spreckl'd ben;
Meg, rise and sweep about the fire,
Syne cry on Johnnie frae the byre.

For weel's me on my ain man!
 My ain man, my ain man;
 For weel's me on my ain gudeman!
 I see him rinnin hame.

Jeanie Graham.

[WILSON.—Tune, "Ye banks and braes of
 bonnie Doon."]

SHE whose lang loose unbraided hair
 Falls on a breast o' purest snaw,
 Was once a maid as mild an' fair,
 As e'er wi'd stripling's heart awa'.
 But sorrow's shade has ditum'd her e'e,
 And gather'd round her happy hame,
 Yet wherefore sad? and where is he,
 The plighted love of Jeanie Graham?

The happy bridal day was near,
 And blythe young joy beam'd on her brow,
 But he is low she lov'd so dear,
 And she a virgin widow now.
 The night was mirk, the stream was high,
 And deep and darkly down it came;
 He sunk—and wild his drowning cry
 Rose in the blast to Jeanie Graham.

Bright beams the sun on Garnet-hill,
 The stream is calm, the sky is clear;
 But Jeanie's lover's heart is still,
 Her anguish'd sobs he cannot hear.
 Oh! make his grave in yonder dell,
 Where willows wave above the stream,
 That every passing breeze may wail,
 For broken-hearted Jeanie Graham.

Thy fatal shafts.

[SMOLLETT.—Tune, "An' thou wert my ain
 thing."]

THY fatal shafts unerring move;
 I bow before thine altar, Love!
 I feel thy soft resistless flame
 Glide swift through all my vital frame!

For while I gaze my bosom glows,
 My blood in tides impetuous flows;
 Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
 And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain
 In soothing murmurs to complain;
 My tongue some secret magic ties,
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
 And ever drop the silent tear,
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
 Unfriended live, unpitied die!

Bonnie Mary Halliday.

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—Tune, "Luch'd na
 breachin'."]

BONNIE Mary Halliday,
 Turn again, I call you;
 If you go to the dewy wood
 Sorrow will befall you.

The ring-dove from the dewy wood
 Is walling sore and calling;
 And Annan water, 'tween its banks,
 Is foaming far and falling.

Gentle Mary Halliday,
 Come, my bonnie lady—
 Upon the river's woody bank
 My steed is saddled ready.

And for thy haughty kinsman's threats
 My faith shall never falter—
 The bridal banquet's ready made,
 The priest is at the altar.

Gentle Mary Halliday,
 The towers of merry Preston
 Have bridal candles gleaming bright—
 So busk thee, love, and hasten.

Come busk thee, love, and bowne thee
 Through Tindal and green Mouswal;
 Come, be the grace and be the charm
 To the proud towers of Mochusall.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I tell you;
For wit, and grace, and loveliness,
What maidens may excel you?

Though Annan has its beauteous dames,
And Corrie many a fair one,
We canna want thee from our sight,
Thou lovely and thou rare one.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
When the bittern's sounding,
We'll miss thy lightsome lily foot
Among the blythe lads bounding.

The summer sun shall freeze our veins,
The winter moon shall warm us.
Ere the like of thee shall come again
To cheer us and to charm us.

The Evening Star.

[DR. JOHN LEYDEN.—Dr. Leyden was the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and of great service to him in collecting his border ballads. He latterly distinguished himself as an oriental scholar, and died in Java in 1811.]

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star! to love and lovers dear;
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through the tear.

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream
To mark each image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine
As far as thine each starry light—
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flow'rs,
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh;
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain;
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,—
But sweeter to be lov'd again.

Speak not of love.

[WRITTEN by J. YOOL of Paisley, and first printed in "The Portfolio of British Song."]

SPEAK not of love to one whose breast
Is icy cold to idle joy;
Whose passions long have sunk to rest,
And chase no more the phantom toy.

Yet I have felt the maddening force
Of sickle love and passion's sway,
And run delirium's frenzied course
When love and pleasure led the way.

And I have watch'd the bosom's swell
That speaks of passion uncontrol'd,
And gas'd on sparkling eyes that tell
What virgin fears would not unfold.

And I have snatch'd the balmy kiss
From ruby lips where love might play,
And prest the downy breast of bliss,
And sigh'd my very soul away.

Yes, I have run love's maddening race
As more than worlds had been the stake,
My feelings wearied in the chase,
Have slumber'd never more to wake.

And now, though recollection shed
A ray of mem'ry o'er my brain,
It brings the trace of time long fled,
Without the pleasure or the pain.

Corunna's lone shore.

[WRITTEN by ANDREW SHARPE, a shoemaker in Perth, who latterly taught drawing. He died in 1815, aged 35.—Tune, "Erin go Bragh."]

Do you weep for the woes of poor wandering Nelly?
I love you for that, but of love now no more,
All I had long ago lies entomb'd with my Billy,
Whose grave rises green on Corunna's lone shore.

Oh! they tell me my Billy looked lovely when dying,
That round him, the boldest in battle stood crying,
While from his deep wound life's red floods fast
were drying,

At evening's pale close on Corunna's lone shore.

That night Billy died as I lean'd on my pillow,
I thrice was alarm'd with a knock at my door,
Thrice my name it was call'd with a voice soft and
mellow,

And thrice did I dream of Corunna's lone shore.
Methought Billy stood on the beach where the
billow,

Boom'd over his head, breaking loud, long and
hollow;

In his hand he held waving a flag of green willow;
Save me, God! he exclaimed, on Corunna's
lone shore.

And now when I mind on't, my dear Billy told me,
While tears wet his eyes, but those tears are no
more,

At our parting, he never again would behold me;
'Twas strange then I thought on Corunna's
lone shore.

But shall I ne'er see him when drowsy-ey'd night
falls,

When thro' the dark arch Luna's tremulous light
falls, [crawls,

As o'er his new grave, slow the glow-worm of night
And ghosts of the slain foot Corunna's lone shore?

Yes, yes, on this spot shall these arms infold him,
For here hath he kiss'd me a thousand times o'er;
How bewildered's my brain, now methinks I
behold him,

All bloody and pale on Corunna's lone shore.
Come away, my beloved, come in haste, my dear
Billy, [Nelly,

On the winds wafting wing to thy languishing
I've got kisses in store, I've got secrets to tell thee,
Come, ghost of my love, from Corunna's lone
shore.

Oh! I'm told that my blue eyes have lost all their
splendour, [hoar,

That my locks, once so yellow, now wave thin and
'Tis, they tell me, because I'm so restless to wander,
And in thinking so much on Corunna's lone
shore.

But, God help me, where can I go to forget him;
If to father's at home, in each corner I meet him,
The sofa, alas! where he us'd aye to seat him,

Says, Think, Nelly, think on Corunna's lone shore.

And here as I travel all tatter'd and torn,
By bramble and brier, over mountain and moor,
Not a bird bounds aloft to salute the new morn,
But warbles aloud, O Corunna's lone shore.

It is heard in the blast when the tempest is blow-
ing,

It is heard on the white broken waterfall flowing,
It is heard in the songs of the reaping and mow-
ing,—

Oh, my poor bleeding heart! Oh, Corunna's lone
shore!

The light of Glen Fruin.

[THIS and the following song were written by
a young man of the already poetically-occupied
name of DAYDEN, and first appeared in "The
Portfolio of British Song," Glasgow, 1824.—Tune,
"Braes of Balquithier."]

The sun on the billow
In glory reposes,
And his watery pillow
Is garnish'd with roses;
The cloud of the twilight
Its dew drops are strewing,
It will chill my young Flora,
The light of Glen Fruin.

Away by the cottage
That stands 'neath the mountain—
Away by the dark pine
That nods o'er the fountain,
On the banks of the streamlet
That girdles yon ruin—
I'll meet my young Flora,
The light of Glen Fruin.

Thou maid of the mountain,
I love thee—how well,
My love-burning eye
And my pale cheek can tell;
I must love thee for ever
Though 'twere my undoing,
Thou pride of the hamlet,
Thou light of Glen Fruin.

By the soft beaming ray
That gleams from those eyes,
By that love blushing cheek,
By those murmuring sighs,

x

By the bright tear of rapture
Those eye-lashes dewing,
Thou art mine—thou art mine—
Dearest maid of Glen Fruin!

The Bonnie Bride.

LIGHTLY the bonnie bride came dune,
Linking o'er the lea,
Lightly as the thimel douns
Bobs i' the waivey sea.

She litit as she passed the knau,
Adune the briery dell,
A lit—'twas like the melody
That fairy minstrels swell.

"O, am not I the blythest May,
E'er drank heuen's breezy tide?
And weel may she be proud and gay,
That is young Willie's bride!

"For rosy is his dooney cheek,
And fair his dimpled chin,
And baumei may she be proud and gay,
His tempting lips within."

Thus sweetly sang the bonnie bride,
As through the yellow broom
She bounded, by the greinwood schaw,
To meet her ain bridegroom.

And aye atween the liltis sae sweete,
Her pure young bosom swelled,
Ane form sae fair—an eye sae brichte—
Hath mortal neuer beheld.

And the bridegroom met his bonnie bride
Upon the lily lea,
Where sweetly moans the forest waives
In mournfu' melody.

The breize o' heuen in plaintive play
Sang o'er the mountayne's breast,
Waiving the leauey canopy
Abune their couche of rest.

He kissit the hinny frae her lip,
The dew drap frae her ee;
May ilka true and lawful knight
Prove sic felicity!

Bonnie Mary.

[WILLIAM WILSON.]

WHEN the sun gaes down, when the sun gaes down,
I'll meet thee, bonnie Mary, when the sun gaes
down;
I'll row my apron up, an' I'll leave the reeky town,
And meet thee by the burnie when the sun gaes
down.

By the burnie there's a bower, we will gently lean
us there,
An' forget in ithers arms every earthly care,
For the chiefest o' my joys in this weary mortal
roun',
Is the burnside wi' Mary when the sun gaes down.
When the sun gaes down, &c.

There the ruin'd castle tower on the distant steep
appears
Like a hoary auld warrior faded with years;
An' the burnie, stealin' by wi' a fairy silver soun',
Will soothe us wi' its music when the sun gaes
down.
When the sun gaes down, &c.

The burnside is sweet when the dew is on the
flower,
But 'tis like a little heaven at the trystin' hour!
An' with pity I would look on the king who wears
the crown, [down.
When wi' thee by the burnie, when the sun gaes
When the sun gaes down, &c.

When the sun gaes down, when the sun gaes down,
I'll meet thee by the burnie, when the sun gaes
down; [gown,
Come in thy petticoat, and thy little druggot
And I'll meet thee, bonnie Mary, when the sun
gaes down.

The unco bit want.

[WATSON.—Tune, "Woo'd and married and a'".]

I AM a young lass in my blossom,
My age is about twenty-one,
Quite ready to lie i' the bosom
O' some merry hearted young man;

I've baith bread and kitchen nae scanty,
An' gowns !' the fashion fu' braw;
But aye there's an unco bit wantle,
That shaes me mair than them a'.

Ripe an' ready an' a',
Ripe an' ready an' a',
I wish I may get a bit man
Afore my beauty gae wa'.

A' day as I spin' wi' my mither,
An' lilt owre mysel' a bit sang,
How lassies an' lads gae thegither,
O, sirs, but it gars me think lang;
A' night syne I'm like to gang crazy,
I dream, an' I row, an' I gaunt,
Where I might be lying fu' easy,
An't warra that unco bit want.

Ripe and ready, &c.

Young Andro' comes whyles at the gloamin',
An' draws in a stool by my side;
But aye he's sae fært for a woman,
That aften his face he maun hide.
I steave up my temper-string gayly,
An' whyles a bit verse I do chaunt;
For lassies, ye ken, maun be wylie,
To mak' up their unco bit want.

Ripe and ready, &c.

I'm thinkin', some night when he's risin',
I'll mak' a bit step to the door,
An' raise a bit crack that's enticin',
To heighten his courage a bore—
For O gin the laddie wad kipple,
Sae merrily as we will rant;
The punch out o' jugs we will tipple,
The night I get free o' my want.
Ripe an' ready an' a',
Ready an' ripe an' a',
I'll mak' a guld wife to the laddie
Gin ever he tak' me ava'.

ANSWER.

DEAR Maggie, I'm doubtfu' ye're jokin',
I wish ye may like me sae weel;
O' luv's though I ne'er yet ha'e spoken,
It shaes me mair, I watweel;
Yer cheeks are sae roun' an' sae rosey—
Yer e'en ha'e me witchin' a cant—
Yer breath is as sweet as a poesy,
An' fain wad I mak' up yer want.

Kiss an' daut ye an' a',
Daut an' kiss ye an' a';
Young Andro' wad think himsel' happy
To kiss an' daut ye an' a'.

The morn I sall speak to my father,
To big us an' inset an' spence;
Some plenishin' syne we will gather,
An' get a' thing manag't wi' mense;
I'll get a' wheen sarks frae my mither:
Mae kail !' the yard I will plant;
An' then, when we're buckl't thegither,
I'll mak' up yer unco bit want.

Kiss an' daut, &c.

At e'en, when wi' tollin' I'm weary,
An' beasts !' the stable an' byre,
I'll get a bit crack wi' my dearie,
An' dry my plough hose by the fire.
E'en lairds, wha' in coaches are carried,
A bonnier bride canna vaunt—
An' Maggie, lass, when we are married,
I'll mak' up your unco bit want.

Kiss an' daut, &c.

Though some tak' offence at our freedom,
An' raise up a quarrelsome din,
To gar us believe, gin we heed them,
That tellin' the truth is a sin,
Wi' lang chaftit modest pretences,
They fain wad appear to be saunts;
Yet few, wha' endow'd wi' their senses,
But wishes supply for their wants.
Kissin' an' dautin' an' a',
Dautin' an' kissin' an' a',
There's naething been langer in fashion,
Than kissin' an' dautin' an' a'.

Colin Clout.

[THIS is only a fragment of an old song: the rest is supposed to be lost. Richard Galt communicated it to Johnson's Museum, where it was set to music by Stephen Clarke.]

CHANTICLEER, wi' noisy whistle,
Bids the housewife rise in haste:
Colin Clout begins to hirlae,
Slawly frae his sleepless nest,

Love that raises sic a clamour,
 Drivin' lads and lasses mad;
 Wae's my heart! had coost his glamour,
 O'er poor Colin, luckless lad.

Cruel Jenny, lack a daisy!
 Lang had gart him greet and grane,
 Colin's pate was haffins crazy,
 Jenny laugh'd at Colin's pain.
 Slawly, up his duds he gathers,
 Slawly, slawly trudges out,
 An' frae the fauld he drives his widders,
 Happier far than Colin Clout.

Now the sun, rais'd frae his nappie,
 Set the orient in a lowe,
 Drinkin' ilka glancin' drapple,
 I' the field, an' i' the knowe.
 Mony a birdie, sweetly singin',
 Flaffin' d' brilkly round about;
 An' monie a daintie flowerie springin',
 A' were blythe but Colin Clout.

What is this? cries Colin glow'rin',
 Gaik'd like, a' round about,
 Jenny! this is past endurin':
 Death maun ease poor Colin Clout.
 A' the night I toss and tumble,
 Never can I close an e'e,
 A' the day I grane an' grumble,
 Jenny, this is a' for thee.

* Ye'll ha'e nane but farmer Patie,
 'Cause the fallow 's rich, I trow,
 Aiblins though he shouldna cheat ye,
 Jenny, ye'll ha'e cause to rue.
 Auld, and gey'd, and crooked backed,—
 Siller bought at sic a price,—
 Ah, Jenny! gin ye lout to tak' it,
 Folk will say ye're no o'er nice.

The Lady of my Love.

[THIS and the following song originally appeared in "The Portfolio of British Song," with the initials, "Q. K."]

FROM off this sunny mountain's top
 I look, with ardent eyes,
 To one romantic little spot,
 That holds the all I prize.

'Tis yon old mansion down the dell,
 Half hid behind the grove,
 Where, calm and innocent, doth dwell
 The lady of my love, my love,
 The lady of my love.

Oh! I could muse for ever here,
 Unwearied of the scene,
 Content to see my love appear
 On balcony or green;
 A happy solitary wight,
 I would not seek to rove,
 But feast my eyes, from morn till night,
 With visions of my love, my love,
 With visions of my love.

The sky above, the earth below,
 Are studded each with flowers;
 It recks not to what place we go—
 We see them at all hours:
 For night, that shades the flowers below,
 Opens those that shine above,
 As sleep, that shuts my present show,
 Brings dreams of her I love, I love,
 Brings dreams of her I love.

Far, far away.

[TUNE, "The Highland Watch."]

FAR, far away, in strange country,
 The soldier watch is keeping,
 Beneath some tower, at midnight hour,
 When all besides are sleeping.
 The moon is half,—her chilly rays
 On hill-tops are reclining:
 The sea is calm,—it soothing plays
 A soft and sweet repining.
 Save this, and the proud soldier's tread,
 That is with echo bounding,
 All else is still as the dead
 In hill and plain surrounding.

Say, as he goes his weary round,
 What is the thought that rises?
 Where are his dark eyes gazing found?
 What is the wish he prizes?
 Oh! thinks he not of native home,
 With memory's thrilling feelings?—
 Of scenes where he in youth did roam,
 And all their fond revealings?

And looks he not beyond that sea,
Where his lov'd land is lying?
And is it not for it that he
So heavily is sighing?

Scotland!—the word sounds as a spell,
The marks of magic bearing,
And, like a mother's voice, doth swell
Remembrances endearing—
Tho' rough thy shore, and cold thy clime,
Thy son, where'er he ranges,—
Be't by the heavy-rolling Rhine,
Or heavier-rolling Ganges,—
Still thinks upon thy thousand rills,
While the big tear doth gather,—
And longs to climb thy hoary hills,
And brush their native heather.

• The Highland Soldier.

[ARRANGED to music by John Barnett.]

OH! welcome, dear Scotland, my country, my home,

From my own native country no more will I roam;
I have travelled afar, but no spot upon earth
Can offer thy blessing, dear land of my birth.
For riches, for honour, for fame have I fought,
A portion of each with my sword have I bought;
But purer delights I now hasten to feel
At home, with my bannocks of barley meal.

Yet, still I am ready to fight in thy cause,
To guard our good monarch, religion, and laws;
Tho' the claims of my home are, wife, children,
and ease,

The claims of my duty are stronger than these.
But call me to splendour or pleasure, oh no!
The splendour I'd scorn, and the pleasure forego;
No dainties abroad can such comfort reveal
As home, and a bannock of barley meal.

Yet think me not idle, oh! think not but here
Employment I find to a parent most dear;
In training my children their arms for the field,
Their hearts for those treasures which virtue will yield.

And oh! when by heaven I'm summon'd away,
My children, your mother protect and obey;
And the blessing of heaven, rewarding your zeal,
Will sweeten your bannock of barley meal.

The Campbells' Pitbroch.

[THE first stanza by Burns, the second and third by an Amateur. The first stanza was originally adapted to the air entitled "Charles Gordon's Welcome Home."]

Out over the Forth I look'd to the north,
But what is the north or its Heilands to me?
The south nor the east bring nae ease to my breast,
The wild rocky mountains, or dark rolling sea.
But I look to the west, when I gae to my rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,
For far in the west lives the lad I lo'e best,
The laddie that's dear to my bairnie and me.

His father he frown'd on the love of his boyhood,
And oh! his proud mother look'd cold upon me;
But he follow'd me aye to my hame in the shealing,
And the hills of Breadalbane rang wild wi' our glee. [bracken,
A' the lang summer day, 'mid the heather and
I joy'd in the light o' his bonnie blue e'e;
I little then thought that the wide western ocean
Would be rolling the day 'tween my laddie and me.

When we plighted our faith by the cairn on the mountain,
The deer and the roe stood bride-maidens to me;
And my bride's tying glass was the clear crystal fountain,

What then was the world to my laddie and me?
So I look to the west, when I gae to my rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west is the lad I lo'e best,
He's seeking a hame for my bairnie and me.

Caledonians, brave and bold.

[WRITTEN by GEO. MACFARREN.—Set to music by T. Cooke.]

CALEDONIANS, brave and bold,
Heroes, never bought or sold,
Sons of sires, who died of old
To gild a martial story!
Beauty claims the warrior's shield,
In her cause the death sword yield,
Draw and join the battle field,
On to death or glory!

Who would shun the glorious strife?
 Where's the slave would cling to life,
 When father, husband, daughter, wife,
 For prompt relief implore ye?
 Who would yield soft woman's charms
 To bless a ruffian foeman's arms?
 Perish the thought! sound, sound your alarms!
 On to death or glory!

Here's the path to sluggard peace,
 Here's the haunt of dastard ease,
 That sink to death, by slow degrees,
 Unhonour'd, weak, and hoary:
 But ye who court a brighter name,
 This way lies the road to fame;
 Follow then through flood and flame,
 And shout, For death or glory!

Fair in Kincara.

[WRITTEN by the REV. MR. ALLARDICE, of
 Forgue, in memory of the late Duchess of Gordon.
 —Set to music by John Knott, Aberdeen.]

FAIR in Kincara blooms the rose,
 And softly waves the drooping lily,
 Where beauty's faded charms repose,
 And splendour rests on earth's cold pillow.
 Her smile, who sleeps in yonder bed,
 Could once awake the soul to pleasure,
 When fashion's airy train she led,
 And form'd the dance's frolic measure.

When war call'd forth our youth to arms,
 Her eye inspired each martial spirit;
 Her mind, too, felt the muse's charms,
 And gave the meed to modest merit.
 But now farewell, fair northern star,
 Thy beams no more shall courts enlighten,
 No more lead forth our youth to arms,
 No more the rural pastures brighten.

Long, long thy loss shall Scotia mourn;
 Her vales, which thou were wont to gladden,
 Shall long look cheerless and forlorn,
 And grief the minstrel's music sadden.
 And oft, amid the festive scene,
 Where pleasure cheats the midnight pillow,
 A sigh shall breathe for noble Jane,
 Laid low beneath Kincara's willow.

Scotland and Charlie.

[WRITTEN and arranged by GEORGE LINLEY.]

Sons of the mountain glen,
 Draw forth your blades again,
 Loudly the pibroch's strain
 Summons to glory.
 Wild as the breezes blow,
 Rush ye to meet the foe,
 Onward and boldly go,
 Fame lies before ye.

In every bonnet's seen
 Eagle's plume, waving 'tween
 Sprigs of the heather green,
 Blooming so fairly.
 Forward then, forward then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 Be your war cry again—
 Scotland and Charlie.

Who would shrink from thee,
 Land of the brave and free?
 Who tamely bend the knee
 To an invader?
 Who that with sword and might
 Would not for freedom fight,
 And die for Scotland's right,
 Ere he betray'd her?

Forward then, forward then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 See! the white rose again
 Blooming so fairly.
 Follow then, follow then,
 Bonnie brave Highlandmen,
 Be your war cry again—
 Scotland and Charlie.

The Maid of Islay.

[WRITTEN about 1805 by the REV. WM.
 DUNBAR, D.D., Minister, parish of Applegarth.]

Rising o'er the heaving billow,
 Evening glids the ocean's swell,
 While with thee, on grassy pillow,
 Solitude! I love to dwell.
 Lonely to the sea breeze blowing,
 Oft I chaunt my love-lorn strain,
 To the streamlet sweetly flowing,
 Murmur oft a lover's pain.

'Twas for her, the Maid of Islay,
Time flew o'er me wing'd with joy;
'Twas for her, the cheering smile aye
Beam'd with rapture in my eye.
Not the tempest raving round me,
Lightning's flash, or thunder's roll,
Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
While her image fill'd my soul.

Farewell, days of purest pleasure,
Long your loss my heart shall mourn!
Farewell, hours of bliss the measure,
Bliss that never can return.
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
On the past with sadness pond'ring,
Hope's fair visions charm no more.

Donald is no more.

O'er the braes and o'er the burn
Jenny strays baith night and morn,
Watching for her love's return
From a distant shore.
But, alas! she looks in vain;
He will ne'er return again;
For in battle he was slain—
Donald is no more.
For in battle, &c.

Hope awhile her bosom cheers—
Soothes her doubts, allays her fears—
Still her cheek is bathed in tears—
Still her heart is sore.
Vainly does she, night and morn,
Pace the dreary braes and burn,
Watching for her love's return—
Donald is no more.
For in battle, &c.

O'er the mountain.

O'er the mountain, o'er the lea,
With my kilt and Saxon plaid,
And my tartan bonnet wee,
Will I seek my Highland lad.
O'er the mountain, &c.

Though the heather be my bed,
Brightly pearl'd with silvery dew,
There's a tear more bright I'll shed,
Oh! my Highland lad, for you.
O'er the mountain, &c.

Far awa' from love and home,
O'er the heath with blossom clad;
While the night-bird sings I'll roam,
Oh! for thee, my Highland lad.
Though the heather, &c.
O'er the mountain, &c.

The wood of Craigie-lea.

[WRITTEN by TANNAHILL, and set to music by his friend James Barr of Kilbarchan. Both the words and air are sweet and natural. Craigie-lea lies to the north-west of Paisley, but its rural beauties have been of late years encroached on by the erection of a gas-work in its vicinity.]

Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,
Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonnie o'er the flowery lea,
An' a' the sweets that aye can wish
Frae nature's hand, are strew'd on thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Far ben thy dark-green planting's shade,
The cushat croodies am'rously,
The mavis, down thy buchtled glade,
Gars echo ring frae every tree.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they see!
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O in pity let them be!
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety showers,
Frae a' the Norlan' hills me hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bowers,
As laith to harm a flower in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea;
The happy hours I'll ever min'
That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Langsyne, beside.

[WRITTEN by TANNAHILL.—Set to music by
R. A. Smith.]

LANGSYNE, beside the woodland burn,
Among the broom sae yellow,
I lean'd me 'neath the milkwhite thorn,
On nature's mossy pillow;
A' round my seat the flowers were strew'd,
That frae the wildwood I had pu'd,
To weave mysel' a simmer smood,
To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twined the woodbine round the rose,
Its richer hues to mellow,
Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,
To busk the sedge sae yellow.
The craw-flower blue, and meadow-pink,
I wove in primrose-braided link,
But little, little did I think,
I should have wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was forced afar,
Toss'd on the raging billow,
Perhaps he's fa'n in bluidy war,
Or wreck'd on rocky shallow;
Yet aye I hope for his return,
As round our wonted haunts I mourn,
And aften by the woodland burn,
I pu' the weeping willow.

A famous man.

[This song is introduced in the national opera
of "Rob Roy." The words are taken, with some
alterations, from a poem by WORDSWORTH, writ-
ten on visiting Rob Roy's grave.]

A FAMOUS MAN was Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy,
But Scotland has a chief as good,
She has, she has her bold Rob Roy.

A dauntless heart Macgregor shows,
And wondrous length and strength of arm;
He long has quell'd his Highland foes,
And kept, and kept his friends from harm.
A famous man, &c.

His daring mood protects him still,
For this the robber's simple plan,
That they should take who have the will,
And they, and they should keep who can.
A famous man, &c.

And while Rob Roy is free to rove,
In summer's heat and winter's snow,
The eagle he is lord above,
And Rob, and Rob is lord below.
A famous man, &c.

Know'st thou the land.

[In imitation of Goethe.]

Know'st thou the land of the hardy green thistle,
Where oft o'er the mountain the shepherd's shrill
whistle
Is heard in the gloamin' so sweetly to sound,
Where the red blooming heather and hair-bell
abound?

Know'st thou the land of the mountain and flood,
Where the pine of the forest for ages hath stood,
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings of the
storm, [gor'm?
And her young ones are rock'd on the high Cairn-

Know'st thou the land where the cold Celtic wave
Encircles the hills which its blue waters lave;
Where the virgins are pure as the gems of the sea,
And their spirits are light as their actions are free?

'Tis the land of my sires, 'tis the land of my youth,
Where first my young heart glow'd with honour
and truth,
Where the wild fire of genius first caught my
young soul, [trol
And my feet and my fancy roam'd free from con-

And is there no charm in our own native earth?
Does no talisman rest on the place of our birth?
Are the blue hills of Albyn not worthy our note?
Shall her sons' deeds in war, shall her fair, be
forgot?

Then strike the wild lyre, let it swell with the strain;
 Let the mighty in arms live and conquer again;
 Their past deeds of valour shall we not rehearse,
 And the charms of our maidens resound in our verses?

I'll twine a wreath.

[THIS and the six succeeding songs originally appeared, under different signatures, in "The Literary Reporter," a weekly miscellany edited, published and printed, at Glasgow, by John Graham, in 1823-5, in 2 vols.—The author of the first which we give was WILLIAM BENNIE.]

I'll twine a wreath, I'll twine a wreath,
 A garland for thy head—
 The green, green leaves that fancy weaves
 Shall balmy fragrance shed;
 The blooming flowers from sylvan bowers
 Shall show a thousand dyes
 Around thy brow, like coloured bow
 That girds the summer skies.

The heather-bell, from cliff and fell,
 I'll seek where sephyr blows;
 At early morn, from off the thorn,
 I'll cull the new-blown rose;
 And lily pale, from verdant vale,
 That bends beneath the storm,
 Emblem of you, all bathed in dew,
 And spotless as thy form.

These, wreathed and bound, shall circle round,
 Thy lovely brow of white,
 Where glossy hair in tresses fair,
 Like clouds of summer night,
 Thine eyes o'er shade,—oh, lovely maid!
 These eyes that oft beguile
 And charm my heart with magic art—
 So sweet thy dimpling smile.

This garland gay will soon decay
 And lose its lovely hue;
 But soul and heart shall rather part
 Before I part from you.
 This wreath will fade, ah, lovely maid!
 With leaves and blossoms wove;
 But age or care can ne'er impair
 My heart's unchanging love.

The wee primrose.

My love is like the wee primrose
 That smirks sae sweet beneath the thorn,
 That modest keeks out frae the leaves,
 An' sips the sweets frae dewy morn.
 I met her in my early walk,
 As by the verdant woods I stray'd,
 Whaur nought but artless melody
 Had ever charm'd her fragrant shade.

A burnie popped by her bower,
 Whaur nature made a foggy seat—
 While resting there she look'd and smiled,
 And aye I felt my bosom beat.
 I press'd her, smiling, to my lips—
 Though she was laith, I press'd her mou';
 And oh, sae sweet, sae virgin pure!—
 'Twas hinny mix'd wi' draps o' dew.

Whan gowden clouds float at the dawn,
 I view the spot whaur Mary dwells—
 That rural spot whaur spotless love
 Speaks to the heart which ardent swells.
 May nae rude haun molest her youth—
 May nae vile e'e disturb her hame—
 Whan ocht immodest enters there,
 May innocence put guilt to shame.

When summer's sun.

WHEN summer's sun shone warm and bright,
 "And saft the westlan' breezes blew,"
 As fair a maiden met my sight
 As ever poet's fancy drew.
 'Twas on the banks of Locher's stream,
 Where roses bloom'd in a' their pride,
 I saw this lass—so fair her mein—
 She might ha'e been a monarch's bride.

Though violets there did flourish fair,
 An' on their blades hung draps o' dew;
 These sparkling gems out rivalled were
 By "her twa een sae bonnie blue."
 Her lovely eyes' resplendent beam,
 Was far too bright for me to bear:
 I turned, abashed, and in the stream
 Beheld her form, divinely fair.

A zephyr gently curled the stream,
 An' did her lovely image hide;
 Then all the ooler boughs would seem
 Bending to her by Locher's side.
 When I beheld a' nature pay
 Such homage to this charming maid,
 I deem'd she might be Queen of May—
 Had come to visit Locher's shade.

I'd made a garland for her breast,
 Of every wild flower I could view:
 But could nae mair her charms resist;
 So silently from her withdrew.
 My soul a moment's pleasure knew;
 I fear the like will ne'er return;
 Except, when spring the fields renew,
 I meet this lass by Locher burn.

The Weaver.

WHERE Kelvin rins to join the Clyde,
 There lives a lad whose honest pride
 Can match wi' a' the kintra side,—
 He is a gallant weaver.

His cheeks are tinged wi' rosy hue,
 His een are o' the bonniest blue;
 But, oh! his heart, it is sae true,
 I love my gallant weaver.

Let others wed for sake o' gear;
 Gin we get health, I ha'e nae fear,
 That poorth ever will come near
 My eident lad, the weaver.

True love will mak' our labour light;
 'Twill keep us blythe frae morn till night,
 And happiness will shine fu' bright
 Upon my gallant weaver.

When wintry win's, sae cauld and blae,
 Mak' a' the face o' nature wae,
 At e'en, a canty fire I'll ha'e
 To cheer my gallant weaver.

Then haste ye, Time; oh dinna bide;
 Bring round the day I'll be his bride,
 Then smoothly sweet the hours will glide
 O'er Jeanie and her weaver.

Away to the mountains.

[WILLIAM GLEN.]

SEE, the city enshrouded in pestilent smoke,
 Not a health-breeze is there to be found;
 It lies as if still under winter's dark yoke,
 While the spring decks the country around.
 That riches are gain'd in the city—'tis true;—
 But this is the young month of May—
 If I stay to scrape wealth, a grave I'll get too;—
 Away to the mountains, away!

Who treads on the heather will ne'er feel the gout,
 Though to health he has been a wild singer;
 Nor die of a surfelt, though after a bout
 With some chief at a true highland dinner.
 The clear highland spring, mix'd with pure mountain dew,
 Is a drink fit for emperors, they say;
 Thus we've health and high pleasure for ever in view—
 Away to the mountains, away!

In the land of the hills sits the goddess of health,
 Enthroned in sublimest of grandeur;
 The breeze, lake, and mountain are stored with her wealth,
 But she's lonely in midst of her splendour.
 Her votaries fly to her, 'neath the impulse of fear;
 When she smiles, then no longer they stay;
 But I will adore her for many a year—
 Away to the mountains, away!

The Highland Maid.

AGAIN the laverock seeks the sky,
 And warbles, dimly seen;
 And simmer views wi' sunny joy
 Her gowany robe o' green.
 But, ah! the simmer's blythe return,
 In flowery pride array'd,
 Nae mair can cheer this heart forlorn,
 Or charm the Highland Maid.

My true love fell by Charlie's side,
 Wi' mony a clansman dear;
 That fatal day—oh, wae betide
 The cruel Southron's spear!

His bonnet blue is fallen now;
And bluidy is the plaid
'That aften, on the mountain's brow,
Has wrapt his Highland Maid.

My father's sheeling on the hill
Is dowie now and sad;
The breezes whisper round me still,
I've lost my Highland Lad.
Upon Culloden's fatal heath
He spake o' me, they said,
And faltered, wi' his dying breath,
"Adieu, my Highland Maid!"

The weary night for rest I seek;
The langsome day I mourn;
The smile upon my withered cheek
Can never mair return:
But soon beneath the sod I'll lie
In yonder lonely glade;
Then, haply, some may weep an' sigh—
"Adieu, sweet Highland Maid!"

Cheerly, Soldier.

CHEERLY, Soldier! the gladdening sun
Springs over Albyn's mountains dun,
Purples each peak, and bravely now
Rests his flaming targe on the Grampians' brow,
Smiles o'er the land of the rock and tarn,
Of thine infant's couch, of thy father's cairn—
The land of the race of dauntless mood,
Who grasp thy hand in brotherhood.—
Cheerly, Soldier!

Cheerly, Soldier! gladsome meeting,
The warm salute, the victor's greeting,
Await thee. Now in blazing hall,
Go thread the maze of the flowery ball;
Encircled fond by a kindred throng,
Tell of glories past—pour the heart-warm song;
Or on yon blue hills the roe pursue
With the sweep of the jovial view-halloo.—
Cheerly, Soldier!

Cheerly, Soldier! she who loves thee
Blythe welcome sings 'neath the trysting tree:
On the breeze of morn the heath-cock dancing,
On the gleaming lake the white swan glancing,

The merry fawn in wanton play,
Chasing his twin down the sunny brae,—
Each thing of life with wilding glee,
Shadows the bliss that waits for thee.—
Cheerly, Soldier!

Comin' thro' the rye.

[THE original old words of "Comin' thro' the rye," or "Gin a body meet a body," cannot be satisfactorily traced. There are many different versions of the song. Some sets embrace such verses as the following:

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body tell?
Ilka Jenny has her Jocky,
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
But a' the lads they look at me—
And what the waur am I?

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town, (or thro' the broom),
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body gloom? &c.

The following is the version which is given in Johnson's Museum, and which passed through the hands of Burns. The air forms, with slight variation, the third and fourth strains of the strathspey called "The Miller's Daughter," in Gow's first Collection.]

COMING through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.
Oh Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need the warid kan?

Oh Jenny's a' wat, poor body;
Jenny's sarkom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming thro' the rye.

Comin' thro' the rye.

[Modern theatrical version.]

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie,
Name, they say, ha'e I!
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' through the rye.
Among the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel;
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie,
Name, they say, ha'e I!
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' through the rye.
Among the train there is a swain,
I dearly lo'e mysel;
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

Oh, dinna ask me.

[DUNLOP.—Tune, "Comin' through the rye."]

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;
Troth, I daurna tell:
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;
Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,
And bonnier lasses see,
O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass,
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And O, I'm sure, my heart would break,
Gin ye'd prove false to me.

The silken-snooded lassie.

["*The snood* or ribband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch, toy*, or coil, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the curch. In old Scottish songs there occur many allusions to such misfortune, as in the old words to the popular tune of 'O'er the mair among the heather.'—*Note by Sir Walter Scott to the Lady of the Lake.*]

Coming through the broom at e'en,
And coming through the broom sae dreary,
The lassie lost her silken snood,
Which cost her many a blirt and blear e'e.

Fair her hair, and brent her brow,
And bonnie blue her een when near ye;
The mair I prie'd her bonnie mou',
The mair I wish'd her for my dearie.

The broom was lang, the lassie gay,
And O but I was unco cheerie;
The snood was tait, a well a day!
For mirth was turn'd to blirt and blear e'e.

I press'd her hand, she sigh'd, I woo'd,
And spier'd, What gars ye sob, my dearie?
Quoth she, I've lost my silken snood;
And never mair can look sae cheerie.

I said, Ne'er mind the silken snood,
Nae langer mourn, nor look sae dreary;
I'll buy you ane that's twice as good,
If you'll consent to be my dearie.

Quoth she, If you will aye be mine,
Nae mair the snood shall make me dreary:
I vow'd, I seal'd, and bless the time,
That in the broom I met my dearie.

Rest awhile with me.

[FROM A small tract entitled, "Love: by J. C. DENOVAN:" Printed for the author at Edinburgh in 1826. Denovan was the son of a printer in Edinburgh, where he was born in 1798. Some years of his early life were spent at sea, but latterly he supported himself by a small business of his own, in his native city, as a coffee-roaster. He died in 1837.]

THE lark hath sought his grassy home,
The bee her egilantine;
The silver lamps, in yon blue dome,
Have just begun to shine;
Then rest awhile with me, love, with me, love,
Then rest awhile with me, love,
This breast will pillow thine.

The breeze that steals so softly by
Hath caught the rose's kiss:
The tear that wets the lily's eye
Is but a drop of bliss.
Then rest awhile with me, love, with me, love,
Then rest awhile with me, love,
Home ne'er had charms like this.

Twine weel the plaiden.

[THIS song cannot be traced in any of the earlier collections. It appears, however, in Johnson's Museum, vol. I. 1787. There is a plaintive old air given in Oswald's collection, (1785-48,) with the title, "The lassie lost her silken snood."]

O, I HA' lost my silken snood,
That tied my hair sae yellow;
I've gien my heart to the lad I loo'd,
He was a gallant fellow.
And twine it weel, my bonnie dowie,
And twine it weel the plaiden;
The lassie lost her silken snood,
In pu'ing o' the breckan.

He praised my een sae bonnie blue,
Sae lily-white my skin, O,
And ayne he prie'd my bonnie mou',
And said it was nae sin, O.
And twine it weel, &c.

But he has left the lass he loo'd,
His own true love forsaken;
Which gars me sair to greet the snood,
I lost among the breckan.
And twine it weel, &c.

The Cooper of Fife.

THAN was a wee cooper who lived in Fife,
Nickity, nackity, noo, noo, noo,
And he has gotten a gentle wife,
Hey Willie Wallackie, how John Dougall,
Alane, quo' rushety, rouse, rouse, rouse.

She wadna bake, nor she wadna brew,
Nickety, &c.
For the spoiling o' her comely hue,
Hey Willie, &c.

She wadna card, nor she wadna spin,
Nickety, &c.
For the shaming o' her gentle kin,
Hey Willie, &c.

She wadna wash, nor she wadna wring,
Nickety, &c.
For the spoiling o' her gouden ring,
Hey Willie, &c.

The cooper's awa' to his woo pack,
Nickety, &c.
And has laid a sheep skin on his wife's back,
Hey Willie, &c.

It's I'll no thrash ye for your proud kin,
Nickety, &c.
But I will thrash my ain sheep skin,
Hey Willie, &c.

Oh! I will bake and I will brew,
Nickety, &c.
And never mair think on my comely hue,
Hey Willie, &c.

Oh! I will card and I will spin,
Nickety, &c.
And never mair think on my gentle kin,
Hey Willie, &c.

Oh! I will wash and I will wring,
Nickety, &c.
And never mair think on my gouden ring,
Hey Willie, &c.

A' ye wha ha'e gotten a gentle wife,
Nickety, nackety, woo, woo, woo;
Send ye for the wee cooper o' Fife,
Hey Willie Wallack, how John Dougall,
Alane, quo' rushety, rouse, rouse, rouse.

The bonnie red ribbon.

[ANDREW SHARPE.]

Mr Sandy was handsome, good-natur'd, and gay;
An' my Sandy had never gainsay me;
An' down in St. Johnston, ae braw market day,
A bonnie red ribbon he ga'e me.

Nane looked like Sandy, sae mild and sae meek;
An' nane could sae winsome array me;
But death came and wither'd the rose on his cheek,
That was red as the ribbon he ga'e me.

Now lanely I wander o'er mountain an' moss,
Or where fancy wild wishes to stray me;
And tell, wi' a tear-weet-e'e, Scndy's sad loss,
To the bonnie red ribbon he ga'e me.

But shortly, some ev'ning among the saft dew,
Low down in his grave will I lay me;
Byne bid a' the sorrows I suffer adieu!
An' the bonnie red ribbon he ga'e me.

Willie wi' his wig a-jee.

[WILLIAM CHALMERS.]

Oh, saw ye Willie frae the west?
Oh, saw ye Willie in his glee?
Oh, saw ye Willie frae the west,
When he had got his wig a-jee?

There's "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,"
He towers it up in sic a key,
Oh saw ye Willie, hearty lad,
When he had got his wig a-jee.

To hear him sing a canty air,
He lilt it o'er sae charmingly,
That in a moment aff flies care,
When Willie gets his wig a-jee,
Let drones croon o'er a winter night,
A fig for them, whate'er they be,
For I could sit till morning light,
Wi' Willie and his wig a-jee.

At kirk on Sundays, sic a change
Comes o'er his wig, and mou', and e'e,
Sae douse—you'd think a cannon ball
Wad scarce ca' Willie's wig a-jee.
But when on Mondays he begins,
And rants and roars continually,
Till ilk owk's end, the very weans
Gang daft—when Willie's wig's a-jee.

♫, Whistle.

[THE air called "O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," was composed by John Bruce, a famous fiddler in Dumfries, about the middle of the last century. O'Keefe introduced it into his comic opera of "The Poor Soldier," acted at Covent Garden in 1783. "Since love is the plan, I'll love if I can," is the opening of the song to which it is there adapted. BURNS wrote two sets of words to the tune—retaining the name of the tune for his opening line—the first set, consisting of only two verses, written in 1787 for Johnson's Museum; the second set written in 1793 for Thomson's collection. We give both.]

I.

O, WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

Come down the back stairs when you come to
court me,
Come down the back stairs when you come to
court me,
Come down the back stairs, and let nae body see,
And come as ye were na coming to me.

II.

O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father, and mother, and a' should gae mad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when you come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let nae body see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O, whistle, &c.

At kirk or at market, when'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a file;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
O, whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lichtly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
O, whistle, &c.

Come hame to pour lingsels.

[The first stanza of this song was a fragment by TANNAHIL: the rest has been happily added by ALEX. RODGER.—Tune, "O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad."]

Come hame to your lingsels, ye ne'er-do-weel loon,
You're the king o' the dyvours, the talk o' the town,
Sae soon as the Munoday morning comes in,
Your wearifu' dailding again maun begin.
Gudewife, you're a skillet, your tongue's just a bell,
To the peace o' gude fellows it rings the death-knell,
But clack till ye deafen auld Barnaby's mill,
The souter shall aye ha'e his Munoday's yill.

● Come hame to your lap-stane, come hame to your last,

It's a bonnie affair that your family maun fast,
While you and your crew here a-guzzling maun sit,
Ye daisied drunken gude-for-nocht help o' the pit,
Just leuk, how I'm gaun without stocking or shoe,
Your bairns a' in tatters, an' fotherless too,
An' yet, quite content, like a sot, ye'll sit still,
Till your kyte's like to crack, wi' your Munoday's yill.

I tell you, gudewife, gin you haud na your clack,
I'll lend you a reestle wi' this owre your back;
Maun we be abused an' affronted by you,
Wi' siccan foul names as "loon," "dyvour," an' "crew?"

Come hame to your lingsels, this instant come hame,

Or I'll redden your face, gin ye've yet ony shame,
For I'll bring a' the bairns, an' we'll just ha'e our fill,

As weel as yoursel', o' your Munoday's yill.

Gin that be the gate o't, sirs, come, let us stir,
What need we sit here to be pestered by her?
For she'll plague an' affront us as far as she can;
Did ever a woman sae bother a man?
Frae yill house to yill house she'll after us rin,
An' raise the hale town wi' her yelpin' and din;
Come, ca' the gudewife, bid her bring in her bill,
I see I maun quat takin' Munoday's yill.

Lass gin ye lo'e me.

[In Herd's collection the following fragment is preserved:

I ha'e layen three herring a-sa't;
Bonnie lass, gin se'll tak' me, tell me now;
And I ha'e brew'n three pickles o' ma't,
And I canna cum ilka day to woo.
To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
And I canna cum ilka day to woo.

I ha'e a wee calf that wad fain be a cow;
Bonnie lass, gin se'll tak' me, tell me now;
I ha'e a grice that wad fain be a sow,
And I canna cum ilka day to woo.
To woo, to woo, &c.

From this fragment, JAMES TYTLER, otherwise called *Balloon Tytler*, of whom we have spoken in previous notes, constructed the following song, which, with its lively air, is given in the third volume of Johnson's Museum. Mr. Mackay, of the Edinburgh theatre, used to sing the song with pawkie glee, and was instrumental in rendering it popular.]

I HA' laid a herring in saut,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
I ha'e brew'd a forget o' maout,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,
An' I canna come lika day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
An' I canna come lika day to woo.
I ha'e a but, an' I ha'e a ben,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
I ha'e three chickens an' a fat hen,
An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a ben wi' a happy leg,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tak' me now!
Which lika day lays me an egg,
An' I canna come lika day to woo.
I ha'e a kebbuck upon my shelf,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tak' me now
I downa eat it a' myself;
An' I winna come ony mair to woo.

Patie's Wedding.

[THIS song, once popular among the peasantry of Scotland, was first printed in the second edition of David Herd's collection, 1776, although it is older than that date. Nothing is known of the author. The tune used to be sung to an old dog-grel, beginning,

We'll put the sheep-head in the pat,
Horns and a' thegither, &c.]

As Patie cam' up frae the glen,
Drivin' his widders before him,
He met bonnie Meg ganging hame—
Her beauty was like for to smooch him.
O Maggie, lass, dinna ye ken
That you and I 's gaun to be married?
I had rather had broken my leg,
Before sic a bargain miscarried.

O Patie, lad, wha tell'd ye that?
I trow o' news they've been scanty:
I'm nae to be married the year,
Though I should be courted by twenty!
Now, Maggie, what gars ye to taunt?
Is 't 'cause that I ha'e na a malleen?
The lad that has gear needna want
For neither a half nor a haill ane.

My dad has a gude grey meare,
And yours has twa cows and a filly;
And that will be plenty o' gear:
Sae, Maggie, be na sae ill-willy.
Weel, Patie, lad, I dinna ken;
But first ye mean speir at my daddie;
You're quite as weel born as Ben,
And I canna say but I'm ready.

We ha'e walth o' yarn in clews,
To mak' me a coat and a jimpey,
And plaidin' enouch to be trews—
Gif I get ye, I shanna scrimp ye!
Now fair fa' ye, my bonnie Meg!
I'm e'en let a smackie fa' on ye:
May my neck be as lang as my leg,
If I be an ill husband unto ye!

Sae gang your ways hame e'en now;
Mak' ready gin this day fifteen days
And tell your father frae me,
I'll be his gude-son in great kindness.
Maggie's as blythe as a wran,
Bodin' the blast o' ill weather,
And a' the gaitie singin' she ran,
To tell the news to her father.

But aye the auld man cried out,
He'll no be o' that mind on Sunday.
There's nae fear o' that, quo' Meg;
For I gat a kiss on the bounty.
And what was the matter o' that?
It was naething out o' his pocket
I wish the news were true,
And we had him fairly bookit.

A very wee while after that,
Wha cam' to our biggin but Patie?
Dress'd up in a braw new coat,
And wow but he thoct himsel' pretty!
His bonnet was little frae new,
And in it a loop and a slitlie,
To draw in a ribbon sae blue,
To bab at the neck o' his coatie.

Then Patie cam' in wi' a stend;
Oried, Peace be under the biggin!
You're welcome, quo' William, Come ben,
Or I wish it may rive frae the riggin'!
Now draw in your seat, and sit down,
And tell's a' your news in a hurry;
And haste ye, Meg, and be dune,
And hing on the pan wi' the berry

Quoth Patie, My news is na thrang;
 Yestreen I was wi' his honour;
 I've ta'en three rigs o' braw land,
 And bound myself under a bonour:
 And, now, my errand to you,
 Is for Maggie to help me to labour;
 But I'm fear'd we'll need your best cow,
 Because that our haddin's but sober.

Quoth Willam, To harl ye through,
 I'll be at the cost o' the bridal;
 I've cut the craig o' the ewe,
 That had amalst de'd o' the side-ill:
 And that'll be plenty o' brose,
 Sae lang as our well is na reested,
 To a' the neebors and you;
 Sae I think we'll be nae that ill feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that'll do weel,
 And I'll gi'e you your brose i' the mornin',
 O' hail that was made yestreen,
 For I like them best i' the forenoon.
 Sae Tam, the piper, did play;
 And lika aye danced that was willin';
 And a' the lave they rankit through;
 And they held the wee stouple aye fillin'.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd;
 And when that the carles grew nappy,
 They danced as weel as they dow'd,
 Wi' a crack o' their thooms and a happie.
 The lad that wore the white band,
 I think they ca'd him Jamie Mather,
 He took the bride by the hand,
 And cried to play up Maggie Lander.

I lo'd ne'er a laddie but aye.

[THE first eight lines of this song, and other eight rather too homely for extract here, are said by Burns to have been written by the Rev. JOHN CLONNE, minister of Borthwick, Midlothian, who died in 1819, aged 62. The rest of the song, beginning "Let ithers brag weel o' their gear," is by HECTOR MACNEIL. The tune bears a strong resemblance to the Irish air called "My lodging is on the cold ground."]]

I LO'ED ne'er a laddie but aye;
 He lo'd ne'er a lassie but me;
 He's willing to mak' me his ain;
 And his ain I am willing to be.

He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,
 And a pair o' mittens o' green;
 The price was a kiss o' my mou;
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land, and their lordly degree;
 I carena for aught but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me:
 His words are aye sugar'd, aye sweet!
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa'!
 I listen, poor fool! and I greet;
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

Dear lassie, he cries wi' a jeer,
 Ne'er heed what the auld ayes will say;
 Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear;
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
 Yet see how he's dwinling wi' care;
 Now we, though we've naething but health,
 Are cantie and leal evermair.

O Marion! the heart that is true,
 Has something mair costly than gear
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue—
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
 Ye waridlings, ga'e hoard up your store,
 And tremble for fear ough you tyne;
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
 While here in my arms I lock mine!

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
 Wae's me, can I tak' it amiss!
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,
 He's free aye to daunt and to kiss!
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
 Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
 Play your pranks—I ha'e gien my consent,
 And this night I am Jamie's for life.

Here awa', there awa'.

[THE beautiful air of "Here awa', there awa'" is preserved in Oswald's collection of Scots tunes, 1735-42. Herd, in his collection of 1769, first printed the following fragment of the old words.]

HERE awa', there awa', here awa', Willie!
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame!
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee;
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie;
Through the lang muir I have followed him
hame.

Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us;
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie!
Here awa', there awa', haud awa', hame!
Come, love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
Nka thing pleases, when Willie's at hame.

Wandering Willie.

[BURNS, who was fond of the tune of "Here awa', there awa'," wrote the following fine verses to it, in March, 1793, and sent them to Thomson's collection. Some verbal alterations were made upon them by Thomson and his friend Erskine.]

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie!
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame!
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie;
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie again.

"Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e:
Welcome now, summer, and welcome, my Willie;
The summer to nature, and Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou dark heaving main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

Ekdale Braes.

[WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, translator of "The Lusad."]

By the banks of the crystal-stream'd Eek,
Where the Wauchope her yellow wave joins,
Where the lambkins on sunny braes bask,
And wild woodbine the shepherd's bower twines,

Marie, disconsolate maid,
Oft sigh'd the still noontide away,
Or by moonlight all desolate stray'd,
While woe'ful she tun'd her love lay:

Ah! no more from the banks of the Ewes
My shepherd comes cheerily along;
Broomholm and the Deans' banks refuse
To echo the plaints of his song.

No more from the echoes of Ewes,
His dog fondly barking I hear;
No more the tir'd bark he pursues,
And tells me his master draws near.

Ah! was to the wars, and the pride
Thy heroes, O Eek, could display,
When with laurels they planted thy side,
From France and from Spain borne away.

Oh! why did their honours decoy
My poor shepherd lad from the shore?
Ambition bewitch'd the vain boy,—
And oceans between us now roar.

Ah! methinks his pale corpse floating by,
I behold on the rude billows tost;
Unburied his scatter'd bones lie,—
Lie bleaching on some distant coast.

By this stream and the May-blossom'd thorn,
That first heard his love tale, and his vows,
My pale ghost shall wander forlorn,
And the willow shall weep o'er my brows.

With the ghosts of the wars will I wall,
In Warblaw woods join the sad throng,
To Hallowe'en's blast tell my tale,
As the spectres, ungrav'd, glide along.

Still the Ewes rolls her paly blue stream,
Old Eek still her crystal tide pours,
Still golden the Wauchope waves gleam,
And still green, O Broomholm, are thy bow-

No: blasted they seem to my view,
The rivers in red floods combine;
The turtles their widowed notes eoo,
And mix their sad ditties with mine.

Discolour'd in sorrow's dim shade,
All nature seems with me to mourn;—
But why are these merry bells play'd?
Can it be my dear Jamie's return?

The woodlands all May-blown appear !
The silver stream murmurs new charms !
As my Jamie, sweet-smiling, draws near,
And, all eager, I rush to his arms.

The Lily of the vale.

[ALLAN RAMSAY.—This may be sung to the tune of "The Banks of Doon."] .

THE lily of the vale is sweet ;
And sweeter still the op'ning rose ;
But sweeter far my Mary is
Than any blooming flow'r that blows.
Whilst spring her fragrant blossoms spreads,
I'll wander oft by Mary's side,
And whisper soft the tender tale,
By Forth, sweet Forth's meandering tide.

There will we walk at early dawn,
Ere yet the sun begins to shine ;
At eve oft to the lawn we'll tread,
And mark that splendid orb's decline.
The fairest choicest flowers I'll crop,
To deck my lovely Mary's hair,
And while I live, I vow and swear,
She'll be my chief, my only care.

The Day Returns.

["I composed this song," says Burns, "out of compliment to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world, Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, and his lady. At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in the country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours in my life."—The song first appeared in Johnson's Museum to a tune composed by Mr. Riddel himself, which he called "The Seventh of November," that being the anniversary of his marriage."] .

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet ;
Though winter wild in tempest toll'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half so sweet.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I'll live !
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part ;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

Where shall the lover rest.

[THIS solemn warning strain SIR WALTER SCOTT puts into the mouth of Fitz-Eustace, in the third canto of *Marmion*.—"A mellow voice," says the poet—

"A MELLOW voice Fitz-Eustace had,
The air he chose was wild and sad ;
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song :
Oft have I listen'd, and stood still,
As it came softened up the hill,
And deem'd it the lament of men
Who languish'd for their native glen ;
And thought how and would be such sound
On Susquehanna's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again."]

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever ?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.
Eleu loro.
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving,
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never,
Eleu loro,
Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle,
With groans of the dying,
Eleu loro,
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
E'er life be parted;
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it—
Never, O never,
Eleu loro,
Never, O never.

The way for to woo.

[WRITTEN by HECTOR MACNEIL to a tune which he picked up in Argyleshire, and which is given in the sixth volume of Johnson's Museum. The song, however, is now adapted to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee."]

Oh tell me, oh tell me, bonnie young lassie,
Oh tell me, young lassie, how for to woo?
Oh tell me, oh tell me, bonnie sweet lassie,
Oh tell me, sweet lassie, how for to woo?
Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning?
Lips like the roses fresh moisten'd wi' dew?
Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scornin'?
Oh tell me, oh tell me, how for to woo?

Far ha'e I wander'd to see thee, dear lassie!
Far ha'e I ventured across the saut sea!
Far ha'e I ventured ower muirland and moun-
tain,
Houseless and weary, slept cauld on the lee!
Ne'er ha'e I tried yet to mak' luv to ony,
For ne'er loved I ony till ance I loved you;
Now we're alane in the green wood see bonnie,
Oh tell me, oh tell me, how for to woo?

What care I for your wand'ring, young laddie!
What care I for your crossing the sea!
It was nae for naething ye left pair young
Peggy;
It was for my tocher ye cam' to court me.
Say, ha'e ye gowd to buse me aye gaudy?
Ribbons, and pearlins, and breast-knots enew?
A house that is cantie, wi' walth in't, my laddie?
Without this ye never need try for to woo!

I ha'e nae gowd to buse ye aye gaudy!
I canna buy pearlins and ribbons enew!
I've naething to brag o' house or o' plenty!
I've little to gie but a heart that is true.
I cam' na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' ony;
I never loved Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow:
I've wander'd, pair fule, for a face fause as
bonnie!
I little thocht this was the way for to woo!

Ha'e na ye roosed my cheeks like the morning?
Hae na ye roosed my cherry-red mou?
Ha'e na ye come ower sea, muir, and mountain?
What mair, my dear Johnnie, need ye for to
woo?

Far ha'e ye wander'd, I ken, my dear laddie!
Now that ye've found me, there 's nae cause to
rue;
Wi' health we'll ha'e plenty—I'll never gang
gaudy:

I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is
true.

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom;
The soft tear of transport fill'd lik lover's e'e;
The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sab-
bit,
And sweet sang the mavis abune on the tree.
He clasp'd her, he press'd her, he ca'd her his
hinnie,
And aften he tasted her hinnie-sweet mou';
And aye, 'tween ilk kilm, she sigh'd to her
Johnnie—
Oh laddie! oh laddie! weel weel can ye woo!

The Highland Lassie.

[This charmingly-natural effusion was written by Burns early in life, in honour of his afterwards-to-be-immortalized Highland Mary. It is given in the second volume of Johnson's Museum, adapted to an old reel tune, called "Macrauchlin's Scots Measure," but it may also be sung to the tune of "Green grow the rushes."—"My Highland Lassie," says the poet, "was a warm-hearted, charming young creature, as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a firewell before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." Cromeck adds a few particulars of the final interview of the youthful lovers. "This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials, which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook, they laved their hands in the limpid stream, and holding a Bible between them, they pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted, never to meet again." Cromeck's account of this parting interview was considered somewhat apocryphal, till, a good many years ago, a pocket Bible, in two volumes, presented by Burns to Mary Campbell, was discovered in the possession of her sister at Ardrossan. This Bible afterwards found its way to Canada, whence the family had removed; and having excited the interest of some Scotsmen at Montreal, they purchased it, (for its possessors were unfortunately in reduced circumstances,) and had it conveyed back to Scotland, with the view of being permanently placed in the monument at Ayr. On its arrival at Glasgow, Mr. Weir, Stationer, Queen Street, (through the instrumentality of whose son, we believe, the precious relic was mainly procured,) kindly announced, that he would willingly show it for a few days at his shop to any person who might choose to see it. The result was, that thousands

stocked to obtain a view of this interesting memorial, and the ladies, in particular, displayed an unwonted eagerness regarding it, some of them even crying, on beholding an object which appealed so largely to female sympathies. On the anniversary of the Poet in 1841, the Bible, inclosed in an caken glass case, was permanently deposited among other relics in the monument at Ayr. On the boards of one of the volumes is inscribed, in Burns's hand-writing,—"'And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, I am the Lord,' Levit. chap. xix. v. 12;" and on the other, "'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath,' St. Matt. chap. v. v. 33;" and on the blank leaves of both volumes, "Robert Burns, Moesiel." A monument, the expense of which was defrayed by public subscription, is now erected over the grave of Highland Mary in Greenock churchyard. The foundation-stone of it was laid on the anniversary of the birth of the Poet, in 1842.]

Nae gentle dames, though e'er we fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen we bushy, O,
Aboon the plain we rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh! were yon hills and valleys mine
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea:
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw,
Around my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band !
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.
Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O !
Farewell, the plain sae rushy, O !
To other lands I now must go
To sing my Highland lassie, O !

To Mary in Heaven.

[It is deeply affecting to turn from the lively and buoyant strain of the above song—(lively and buoyant with young life and love, notwithstanding that the poet was at the moment encompassed with worldly difficulties.)—to the solemn pathos, the wild despair, of the following production of his later years, now that his Mary was dead and in her grave. "This celebrated poem," says Lockhart, "was composed in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day in which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell. According to Mrs. Burns, he spent that day, though labouring under cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out to the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him, in vain, to observe that the frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, these sublime and pathetic verses."—The verses, it may be added, were first published in the third volume of Johnson's Museum, where Burns requested they should be set to a plaintive air called "The Death of Captain Cook," which was accordingly done.]

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn !
Again thou usher'st in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn.

Oh, Mary, dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget ?—
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love ?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past ;
Thy image at our last embrace ;—
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green ;
The fragrant birch, the hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprung wanton to be prest,
The birds sung love on every spray ;
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care ;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

Song of the Stars.

[THIS song, which is here for the first time printed, was written to an air, composed by B. Bluhme, a German musical amateur, and named "Doctor N——."]

Let sages tell of orbs so fair,
Of suns, and moons, and stars ;
And praise the planets ev'ry one—
Earth, Venus, Vesta, Mars ;—

I'll sing of orbs more beauteous far
Than e'er by sage were seen,
Though search'd be all the whirling worlds
That deck the vault serene ;—

I'll sing the stars on earth that dwell,
And beam with living love ;
Fair woman's eyes, whose lustre pales
All stars of heav'n above.

The stars of earth are beauteous gems,
Of many a varied hue;
But dearest of them all to me
Are eyes of bonnie blue.

Blue are the mountains of our land,
And blue her lakes so clear,
Her glens are blue, but bluer far
The eyes of Sally dear.

Of stellar orbs let sages watch
The flight through boundless skies;
I'd rather watch the live long night,
The beams of Sally's eyes.

Then sing! then sing! my Sally's eyes!
Which beam with living love,
Whose lustre pales all starry gems
That spangle heav'n above.

W. G. B.

The tears I shed.

[THIS highly finished lyric was the production of Mrs. DUGALD STEWART, the excellent and accomplished wife of the celebrated professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. Her maiden name was Helen D'Arcy Cranstoun, and she was the daughter of the Hon. George Cranstoun, youngest son of William, fifth Lord Cranstoun. She was born in the year 1766, married in 1790, and died so recently as the 28th July, 1838. The song was first published in the fourth volume of Johnson's Museum (1792,) adapted to an air, by John Barret, an old English composer, called "Ianthie the lovely." The same air was selected by Gay for one of his songs in "The Beggar's Opera,"—"When he holds up his hands arraigned for life."—The first four lines of the last stanza were written by Burns, to suit the music, which requires double verses.]

THE tears I shed must ever fall:
I mourn not for an absent swain;
For thoughts may past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead:
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er;
And those they loved their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
E'en when by death's cold hand removed,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb:
To think that e'en in death he loved,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Here are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of withered joy;
The flatt'ring veil is rent aside,
The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The hours once tinged in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the past to agony.
E'en time itself despairs to cure
Those pangs to ev'ry feeling due:
Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
To win a heart—and break it too.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart.
From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn;
Neglected and neglecting all;
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn;
The tear I shed must ever fall.

The Non-Descript.

[THE following verses were addressed to Mrs. Dugald Stewart by Professor THOMAS BROWN, the distinguished successor of her husband in the moral philosophy chair of Edinburgh. They were entitled by their author, "The Non-Descript—To a very charming Monster."]]

THOU nameless loveliness, whose mind,
With every grace to soothe, to warm,
Has lavish Nature bless'd,—and shroud'd
The sweetness in as soft a form!

Say on what wonder-beaming soil
Her sportive malice wrought thy form,—
That haughty science long might toil,
Nor learn to fix thy doubtful name!

For this she cull'd, with eager care,
The scatter'd glories of her plan,—
All that adorns the softer fair,
All that exalts the prouder man:

And gay she triumph'd,—now no more
Her works shall daring systems bound;
As though her skill inventive o'er,
She only traced the forms she found.

In vain to seek a kindred race,
Tired through her mazy realms I stray,—
Where shall I rank thy radiant place?
Thou dear perplexing creature! say!

Thy smile so soft, thy heart so kind,
Thy voice for pity's tones so fit,
All speak thee Woman; but thy mind
Lifts thee where Bards and Sages sit.

The Braes o' Bedlay.

[WRITTEN by WALTER WATSON, weaver at Chryston, in Stirlingshire, and author of the popular songs, "Sae will we yet," and "Jockie's far awa'." The braes of Bedlay are situated near Chryston, about seven miles to the north of Glasgow.—Tune, "Hills of Glenorchy."]

WHEN I think on the sweet smiles o' my lassie,
My cares flee awa' like a thief frae the day;
My heart louns light, an' I join in a sang
Among the sweet birds on the braes o' Bedlay:
How sweet the embrace, yet how honest the wishes,
When luvè fa's a-woolin', an' modesty blushes;
Whar Mary an' I meet among the green bushes,
That screen us sae weel on the braes o' Bedlay.

There's nane sae trig, or sae fair, as my lassie,
An' mony a wooer she answers wi' Nay,
Wha fain wad ha'e her to lea'e me alane,
An' meet me nae mair on the braes o' Bedlay.
I fearna, I carena, thy braggin' o' siller,
Nora' the fine things they can think on to tell her;
Nae vauntin' can buy her, nae threat'nin' can sell
her,

It's luvè leads her out to the braes o' Bedlay.

We'll gang by the links o' the wild rowin' burnie,
Whar aft in my mornin' o' life I did stray,
Whar luvè was invited and care was beguill'd,
By Mary an' me, on the braes o' Bedlay:
Sae lovin', sae movin', I'll tell her my story,
Unmix't wi' the deeds o' ambition for glory,
Whar wide spreadin' hawthorns, sae ancient and
hoary,
Enrich the sweet breeze on the braes o' Bedlay.

Afton Water.

[WRITTEN by BURNS, and inserted in Johnson's Museum. Afton Water is a small stream in Ayrshire, on the banks of which stands Afton Lodge, the residence of Mrs. Stewart, who forms the subject of this song. Currie says, "the song was presented to her in return for her notice, the first he ever received from a person in her rank." Burns, in a single couplet, has left an unflinching testimony to the virtues of Mrs. Stewart—then residing at Stair. In the "Brigs o' Ayr," she is introduced as one of the allegorical beings who interrupt the conversation between the Brigs:—"Benevolence, with mild benignant air,
A female form came from the towers of Stair."]

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through
the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon flowery den,
Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming for-
bear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear-winding
rills;
There daily I wander, as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet oot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild evening creeps o'er the lea,
The sweet-scented birch shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear
wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Here is the glen.

[In a letter to Thomson, Burns says, "I got an air, pretty enough, composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron of Heron, which she calls 'The banks of Cree.' Cree is a beautiful romantic stream; and as her Ladyship is a particular friend of mine, I have written the following song to it."]

Here is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village bell has told the hour,—
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mix'd with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come! and art thou true!
O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

The auld Man's Lament.

[WILLIAM CROSS.—Printed with the author's latest corrections.]

My beltane o' life and my gay days are gane,
And now I am feckless, and dowie, and lane,
And my lammies o' life, wi' its floods o' saut tears,
Has drowned a' the joys o' my young happy years.

Full threescore and ten times the gowan has spread
Since first owre the meadow wi' light foot I sped,
And threescore and ten times the blue bells ha'e
blawn,
Since to pu' them I first daunder'd blythe owre
the lawn.

The burn banks I lo'ed when a callant to range,
And the heather-clad braes, now seem eerie and
strange,
The burn seems na clear, and the lift seems na blue;
But it's aiblins my auld een that dinna tell true.

The mates o' my young days are a' wede awa',
The sunshine they shared, but escaped frae the
snaw,
Like the swallows they fled when youth's warm
days were gane,
And I'm left like a winged ane in winter alane.

To yon aged hawthorn that bends o'er the burn,
Its far scattered blossoms can never return,
They are swept to the sea o'er dark plumb and
deep linn,
Sae, my comrades ha'e flourish'd and fled ane by
ane.

It seems short to look back since my Peggy was
young,
Bliss beam'd in her features, joy flow'd frae her
tongue.
But my Peggy has left me, and gane like the lave,
And the wind whistles shrill o'er my dear Peggy's
grave.

My Peggy was ruddy, my Peggy was fair,
Mild was her blue e'e, and modest her air;
But I needna tell now what my Peggy has been,
For blanch'd are her red cheeks, and closed her
blue een.

The wind whistles shrill, snell and bitter's the blast,
And death o'er my head waves his fell rung at last:
I have heard for the last time the laverock's sweet
sang,
He may cour frae the storm by my grave or't be
lang.

Soon may the worm on this auld body feed,
Soon may the nettles grow rank at my head,
And some herd in thae few words may sum up
my flame,
"There's an auld man lies here, I've forgotten
his name."

Macpherson's Rant.

[THE tune called "Macpherson's Rant" or "Macpherson's Lament" is said to have been composed by the noted freebooter whose name it bears, while lying under sentence of death. The following are the old words, as given in Herd's collection, 1776.]

I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and strength;
I've pillaged, plunder'd, murdered,
But now, alas, at length,
I'm brought to punishment direct;
Pale death draws near to me;
This end I never did project,
To hang upon a tree.

To hang upon a tree, a tree!
That cursed unhappy death!
Like to a wolf, to worried be,
And choked in the breath.
My very heart wad surely break
When this I think upon,
Did not my courage singular
Bid pensive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath,
More courage had than I;
I dared my foes unto their face,
And would not from them fly.
This grandeur stout I did keep out,
Like Hector, manfully;
Then wonder one like me so stout
Should hang upon a tree.

The Egyptian band I did command,
With courage more by far,
Than ever did a general
His soldiers in the war.
Being fear'd by all, both great and small,
I lived most joyfullie:
Oh, curse upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree!

As for my life I do not care,
If justice would take place,
And bring my fellow-plunderers
Unto the same disgrace.
But Peter Brown, that notorious loon,
Escaped, and was made free:
Oh, curse upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree!

Both law and justice buried are,
And frand and guile succeed;
The guilty pass unpunished,
If money intercede.
The Laird of Grant, that Highland maunt,
His mighty majesty,
He pleads the cause of Peter Brown,
And lets Macpherson die.

The destiny of my life, contrived
By those whom I obliged,
Rewarded me much ill for good,
And left me no refuge.
But Braco Duff, in rage enough,
He first laid hands on me;
And if that death would not prevent,
Avenged would I be.

As for my life, it is but short,
When I shall be no more;
To part with life I am content,
As any heretofore.
Therefore, good people all, take heed,
This warning take by me,
According to the lives you lead,
Reward you shall be.

Macpherson's Farewell.

[WRITTEN by Burns to the tune of "Macpherson's Rant." "Macpherson's Lament," says Sir Walter Scott, "was a well-known song many years before the Ayrshire Bard wrote those additional verses which constitute its principal merit. This noted freebooter was executed at Inverness, about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune, to which he has bequeathed his name, upon a favourite violin, and holding up the instrument, offered it to any one of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body, at his lyke-wake; as none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder." Scott has erred, however, in naming Inverness as the place of Macpherson's execution. The records of his trial are still extant, and have been recently published. Through this document it appears that he was tried at Banff, along with three others, and convicted of being "repute an Egyptian and vagabond, and oppressor of his majesty's free lliges, in a bangstree manner, and

going up and down the country armed, and keeping markets in a hostile manner," and was sentenced to be executed at the cross of Banff, November 18, 1700, eight days after his conviction. Tradition asserts, that the magistrates hurried on the execution early in the morning, and that Macpherson suffered several hours before the specified time. The motive for this indecent haste is said to have been a desire to defeat a reprieve, then on the way. An anonymous article in the first volume of the *New Monthly Magazine*, supplies some particulars of his lineage and exploits. "James Macpherson was born of a beautiful gipsy who, at a great wedding, attracted the notice of a half-intoxicated Highland gentleman. He acknowledged the child, and had him reared in his house, until he lost his life in bravely pursuing a hostile clan, to recover a *spread* of cattle taken from Badenoch. The gipsy woman hearing of this disaster in her rambles, the following summer came and took away her boy, but she often returned with him, to wait upon his relations and clansmen, who never failed to clothe him well, besides giving money to his mother. He grew up in beauty, strength, and stature, rarely equalled. His sword is still preserved at Duff House, a residence of the Earl of Fife, and few men of our day could carry, far less wield it as a weapon of war; and if it must be owned that his prowess was debased by the exploits of a freebooter, it is certain no act of cruelty, no robbery of the widow, the fatherless, or the distressed, and no murder, was ever perpetrated under his command. He often gave the spoils of the rich to relieve the poor; and all his tribe were restrained from many atrocities of rapine by the awe of his mighty arm. Indeed it is said that a dispute with an aspiring and savage man of his tribe, who wished to rob a gentleman's house, while his wife and two children lay on the bier for interment, was the cause of his being betrayed to the vengeance of the law. He was betrayed by a man of his own tribe, and was the last person executed at Banff, previous to the abolition of heritable jurisdiction."]

FAREWELL, ye prisons dark and strong,

The wretch's destine!

Macpherson's time will not be long

On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,

Sae dautonly gaed he,

He play'd a spring, and danced it round,

Beneath the gallows tree!

Oh, what is death, but parting breath?

On mony a bluidy plain

I've daur'd his face, and in this place

I scorn him yet again.

Untie these bands frae aff my hands,

And bring to me my sword;

And daur'd the nae man in a' Scotland

But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;

I die by treacherie:

It burns my heart I must depart,

And not avenged be.

Now farewell, light, thou sunahine bright,

And all beneath the sky!

May coward shame detain his name,

The wretch that dares not die!

Habbie's frae hame.

[JAMES TURNER.]

By the side o' yon cleugh, whare the burnie rins

A lassie sat sightin' and spinning her lane: [still,

"O gin the wae o' my heart wad lie still!

There'll never be peace till our Habbie comes hame.

"As my wheel it gaes round, and my lint tap I spread,

Lint that I mean for bibe to my bairn;

The warp shall be blue and the waft shall be red,

An' how brow we'll be a' when our Habbie comes hame.

"That morning he left us our cock never crew,

Our grey clocking hen she gaed keeking her lane;

The gowk frae the craft never cried cuckoo,

That weary'n' morning our Habbie left hame.

"When the wind blaws loud and thirs our strae,

An' a' our house sides are dreeping wi' rain,

An' lika burn rows frae the bank to the brae,

I weep for our Habbie who rows i' the main.

"When the wars are owre, and quiet is the sea,

On board the Culloden our Hab will come hame;

My slumbers will then be as sweet as the Dee,

An' how blythe we'll be a' when our Habbie comes hame."

On the wild braes of Calder.

[JOHN STRUTHERS.]

On the wild braes of Calder, I found a fair lily,
All drooping with dew in the breath of the morn,
A lily more fair never bloom'd in the valley,
Nor rose, the gay garden of art to adorn.
Sweet, sweet, was the fragrance this lily diffused,
As blushing, all lonely, it rose on the view,
But scanty its shelter, to reptiles exposed,
And every chill blast from the cold north that
blew.

Beneath yon green hill, a small field I had planted,
Where the light leafy hazel hangs over the burn;
And a flower such as this, to complete it, was
wanted,

A flower that might mark the gay season's re-
turn.
Straight home to adorn it, I bore this fair lily.
Where, at morn, and at even, I have watch'd it
with care,
And blossoming still, it is queen of the valley,
The glory of spring, and the pride of the year.

Calder braes.

[JOHN STRUTHERS.]

BRIGHT be the bloom of Calder braes,
There, lightsome, glide the sunny days,
And there, by night, the moon's pale rays
Keep off black darkness dreary.
There let the rosy-bosom'd Spring
Her choicest sweets together bring,
While round her, wild, on wanton wing,
Her children flutter cheery.

There balmy, let the summer breeze,
Sough soft among the lirken trees,
Where stretch'd, the shepherd's pipe at ease,
Unken'd to care sue bleary.
And there, from Plenty's flowing horn,
Let yellow Autumn pour her corn,
That hinds the coming wintry morn
May see, nor tremble eerie.

For there young fancy's beamy rays
Shone bright upon my infant days,
Ere yet I dream'd life's thorny ways
Had been *sae* wae-fu' weary.
Companions of my artless glee!
Sweet laughing imps! now where are ye?
Wish'd manhood's come—but ah! like me,
Ye sigh life's paths are briery.

No longer playful in the stream,
Ye, piddling, con the flowery theme,
Nor wild flowers string, and fondly dream
Your days shall rise thus clear aye:
No; far behind yon rising wave,
The storms of life, ye, wandering, brave,
Save one or two, who here a grave
Found ere their feet were weary.

Departed friends! upon your tomb,
Be still the wild flowers seen to bloom,
There evening breathe her sweet perfume,
And shed the silent tear aye.
With you, this wildly throbbing breast,
Deep worn with care, with sorrow prest,
Would glad in silence sink to rest,
From strife and toil *sae* weary.

But in my heart, with life's warm tide,
Thou, Calder, still shalt dimpling glide,
And there thy braes in flowery pride
Shall rise for ever cheery.
And still my ardent wish shall be,
That plenty, love, and social glee,
In concert sweet, may keep with thee,
A refuge for the weary.

The Vale of Clyde.

[JOHN STRUTHERS.—Tune, "Gramachree."]

ADMIRING nature's simple charms,
I left my humble home,
Awhile my country's peaceful plains
With pilgrim step to roam:
I mark'd the leafy summer wave
On flowing Irvine's side,
But richer far the robe she wears
Within the vale of Clyde.

I roam'd the braes of bonnie Doon,
The winding banks of Ayr,
Where flutters many a small bird gay,
Blooms many a flow'et fair;
But dearer far to me the stem
That once was Calder's pride,
And blossoms now, the fairest flower,
Within the vale of Clyde.

Avaunt! thou life-repressing north!
Ye withering east winds too!
But come, thou all-reviving west,
Breathe soft thy genial dew;
Until at length, in peaceful age,
This lovely floweret shed
Its last green leaf upon my tomb,
Within the vale of Clyde.

The tither morn.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS to a Gaelic air, and contributed to the Museum. The second strain of the tune strongly resembles the second part of "Fee him, father, fee him."]

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow,
I'd see my Jo,
Beside me gin the gloaming.
But he sae trig,
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtlingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck,
Did least expect,
To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajeer,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his gripe he press'd me.
Deil tak' the war!
I late and air,
He's wish'd since Jock departed,
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blythe and merry,
I cared na by
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny;
At kirk and fair,
I'se aye te there,
And be as canty's ony.

Lanark Mills.

[LEWIS.—Air, "Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff."]

ADIEU! romantic banks of Clyde,
Where oft I've spent the joyful day,
Now, weary wand'ring on thy side,
I pour the plaintive, joyless lay.
To other lands I'm doom'd to rove,
The thought with grief my bosom fills,
Why am I forced to leave my love,
And wander far from Lanark Mills?

Can I forget th' extatic hours,
When ('scaped the village evening din)
I met my lass 'midst Braxfield bowers,
Or near the falls of Corhouse Linn?
While close I clasp'd her to my breast,
(Th' idea still with rapture thrills!)
I thought myself completely blest,
By all the lads of Lanark Mills.

Deceitful, dear, delusive dream,
Thou'rt fled—alas! I know not where,
Evanish'd is each blissful gleam,
And left behind a load of care.
Adieu! dear winding banks of Clyde,
A long farewell, ye rising hills;
No more I'll wander on your side,
Though still my heart's at Lanark Mills.

While Tintoek stands the pride of hills,
While Clyde's dark stream rolls to the sea,
So long, my dear-loved Lanark Mills,
May heaven's best blessings smile on thee.
A last adieu! My Mary dear,
The briny tear my eye distills;
While reason's powers continue clear,
I'll think of thee, and Lanark Mills.

The troops were embark'd.

[JOHN MAYNE.]

THE troops were all embark'd on board;
The ships were under weigh;
And loving wives, and maids adored,
Were weeping round the bay.

They parted from their dearest friends,
From all their heart desires;
And Rosabell to heaven commends
The man her soul admires!

For him, she fled from soft repose;
Renounced a parent's care:
He sails to crush his country's foes—
She wanders in despair!

A seraph in an infant's frame,
Reclined upon her arm;
And sorrow, in the comely dame,
Now heighten'd every charm:

She thought, if fortune had but smiled—
She thought upon her dear;
But when she look'd upon his child,
O! then ran many a tear!

"Ah! who will watch thee as thou sleep'st?
Who'll sing a lullaby,
Or rock thy cradle when thou weep'st,
If I should chance to die!"

On board the ship, resign'd to fate,
Yet planning joys to come,
Her love in silent sorrow sate,
Upon a broken drum:

He saw her lonely on the beach;
He saw her on the strand;
And far as human eye can reach,
He saw her wave her hand!

"O, Rosabell! though forced to go,
With thee my soul shall dwell;
And heaven, who pities human woe,
Will comfort Rosabell!"

When first I saw.

[FROM the Scotsman newspaper of 20th June, 1842.—Air, "Somebody." This song, we understand, is by Lieut. T. C. GRAY, son of Captain Charles Gray, author of "Lays and Lyrics."]

WHEN first I saw the witching smiles
That glanced frae e'e o' somebody,
Around my heart it cuist love's wiles—
That deep blue e'e o' somebody.
Ochon, for somebody!
Och hey, for somebody!
I'll ne'er forget that glamour'd glance
Shot frae the e'e o' somebody!

Soft glossy locks o' darkest brown
Adorn the brow o' somebody,
And hang in waving wimples down
The snowy neck o' somebody.
Ochon, for somebody!
Och hey, for somebody!
Here Nature, in her simple guise,
A halo sheds round somebody!

And music, wi' its magic sound,
Attunes the voice of somebody,
When softly swell the words around—
"Oh, for the sake o' somebody!"
Ochon, for somebody!
Och hey, for somebody!
Nae strains to me are half sae sweet
As those I hear frae somebody!

For, as she chants that simple lay,
And sweetly sings o' somebody,
My heart, enraptured, borne away,
Responsive throbs to "somebody!"
Ochon, for somebody!
Och hey, for somebody!
Hope whispers I'm the happy man—
The dearly loved o' somebody!

Though fair her face, the artless mind
Is fairer far of somebody;
There, truth and innocence combined,
Add tenfold charms to somebody.
Ochon, for somebody!
Och hey, for somebody!
Gae range the world frae end to end,
Ye'll find nane like that somebody!

Last May a braw Wooer.

[BUCHAN wrote his first version of this clever characteristic song in 1787, for the second volume of Johnson's Museum, but, through some means or other, it was not inserted there. In 1795, he revised it, and sent it to George Thomson's collection, where it appeared, and speedily became popular. Johnson afterwards produced the original version of the song in the sixth volume of his Museum. There is not much difference between Johnson's and Thomson's version. We here follow the latter, with the exception of one line in the last verse but one, where we keep by Johnson's reading. It is the line—

"And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet,"

which Thomson reads thus—

"And how her new shoon fit her auld shauchled feet,"

But as "auld shoon" is a common phrase for a discarded lover who pays his addresses to another, the sarcasm, according to Johnson's reading, is the more biting. The song is sung to an old tune called "The Queen of the Lothians," to which there are also old words, beginning,

The Queen o' the Lothians cam' cruising to Fife,
Fal de ral, lal de ral, lairo,
To see gin a wooer wad tak her for life,
Sing hey! fal lal de ral, lal de ral, lal de ral,
Hey! fal lal de ral, lairo.

—But we need not quote any more of this.]

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men;
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me!

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was deen'.
I said he might dee when he liked for Jean;
The guid forgie me for leein', for leein',
The guid forgie me for leein'!

A weel-stockit mallin', himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-band, were his proffer.
I never loot on that I kenn'd it or cared;
But thocht I might ha'e a waur offer, waur offer,
But thocht I might ha'e a waur offer.

But what wad ye think, in a fortnicht or less—
The dell's in his taste to gang near her!—
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Hae—
Guess ye how, the jaund! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jaund! I could bear her!

But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;
And wha but my braw sickle wooer was there?
Wha glow'd as he had seen a warlock, a warlock,
Wha glow'd as he had seen a warlock.

Out ower my left shouther I gi'd him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I speir'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin'?
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet?
Gude sauf us! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',
Gude sauf us! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begged, for gude's sake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
Sae, e'en to preserve the pair body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

♫ merry row.

[THE words chiefly written, and the music partly composed, by JOHN PARRY. The music is founded on an ancient Northumbrian melody.]

"O MERRY row! O merry row
The bonnie, bonnie bark!
Bring back my love to calm my woe,
Before the night grows dark!
My Donald wears a bonnet blue,
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
A snow-white rose upon it too,
A Highland lad is he.
Then merry row, O merry row
The bonnie, bonnie bark!
O merry row! O merry, merry row,
And bring him safe to me!"

As on the pebbly beach I strayed,
Where rocks and shoals prevail,
I thus o'erheard a Lowland maid
Her absent love bewail.
A storm arose—the waves ran high—
The waves ran high—the waves ran high—
And dark and murky was the sky—
The wind did loudly roar.
But merry rowed, O merry rowed
The bonnie, bonnie bark!
O merry rowed the bonnie, bonnie bark,
And brought her love on shore!

Emigrant's Death Song.

[THE author of the two following songs, J. G. CUMMING, M. D., is a native of Paisley. Dr. C. originated the first exclusively Scottish publication ever issued in America—the New York Scottish Journal. This journal he edited for nearly three years. It is now under the management of Dr. Paul, a native of Scotland. The songs have never hitherto appeared in any publication in this country.—Music by Miss B. G. Jamming.]

FAREWELL tae the burnie
That wimples aae clearly,
The rough bracken knowe, and the heather-clad
The auld haunted tower, [brae,
Wi' its ivy-formed bower,
And a' the loved scenes o' my life's early day.

And thee, my ain dearie—
My heart aft was wearie
Tae think I aae lang had been parted frae thee,
Oh, think o' your lover,
When enuid divits cover
The bosom that aye beat aae warmly for thee.

And thee, my auld father,
Loved sisters and brither,
And, mither! oh maun I say farewell tae thee,
I left thee in sorrow,
But oh, on the morrow
I cherished the hope thee again I wad see.

Kind fate, can ye sever
The cords that ha'e ever
Aae fondly united these objects wi' me;

Oh spare me, once spare me,
An' to them restore me,
For oh, 'twad be heaven among them tae see.

Wife and me.

[J. G. CUMMING.]

Oh, coosy, coosy i' the neuk,
My wife sits wi' me;
We heedna winter's surly look,
Nor hoo the minits flee;
But happy by each ither's side,
The ingle bleedin' bricht,
Her wee bit tangle's winnin' wile
Mak's short the longest night.

For wife is as sweet as morn,
An' blythe as day her e'e,
An' fairest flower upo' the thorn
Is na mair fair than she.
Her bony's whiter than the snaw,
An' kinder than the doo,
Her cheeks are redder than the haw,
An' sweeter far her mou'.

Syne what mair need a body want;
Has earth oot mair tae gie?
A bein wee wife's the bliss o' life—
Is bliss enouch for me.
Sae, when declinin' years come on,
We'll totter down the brae;
Happy to think o' years by gane,
Content to heaven we'll gae.

The bonnie Moor-hen.

[HURTING song, written by Burns. Music by Lee.]

The heather was blooming, the meadows were
mawn,
Our lads gae'd a hunting ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mooses and mony a glen,
At length they discovered a bonnie moor-hen.

I red you beware at the hunting, young men,
 I red you beware at the hunting, young men;
 Tak' some on the wing,
 And some as they spring,
 But cannily steal on the bonnie moor-hen.

Old Phœbus, himself, as he peeped o'er the hill,
 In spite at her plumage he tried his skill:
 He levelled his rays where she basked in the
 brae,
 His rays were outahone, and but marked where
 she lay.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
 The best o' our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
 Then, whirr! she was over a mile at a flight.

Louisa's but a lassie.

[CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY, R. M.—Air, "Pin-
 kie House."]

LOUISA's but a lassie yet,
 Her age is no twice nine;
 She lang has been her mammie's pet—
 I wish that she were mine!
 She's light o' heart, and licht o' foot—
 She's blythe as blythe can be;
 She's dear to a' her friends about,
 But dearer far to me!

A fairer face I may ha'e seen,
 And passed it lightly by;
 Louisa's in her tartan sheen,
 Has fixed my wandering eye:
 A thousand beauties there I trace,
 That ither canna see;
 My blessings on that bonnie face—
 She's a' the world to me!

Oh, love has wiles at his command!
 Whene'er we chance to meet,
 The slightest pressure o' her hand
 Mak's my fond bosom beat;
 I hear the throbbing o' my heart
 While nought but her I see:—
 When shall I meet, nae mair to part,
 Louisa, dear, wi' thee?

Sailor's Wife's Song.

[W. B. SANSTER.—Here first printed.]

Oh weary long this lonely night,
 An' dowie dark the starless skies,
 Like my poor heart that hath nae light,
 But comes from my beloved's eyes.
 An' thine, dear babe, in lightest sleep,
 Unbroken as the summer's deep.

Roll on, thou cold and stilly hours,
 Roll on like waves that gently fan
 The morning with her honied flowers,
 When leaves grow brighter, every one,
 An' the soft air, like silver bells,
 Sings in the broom that gems our dells.

I hear the gentle rush of wings—
 I see the light of wandering stars,
 And many a budding hope upspring,
 Glittering with gowden dots and bars;
 But ah! woe's me, 'tis in my mind
 A peopled world, where all are blind.

And now, ah! now, the vision fades,
 The colours fly—the lights are gone—
 The inmates hang their weary heads,
 Their features freeze—are turn'd to stone.
 Alas, alas! my baby boy,
 Awake and give thy mother joy.

There is a bonnie flower.

[WORDS and MUSIC by ANDREW PARK.]

THERE is a bonnie blushing flower,
 But ah! I darena breathe the name!
 I fain would steal it frae its bower,
 Though a' should think me sair to blame.
 It smiles sae sweet among the rest,
 Like brightest star where ither shine;
 Fain would I place it in my breast,
 And make this bonnie blossom mine

At morn, at sunny noon, when'er
I see this fair, this favourite flower,
My heart beats high, with wish sincere,
To wile it frae its bonnie bower!—
But oh! I fear to own its charms,
Or tear it frae its parent stem,
For should it wither in my arms,
What would revive my bonnie gem!

Awa'—ye coward thoughts, awa',—
That flower can never fade with me,
That frae the win'try winds that blaw
Round each neglected bud is free!
No; it shall only bloom more fair,
When cherish'd and ador'd by me,
And a' my joy, and a' my care,
This bonnie blushing flower shall be!

Draw the sword.

[WORDS by J. B. PLANCHE. Music altered and arranged by G. Herbert Rodwell.]

DRAW the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
Over mountain and moor hath passed the war-
sign:

The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing,
Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.
The clans they are gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring,
The clans they are gath'ring by loch and by lea;
The banners they are flying, flying, flying,
The banners they are flying that lead to victory.
Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
Charge as ye charged in the days o' langyae;
Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset,
He who but falters is nae son o' thine.

Sheath the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
Sheath the sword, Scotland, for dimmed is its
shine;

Thy foemen are fleeing, fleeing, fleeing,
And wha kens nae mercy is nae son o' thine!
The struggle is over, over, over,
The struggle is over!—the victory won!
There are tears for the fallen, the fallen, the
fallen,
And glory for all who their duty have done!
Sheath the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
With thy loved thistle new laurels entwine;
Time shall ne'er part them, part them, part them,
But hand down the garland to each son o' thine.

The Ploughman.

[This is an old song, furnished up a little by Burns for Johnson's Museum.]

The ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo,
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.
Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry ploughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary:
Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie.
Then up wi't a', &c.

I will wash my ploughman's boots
And I will dress his o'erlay.
I will mak' my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.
Then up wi't a', &c.

I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
I ha'e been at St. Johnston,
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.
Then up wi't a', &c.

Snow-white stockings on his legs,
And ailler buckles glancin';
A gude blue bannet on his head,
And Oh! but he was handsome.
Then up wi't a', &c.

The Lass o' Craigie Hill.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here first printed.]

'Twas at the hour of gloamin' fa',
The sun had row'd him to his rest,
Ae bonnie star,—the star o' love,
Sat smiling in the dappled west,
The wind had left the sea's lone breast,
And 'mang the birch tree leaves lay still,
When, sweeter than the wild thyme's breath,
I met the lass o' Craigie hill.

A fragrant odour scarcely fanned
The water-lily's gentle brow,
Wi' laden wing it stole and leant
Upon the lamb among the dew,
Nor woke the throstle as he slept,
And dream'd o' many a joyous trill,
Among the lovely beechen groves
That shade the lass o' Craigie hill.

The beauty of Elora's fane
Kiss'd by the ruby lips o' morn,
And halo'd o'er wi' pearly gems,
The purest e'er from ocean borne,
May feast the soul o' pilgrim worn,
And make his raptured bosom thrill,—
A fairer sight now bless'd my eyes,
The bonnie lass o' Craigie hill.

She walked in gladness like the morn
Along the dewy velvet green,
The brow o' night grew fair and bright,
Enamour'd wi' her bonnie een;
And on her peerless cheeks were seen
The hues that opening rosebuds fill,
When summer skies, in rainbow dyes,
Bend o'er the lass o' Craigie hill.

That balmy eve, that lassie fair,
The looks o' love she gave to me,
Still glow within my bosom's core,
As diamonds in the deep, deep sea.
And till I lie on death's dark lea,
By elm-tree shade or mountain rill,
The pole star o' my heart shall be
The bonnie lass o' Craigie hill.

I'll cheer up my heart.

As I was a walking ae May morning,
The fiddlers an' youngsters were making their
And there I saw my faithless lover, [game,
And a' my sorrows return'd again.
Well since he is gane, joy gang wi' him;
It's ne'er be he shall gar me complain:
I'll cheer up my heart, and I will get anither;
I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

I could na get sleeping yestreen for weeping,
The tears ran down like showers o' rain;
An' had na I got greiting my heart wad a broken;
And O! but love's a tormenting pain.

But since he is gane, may joy gae wi' him;
It's never be he that shall gar me complain:
I'll cheer up my heart, and I will get anither;
I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

When I gade into my mither's new house,
I took my wheel and sat down to spin,
'Twas there I first began my thrift;
And a' the wooers came linking in.
It was gear he was seeking, but gear he'll na get;
And it's never be he that shall gar me com-
plain:
For I'll cheer up my heart, and I'll soon get
anither;
I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

I ha'e lost my love.

[WRITTEN by the ETTRICK SHEPHERD, and first
published in "The Edinburgh Literary Journal."
Music composed by a Gentleman of Glasgow.]

I ha'e lost my love, an' I dinna ken how,
I ha'e lost my love, an' I carena;
For laith will I be just to lie down an' dee,
And to sit down and greet wad be bairnly;
But a screed o' ill nature I canna weel help,
At having been guldit unfairly;
An' weel wad I like to gi'e women a kelp,
An' yerk their sweet haffets fu' rarely.

O! plague on the limmers, sae sly an' demure,
As pawkie as de'il's wi' their smiling;
As fickle as winter in sunshin and shower,
The hearts of a' mankind beguiling;
As sour as December, as soothing as May,
To suit their ain ends never doubt them;
Their ill fauts I couldna tell ower in a day,
But their beauty's the warst thing about them!

Ay, that's what sets up the hale warid in a
lowe—
Makes kingdoms to rise an' expire;
Man's might is nae mair than a slaughten o' tow,
Opposed to a bloeze o' reid fire!
'Twas woman at first made creation to tend,
And of nature's prime lord made the pillow!
An' 'tis her that will bring this ill warid to an
end—
An' that will be seen an' heard tell o'!

O'er the muir

[THE tune of "O'er the muir among the heather" can be traced back at least as far as Bremner's collection, about the year 1764, where it appears as a reel tune. There are also old words to it, but they are scarcely fit for quoting. The following highly spirited song is, according to Burns, the composition of JEAN GLOVER, a girl who travelled the country with strolling players, showmen, and the like, in the capacity of a public singer. "I took the song down from her singing," says Burns, "as she was strolling through the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard." Although he does not say so, Burns must have asked if it was her own, for the mere singing of the song does not of course imply authorship. In a volume published at Edinburgh in 1840, called "The Ayrshire Contemporaries of Burns," a memoir of Jean Glover is given, from which we take the liberty of extracting the following passages.—"She was born at the Townhead of Kilmarnock, on the 31st October, 1758, of parents respectable in their sphere. She was remarkable for beauty—both of face and figure—properties which, joined to a romantic and poetic fancy, had no doubt their influence in shaping her future unfortunate career. She was also an excellent singer. Having been witness to some theatrical exhibitions at Kilmarnock, she became enamoured of the stage; and in an evil hour eloped with one of the heroes of the sock and buskin. Her subsequent life, as may be guessed, was one of adventure, checkered, if Burns is to be credited, with the extremes of folly, vice, and misfortune. About the time the iron works commenced, a brother of Jeanie's (James Glover) removed from Kilmarnock to Muirkirk; and there in the employ of the Company, continued until his death, which occurred about fourteen years ago, leaving a daughter, whose husband is one of the carpenters employed at the works. This individual, as well as several others, recollects having seen Jeanie and the 'slight-of-hand blackguard'—whose name was Richard—at Muirkirk, forty-three years ago (1795), where they performed for a few nights in the large room of a public-house called the 'Black Bottle,' from a sign above the door of that description, kept by one David Lennox. During her stay on this occasion, she complimented her brother with a cheese and a holl of meal—a circumstance strongly indicative of her sisterly

affection, and the success that had attended the entertainments given by her and her husband. Those persons that recollect her appearance at this time, notwithstanding the many vicissitudes she must have previously encountered, describe her as exceedingly handsome. One old woman with whom we conversed, also remembered having seen Jeanie at a fair in Irvine, gaily attired, and playing on a tambourine at the mouth of a cove, in which was the exhibition room of her husband the conjurer. 'Weel do I remember her,' said our informant, 'an' thoct her the bravest woman I had ever seen step in leather shoon!'—Poor Jean died suddenly at Letterkenny in Ireland, in 1801.]

Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.
Ower the muir amang the heather,
Ower the muir amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.

Says I, My dear, where is thy hame?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?
Says she, I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the bloomin' heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
See warm and sunnie was the weather—
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sainsye
I could nae think on ony ither:
By sea and sky! she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather.

O'er the muir.

[THIS is another set of "O'er the muir among the heather," and was written by STEWART LEWIS, a native of Ecclefechan, and by trade a tailor, who died in 1818, at an advanced age. He published a small volume of poems, in which, if we mistake not, he claims for his song priority of date to Jean Glover's. For many years before his death, he was a wanderer over the country, partly supporting himself by the sale of his poems, but mainly dependent on the casual assistance of the benevolent.]

As morn of May, when fields were gay,
 Serene and charming was the weather,
 I chanc'd to roam some miles frae home,
 Far o'er yon muir, among the heather,
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 How healthsome 'tis to range the muirs,
 And brush the dew from vernal heather.

I walk'd along and humm'd a song,
 My heart was light as ony feather,
 And soon did pass a lovely lass,
 Was wading barefoot thro' the heather!
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 The bonniest lass that e'er I saw,
 I met as morn among the heather.

Her eyes divine, mair bright did shine,
 Than the most clear unclouded ether;
 A fairer form did ne'er adorn
 A brighter scene than blooming heather.
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 There's ne'er a lass in Scotia's isle,
 Can vie with her among the heather.

I said, "Dear maid, be not afraid;
 Pray, sit you down, let's talk together;
 For, O! my fair, I vow and swear,
 You've stole my heart among the heather."
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 Ye swains, beware of yonder muir,
 You'll lose your hearts among the heather.

She answer'd me, right modestly,
 "I go, kind Sir, to seek my father,
 Whose fleecy charge, he tends at large,
 On yon green hills, beyond the heather."
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 Were I a king, thou shoudst be mine,
 Dear blooming maid among the heather.

Away she flew out of my view,
 Her home or name I ne'er could gather,
 But aye sin' syne I sigh and pine
 For that sweet lass among the heather.
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 While vital heat glows in my heart,
 I'll love the lass among the heather.

Scotland and Charlie.

[Music arranged by R. A. Smith. At page 326 will be found another song with the same fantastic tide.]

O WHA'S for Scotland and Charlie?
 O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
 He's come o'er the sea
 To his ain countrie;
 Now wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
 Awa', awa', auld carlie,
 Awa', awa', auld carlie,
 Gi'e Charlie his crown,
 And let him sit down,
 Where ye've been as lang, auld carlie.

It's up in the morning early,
 It's up in the morning early;
 The bonnie white rose;
 The plaid and the hose,
 Are on for Scotland and Charlie.

The swords are drawn now fairly,
 The swords are drawn now fairly,
 The swords they are drawn,
 And the pipes they ha'e blawn
 A pibroch for Scotland and Charlie.

The flags are fleein' fu' rarely,
 The flags are fleein' fu' rarely,
 And Charlie's awa'
 To see his ain ha',
 And to bang his fies right sairly.
 Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
 O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
 He's come o'er the sea
 To his ain countrie;
 Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

Gin e'er I'm in love.

GIN e'er I'm in love, it shall be with a lass
 As sweet as the morn dew that ligs on the grass;
 Her cheeks maun be ruddy, her e'en mauu be
 bright,
 Like stars in the sky on a cauld frosty night.

Oh! could I but ken sic a lassie as this,
 Oh! could I but ken sic a lassie as this,
 I'd freely gang to her,
 Caress her and woo her,
 At once take up heart and solicit a kiss.

My daddy wad ha'e me to marry wi' Bell,
 But wha wad ha'e aye that he canna like well?
 What tho' she has milkie, she's bleary and auld,
 Camstarie, and saucy, and a terrible scauld.
 Oh! gin I get sic a vixen as this,
 Oh! gin I get sic a vixen as this,
 I'd whap her, and strap her,
 And bang her, and slap her,
 The devil for me shou'd solicit a kiss.

There's Maggy wad fain lug me into the chain,
 She speirs frisky at me, but blinks it in vain:
 She trows that I'll ha'e her—but, faith, I think no,
 For Willy did for her a long while ago.
 Oh! gin I get sic a wanton as this,
 Oh! gin I get sic a wanton as this,
 She'd horn me, and scorn me,
 And hugly adorn me,
 And, ere she kiss'd me, gi'e another a kiss.

But find me a lassie, that's youthfu' and gay,
 As blythe as a starling, as pleasant as May;
 Wha's free from a' wrangling, and jangling and
 strife,

And I'll tak' her, and mak' her my ain thing for
 life.

Oh! gin I get sic a lassie as this,
 Oh! gin I get sic a lassie as this,
 I'll kiss her and press her,
 Preserve and caress her,
 And think myself greater than Jove is in
 bliss.

The Braes of Mar.

[ALEX. LAING of Brechin.—This song was published (without, however, the illustrative notes here given,) in the *Scottish Minstrel*, Edinburgh, 1834, edited by R. A. Smith. The air, called "The Braes of Mar," is old and excellent, and is said to have been played on all occasions when the Earl assembled his clan, as it was on their march to the battle of Sheriffmuir, which was fought Nov. 13, 1715.]

THE standard(1) on the braes o' Mar,
 Is up and streaming rarely;
 The gath'ring pipe on Loch-na-gar,
 Is sounding lang and sairy.
 The Highlandmen
 Frae hill and glen,
 In martial hue,
 With bonnets blue,
 With belted plaids,
 And burnish'd blades,
 Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,(3)
 The Drummond(3) and Glengary,(4)
 Macgregor,(5) Murray,(6) Rollo,(7) Keith,(8)
 Panmure,(9) and gallant Harry?(10)

(1) This standard is supposed to have been made by the Earl's lady, and was very elegant; the colour was blue, having on the one side the Scottish arms wrought in gold, and on the other the Scottish thistle, with these words beneath, "No Union," and on the top the ancient motto "Nemo me impune lacessit." It had pendants of white ribbon, one of which had these words written upon it, "For our wronged king, and oppressed country;" the other ribbon had, "For our lives and liberties."

(2) Erskine, Earl of Mar, commander-in-chief of the Chevalier's army. He proclaimed James the eighth, and raised his standard at Castletown of Brae-Mar, September 6th, 1715. He died in France, 1723.

(3) Drummond, marquis of Drummond, lieutenant-general of James's army, "a nobleman of great spirit, honour, and abilities." He died in France about 1717.

(4) Macdonald of Glengary, "a brave and spirited chief," attainted.

(5) Macgregor—Rob Roy Macgregor, brother to the laird of Macgregor, and hero of the novel which bears his name.

(6) Murray, marquis of Tullibardine: died in the Tower of London, 1746.

(7) Rollo—lord Rollo, "a man of singular merit and great integrity," he died in 1738.

(8) Keith, earl marshal of Scotland: died in Switzerland, 1771.

(9) Maule, earl of Panmure: died in Paris, 1733.

(10) Harry Maule, brother to the earl of Panmure, "who with every personal accomplishment, possessed great intrepidity, military skill," &c. &c. died about 1740.

Macdonald's men,
 Clan-Ranald's (11) men,
 Mackenzie's (13) men,
 Macgillivray's (13) men,
 Strathallan's (14) men,
 The Lowlan' men,
 Of Callender (15) and Airly. (16)

Fy! Donald, up and let's awa';
 We canna langer parley,
 When Jamie's back is at the wa',
 The lad we lo'e me dearly.
 We'll go—we'll go
 And meet the foe
 And fling the plaid,
 And swing the blade,
 And forward dash,
 And hack and slash—
 And fleg the German Carle.

The Cauldrife Wooer.

[This song first appeared in Herd's collection, 1778. Nothing is known of its authorship. In modern collections, it is generally entitled "The Briak Young Lad," a very different designation from its original one of "The Cauldrife Wooer." The tune, which is a lively one, goes by the comical name of "Bang your eye in the morning."]

There cam' a young man to my daddie's door,
 My daddie's door, my daddie's door;
 There cam' a young man to my daddie's door,
 Cam' seeking me to woo.
 And wow! but he was a braw young lad,
 A briak young lad, and a braw young lad,
 And wow! but he was a braw young lad,
 Cam' seeking me to woo.

(11) Ranald Macdonald, captain of clan-Ranald.
 "He was the most gallant and generous young gentleman among the clan;" he fell in the field of battle.

(13) Mackenzie, earl of Seaforth; died 1740.

(13) Macgillivray: a name applied to the clans in general.

(14) Strathallan—viscount Strathallan: he was taken prisoner at Sherrifmuir; pardoned; joined Prince Charles Stuart, and fell in the battle of Culloden, 1746.

(15) Callender—Livingston earl of Callender and Linlithgow; attainted.

(16) Airly, Ogilvie, eldest son of the earl of Airly; attainted, but afterwards pardoned.

But I was baking when he came,
 When he came, when he came;
 I took him in and gied him a soone,
 To thowe his frozen mou'.

I set him in aside the blink;
 I ga'e him bread and ale to drink;
 But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,
 Until his wame was fu'.

Gae, get you gone, you cauldrie wooer,
 Ye sour-looking, cauldrie wooer!
 I straightway show'd him to the door,
 Saying, Come nae mair to woo.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
 Before the door, before the door;
 There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
 And there fell he, I trow!

Out cam' the gudeman, and high he shouted;
 Out cam' the guld-wife, and laigh she louted;
 And a' the toun-neebors were gather'd about it;
 And there lay he I trow!

Then out cam' I, and sneer'd and smil'd;
 Ye cam' to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyled;
 We'll ha'e nae mair o' you!

The Maid of Glenconnel.

[Munro.—Air by the Earl of Eglinton.]

THE pearl of the fountain, the rose of the valley,
 Are sparkling and lovely, are stainless and mild;
 The pearl sheds its ray 'neath the dark water
 gaily,

The rose opens its blossoms to bloom on the wild.
 The pearl and the rose are the emblems of Mary,
 The maid of Glenconnel, once lovely and gay;
 A false lover woo'd her—ye damsels be wary—
 Now scathed is the blossom, now dimm'd is the
 ray.

You have seen her, when morn brightly dawn'd
 on the mountain,

Trippingly along, singing sweet to the gale;
 At noon, with her lambs, by the side of yon foun-
 tain;

Or wending, at eve, to her home in the vale.

With the flowers of the willow-tree blent is her
tresses,
Now, wee-worn and pale, in the glen she is seen
Bewailing the cause of her rueful distresses,—
How fondly he vow'd—and how false he has
been.

The Bridal o't.

[WRITTEN by ALEXANDER ROSS, author of "The Fortunate Shepherdess," a poem published in 1768, and of several Scottish songs, among others, of the well-known one called "The Rock and the wee pickle tow," or "The Spinning o't." Ross was born in Aberdeenshire about the year 1700, and was parish schoolmaster of Lochlee in Forfarshire, for fifty years. He died in 1783. The tune to the present song is a Highland strathspey called in some collections "Acharnac's Reel," and in others, "Lucy Campbell's Delight."]

THEY say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
For he grows brawer ilka day;
I hope we'll ha'e a bridal o't:
For yesternight, nae farther gane,
The back-house at the side-wa' o't,
He there wi' Meg was mirdin' seen;
I hope we'll ha'e a bridal o't.

AN we had but a bridal o't,
AN we had but a bridal o't,
We'd leave the rest unto good luck,
Although there might betide ill o't.
For bridal days are merry times,
And young folk like the coming o't,
And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
And pipers play the bunning o't.

THE lasses like a bridal o't,
THE lasses like a bridal o't;
Their brows maun be in rank and file,
Although that they should guide ill o't.
The boddom o' the kist is then
Turn'd up into the inmost o't;
The end that held the keeks aye clean,
Is now become the teemest o't

THE bangster at the threshing o't,
THE bangster at the threshing o't,
Afore it comes is fidgetin' fain,
And ilka day's a clashing o't:
He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
His linder for another o't,
And ere he want to clear his shot,
His sark'll pay the tother o't.

THE pipers and the fiddlers o't,
THE pipers and the fiddlers o't,
Can smell a bridal unco far,
And like to be the middlers o't:
Fan thick and three-fauld they convene
Ilk ane envies the tother o't,
And wishes nae but him alane
May ever see another o't.

FAN they ha'e done wi' eating o't,
FAN they ha'e done wi' eating o't,
For dancing they gae to the green,
And sibblins to the beatin' o't:
He dances best that dances fast,
And loupes at ilka reeing o't,
And claps his hands frae hough to hough,
And furls about the feedings o't.

The Spinnin' o't.

[ALEX. ROSS.]

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
And she wad gae try the spinnin' o't;
She louted her down, and her rock took a-low,
And that was a bad beginnin' o't.
She sat and she grat, and she flat and she sang,
And she threw and she blew, and she wriggled
and wrang,
And she chokit and boakit, and cried like to mang,
Alas, for the dreary beginnin' o't!

I've wanted a sark for these aught years and ten,
And this was to be the beginnin' o't;
But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
Or ever I try the spinnin' o't.
For never since ever they ca'd as they ca' me,
Did sic a mishap and mischanter bef' me;
But ye shall ha'e leave baith to hang and to draw
me,
The neist time I try the spinnin' o't.

I ha'e keptit my house now these threescore years,
 And aye I kept frae the spinnin' o't;
 But how I was markit, foul fa' them that speirs,
 For it minds me upo' the beginnin' o't.
 But our women are now-a-days a' grown sae braw,
 That lik ane maun ha'e a sark, and some ha'e twa—
 The warlds were better where ne'er ane ava
 Had a rag, but ane at the beginnin' o't.

In the days they ca' yore, gin auld fouks had but
 won

To a surcoat, hough-syde, for the winnin' o't,
 Of coat-raips weel cut by the cast o' their bum,
 They never socht mair o' the spinnin' o't.
 A pair o' grey hoggers wall clulkit benaw,
 Of nae other lit but the hne of the ewe,
 With a pair o' rough mullions to scuff through
 the dew;
 Was the fee they socht at the beginnin' o't.

But we maun ha'e linen, and that maun ha'e we,
 And how get we that but by spinnin' o't?
 How can we ha'e face for to seek a great fee,
 Except we can help at the winnin' o't?
 And we maun ha'e pearline, and mabbies, and
 cocks,
 And some other things that the ladies ca' smocks;
 And how get we that, gin we tak' na our rocks,
 And pow what we can at the spinnin' o't?

'Tis needless for us to mak' our remarks,
 Frae our mither's miscookin' the spinnin' o't.
 She never kenn'd ocht o' the guerd o' the sarks,
 Frae this aback to the beginnin' o't.
 Twa-three ell o' plaiden was a' that was socht
 By our auld-warld bodies, and that bude be bought;
 For in lika town slocan things wasna wrocht—
 Sae little they kenn'd o' the spinnin' o't!

What's a' the steer.

[Jacobite Song.]

WHAT'S A' the steer, kimmer?
 What's a' the steer?
 Charlie he is landed,
 An', haith, he'll soon be here.
 The win' was at his back, carle,
 The win' was at his back;
 I carena, sin' he's come, carle,
 We were na worth a plack.

I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer,
 I'm right glad to hear't;
 I ha'e a gude braid claymore,
 And for his sake I'll wear't.
 Sin' Charlie he is landed,
 We ha'e nae mair to fear;
 Sin' Charlie he is come, kimmer,
 We'll ha'e a jub'lee year.

The Lomond.

[WM. CHALMERS.]

"O, LASSIE, wilt thou go
 To the Lomond wi' me,
 The wild thyme's in bloom,
 And the flow'r's on the lea;
 Wilt thou go, my dearest love?
 I will ever constant prove,
 I'll range each hill and grove
 On the Lomond wi' thee."

"O young men are fickle,
 Nor trusted to be,
 And many a native gem
 Shines fair on the lea:
 Thou may see some lovely flower
 Of a more attractive power,
 And may take her to thy bower,
 On the Lomond wi' thee."

"The hynd shall forsake,
 On the mountain, the doe;
 The stream of the fountain
 Shall cease for to flow;
 Ben-Lomond shall bend
 His high brow to the sea,
 Ere I take to my bower,
 Any flower, love, but thee."

She's taken her mantle,
 He's taken his plaid;
 He coft her a ring,
 And he made her his bride:
 They're far o'er yon hills
 To spend their happy days,
 And range the woody glens
 'Mang the Lomond brace.

Bessie Bell & Mary Gray.

[THE first four lines of the following song belong to an old ballad, of which eight lines are all that have come down to us. The rest is by RAMSAY. The tune is to be found in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. Gay adopted it for one of his songs in the "Beggars' Opera," beginning,

A curse attends that woman's love,
Who always would be pleasing.

"The story upon which the ballad is founded," says Mr. Robert Chambers, "has been often told. The common tradition is, that Bessie Bell and Mary Gray were the daughters of two country gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Perth, and an intimate friendship subsisted between them. Bessie Bell, daughter of the Laird of Kinnaird, was on a visit to Mary Gray, at her father's house of Lynedoch, (now the seat of Lord Lynedoch,) when the plague of 1666 broke out in the country. To avoid the infection, the two young ladies built themselves a bower in a very retired and romantic spot called the Burn-brae, about three quarters of a mile west of Lynedoch House, where they resided for some time—supplied with food, it is said, by a young gentleman of Perth, who was in love with them both. The disease was unfortunately communicated to them by their lover, and proved fatal. According to custom, in cases of the plague, they were not buried in the ordinary place of sepulture, but in a secluded spot, called the Dronach Haugh, at the foot of a brae of the same name, upon the bank of the river Almond. As the ballad says—

'They thoct to lie in Methven kirk,
Among their noble kin;
But they maun lie on Lynedoch-brae,
To beak forenent the sun.'

Some tasteful person, in modern times, has fashioned a sort of bower over the spot where the two ill-starred beauties were interred."

O, BESSIE BELL, and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it ower wi' rushes.
Bessie Bell I lo'd yestreen,
And thoct I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
Gar'd a' my fancy falter.

Bessie's hair's like a lint-tap,
She smiles like a May mornin',
When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adornin':
White is her neck, soft is her hand,
Her waist and feet fu' genty,
With lika grace she can command:
Her lips, O, wow! they're denty.

Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her een like diamond's glances;
She's aye me clean, redd-up, and brow;
She kills whenever she dances.
Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is,
And guides her airs me graceful still;
O, Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Young Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
Wae's me! for baith I canna get;
To ane by law we're stentit;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be wi' ane contentit.

Iona.

[WRITTEN by JAMES HOOE to an old air which is said to have been sung by the monks of Iona.]

WHERE floated crane, and clam'rous gull,
Above the misty shores of Mull,
And evermore the billows rave
'Round many a saint and sov'reign's grave.

There round Columba's ruins grey,
The shades of monks are wont to stray,
And slender forms of nuns, that weep
In moonlight by the murmuring deep.

When fancy moulds upon the mind
Light visions on the passing wind,
And woe, with faltering tongue and sigh,
The shades o'er memory's wilds that fly.

That, in that still and solemn hour,
Might stretch imagination's power,
And restless fancy revel free
In painful, pleasing luxury.

Oscar's Ghost.

[WRITTEN by Miss ANNE KEITH, otherwise called Mrs. Murray Keith, a lady whom Sir Walter Scott has portrayed in the Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate, under the name of Mrs. Bethune Balliol. She was born in 1736, and died in April, 1818. In a letter to Terry, dated 18th April, 1818, Sir Walter says, "You will be sorry to hear that we have lost our excellent old friend, Mrs. Murray Keith. Much tradition, and of the very best kind, has died with this excellent old lady; one of the few persons whose spirits and cleanliness, and freshness of mind and body, made old age lovely and desirable."—The music to "Oscar's Ghost" is by Mrs. Tough.]

O, see that form that faintly gleams!
 'Tis Oscar come to cheer my dreams!
 On wings of wind he flies away;
 O stay, my lovely Oscar, stay!

Wake, Ossian, last of Fingal's line,
 And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;
 Awake the harp to doleful lays,
 And soothe my soul with Oscar's praise.

The shell is ceased in Oscar's hall,
 Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall;
 The roe on Morven lightly bounds,
 Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

Culloden Muir.

[JOHN ANDERSON.—Ajr, "The Highland Watch."]

CULLODEN muir, Culloden field,
 Long wilt thou be remember'd:
 On thee the hero nobly fell,
 And with the dead was number'd;
 On thee the dearest blood was shed,
 By numbers doubled fairly;
 On thee the clans of Scotland bled
 For their dear royal Charlie.

Thy broad brown sward that day was dyed,
 The hoves were clotted o'er;
 From gaping wounds incessant flow'd
 The red, red-reeking gore:

Thou drank'st the precious blood of those
 Who fought that day fu' sairy,
 A glorious day for Scotland's foes,
 Eventful for prince Charlie!

Oh! Charlie, noble, gallant youth,
 Thy memory Scots revere;
 They loved thee with the warmest truth,
 Their hearts were all sincere:
 But traitor knaves, with brib'ry base,
 Made death's darts fly fu' rarely,
 And Scotland lang will mind the place
 She lost her royal Charlie.

Jumpin' John.

[THE tune of "Jumpin' John," or "Joan's Placket," is very old, and is thought to be the progenitor of the Irish air called "Lillibulero." There is a tradition that "Jumpin' John" was the tune played when Mary Queen of Scots was proceeding to her execution, but on this no reliance can be placed, as it is very unlikely that music of any kind was played on that melancholy occasion, and no contemporary accounts of her death speak of music having been employed. Part of the following words are old, and part modern.]

HER daddie forbade, her minnie forbade,
 Forbidden she wadna be;
 She wadna trow't, the brows't she brew'd
 Wad taste me bitterlie.

The lang lad, they ca' Jumpin' John,
 Aft spier'd the bonnie lassie;
 But fither and mither agreed thegither,
 That nae sic match sud be.
 Her daddie, &c.

A cow and a cauf, a ewe and a hauf,
 And thretty gude shillins and three;
 A vera gude tocher, a ootter man's dochter,
 The lass wi' the bonnie black e'e.
 Her daddie, &c.

Her daddie bade her counsel tak',
 But counsel she tulk nane;
 And lang and sair the lassie rued,
 Sae full-like she'd been taen.
 Her daddie, &c.

"Oh! for my daddie's kindly hulk,
My minnie's kindly care!
Gin I were in their ingle neuk,
I'd never leave it mair."
Her daddie, &c.

☉ wake thee.

[SANGSTER.—Music by R. A. Smith.]

O WAKE thee, O wake thee, my bonnie, bonnie
And sing thy matin lay! [bird]
O wake thee, O wake thee, my bonnie, bonnie
For the sun is up on his way. [bird!]

The foliage soughs in the morning breeze,
An' the green leaves glitter in the sun,
The spray rows white o'er the bounding seas,
An' the village bell is begun.
Then wake thee, O wake thee, mine ain bonnie
And sing thy matin lay, [bird!]
For the tap boughs swing, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
In the sough o' the new sprung day.

The silvery clouds, like sheeted ghaists,
Take their flight o'er the pure blue sky;
And the laverocks are pillow'd on their downy
breasts,
And are borne with their anthems on high.
Then wake thee, O wake thee, my bonnie, bonnie
O wake while it is day! [bird!]
For the night comes sweet, my bonnie, bonnie
bird,
When the morning is hail'd wi' thy lay.

If ha'e nae kith.

[Jacobite Song.]

I HA'e nae kith, I ha'e nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me;
For the bonnie lad that I lo'e best,
He's far ayont the sea.
He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,
And we may rue the day,
When our king's ae daughter came here
To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonnie bird,
Wi' wings that I might see,
Then would I travel o'er the main,
My ae true love to see.
Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale,
To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window
And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
Aneath the corbie's wing,
And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood,
Will soon blaw hame our king.
Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
Or blaw ye o'er the fann,
O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And ane I darena name.

Gae to the kye wi' me.

[THE song of "Gae to the kye wi' me, Johnnie," is of considerable antiquity, but we here do not give the whole of the olden version, which is rather coarse for insertion.]

"O GAE to the kye wi' me, Johnnie,
Gae to the kye wi' me;
O gae to the kye wi' me, Johnnie,
And I'll be merry wi' thee."
"O lassie, I'm weary wand'rin',
I've gaen mair miles than three
I've no gang the day to the herdin',
It's fashous and naething to see."
"O gae to the kye wi' me, Johnnie,
Gae to the kye wi' me;
O gae to the kye wi' me, Johnnie,
And I'll be merry wi' thee."

"Oh we'll tak' a rest at the shieling,
Aneath the tap o' the hill,
And there's a loch o' pure water
Where ye may drink your fill.
Oh gae, &c.

"Among the rocks and the heather
A burn does roaring fa',
And there the trouties are loupin',
The bonniest ever I saw."
Oh gae, &c.

Oh, Helen dear.

[THOMAS ANDERSON.—Here first printed.—
Tune, "John Anderson, my Jo."]

Oh, Helen dear! oh, Helen dear!
Do ye no mind the day,
When you and I were lad and lass,
And on the green did stray;
When wearied wi' our walk at e'en,
I kindly led you hame,
And stole the tender parting kiss,
And breathed your cherish'd name?

I'm sure our hearts were guileless then,
And free from every stain;
We little dream'd that aught on earth
Could ever giv'e us pain.
But days and years ha'e o'er us pass'd,
And weel ye ken, I ween,
That sorrows, toils, and troubles great,
Our dreary lot ha'e been.

And what may be our future fate,
Ah! little do we ken,
But, trusting aye to providence,
We'll tak' what heaven may sen'.
This chequer'd scene it soon will close,
And we will get the ca',
Just like the sere and yellow leaf,
When winter's bleak winds blaw.

The days of old.

[CHARLES SCOTT.—Here first printed.]

We stood beside the shore,—
And I knew not what to say,
For I lov'd her well before,
In my boyhood's golden day:
And though her eye, retreating,
Left the plaintive tale untold,
I felt her heart was beating
For the burning words of old.

We listen'd to the ocean,—
But my lips they dared not speak,
Though the life-blood, with emotion,
Came in flushes to my cheek.—

Yet our words, when they awoke,
Were like falling snow-flakes cold,—
And we never, never spoke
Of the happy days of old.

And the sun it shone as brightly
As it shone when we had lov'd,—
And the summer winds as lightly
O'er the summer ocean roved,—
And the trusting oak in yonder glen
Still shook its branches bold;—
But, ah! what spell revives again
The faded loves of old?

And I long'd that we were parted,
For I could not hide the sigh;
And the bitter tear-drop started
To the gentle maiden's eye.
I walk'd the beach alone—
But my heart—it felt so cold!
I knew they had for ever gone,
Those burning days of old!

Eliza.

[BURNS.—Tune, "Gilderoy."—The heroine of
this song, some say, was Elizabeth Miller, one of
the "Mauchline Belles;" others avow that she
was Elizabeth Black, afterwards Mrs. Stewart, a
vintner in Alva; while John Galt is of opinion that
the real lady was a relative of his own, named
Elizabeth Barbour.]

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more.
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh.

The Covenanter's Tomb.

[WRITTEN by JAMES HOGG.—Set to music in Smith's Scottish Minstrel.]

ON 'tis a heart-stirring sight to view,
Far to the westward stretching blue,
That frontier ridge, which erst defied
Th' invader's march, the oppressor's pride.
The bloody field, for many an age,
Of rival nations' wasteful rage;
In latter times a refuge given,
To exiles in the cause of heaven.

Far inland, where the mountain crest
O'erlooks the waters of the west,
And 'midst the moorland wilderness,
Dark moss-cleughs form a drear recess,
Curtain'd with ceaseless mists, which feed
The sources of the Clyde and Tweed;
There injured Scotland's patriot band,
For faith and freedom made their stand;

When traitor kings, who basely sold
Their country's fame for Gallic gold,
Too abject o'er the free to reign,
Warn'd by a father's fate in vain—
In bigot fury trampled down
The race who oft preserved their crown—
There, worthy of his masters, came
The despots' champion, bloody Graham.

The human bloodhounds of the earth,
To hunt the peasant from his hearth!
Tyrants! could not misfortune teach,
That man has rights beyond your reach?
Thought ye the torture, and the stake,
Could that intrepid spirit break;
Which even in woman's breast withstood
The terrors of the fire and flood?

Yee—though the sceptic's tongue deride
Those martyrs who for conscience died;
Though modish history blight their fame,
And sneering courtiers hoot the name
Of men, who dared alone be free
Amidst a nation's slavery,—
Yet long for them the poet's lyre
Shall wake its notes of heavenly fire.

Their name shall nerve the patriot's hand,
Upraised to save a sinking land;
And piety shall learn to burn
With holier transports o'er their urn!

Sequester'd haunts!—so still!—so fair,
That holy faith might worship there,—
The shaggy gerse and brown heath wave
O'er many a nameless warrior's grave.

Carron Flowery Braes.

[C. J. FINLAYSON.—Air, "The Barn, O."—Here first printed.]

YON sun was set, an' o'er the sky
The gloamin' spread its purple dye,
Wi' balmy breath the breeze did sigh
O'er Carron flowery braes.
May smiling there first be seen,
To strow her buds and leaves o' green,
There to my heart I clasp'd yestreen
The lassie I lo'e dear.
O leeze me on my Mary,
My blooming blythsome Mary,
Nane else shall be my dearie,
On Carron flowery braes.

What earthly bliss could mine exceed,
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
For hours o' bliss mak' double speed,
When on love's wings they flee.
Her hamespun gown, her look sae meek,
An' the blush that spread her youthfu' cheek,
Said mair to me than words could speak,
On Carron flowery braes.
Then leeze me, &c.

Sae leal our love, we sought nae hame,
Till through the trees the moon's clear beam,
Was dancin' o'er the dimpling stream
Mid Carron flowery braes.
But till that moon forgets to shine,
An' life forsakes this heart o' mine,
That night my mem'ry ne'er shall tine
On Carron flowery braes.
Then come my bonnie Mary,
My blooming blythsome Mary,
For ever let me cheer thee,
On Carron flowery braes.

Gloamin'.

[W. GRAY.—Here first printed.—Tune, "Todlin' butt," &c.]

THERE's naething on yirth,
I ken to compare,
Wi' a walk in the gloamin',
To snuff the fresh air;

To friak like a gawky,
When naeboddy sees,
An' jouk like a maukin
Among the green trees.
O! the sweets o' the gloamin',
How delicious they are!
O! the young lover's dream
Is behint them by far.

When ye gang through the streets
O' our blethrin' wee town,
Your best ye maun try a
Lang face to ha'e on
In the gloamin' ye sen'
A' sic havers awa',
In the might o' your freedom
Fu' crousely ye caw.
O! the sweets, &c.

And should you some lo'ed ane,
When wandering, meet,
The shake o' the han', O!
How cordial, how sweet!
Ye feel, then, true pleasure,
Unmixed wi' alloy,
Warld's things ye forget
In th' excess o' your joy.
O! the sweets, &c.

I canna smile.

[JAMES MURRAY.—Here first printed.—Tune,
"I canna leave my Highland hame."]

I CANNA smile, I CANNA sing,
I ha'e nae heart for lighsome glee,
I downa thole the mirth o' spring,
Sin' they ha'e ta'en my lad frae me.
I fain wad sigh and sob again,
'Twad maybe help to soothe my care;
I fain wad greet to drown my pain,
For, oh! my heart is beating sair.

When wandering up the flowery dell,
To meet wi' him that's far away,
I heard a widow'd mavis tell
Its sorrows in a doolful lay.
I could ha'e wept till day's decline,
To hear its note of wild despair—
Now a' that birdie's grief is mine,
And I can sob and greet nae mair.

Aince mair I'll seek our trysting tree,
And wander o'er our haunts again;
Aince mair I'll climb the height sae hie,
And look far o'er the pathless main—
I'll look to where the welkin dark
Seems resting on the azure sea,
Where last I saw the fading bark
That wafted far my love frae me.

The bonnie haughs.

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.]

YE bonnie haughs and beather braes,
Where I ha'e past youth's blytheest days,
Ane idle dream o' bliss ye be,
That gars me sigh for my ain countrie.
O bauld we rade through Stirling toun,
Wi' pistol, sword, and musquetoon,
And banner braid display'd had we,
Like brave men halding companie.

We left our luvcs, we left our hames,
We left our bairns and winsome dames,
And we drew our swords right manfully
To back the king o' our ain countrie.
But Carlile yetts are wat wi' blude,
Micht matches richt, and dooms the gude;
And gentle blude o' ilk degree
Ha'e stain'd the hearths o' my ain countrie.

And dwynning in this fremit land,
Does feckless mak' baith heart and hand,
And gars thir tears drap frae my e'e,
That ne'er sall fa' in my ain countrie.
O Carron brig is auld and worn,
Where I and my forbears were born;
But bonnie is that brig to see
By ane flemit frae his ain countrie.

And gladly to the listening ear
Is borne the waters cruning clear,
Making a moan and melodie
That weds my heart to my ain countrie.
O gin I were a wee wee bird,
To light adown at Randlefuird,
And in Kirk-o'-Muir to close my e'e,
And fold my wings in my ain couptrie!

Wha's at the window.

[WRITTEN by ALEX. CARLYLE. Music by R. A. Smith.]

Wha's at the window, wha, wha?
O wha's at the window, wha, wha?
Wha but blythe Jamie Glen,
He's come sax miles an' ten,
To tak' bonnie Jeanie awa' awa',
To tak' bonnie Jeanie awa'.

Bridal maidens are braw, braw,
O bridal maidens are braw, braw;
But the bride's modest e'e,
And warm cheek are to me,
'Boon pearlins and brooches, an' a', an' a',
'Boon pearlins and brooches, an' a'.

There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',
There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',
There's laughing, there's quaffing,
There's jesting, there's daffing,
But the bride's father's blithest of a', of a',
But the bride's father's blythest of a'.

It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
That my heart is aye weary,
When a' the lave's cheery,
But it's just that she'll aye be awa' awa',
But it's just that she'll aye be awa'.

The Flowers of the Forest.

I.

[WRITTEN, about the middle of the last century, in imitation of an old song to the same tune, by Miss JANE ELLIOT, daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto. "The Forest" was the name given to a district which comprehended Selkirkshire, and a portion of Peeblesshire and Clydesdale, and which was noted for its fine archers. These were almost to a man slain at the battle of Flodden, (1513) and upon that disastrous event the song is founded.]

I've heard the liting, at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-liting, before the dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning;
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are
scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are
jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runkled and grey;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleech-
ing—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roam-
ing,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae to the order, sent our lads to the
border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that focht aye the
foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

II.

[WRITTEN by MRS. COCKBURN, daughter of Mr. Rutherford of Fairlie in Roxburghshire, and wife to Mr. Cockburn of Ormiston, advocate. She died at Edinburgh in 1794.]

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonnie was their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

Oh, fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a wede away.

African Song.

[WRITTEN BY JOHN STRUTHERS to the tune of the "Flowers of the Forest." This is a versification of the evening song sung by the negro women, who gave food and shelter to poor Mungo Park when about to perish. "The air," says Park, "was plaintive, and the words literally translated were these: 'The winds roared, and the rains fell, the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, he has no wife to grind his corn: let us pity the white man, no mother has he.'"]

The winds they were roaring,
The rains they were pouring,
When, lonely, the white man, a wonder to see!
Both hungry and weary,
Desponding and dreary,
He came, and he sat in the shade of our tree.

No mother is by him,
With milk to supply him;
He wanders an outcast, how sad must he be!
Even corn, could he find it,
He has no wife to grind it—
Let us pity the white man, no mother has he!

Loch-na-gar.

[ONE of the early productions of LORD BYRON. It has been set to music by Mrs. Gibson.]

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
If still they are sacred to freedom and love.

Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits tho' elements war,
Tho' cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing
fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-gar.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered;

My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid:
On chieftains, long perished, my memory pondered,
As dally I strayed through the pine-covered
glade.

I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar-star;
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-gar.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices,
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland
vale.

Round Loch-na-garr, while the stormy mist
gathers,

Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Loch-na-
gar.

We'll meet beside.

[WRITTEN BY ROBERT TANNAHILL. In the life of the poet, it is stated, that on one occasion, while taking a solitary walk, his musings were interrupted by the voice of a country-girl, who was singing a song of his own,
"We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn-side."

This, he used to say, gave him great satisfaction, as an accidental and unconscious evidence of the rising popularity of his songs.]

WE'LL meet beside the dusky glen on yon burn-
side, [side:
Where the bushes form a cozy den, on yon burn-
Though the broomy knowes be green,
Yet there we may be seen;
But we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en, down by yon
burn-side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bower on yon burn-side,
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on yon
burn-side:

There the busy prying eye

Ne'er disturbs the lover's joy, [side.

While in their arms they lie, down by yon burn-

Awa', ye rude unfeelin' crew, frae yon burn-side!
Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn-side:

There fancy smoothes her theme,

By the sweetly murrain' stream,

And the rock-lodged echoes skim, down by yon
burn-side.

Now the plantin' tape are tinged wi' gowd on yon
burn-side,

And gloamin' draws her foggie shroud o'er yon
burn-side:

Far frae the noisy scene,

I'll through the fields alane;

There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean! down by yon
burn-side.

Map at the Widow.

[RE-MODELLED by RAMSAY from an old but
indelicate song to a lively air.]

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
And mony braw things the widow can do;

Then have at the widow, my laddie.

With courage attack her, balth early and late,
To kiss her and clap her ye maunna be blate:
Speak well, and do better; for that's the best gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never as hair
The waur of the wearing, and has a good skair
Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.

What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
With, Naething but—draw in your stool and sit
down,

And sport with the widow, my laddie.

Then till her, and kill her with courtesie dead,
Though stark love and kindness be all you can
plead;

Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
With the bonnie gay widow, my laddie.

Strike iron while 'tis hot, if ye'd have it to wald;
For fortune aye favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and could,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

The bonnie brucket lassie.

[THE two first lines of this song are old. The
rest is by JAMES TYTLER, commonly called
"Balloon Tyler," the editor and principal com-
piler of the original Encyclopedia Britannica.
He was a native of Brechin, and during his life
was engaged in many literary speculations. He
died in the province of Massachusetts, North
America, in 1806, aged fifty-eight.]

THE bonnie brucket lassie,
She's blue beneath the een;
She was the fairest lassie
That danced on the green.
A lad he loo'd her dearly;
She did his love return:
But he his vows has broken,
And left her for to mourn.

My shape, she says, was handsome,
My face was fair and clean;
But now I'm bonnie brucket,
And blue beneath the een.
My eyes were bright and sparkling,
Before that they turned blue;
But now they're dull with weeping,
And a', my love, for you.

My person it was comely;
My shape, they said, was neat:
But now I am quite changed;
My stays they winna meet.
A' nicht I slept soundly;
My mind was never sad;
But now my rest is broken
Wi' thinking o' my lad.

O could I live in darkness,
Or hide me in the sea,
Since my love is unfaithful,
And has forsaken me!
No other love I suffered,
Within my breast to dwell,
In nought I have offended,
But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
As by he chanced to pass:
And pressed unto his bosom
The lovely bruckst lass.
My dear, he said, cease grieving;
Since that you lo'ed so true,
My bonnie bruckst lassie,
I'll faithful prove to you.

I had a horse.

[PRINTED in the second edition of David Herd's collection, 1776. Burns says that the song is founded on fact. A John Hunter, the son of a farmer in Galston parish, Ayrshire, was the hero of the story.]

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,
I gat him frae my daddy,
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.
And aae I thought me on a time,
Outwittens of my daddy,
To fee mysel' to a lowland laird,
Wha had a bonnie lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began:
Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
And care not though ye kend it:
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I wad blythely be the man,
Wad strive to please his lady.

She read the letter and she leugh,
Ye needna been sae blate, man,
You might ha'e come to me yoursel',
And tauld me o' your state, man:
Ye might ha'e come to me yoursel',
Outwittens of ony body,
And made John Goukstone of the laird,
And kist'd his bonnie lady.

Then she pat siller in my purse;
We drank wine out o' a cogie,
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And wow but I was vogie!

But I gat ne'er sae sair a fleg,
Since I came frae my daddy,
The laird came rap, rap to the yett,
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she put me behint a chair,
And hap'd me wi' a plaidie,
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddy.
The laird gaed out, he saw na me,
I gaed when I was ready:
I promised, but I ne'er gaed back,
To see his bonnie lady.

Puirtitth Cauld.

[WRITTEN by BURNS to the tune of "I had a horse."]

O, PUIRTITTH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet puirtitth a' I could forgie,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O, why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, be on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her owerword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.

O, wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O, wha can prudence think upon,
And aae in love as I am?

How blest the humble cottar's lot!
He wooes his simple dearie;
The sille boggles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
Oh, why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

The Lass o' Patie's Mill.

[THE "Lass o' Peatie's Mill" is the name of an old air, the original words to which are lost, but the subject of the song is said to have been a daughter of John Anderson, of Peatie's Mill, in the parish of Kelthhall, Aberdeenshire. ALLAN RAMSAY wrote the present words to the old tune. Burns relates an incident connected with the composition of Ramsay's song, which does not well tally with the fact that an old tune called "The Lass o' Peatie's Mill" really did exist before Ramsay's day, as it is more likely that Ramsay borrowed his title from that tune than that two different beauties in two different Patie's Mills inspired the strains of two different poets. "In Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland," says Burns, "this song is localized (a verb I must use for want of another to express my idea) somewhere in the North of Scotland, and likewise is claimed by Ayrshire.—The following anecdote I had from the present Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, who had it from the last John Earl of Loudon.—The then Earl of Loudon, and father to Earl John before mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudon, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine water, near New-Mills, at a place yet called Peaty's Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His lordship observed that she would be a fine theme for a song.—Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudon Castle, and at dinner produced this identical song."]

THE lass o' Patie's Mill,
Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay,
In spite of a' my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When teddin' out the hay,
Bareheaded on the green,
Love mid her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth;
Breasts in their rising dawn;
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his han'.
Through all my spirits ran
An ecstasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spak' or smiled:
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguiled;
I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I a' the wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Insured lang life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise, and fulfil,
That name but bonnie she,
The lass o' Patie's Mill,
Should share the same wi' me.

Cadogan's Lament.

[WILLIAM GLEN.—Air, "Oran an Aoig or The Song of Death."—The Hon. Henry Cadogan, Lieutenant-colonel of the 71st regiment, fell at the battle of Vittoria, on 21st June, 1813. An elegant marble monument was erected to his memory in the choir of the Glasgow Cathedral.]

At the sunset of glory the evening is calm,
No wild howling tempest can rave,
The winds are all hush'd, and the dew-drops are
balm,
As they rest on the cheek of the brave.

At the war flash of battle, how gleams the red
cheek,
As it brightens while freedom is nigh;
And the eye, as it closes, will high glory speak,
While Victory heaves the last sigh.

How nobly he smiles from the field of his fame,
With the death-mark engraved on his breast,
With a feeble huzza, he joins the acclaim,
And expires on the bed of his rest.

Cadogan! with glory thou'lt ever be named,
And the heroes of Greece and of Rome,
Will bend from their bright clouds, (those war-
riors famed,)
And exultingly rest on thy tomb.

The Minstrel.

[This beautiful little ballad first appeared as a fragment in an Edinburgh newspaper, and its authorship is generally ascribed to a Newcastle poet of the name of Pickering, on no other good ground than we know of, than that the original communication to the newspaper bore upon it the Newcastle post-mark. *Donocht Head* is a mountain in the north of Scotland, and we prefer it to a post-office stamp in marking out the country to which the song belongs. The verses are adapted to the air called "Gordon Castle." The last twelve lines in the present copy are by Captain Charles Gray, R. M., who has very happily eked out the otherwise unfinished production. In reference to this song, we have much pleasure in printing the following communication from Mr. Robert White, a Newcastle gentleman, who himself entertains great doubts as to Pickering being the author.—"These fine stanzas," says Mr. White, "are indebted for much of their celebrity to Robert Burns, who, in a letter to George Thomson of the 19th Oct., 1794, says, '*Donocht Head* is not mine; I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the Edinburgh Herald, and came to the editor of that paper with the Newcastle post mark on it.' Six years afterwards, when Currie's edition of the Poet's works, which contained the above remarks, was published, a correspondent of the Monthly Magazine, Vol. X. 208, affirmed the fragment to have been written by M^r. GEORGE PICKERING, of Newcastle upon Tyne; and this assertion was corroborated by another correspondent of the same periodical in Vol. XI. 141. Since that period, it has been attributed by the literati of Scotland to the same individual, with this difference that in most instances he has, by mistake, been called *Thomas* instead of *George*. He was born at Simonburn in Northumberland, about the beginning of 1758; became a clerk to Mr. Davidson, a respectable lawyer in Newcastle, in 1776, and afterwards obtained the chief management of the Stamp Office for Northumberland, Newcastle, and Berwick. Subsequently he was unfortunate: he quitted the north of England; resided for a time in Norfolk, and it was believed, went abroad about 1798. After being absent, and unknown even to all his early friends, for upwards of a quarter of a century, he returned to his native place in depressed circumstances, and died in the neighbourhood of Newcastle about 1830. His poetical pieces, with those of Thomas Bedingfeld, an associate of his, were

edited by James Ellis, Esq., of Otterburne, and published in an octavo volume at Newcastle in 1815. As a poet, he possessed, perhaps, talent of a more diversified kind than that of those who generally supplied the magazines of his time with verse: he is, as his humour veers, grave or gay, witty or satirical; but we think he succeeded best when he drew not upon his imagination, but on his reflective faculties or his feelings. To be sure, at the period when he composed his pieces, the prevailing taste for poetry was greatly swayed by the mannerism and false glitter which our acquaintance with French literature and Pope's translation of Homer had introduced: Cowper in England was beginning to occupy higher ground, and Burns in Scotland was making a still nearer approach to nature; yet as Pickering shared little of what these men possessed to overflowing, he was more apt to follow the beaten path, than betake himself to another through which he could not clearly distinguish his way. He wrote a couple of English songs, one of which is a pretended translation from what came before the public as a song in the Lapland tongue, and may be estimated as a favourable specimen of his ability. '*The Minstrel*,' only, appears in a Scottish garb, and forms his chief passport to fame. Simple, touching, and beautiful, its composition exhibits such an admirable command of Scotland's vernacular language, that we can scarcely believe a Northumbrian could have written it, unless he had resided for a considerable time in Caledonia, and been in daily intercourse with her people. If, however, the authorship belongs to George Pickering, we look upon the attempt as being remarkably happy. The additional lines by Capt. Charles Gray tend very appropriately to complete the picture: they are conceived and executed in the genuine spirit with which the original stanzas seem to have been penned."]

KERR blows the wind o'er Donocht head,
The snaw drives snelly through the dale,
The gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,
And, shiv'ring, tells his waeft' tale—
"Cauld is the night, O let me in,
And dinna let your Minstrel fa',
And dinna let his winding-sheet
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters ha'e I seen,
And piped whare goroocks whirring flew,
And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
To lilt which frae my drone I blew."—

My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cried,
 "Get up, gudeman, and let him in;
 For weel ye ken the winter night
 Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, O wow! it's sweet!
 E'en though she bans and scalds a wee;
 But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale
 O, haith, it's doubly dear to me!
 "Come in, auld carle! I'll steer my fire,
 And mak' it bleese a bonnie flame;
 Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,
 Ye should nae stray sae far frae hame."

"Nae hame ha'e I," the Minstrel said,
 "Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha';
 And, weeping, at the eve o' life
 I wander through a wreath o' snaw."
 "Waes me, auld carle! sad is your tale—
 Your wallet's toom—your clathing thin;
 Mine's no the hand to steek the door
 When want and wae would fain be in."

We took him ben—we set him doun,
 And soon the ingle bleer'd fu' his;
 The auld man thought himself at hame,
 And dried the tear-drap frae his e'e.
 Ane mair the Minstrel wak'd a strain—
 Nae merry lilt, but sad and slow;
 In fancy's ear it seem'd to wall
 A free-born nation's overthrow.

The Barn, O.

[WRITTEN by JAMES STIRBAT of Dalry, in Ayrshire, and sung at a Country Rooking.—Printed here for the first time.]

THERE'S monie lads and lassies braw,
 Assembled here at friendship's ca',
 To drive dull care a miler awa'
 By dancing in the barn, O.
 O the dainty barn, O—
 Barn, barn, barn, O;
 We'll loup till we be like to fa',
 And wallow roun' the barn, O.

Sae, fiddlers, gi'e a canty spring,
 Play up till "roof and rafters ring,"
 And let us dance the Highland fling
 Wi' vigour in the barn, O.

O the merry barn, O—
 Barn, barn, barn, O;
 We'll bravely rant and blithely sing
 In honour o' the barn, O.

Inspir'd by Scotia's rousing reels,
 Bauk-height we'll spring wi' mottled heels,
 Wi' "mountain dew" we'll oil life's wheels
 And whirl round the barn, O.
 O the joyous barn, O—
 Barn, barn, barn, O;
 Our darling joes, like gallant chieft,
 We'll ouddle in the barn, O.

Wi' love and mirth and social glee
 We'll still keep up the jovial spree,
 While time on wings o' joy shall flee
 Out owre the happy barn, O.
 O the happy barn, O—
 Barn, barn, barn, O;
 And till the "morning lifts his e'e"
 We winna lea' the barn, O.

When chanticleer begins to crow,
 The toast shall be ere we gae wa',
 "Guld morn and joy be wi' us a',"
 And success to the barn, O.
 O the glorious barn, O—
 Barn, barn, barn, O;
 We'll gi'e 't, at least, as grand hurra,
 Till echo rive the barn, O!

Coila's Bard.

[JAMES STIRBAT.—Written for Burns' Anniversary, 1830.—Air, "There's nae luck about the house."—Of the numerous songs that have been composed in honour of Burns, this appears to us to be one of the finest.]

THERE'S nae bard to charm us now,
 Nae bard ava
 Can sing a sang to nature true,
 Since Coila's bard's awa'.

The simple harp o' earlier days
 In silence slumbers now,
 And modern art, wi' tuneless lays,
 Presumes the Nine to woo.
 But nae bard in a' our lale,
 Nae bard ava,
 Frae pawky Coila wins a smile
 Since Robin gae'd awa'.

His hamely style let Fashion spurn ;
 She wants baith taste and skill,
 And wiser should she ever turn,
 She'll sing his songs hersel'.
 For nae sang sic pathos speaks,
 Nae sang ava ;
 And Fashion's foreign rants and squeaks
 Should a' be drumm'd awa'.

Her far-fetoh'd figures aye maun fail
 To touch the feeling heart ;
 Simplicity's direct appeal
 Excels sic learned art.
 And nae modern minstrel's lay,
 Nae lay ava,
 Sae powerfully the heart can sway,
 As Robin's that's awa'.

For o'er his numbers Colla's muse
 A magic influence breath'd,
 And roun' her darling poet's brows
 A peerless crown had wreath'd.
 And nae wreath that o'er was seen,
 Nae wreath ava,
 Will bloom sae lang 's the holly green
 O' Robin that's awa'.

Let Erin's minstrel, Tommy Moore,
 His lyrics sweetly sing,
 Twad lend his harp a higher power
 Would Colla add a string.
 For nae harp has yet been kent,
 Nae harp ava,
 To match the harp by Colla lent
 To Robin that's awa'.

And though our shepherd, Jamie Hogg,
 His pipe fu' sweetly plays,
 It ne'er will charm auld Scotland's lug
 Like Ploughman Robin's lays.
 For nae pipe will Jamie tune,
 Nae pipe ava,
 Like that which breath'd by "bonnie
 Ere Robin gaed awa'." [Doon"]

Even Scotland's pride, Sir Walter Scott,
 Wha boldly strikes the lyre,
 Maun yield to Robin's sweet love-note,
 His native wit and fire.
 For nae bard hath ever sung,
 Nae bard ava,
 In hamely or in foreign tongue,
 Like Robin that's awa'.

Frae feeling heart Tom Campbell's lays
 In classic beauty flow,
 But Robin's artless sang displays
 The soul's impassion'd glow.
 For nae bard by classic lore,
 Nae bard ava,
 Has thrill'd the bosom's inmost core
 Like Robin that's awa'.

A powerfu' harp did Byron sweep,
 But not wi' happy glee ;
 And though his tones were strong and deep,
 He ne'er could change the key.
 For nae bard beneath the lift,
 Nae bard ava,
 W' master skill the keys could shift
 Like Robin that's awa'.

He needs nae monumental stances
 To keep alive his fame,
 Auld Granny Scotland and her weans
 Will ever sing his name.
 For nae name does fame record,
 Nae name ava,
 By Caledonia mair aderd'
 Than Robin's that's awa'.

❧, leaue me not.

[FROM a volume of very clever poetical pieces, entitled, "Rambling Rhymes," by ALEXANDER SMART: Edinburgh, 1834." Mr. Smart is, we understand, a compositor in Edinburgh.]

O, LEAVE me not! the evening hour,
 So soft, so still, is all our own ;
 The dew descends on tree and flower,
 They breathe their sweets for thee alone.
 O, go not yet!—the evening star,
 The rising moon, all bid thee stay ;
 And dying echoes, faint and far,
 Invite our lingering steps to stray.

Far from the city's noisy din,
 Beneath the pale moon's trembling light,
 That lip to press—those smiles to win—
 Will lend a rapture to the night.
 Let fortune fling her favours free
 To whom she will, I'll ne'er repine—
 O, what is all the world to me,
 While thus I clasp and call thee mine ?

Love.

[WILLIAM THOM of Inverury.—Music by Samuel Lover.]

O SAY not—"Love will never
Breathe in that breast again;"
That "where he bled, must ever
All pleasureless remain."
Shall tempest-riven blossom,
When fair leaves fall away,
In coldness close its bosom
'Gainst beams of milder day
O never!—nay
It blooms—whene'er it may.

Though ruthless tempest tear—
Though biting frosts subdue—
And leave no tendril where
Love's pretty flowrets grew;
The soil, all ravag'd so,
Will nurture more and more,
And stately roses blow
Where gowans droop'd before.
Then why—O! why
Should sweet love ever die?

The Flittin' o' the Cow.

[ALEX. SMART.—Air, "Tak' your auld Cloak about ye."]

In summer, when the fields were green,
An' heather bells bloomed ower the lea,
An' hawthorns lent their leafy screen,
A fragrant bield for bird an' bee;
Our fowls in the clover field
Was chewin' her cud wi' gratefu' mou',
And our gudewife, wi' eydent hand,
Had just been out to flit the cow.

O, our gudeman's a leal gudeman,
But nane mann daur to say him na;
There's nae a laird in a' the lan'
Wi' higher hand maintains the law.
Though he be poor he's unco proud,
An' aye mann be obeyed at hame;
An' there, when he's in angry mood,
Wha confers him may rue the same.

"Gae flit the cow!" says our gudeman:—
Wi' ready tongue the dame replies,
"Gudeman, it is already done"—
"Gae flit the cow!" again he cries.
"My will ye'll do wi' hand an' heart,
If ye're a wife baith kind an' true;
Obedience is the woman's part—
Make haste, gudewife, an' flit the cow!"

"Gudeman, ye're surely clean gane gyte,
The cow's already flittin' been;
To see you fume an' hear you fyte,
I ferlie meikle what ye mean.
What need to gang an' do again
The thing that I ha'e done e'en now?
What idle tantrum's this ye've ta'en?"—
"I say, gudewife, gae flit the cow!"

"Gudeman, when we were lad an' lass,
Your tongue was like a honey kaim;
An' aye ye vow'd ye'd ne'er prove fause,
But kythe like ony lamb at hame.
But now ye look sae dark an' dour,
Wi' angry e'e an' crabbit mou',
Ye gar me aften rue the hour"—
"I say, gudewife, gae flit the cow!"

Syne he began to loup an' ban,
When out the wife flew in a huff;
"Come back! come back!" cries our gudeman,
"Come back! obedience is enough!
My sovereign will ye maun obey,
When my commands are laid on you;
Obedient, baith by night an' day,
An' ready aye to flit the cow!"

Mary.

[WRITTEN by JAMES STIRRETT of Dalry, and printed here for the first time in a correct form. This song was set to music by the late R. A. Smith, but his Notes have been unfortunately lost.]

"In life's gay morn," when hopes beat high,
And youthfu' love's endearing tie
Gave rapture to the mutual sigh
Within the arms of Mary,
My ain dear Mary;
Nae joys beneath the vaulted sky
Could equal mine wi' Mary.

The sacred hours like moments flew,
Soft transports thrill'd my bosom through,
The war! evanish'd frae my view
Within the arms of Mary;
My ain dear Mary,
Nae gloomy cares my soul e'er knew
Within the arms of Mary.

Young fancy spread her visions gay,
Love fondly view'd the fair display,
Hope show'd the bleasfu' nuptial day
And I was rapt with Mary;
My ain dear Mary,
The flowers of Eden strew'd the way
That led me to my Mary.

But life is now a dreary waste,
I, lanely, wander sair depress'd,
For cold and lifeless is that breast
Where throbb'd the heart of Mary;
My ain dear Mary,
She's gane to seats of blissfu' rest,
And I ha'e lost my Mary.

The setting Sun.

[WRITTEN for a Country Rocking by JAMES STIRBART.—Here first printed.]

THE setting sun in gowden light,
The cloudless moon wi' sil'er ray,
The star o' e'en'ing beaming bright
Fu' bonnie, blythesome charms display.
But bonnier blinks frae maiden eyes,
This happy place and time endear,
Outshine the lights that deck the skies,
And make a starry heaven here.

Let titled rank in grandeur's glare
To waiters sweep the painted ha',
Simplicity's a stranger there,
And happiness beyond their ca'.
But here in hamely pleasure's ring,
Wi' smiles frae artless beauty crown'd,
We taste a bliss that ne'er can spring
Frae fashion's vain illusive round.

The song, the dance, ilk bosom cheers,
And a' in harmless daffin' join;
Even age throws off his load of years,
And shakes his foot to "auld langsyne."

O lang may canty glee abound,
And happy love our pastime bless,
And lang may lika year bring round
A rocking glorious as this.

Oh, I lo'ed.

[FROM "Poetical Remains of the late ROBERT FRASER, Editor of the Fife Herald," Cupar, 1839. Mr. Fraser died in 1839; he was a native of Path-head in Fife-shire.]

Oh, I lo'ed my lassie weel,
How weel I canna tell—
Lang, lang ere ither's trow'd,
Lang ere I wist mysel'.
At the school among the lave,
If I wrestled or I ran,
I cared nae for the prize
If she saw me when I wan.

Oh, I lo'ed my lassie weel,
When the gleesome days were gane,
'Mang a' the bonnie an' the gude
To match her saw I nane;
Though the cauld war! o'er me cam
Wi' its cumber an' its toil,
My day-tide dool was a' forgot
In her blythe e'enin' smile.

Oh, I lo'ed, nor lo'ed in vain,
An' though mony cam' to woo,
Wha to won her wad been fain,
Yet to me she aye was true;
She grat wi' very joy
When our waddin' day was set,
An' though twal' gude years sinsyne ha'e fled,
She's my darling lassie yet.

The Husband's Song.

[WILLIAM WILSON.]

WHa my kettle now will boil,
Wha will cheer me wi' her smile,
Wha will lighten a' my toll,
When thou art far awa'?

Wha will meet me on the stair,
Wha will kiss me kindly there,
And hail to rest lik earthly care,
When thou art far awa'?

When the day is at a close,
Wha will mak' my wee drap brose,
Snoddy mend my holley hose,
When thou art far awa'?

Wha will wi' my fallings bear,
Wha my e'enin' palm will share,
Wha will kneel wi' me in prayer,
When thou art far awa'?

When the nights grow lang and cauld,
And the wind blaws snell and cauld,
Wha her arms around me shauld,
When thou art far awa'?

Wha will trigly mak' my bed,
Draw my nightcap o'er my head,
And kiss me when I down am laid,
When thou art far awa'?

Nane!—and dowie now I gang
Through the house the hale night lang,
Croonin' ower some simple sang
O' her that's far awa'.

Now I downa bide to leuk
Ayont the cheerless ingle neuk,
Where aft I read the haly book
To her that's far awa'.

Haste, my dearest! haste ye hame,
Come my ain beloved dame!
Ferry ower loch, sea, and stream,
And ne'er gae mair awa'!

The Window Pane.

[FROM "Pontia: a Tale, and other Poems, by GEORGE TAYLOR," Edinburgh, 1837. Mr. Taylor is parochial teacher in Anstruther Wester, Fifeshire.]

Ler me in, let me in, my bonnie sweetheart,
Or come ye out to me;
It's lang since I saw your winsome face,
Or the smirk o' yere coal-black e's.

The bonnie clear moon is in the sky,
There fa's nae cauld night dew—
Come out, come out, my bonnie sweetheart,
Or let me in to you.

"I will neither come out nor let you in;
Gae wa' frae the window pane,
Gae back to her ye were wi' yestreen,
And be content wi' ana."
Fane, fane was the tongue that tauld ye aye;
I lo'e name but ye'rael'!
Rise up, rise up, my bonnie sweetheart—
I've a breastfa' of love to tell!

And how could she doubt the lad she loved?
Her heart relented soon—
He clasp'd in his arms his bonnie sweetheart,
'Neath the light of the stiller moon.
His lips were press'd to her blushing cheek,
Her doubts and fears were gane;
She wondered why she had let him stand
Sae lang at the window-pane.

The primrose blooms.

[GEORGE TAYLOR.]

THE primrose blooms by burn and brae,
The cowslip on the lee;
The birds are singing songs of love,
And a' is glad but me.
I heed not summer's joyfu' sounds,
For me its beauty's vain;
There's dool upon my burden'd heart,
The weight o' cureless pain.

How can I bear to hear the birds
Send music from the tree?
It minds me o' my Mary's voice,
That speaks nae mair to me!
How can I sit beside the flowers,
And see them smile sae fair?
They mind me o' my Mary's face,
That smiles on me nae mair.

The summer soon will pass awa',
The flowers will drop and dee;
And nature's dowie look will then
Be mair in tune wi' me.

The sangsters' glee wi' a' be hush'd,
Like me they'll sadness ken;
And, wandering through the wintry woods,
I'll mak' them neebours then.

Oh! could I hope for Mary's love,
As nature hopes for spring,
Nae winter's gloom could o'er my heart,
Its darksome shadow fling.
But ah! her love, and sunny smiles,
Mine ne'er again can be—
To thers glad some seasons come,
It's winter aye wi' me!

Now Jenny, lass.

[THIS song has been erroneously ascribed to Mr. Sommerville, and called loosely the "Sommerville Testament." The real author is M^r. ROSS, of Lochmoss, two of whose songs will be found in a preceding part of the work.—Tune, "Garryowen."]

Now, Jenny lass, my bonnie bird,
My daddy's dead, an' a' that;
He's snugly laid aneath the yird,
And I'm his heir, an' a' that.
I'm now a laird, an' a' that;
I'm now a laird, an' a' that;
His gear an' land's at my command,
And muckle mair than a' that.

He left me wi' his deoin' breath
A dwellin' house, an' a' that;
A barn, a byre, an' wabs o' clath—
A big peat-stack, an' a' that.
A mare, a foal, an' a' that.
A mare, a foal, an' a' that.
Sax guld fat kye, a cauf forby,
An' twa pet ewes, an' a' that.

A yard, a meadow, lang braid leas,
An' stacks o' corn an' a' that—
Enclosed weel wi' thorns an' trees;
An' carts, an' cars, an' a' that.
A plough, an' graith, an' a' that;
A plough, an' graith, an' a' that;
Guid harrows twa, cock, hens, an' a'—
A gricie too, an' a' that.

I've heaps o' elaes for ilka days,
For Sundays too, an' a' that;
I've bills an' bonds, on lairds an' lands,
An' siller, gowd, an' a' that.

What think ye, lass, o' a' that?
What think ye, lass, o' a' that?
What want I noo, my dainty doo,
But just a wife to a' that.

Now, Jenny dear, my errand here,
Is to seek ye to a' that;
My heart's a' loupin' while I speer
Gin ye'll tak' me, wi' a' that.
Myself, my gear, an' a' that,
Myself, my gear, an' a' that;
Come, gi'e's your loof to be a proof,
Ye'll be a wife to a' that.

Syne Jenny laid her neive in his,
Said, she'd tak' him wi' a' that;
An' he gied her a hearty kiss,
An' daunted her, an' a' that.
They set a day, an' a' that,
They set a day, an' a' that;
Whan she'd gang hame to be his dame,
An' hand a rant, an' a' that.

Janet.

[ROBERT NICOLL.]

I'll mak' a fire upo' the knowe,
An' blaw it till it bleeze an' lowe;
Syne in't I'll ha'e ye burnt, I trow—
Ye ha'e bewitch'd me, Janet!

Your een in ilka starn I see—
The hale night lang I dream o' thee—
The bonnie lintie on the lea,
I liken to you, Janet!

When leaves are green, an' fresh an' fair—
When blythe an' sunny is the air—
I stroke my beard, and say they're rare;
But naething like you, Janet!

'Twas but yestreen, as I gaed hame,
The minister said, "What is your name?"
My answer—'deed I may think shame—
Was, "Sir, my name is Janet!"

Last Sabbath, as I sang the psalm,
I fell into an unco dwaum,
An' naething frae my lips e'er cam'
But "Janet! Janet! Janet!"

I've fought, I've danced, an' drucken too;
But name o' thae are like to do;
Sae I maun come an' speer at you,
"What ails me, think ye, Janet?"

I'll soon be either dead or daft,
Sic drama o' luve frae you I've quaff'd;
Sae lay aside your woman-craft—
Ha'e mercy on me, Janet!

An' if ye winna, there's my loof,
I'll gar the provost lead a proof,
An' pit ye 'neath the tollbooth roof:
Syne what will ye do, Janet?

I'll mak' a fire upo' the knows,
An' blaw it till it bleeze an' lows;
Syne in 't I'll ha'e ye burnt, I trow—
Ye ha'e bewitch'd me, Janet!

Sandy.

[FROM a volume entitled "Twelve Dramatic Sketches, founded on the Pastoral Poetry of Scotland. By W. M. HENDERINGTON, A. M.:" Edinburgh, 1829.]

O SANDY is a braw lad,
An' Sandy is a fine,
An' Sandy is a bonnie lad,
An', best of a', he's mine!
There's Tibby glooms, and Nelly geeks,
An' Nanny looks fu' shy,
And Katie downa speak to me;
But troth I carena by!
For Sandy is a braw lad,
An' Sandy is a fine,
An' Sandy is a bonnie lad,
An', best of a', he's mine!

Auld Grlzie, wi' her cock-up nose,
She fuffs like ony goose;
An' wee bit perkin Marjory,
Poor thing! looks unco crouse:
Fat Lizzie's een for vera spite,
They glow like ony coal,
An' Betty, wi' her brucket face,
My sight she canna thole.
For Sandy is, &c.

The slae is sour, but sourer far
Is muckle wry-mouth'd Jean;
An' lang-tongued Eppie, warst ava,
She fytes fra morn till e'en;
Mim Marion thraws her wrinkled chaffs
Like ony beggar's dud,
Gleed Matty shakes her corky head,
And winks as she were wud.
For Sandy is, &c.

There's no a lass in a' the town,
But sair she hates poor me;
Daft gouks! they fear they'll lose their joe,—
And sae it e'en may be!
To tempt them, for a week or twa,
The secret yet I'll hide;
But I could tell, or this day month,
Wha will be Sandy's bride!
O Sandy is, &c.

Summer Wooing.

[ROBERT NICOLL.]

THE green broom was bloomin',—
The daisy was seen
Peerin' up to the sky
Frae the flower spangled green,—
The burnie was loupin'
By bank an' by brae,
While along by its margin
A lassie did gae.
She heard the wee birdies
Sing hie in the cluds,
An' the downy wing'd breezes
Creep through the green wuds;
An' she saw the bright e'enin' sun
Lighting the whole:—
There was joy in the lassie's face—
Peace in her soul!

She sat in the shade
Of a sweet-scented briar,
An' the sounds of the wild wood
Came saft on her ear;
While the flushes o' feelin'
Sweet o'er her sweet face,
As the clouds o'er the moon
One another do chase.
In the peace of the twilight
Her soul did repose—

Where green leaves were wavin'
Her eyelids did close,
She lay in that bower
In her innocent sleep,
And spirits around her
Their vigils did keep.

The butterfly breathed
On her cheek for a flower,
As a pure maiden blush
Spoke the dream o' the hour.
While the lassie was sleepin'
A bauld youth came by,—
There was life in his footstep
An' love in his eye.
He stood by the maiden
Who lay in her dream,
An' heard her in slumber
Laigh murmur his name.
An' idol she seem'd
Sae heavenly fair,
An' he an' idolater
Worshippin' there.
He kiss'd her sweet lips,
An' her warm cheek he premd';
An' the lassie awoke
On her leal lover's breast!

The e'enin' was fa'in'
On mountain an' fell,
The rush o' the stream
Through the darkness did awell;
But the maid an' her true love
Ne'er heeded the hour,
As they sat in their bliss
In that green briar bower.
He tauld a' his love,
While her tears fell like rain,—
Their joy was sae joyfu'
It maistly was pain.
They hameward return'd
Through the simmer mist grey,
An' twa hearts were happy
For ever and aye!

The Auld Folks.

[ANDREW PARK.—Here first printed.]

THE auld folks sit by the fire,
When the winter nights are chill;
The auld wife she piles her wire,
The auld man he quaffs his yill.

An' meikle an' lang they speak
O' their youthfu' days gane by,
When the rose it was on the cheek,
An' the pearl was on the eye!

They talk o' their bairnies' bairns,
They talk o' the brave and free,
They talk o' their mountain-cairns,
And they talk of the rolling sea,—
An' meikle an' lang they speak
O' their youthfu' days gane by,
When the rose it was on the cheek,
An' the pearl was on the eye!

They talk o' their friends lang gane,
And the tear-drops blin' their e'e;
They talk o' the cauld kirk stane,
Where sune they balth maun be.
Yet each has had their half
O' the joys o' this fiftal sphere,
So whiles the auld folk laugh,
And whiles they drap a tear!

Highland Mary.

[HON. MRS. NORTON.]

I WOULD I were the light fern growing
Beneath my Highland Mary's tread,
I would I were the green tree throwing
Its shadow o'er her gentle head!
I would I were a wild flower springing
Where my sweet Mary loves to rest,
That she might pluck me while she's singing,
And place me on her snowy breast!

I would I were in yonder heaven
A silver star, whose soft dim light
Would rise to bless each summer even,
And watch my Mary all the night!
I would, beneath these small white fingers,
I were the lute her breath has fann'd—
The gentle lute, whose soft note lingers,
As loth to leave her fairy hand!

Ah, happy things! ye may not wander
From Scotland to some darker sky,
But ever live unchanging yonder,
To happiness and Mary nigh!

While I at midnight sadly weeping
Upon its deep transparent blue,
Can only gaze while all are sleeping,
And dream my Mary watches too!

Queen Mary's Lament.

[THREE fine verses were written by Burns for Johnson's Museum, where they are adapted to a simple old air, called "Mary Queen of Scots' Lament."]

Now nature hangs her mantle green
On ilka blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out ower the grassy lee.

Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nocht can glad the weary wicht,
That fast in durance lies.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose doun the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing,
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring.

The mavis, mild wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove these sweets amang;
But I, the queen o' a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I ha'e been;
Fu' lightly rae I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en.

And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman
My sister and my foe,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword,
That through thy soul shall gae.

The weeping blood in woman's breast,
Was never known to thee,
Nor the balm that drops on wounds of woe,
From woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er would blink on mine.

God keep thee frae thy mother's foes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me.

Oh, soon to me may summer sun
Nae mair licht up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn.

And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

The Making o' the Hay.

[ROBERT NICOLL.]

Across the riggs we'll wander
The new-mown hay amang,
And hear the blackbird in the wood,
And gie't he sang for sang.
We'll gie't he sang for sang, we will,
For lika heart is gay,
As lads and lassies trip along
At making o' the hay!

It is sae sweetly scented,
It seems a maiden's breath;
Aboon, the sun has wither'd it,
But there is green beneath.
But there is caller green beneath,
Come, lassie, foot away!
The heart is dowie can be cauld
At making o' the hay!

Step lightly o'er, gang saftly by,
 Mak' rig and furrow clean,
 And coil it up in fragrant heaps,—
 We maun ha'e done at e'en:—
 We maun ha'e done at gleaming e'en;
 And when the clouds grow grey,
 Ilk lad may kiss his bonnie lass
 Among the new-made hay!

Lobe's Adieu.

[THIS song was written by JOSEPH GRANT, a Kincardineshire peasant, who, amid toil and poverty, devoted his leisure hours to reading and the cultivation of his mind. He composed verses at the early age of fourteen; and when in his twenty-third year he published "Juvenile Lays," a collection of poems. Two years thereafter, he published "Kincardineshire Traditions" in one small volume. At a later period of his life he contributed several tales and sketches to "Chambers' Journal." He was engaged in preparing a volume of his tales for the press, when he was seized with a cold, which settled on his lungs; and, returning home for the benefit of his native air, he died at Affrak, in April, 1836, in the 30th year of his age.]

THE e'e o' the dawn, Eliza,
 Blinks over the dark green sea,
 An' the moon's creepin' down to the hill tap
 Richt dim an' drowsie;
 An' the music o' the mornin'
 Is murmurin' along the air;
 Yet still my dowie heart lingers
 To catch one sweet throb mair.

We've been as blest, Eliza,
 As children o' earth can be,
 Though my fondest wish has been nipt by
 The bonds o' poverty;
 An' through life's misty sojourn,
 That still may be our fa',
 But hearts that are linked for ever
 Ha'e strength to bear it a'.

The eot by the mutterin' burnie,
 Its wee bit garden an' field,
 May ha'e mair o' the bleasin' o' heaven
 Than lights on the lordliest bield.

There's mony a young brow braided
 Wi' jewels o' far aff isles,
 But woe may be drinkin' the heart-springs
 While we see nought but smiles.

But adieu, my ain Eliza!
 Where'er my wanderin's be,
 Undyin' remembrance will mak' thee
 The star o' my destinie;
 An' weel I ken, thou loved one,
 That aye till I return
 Thou'lt treasure pure faith in thy bosom
 Like a gem in a gowden urn.

Highland Coronach.

[From the "Lady's Poetical Album," Glasgow, 1830.]

I'LL wake it no more
 By Strath-Fillan's blue fountain,
 By Achray's lonely shore,
 Or Benledi's high mountain—
 No more wake the sound
 Of the hunter's bold bugle;
 For in death's narrow mound
 Lies my loved Coliantagal!

How oft has that horn
 To the chase hailed his coming,
 At the first break of morn,
 Ere the bee raised its humming;
 Ere the maid, blythe of mood,
 To the ewe-bught was wending,—
 While each spray of the wood
 With the dew-drops was bending.

When the fox from the shade
 Of the pine-wood was peeping;
 When the deer through the glade
 In the grey dawn was leaping;
 When the mist of the hills
 From the sun-rise was flying;
 And no sound—save the rills
 And the wild breezes sighing—

Then—oh, then—the far cry
 Of his deep-baying beagle,
 From her eyrie on high
 How it startled the eagle!

Roused the stag from his rest
In the glen of green braiken—
But no more its loud quest
Coilantagal shall waken!

Ay! now may his hounds
In the paddock lie idle,
And the steed roam his bounds
Unrestrained by the bridle;
The proud pibroch may blow,
But its notes shall not cheer him—
O'er his breast the brown roe
May leap wild and not fear him!

Wearie's Well.

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.]

In a soft simmer gloamin',
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the brume bank
And looked in the burn,
But sidelang we looked on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corn-craik was chirring
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky.
The burn babbled freely
Its love to each flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought
Above or around:
We felt that our love lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears fill'd mine e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof—
A warld's wealth to me!

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing
On bare holm and lea;
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
The leaf diens part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luvae me
As mine luvit thee?
Ye'll get biggings and mailins,
And monie braw elaes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever!
My first luvae and last;
May thy joys be to come,
Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness,
This hour fa's on me;
But light, as thy love, may
It fleet o'er thee.

The kind breath o' Summer.

[WRITTEN BY JAMES T. WHITELAW, Glasgow.
Set to music by the author, with symphonies and
accompaniments by John M'Dougall.]

THE kind breath o' summer blew softly along,
The crawflower an' gowan on ilka knowe sprang,
An' sweet was the air as I wander'd at e'en,
An' woo'd the dear lass wi' the bonnie blue een.

O clear was the burnie that wimpl'd along,
An' sweet was the strain o' its murmuring sang,
But sweeter that voice, an' far clearer I ween,
Was the blythe bonnie blink o' her twa laughin
een.

As night in the gloamin we wander'd alane,
I speer'd gin she lo'd me, gin she'd be my ain;
Nae word did she speak, but her answer was gien,
Wi' the bluish on her cheek, wi' the glint o' her een.

As the autumn leaves fell, my heart it grew sick,
I saw the rose fading that bloom'd on her cheek;
That voice now was sad that sae cheerie had been,
There shone a strange licht in her bonnie blue een.

The cauld winter cam', nought that fair flower
could save,
She wither'd awa', she was laid in the grave;
The stane that lies over her is moss-cover'd green,
But I've ne'er ance forgot the blythe blink o' her
een.

I heard the evening linnet's voice.

[JOHN FINLAY.—Mr. Finlay was a native of Glasgow, and is well known by his poem entitled, "Wallace, or the Vale of Eileralie." He died in 1810, at the age of 28.]

I HEARD the evening linnet's voice the woodland tufts among,
Yet sweeter were the tender notes of Isabella's song!
So soft into the ear they steal, so soft into the soul,
The deepning pain of love they soothe, and sorrow's pang control.

I look'd upon the pure brook that murmur'd through the glade,
And mingled in the melody that Isabella made;
Yet purer was the residence of Isabella's heart!
Above the reach of pride and gulle, above the reach of art.

I look'd upon the azure of the deep unclouded sky,
Yet clearer was the blue serene of Isabella's eye!
Ne'er softer fell the rain drop of the first relenting year,
Than falls from Isabella's eye the pity-melted tear.

All this my fancy prompted, ere a sigh of sorrow prov'd
How hopelessly, yet faithfully, and tenderly I lov'd!
Yet though bereft of hope I love, still will I love the more,
As distance binds the exile's heart to his dear native shore.

The Home of my Fathers.

SUBDUED by misfortunes, and bow'd down with pain,
I sought on the bosom of peace to recline;
I hid to the home of my fathers again,
But the home of my fathers no longer was mine!
The look that spoke gladness and welcome was gone;
The blaze that shone bright in the hall was no more
A stranger was there with a bosom of stone,
And cold was his eye as I enter'd his door.

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
The fallen to crush, and the humble to spurn;
But I staid not his scorn,—from his mansion I fled,
And my beating heart vow'd never more to return.
When home shall receive me, one home yet I know,
O'er its gloomy recess see the pine branches wave;
'Tis the tomb of my fathers!—The world is my foe,
And all my inheritance now is a grave.

'Tis the tomb of my fathers, the grey-moisten'd walls
Declining to earth, speak emphatic, decay;
The gate off its hinges, and half-opening, calls
"Approach, most unhappy, thy dwelling of clay."
Alas! thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,
How little this meeting once augur'd my breast!
From a wand'rer accept, oh, my fathers! this tear;
Receive him, the last of your race, to your rest!

The Young Laird and Edinburgh Katie.

[THE first stanza of this song belongs to an old licentious ditty: the other verses are by RAMSAY. The tune is called "Wat ye wha I met yestreen?" and sometimes "The Tartan Screen." "The old town of Edinburgh," says Mr. Robert Chambers, "now so degraded, but formerly a place of the highest fashion, is the locality of this fine song, of which the first verse contains a picture of certain customs which obtained a century ago in the capital of Scotland, but are now totally forgotten by all except the antiquary. A young country gentleman, walking up the High Street in the evening, encounters his mistress, no doubt a young lady of good birth as well as breeding, and recognises her even under the tartan garment, then used by all sorts of women as a veil, and against which, as affording peculiar facilities for intrigue, the whole vengeance of the town-council and the kirk-session had been directed in vain. He solicits her to walk with him up to the *hill*—the abbreviated popular phrase for the esplanade in front of Edinburgh castle, which was then the only promenade at the command of the citizens, and a favourite place among lovers for nocturnal assignations. In their walk along the Castle Hill, he takes advantage of the situation to depict the delights of a summer residence in the country, which, in all its poetical and sunshine beauty, may be supposed to have contrasted strongly with the darkness and din of the city beneath, and therefore to have disposed the young lady very favourably to his suit. It is quite as remarkable as it is true, that the mode of courtship among people of the middle ranks in Edinburgh has undergone a complete change in the course of no more than the last thirty years. It used to be customary for lovers to walk together for hours, both during the day and the evening, in the Meadows, or the King's Park, or the fields now occupied by the New Town; practices now only known to artisans and serving girls. The song appeared in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1734."]]

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my Joe?
My mistress, in her tartan screen,
Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my Joe!

My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night
That never wis'd a lover ill,
Sin' ye're out o' your mither's sight,
Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.

Oh, Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town a while?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' creation's gaun to smille.
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs and whistling hynd,
In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,
Will nourish health, and glad your mind

Sune as the clear gudeman o' day
Does bend his morning draught o' dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather floures to bask your brow.
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
The lucken-gowans frae the bog;
Between hands, now and then, we'll lean
And sport upon the velvet fog.

There 's, up into a pleasant glen,
A wee place frae my father's tower,
A canny, soft, and flowery den,
Which croling birks have form'd a bowen
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the caller shade remove;
There will I lock thee in my arm,
And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

[WRITTEN also by RAMSAY, and published in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1734. The tune is called "A health to Betty."]

My mother's aye glowrin' ower me,
Though she did the same before me;
I canna get leave
To look at my love,
Or else she'd be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak' your offer,
Sweet sir—but I'll tyme my tocher;
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
And wye your puir Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty
Of silver, and plenshin'g dainty,
Yet he's unco swair
To twine wi' his gear;
And aae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in lika motion;
Brag weel o' your land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

Alloa House.

[WRITTEN BY DR. ALEXANDER WEBSTER, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. The tune is by Oswald. Dr. Webster was born at Edinburgh in 1707, and died there in 1784, in the 81st year of his ministry.]

THE spring-time returns, and clothes the green
plains,
And Alloa shines more cheerful and gay;
The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring
swains,
Sing merrily round me wherever I stray:
But Sandy nae mair returns to my view;
Nae spring-time me cheers, nae music can charm;
He's gane! and, I fear me, for ever: adieu!
Adieu every pleasure this bosom can warm!

O Alloa house! how much art thou chang'd!
How silent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alone I here wander where aince we both rang'd,
Alas! where to please me my Sandy aince strove!
Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you tauld,
Here list'ned too fond whenever you sang;
Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd
could?
Or, frolicsh, believ'd a false flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair maid, when sorrow's keen pain,
And shame, her last fault-ring accents suppress;
For fate, at that moment, brought back her dear
swain,
Who heard, and with rapture his Nelly address:
My Nelly! my fair, I come; O my love!
Nae power shall thee tear again from my arms,
And, Nelly! nae mair thy fond shepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores a' thy
charms.

She heard; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame;
And will you, my love! be true? she replied:
And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same?
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind:
Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true:
Then adieu to a' sorrow; what soul is so blind,
As not to live happy for ever with you?

Oh, how could I venture.

[Also written by Dr. Webster to the tune of "Alloa House," and first printed, though in an incomplete form, in the Scots Magazine for November, 1747. This lyric is marked by very fervent passion, and may be thought by some to be rather strong language for a clergyman to use; but indeed, it is a curious fact that we are indebted to the cloth for many of our best love-songs. The following four lines cannot be sufficiently admired:

When I see you, I love you; when bearing, adore;
I wonder, and think you a woman no more;
Till, mad wi' admiring, I canna contain,
And, kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

"There is a tradition," says Mr. Chambers, "that Dr. Webster wrote this song in early life, in consequence of a lady of superior rank, whom he was engaged to woo for another, condescending to betray a passion for him." The lady in question, to whom Dr. Webster was eventually married, was a daughter of Colonel Erskine of Alva, and nearly related to the Dundonald family.]

Oh, how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not despise a poor conquest like me,
On lords, thy admirers, could look wi' disdain,
And knew I was naething, yet pitted my pain?
You said, while they teased you with nonsense and
dross,
When real the passion, the vanity's less;
You saw through that silence which others despise,
And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my
eyes.

Oh, how shall I fault thee, and kiss a' thy charms,
Till, fainting wi' pleasure, I die in your arms;
Through all the wild transports of ecstasy tost,
I'll, slaking together, together we're lost!

Oh, where is the maid that like thee ne'er can
 cloy,
 Whose wit can enliven each dull pause of joy;
 And when the short raptures are all at an end,
 From beautiful mistress turn sensible friend?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
 (Too nice for expression,) what only we feel:
 In a' that ye do, in each look and each mien,
 The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
 When I see you, I love you; when hearing, adore;
 I wonder and think you a woman no more:
 Till, mad wi' admiring, I canna contain,
 And, kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom how can I despair?
 I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look awa' care;
 I'll ask thy advice, when with troubles oppress,
 Which never displeases, but always is best.
 In all that I write I'll thy judgment require;
 Thy wit shall correct what thy charms did inspire.
 I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er,
 And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.

The unco Grave.

[T. M. CUNNINGHAM.]

BONNIE Clouden, as ye wander,
 Hills, an' heughs, an' mairs amang,
 Ilka knows an' green meander,
 Learn my sad, my dulefu' sang!
 Braces o' breckan, hills o' heather,
 Howms where rows the gowden wave;
 Blissful scenes! fareweel for ever!
 I maun seek an unco grave.

Sair I pled, though fate, unfriendly,
 Stang'd my heart wi' wae and dule,
 That some faithfu' hand might kindly
 Lay't amang my native mools.
 Cronies dear, wha late an' early,
 Aye to soothe my sorrows strave,
 Think on aye wha lo'es you dearly,
 Doom'd to seek an unco grave.

Torn awa' frae Scotia's mountains,
 Far frae a' that's dear to dwell,
 Mak's my e'en twa gushin' fountains,
 Dings a dirk in my puir soul.

Brave o' breckan, hills o' heather,
 Howms where row the gowden wave,
 Blissfu' scenes, fareweel for ever,
 I maun seek an unco grave!

Raven's stream.

[WRITTEN by the late DANIEL WEIR to a Gaelic air, which is given in the sixth volume of Smith's Scottish Minstrel. Raven's stream is in the neighbourhood of Greenock.]

My love, come let us wander,
 Where Raven's streams meander,
 And where in simple grandeur,
 The daisy decks the plain.
 Peace and joy our hours shall measure;
 Come, oh come, my soul's best treasure!
 Then how sweet, and then how cheerie,
 Raven's braes will be, my dearie.

The silver moon is beaming,
 On Clyde her light is streaming,
 And, while the world is dreaming,
 We'll talk of love, my dear,
 None, my Jean, will share this bosom,
 Where thine image loves to blossom,
 And no storm will ever sever
 That dear flower, or part us ever.

Cameron's Welcome hame.

[JAMES HOGG.—Music by R. A. Smith.]

O STRIKE your harp, my Mary,
 Its loudest liveliest key,
 And join the sounding Corral
 In its wild melody.
 For burn, and breeze, and billow,
 Their sang are a' the same,
 And every waving willow
 Sounds, "Cameron's welcome hame."

O list yon thrush, my Mary,
 That warbles on the pine!
 Its strain so light and airy,
 Accords in joy with thine

The lark that soars to heaven,
The sea-bird on the faem,
Are singing from morn 'till even,
"Brave Cameron's welcome hame."

D'ye mind, my ain dear Mary,
When we hid in the tree,
And saw our Auchnacary,
All flaming fearfully?
The fire was red, red glaring,
And rusu' was the pine,
And aye you cried despairing,
My father's ha's are gane.

I said, my ain wee Mary,
D'ye see yon cloud aye dan,
That sails aboon the cary,
And hides the weary sun?
Behind yon cloud aye dreary,
Beyond and far within,
There's aye, my dear wee Mary,
That views this deadly sin.

He sees this rusu' reavery,
The rage of dastard knave;
He saw our deeds of bravery,
And he'll reward the brave.
Though a' we had was given
For loyalty and faith,
I still had hopes that heaven
Would right the heroes' scath.

The day is dawned in heaven,
For which we a' thought lang;
The good, the just, is given
To right our nation's wrang,
My ain dear Auchnacary,
I ha'e thought lang for thee,
O sing to your harp, my Mary,
And sound its bonniest key.

Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie.

[ONE OF ALLAN RAMSAY'S very finest productions was a Scottish paraphrase or imitation of Horace's celebrated 9th Ode, *Ad Thaliarchum*. It commences thus:

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, and slap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
There are nae gowfers to be seen,
Nor dourer fowk wying a-jee
The byasse-bouls on Tamson's green.
Then fling on coals, and rype the ribs,
And beak the house baith butt and ben;
That mutchkin-stoup it hands but dribe—
Then let's get in the tappit-hen.
Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his soul beyond the moon, &c.

From this ode Ramsay selected the seven concluding verses, and published them in his *Tea Table Miscellany* as a song, to the tune of "Fye, gar rub her ower wi' strae," adopting the first four lines of that old strain as his opening. "It is self-evident," says Burns, "that the first four lines of this song are part of a song more ancient than Ramsay's beautiful verses which are annexed to them. As music is the language of nature; and poetry, particularly songs, are always less or more localised (if I may be allowed the verb) by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scots airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses; except a single name, or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by. To this day, among people who know nothing of Ramsay's verses, the following is the song, and all the song that ever I heard:

'Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,
Gie her a kiss and let her gae;
But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gar rub her ower wi' strae.
Fye, gar rub her, rub her, rub her,
Fye, gar rub her ower wi' strae;
And gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gar rub her ower wi' strae.'

The tune of "Fye, gar rub her ower wi' strae" is very old. We see it attached to one or two English songs as far back as the beginning of the last century.]

Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,
Gie her a kiss and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gar rub her ower wi' strae.
Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twa-hauld ower a runn.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the soft minutes o' delight,
When Jenny speaks below her breath,
And kisses, layin' a' the wyte
On you if she keep ony skaith.

Haith, ye're ill-bred, she'll smilin' say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Synne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersel' in some dark neuk.
Her lanch will lead ye to the place,
Where lies the happiness ye want;
And plainly tell ye to your face,
Nineteen nay-says are hauf a grant.

Now to her heavin' bosom cling,
And sweetly tailye for a kiss;
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
As talken o' a future bliss.
These benisons, I'm very sure,
Are of kind heaven's indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, wheesht, forbear
To plague us wi' your whinin' cant!

My Native Land.

[This beautiful national lyric is the production of ROBERT WHITE of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and is here printed for the first time. Mr. White, though long resident in England, is a native of Scotland; and the verses were suggested by an inquiry made by Mr. Patrick Maxwell, the editor of Miss Blamire's poems, as to whether or not he was a Scotsman. To Mr. Maxwell, therefore, the public is indebted as the cause of so fine a piece being produced, and we, in particular, have to express our obligations to him for his kindness in forwarding it to "The Book of Scottish Song," as well as another beautiful poem by the same author, called "The Mountaineer's Death," which will be found in another part of the work.]

Faith Scotland! dear as life to me
Are thy majestic hills;
And sweet as purest melody
The music of thy rills:

The wildest cairn, the darkest dell
Within thy rocky strand,
Process o'er me a living spell—
Thou art my native land!

Loved country! when I muse upon
Thy dauntless men of old,
Whose swords in battle foremost shone—
Thy Wallace brave and bold,
And Bruce, who for our liberty
Did England's sway withstand—
I glory I was born in thee,
My own ennobled land!

Nor less thy Martyrs I revere,
Who spent their latest breath
To seal the cause they held so dear,
And conquered even in death:
Their graves evince, o'er hill and plain,
No bigot's stern command
Shall mould the faith thy sons maintain.
My dear, devoted land!

And thou hast ties around my heart—
Attraction deeper still;
The gifted Poet's sacred art,
The Minstrel's matchless skill:
Yes, every scene that Burns and Scott
Have touched with magic hand,
Is in my sight a hallowed spot,
Mine own distinguished land!

O! when I wandered far from thee,
I saw thee in my dreams—
I marked thy forests waving free,
I heard thy rushing streams:
Thy mighty dead in life came forth;
I knew the honour'd band;
We spoke of thee—thy fame—thy worth,
My high exalted land!

Now, if the lowly home be mine
In which my fathers dwelt;
And I can worship at the shrine
Where they in fervour knelt;
No glare of wealth, or honour high,
Shall lure me from thy strand:
O! I would yield my parting sigh
In thee—my native land!

The Shipwreck.

[WILLIAM FALCONER.—Air, "The Mariner's Dirge."]

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu!
Your toils, and pains, and dangers are no more;
The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharged with rain and snow,
In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat;
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain
Unheard, shall form the long embattled line;
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tumble, when the hostile squadrons join.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrowed tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell,
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell!

What tho' no sculptur'd pile your name displays,
Like those who perish in their country's cause!
What though no epic muse in living lays,
Records your dreadful daring with applause!

Yet shall remembrance from oblivion's veil
Believe your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,
And soft compassion, at your tragic tale,
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

The black-haired laddie.

[DAVID TOUNG.—Air, "An gilleadh duth eia duth."]

ALACK, my sad heart! how it throbs wi' its sorrow,
I ne'er can awa' wi' the thoughts o' to-morrow;
My father he bargain'd to part wi' his Flora,
My black-hair'd dear laddie, O tak' me awa'!
My black-hair'd dear laddie, O tak' me awa'!

I see frae the grey-headed laird an' my father,
I see to my shepherd, wha trips ower the heather;
We aye were fu' glad when at e'en we'd forgather;
My black-hair'd dear laddie, O tak' me awa'!
My black-hair'd, &c.

The story is tauld, an' her father's confounded;
The ha' wi' his rage an' rampagin' resounded;
The horn, an' the shout's spreadin' clamour, far
sounded,
To tell wha the shepherd had carried awa'.
To tell, &c.

Ower hill, stream, an' valley, through bramble an'
bracken,
They flew till the fugitives were overtaken;
They've torn them asunder, their tender hearts
breakin';
The black-hair'd poor shepherd they drave him
awa'.
The black-hair'd, &c.

The shepherd he look'd in a sad sort o' languish,
An' Flora, o'ercome, in a heart-breakin' anguish,
Exclaim'd—"Frosty-headed laird ne'er shall ex-
tinguish
My love for the laddie they've driven awa'."
My love, &c.

Then, Flora, my life's sail, refrain thy sad sorrow,
Nor heed ye the purposed plan o' to-morrow,
The doilard is doited, the shepherds, dear Flora,
Ere morning's grey dawnin' will ha'e thee awa'.
Ere morning, &c.

The Rover o' Lochryan.

[HUGH AINSLIE.—Set to music by R. A. Smith.]

THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN, he's gane
Wi' his merry men sae brave;
Their hearts are o' the steel, an' a better keel
Ne'er bowl'd ower the back o' a wave.
It's no when the loch lies dead in its trough,
When naething disturbs it awa;
But the rack, an' the ride o' the restless tide
Or the splash o' the grey sea-maw.

It's no when the yawl an' the light skiff crawl
Ower the breast o' the siller sea,
That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best,
An' the Rover that's dear to me.
But when that the clud lays its cheeks to the fud,
An' the sea lays its shouter to the shore;
When the win' sings high, an' the sea-whaups cry
As they rise frae the whitening roar.

It's then that I look to the thickening rook,
 An' watch by the midnight tide;
 I ken the wind brings my rover hame,
 An' the sea that he glories to ride.
 O merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew
 Wi' the helm-beft in his hand,
 An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue,
 As his e'e's upon Galloway's land—

Unstent an' slack each reef and tack,
 Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit;
 She has roar'd through a heavier sea afore,
 An' she'll roar through a heavier yet.
 When landmen sleep, or wake an' creep,
 In the tempest's angry moan,
 We dash through the drift, and sing to the lift
 O' the wave, that heaves us on."

Mary.

[WORDS BY JAMES MACDONALD.—Music by Andrew Armour.—Here first printed.]

THE winter's cauld and cheerless blast
 May rob the feckless tree, Mary,
 And lay the young flowers in the dust,
 Whar aince they bloom'd in glee, Mary.
 It canna chill my bosom's hopes—
 It canna alter thee, Mary;
 The summer o' thy winsome face
 Is aye the same to me, Mary.

The gloom o' life, its cruel strife
 May wear me fast awa', Mary;
 An' lea's me, like a cauld, cauld corpse
 Among the drifting snaw, Mary.
 Yet 'mid the drift, wert thou but nigh,
 I'd fauld my weary e'e, Mary;
 And deem the wild and raging storm
 A laverock's sang o' glee, Mary.

My heart can lie in ruin's dust,
 And fortune's winter dree, Mary;
 While o'er it shines the diamond ray
 That glances frae thine e'e, Mary.
 The rending pangs and wae's o' life,
 The dreary din o' care, Mary,
 I'll welcome, gin they lea'e but thee
 My lanely lot to share, Mary.

As o'er yon hill the evening star
 Is willing day awa', Mary,
 See sweet and fair art thou to me
 At life's sad gloamin' fa', Mary.
 It gars me greet wi' vera joy,
 Whene'er I think on thee, Mary,
 That sic a heart, so true as thine,
 Should e'er ha'e cared for me, Mary.

Mary Macneil.

[FROM THE Edinburgh Intelligencer, 23d December, 1840.—Air, "Kinloch of Kinloch."—EASKINE CONOLLY, the author of this and several other sweet songs, was born "in Orail town," Fifeshire, and died at Edinburgh, January 7th, 1843.]

THE last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sinkin',
 Ower mountain an' meadowland glintin' far-
 weel;
 An' thousands o' stars in the heavens were blinkin',
 As bright as the een o' sweet Mary Macneil.
 A' glowin' wi' gladness she lean'd on her lover,
 Her een tellin' secrets she thought to conceal;
 And fondly they wander'd whar name might dis-
 cover
 The trist o' young Ronald an' Mary Macneil.

O! Mary was modest, an' pure as the lily
 That dew-drape o' mornin' in fragrance reveal;
 Nae fresh bloom in' flow'ret in hill or in valley
 Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.
 She moved, and the graces play'd sportive around
 her;
 She smiled, and the hearts o' the caulest wad
 thrill;
 She sang, an' the mavis cam' listenin' in wonder,
 To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.

But as bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',
 Frae spring a' its beauty an' blossoms will steal;
 An' as sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in',
 Inflicts the deep wound nothing earthly can
 heal.
 The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path hiein'—
 The autumn, his corse on the red battle-fel';
 The winter, the maiden found heart-broken, dyin';
 An' spring spread the green turf ower Mary
 Macneil!

Leddie Anne.

[By JOHN DOUGAL, formerly of Paisley, now of Montreal.]

THE primrose blooms beneath the brae,
The burn rin's rowin' clear;
The laverock lifts nae sound o' wae,
But wha my heart aill cheer;
Or wha will tent my bonnie bairn,
Sae like my fause, fause luvie?
Or wha, when I am dead and gane,
Its tender plaints will muve?

Yestreen they ca'd me leddee Anne,
The bonniest o' them a';
The day my cheeks are howe an' wan,
An' this wild glen's my ha':
Yestreen I had six bower maidens
To do what I thoocht meet,
The day I lie on the cauld green grass,
An' hear my baby greet.

AN' its a' for thee, my fause, fause luvie,
That I maun dree sae sair,
An' for my cruel father's wrath,
Wha I maun ne'er see mair.
But it's little pain ha'e I to thole,
Or grief ha'e I to dree,
The grave is calm; but wha will heed,
My bonnie bairn, for thee.

Let the wounded doe skipp over the mead,
Bring comfort to despair,
But she wha times her maiden fame
Can ne'er taste pleasure mair;
Then, gracious heaven, be not wroth
Wi' ane sae sair beguill'd,
Forgive them a' that did me wrang,
An' save, O, save my child!

The Waits.

[RICHARD GALL.—The Waits are little bands of musicians, who perambulate the streets at midnight, for some time before and after the Christmas and New-Year festivities.]

WHa's this, wi' voice o' music sweet,
Sae early wakes the weary wight?
O weel I ken them by their sough,
The wand'ring minstrels o' the night.

O weel I ken their bonnie lilt,
Their sweetest notes o' melody,
Fu' aft they've thrill'd out through my saul,
And gart the tear fill lika e'e.

O, sweetest minstrels! weat your pipe,
A tender soothin' note to blaw;
Syne saut the "Broom o' Cowdenknowes,"
Or "Roslin Castle's" ruined wa'.
They bring to mind the happy days,
Fu' aft I've spent wi' Jenny dear:—
Ah! now ye touch the very note,
That gars me sigh, and drap a tear.

Your fremit lilt I downa bide,
They never yield a charm for me:
Unlike our ain, by nature made,
Unlike the saft delight they giv';
For weel I ween they warm the breast,
Though sair oppress'd wi' poortith cauld;
An' sae an auld man's heart they cheer,
He times the thought that he is auld.

O, sweetest minstrels! halt a wee,
Another lilt afore ye gang;
An' syne I'll close my waukrife e'e,
Enraptured wi' your bonnie sang.
They're gane! the moon begins to dawn;
They're weary paidlin' through the west;
They're gane! but on my ravished ear,
The dying sounds yet thrill fu' sweet

© Nancy's hair.

[To an old Border melody.]

ON Nancy's hair is yellow like gowd,
An' her een, like the lift, are blue;
Her face is the image o' heavenly luvie,
An' her heart is leal and true.

The innocent smile that plays on her cheek,
Is like the dawning morn;
An' the red, red blush, that across it flees,
Is sic as the rose ne'er has worn.

If it's sweet to see the flickerin' smile
Licht up her sparklin' e'e,
It's holier far to see it dimm'd
Wi' the gushin' tear's saut tree.

'Twas na for a faithless love's false vows,
Nor a brither upo' the wave,
That I saw them fa'—no, they were drapt
On an aged father's grave.

Though joy may dimple her bonnie mou',
An' daffin' may banish care,
In nae blythsome mood, nor hour o' bliss,
Will these een e'er gint aae fair.

Farewell.

[JAMES MURRAY.—Here first printed.]

WHEN we're parted, think not thou
I'll forget our plighted vow—
Other looks from other eyes—
Other whispers—other sighs—
Other forms, though fair they be,
Shall not wean my soul from thee.

Oft as balmy twilight flings
Dewdrops from her dusky wings—
Oft as coming morn again
Trembles in the sparkling main,
Shall my fervent prayer be—
Light of life and joy, to thee!

When the noonday sun is high,
Flaming in the arching sky—
When the swain, with toil oppress'd,
Seeks the shade and sinks to rest,
Then, in fancy wild and free,
I will live that hour with thee.

Isabell.

[HERE first printed.—Air, "My heart is sair
for somebody."]

O SWEET is summer's scented breath,
When flowers bloom rich in muir and dell,
But sweeter far, and bonnier baith,
Is rosy-cheeked Isabell.
O my dear Isabell,
O my lovely Isabell,
Time may change, and hearts may range,
But still I'll love my Isabell.

O what to me were wealth or worth?
O what were blessed life itself?
Or what the joys and gems of earth,
Without the love of Isabell?
O my dear Isabell,
O my lovely Isabell,
She's a' to me that aint should be,
My joy and jewel Isabell.

I feel that poverty is blest'd,
It has mair joys than tongue can tell;
For were I rich, I'd ne'er possess'd
The bosom love of Isabell.
O my dear Isabell,
O my lovely Isabell,
I bless my lot, because it's got
My rosy-cheeked Isabell.

Culloden.

[NICHOLSON.—Air, "O, are ye sleeping, Maggie?"]

THE heath-cock craw'd o'er muir and dale,
Red raise the sun, the sky was cloudy,
While must'ring far wi' distant yell,
The northern bands march'd stern and steady.
O! Duncan, Donald's ready!
O! Duncan, Donald's ready!
Wi' sword an' targe he seeks the charge,
An' frae his shouter flings the plaidie.

Nae mair we chase the fleet-foot roe,
O'er down an' dale, o'er mountain flyin':
But rush like tempests on the foe,
Through mingled groans the war-note cryin'.
O! Duncan, Donald's ready! &c.

A prince is come to claim his ain,
A stem o' Stuart, frien'less Charlie;
What Highlan' han' its blade wad hain?
What Highlan' heart behind would tarry?
O! Duncan, Donald's ready!

I see our hardy clans appear,
The sun back frae their blades is beamin';
The southron trump falls on my ear,
Their banner'd lion's proudly streamin'.
Now, Donald, Duncan's ready!
Now, Donald, Duncan's ready!
Within his hand he grasps his brand;
Fierce is the fray, the field is bluidy!

But lang shall Scotland rue the day,
 She saw her flag sae fiercely flying;
 Culloden hills were hills o' wae;
 Her laurels torn, her warriors dying.
 Duncan now nae mair is ready,
 Duncan now nae mair is ready!
 The brand is ta'en frae out his han',
 His bonnet blue lies stain'd an' bluidy!

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek,
 Lang may she wait for his returnin';
 The midnight dews fa' on her cheek;
 What han' shall dry her tears o' mournin'?
 Duncan now nae mair is ready, &c.

Hill of Lochiel.

[JAMES HOGG.]

Lowe have I pined for thee,
 Land of my infancy!
 Now will I kneel on thee,
 Hill of Lochiel!
 Hill of the sturdy steer,
 Hill of the roe and deer,
 Hill of the streamlet clear,
 I love thee well.

When in my youthful prime,
 Correi and crag to climb,
 Or towering cliff sublime,
 Was my delight
 Scaling the eagle's nest,
 Wounding the raven's breast,
 Skimming the mountain's crest,
 Gladsome and light.

When, at the break of morn,
 Proud o'er thy temples borne,
 Kythed the red-deer's horn,
 How my heart beat!
 Then, when with stunned leap
 Roll'd he adown the steep,
 Never did hero reap
 Conquest so great.

Then rose a bolder game,
 Young Charlie Stuart came;
 Cameron, that loyal name,
 Foremost must be.

Hard then our warrior meed,
 Glorious our warrior deed,
 'Till we were doom'd to bleed
 By treachery.

Then did the red blood stream,
 Then was the broad sword's gleam
 Quench'd in fair freedom's beam,
 No more to shine;
 Then was the morning's brow
 Red with the fiery glow,
 Fell hall and hamlet low,
 All that were mine.

Then was our maiden young,
 First aye in battle strong,
 Fired at her prince's wrong,
 Forced to give way.
 Broke was the golden cup,
 Gone Caledonia's hope;
 Faithful and true men drop
 Fast in the clay.

Far in a hostile land,
 Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
 Oft has the tear-drop bland
 Scorch'd as it fell.
 Once was I spurn'd from thee,
 Long have I mourn'd for thee,
 Now I'm return'd to thee,
 Hill of Lochiel.

Red is the Rose.

[AIR, "Broom blooms bonnie."]

How sweet the rose blaws, it fades and it fa's;
 Red is the rose and bonnie, O;
 It brings to my mind what my dear Johnnie was;
 So bloom'd, so cut off was my Johnnie, O.

Now peace is return'd, but nae joy brings to me;
 Red is the rose and bonnie, O;
 For cold is his cheek, and closed is his e'e,
 And nae mair beats the heart o' my Johnnie, O.

Ah! why did he love me, and leave these sweet
 Red is the rose and bonnie, O: [plains;
 Where smiling contentment and peace ever reigns,
 But they'll ne'er bloom again for my Johnnie, O.

Nor to me will their beauties e'er pleasure impart;
 Red is the rose and bonnie, O;
 For sunk is my spirits, and broken my heart;
 Soon I'll meet ne'er to part frae my Johnnie, O.

When we two parted.

[AIR, "When Januar' winds were blawing."]—

WHEN we two parted, on thy cheek
 The young moon-beam fell soft and meek,
 And the flower was budding on the lea,
 When last I breathed "Farewell to thee."

But thou wert number'd with the dead,
 Before that moon had wax'd and fled;
 And ere the flower had lost its bloom,
 The midnight dews were on thy tomb.

I saw thee not in that last hour
 Which gave thee to the victor's power,
 Nor heard the last recorded sigh
 That 'scaped thee in thine agony.

When thou wert borne upon thy bier,
 I was not with the mourners near!
 Where tears and dust were strew'd o'er thee.
 Alas that was no place for me!

The warmest heart that ever beat
 Lies cold beneath the winding-sheet!
 The fairest form earth ever knew,
 Is vanish'd like the morning dew.

The Ingle Side.

[HUGH AIRSLIE.]

It's rare to see the morning breeze
 Like a bonfire frae the sea;
 It's fair to see the burnie kiss
 The lip o' the flow'ry lea;
 An' fine it is in the green hill side,
 When hums the hinnie bee;
 But rarer, fairer, finer far,
 Is the ingle side to me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
 The birds may fill the tree;
 And haughs ha'e a' the scented ware
 That shamer's growth can gie;
 But the canny hearth where cronies meet,
 An' the darling o' our e'e,
 That mak's to us a world complete;
 O the ingle side's for me.

The Bonnie Rowan Bush.

[ROBERT NICOLL.]

THE bonnie rowan bush
 In yon lane glen—
 Where the burnie clear doth gush
 In yon lane glen;
 My head is white and auld,
 An' my bluid is thin an' cauld,—
 But I lo'e the bonnie rowan bush
 In yon lane glen.

My Jeanie first I met
 In yon lane glen—
 When the grass wi' dew was wet
 In yon lane glen;
 The moon was shinin' sweet,
 An' our hearts wi' love did beat,—
 By the bonnie, bonnie rowan bush
 In yon lane glen.

Oh! she promised to be mine
 In yon lane glen;
 Her heart she did resign
 In yon lane glen:
 An' monie a happy day
 Did o'er us pass away,
 Beside the bonnie rowan bush
 In yon lane glen.

Sax bonnie bairns had we
 In yon lane glen—
 Lads an' lasses young an' sprie
 In yon lane glen;
 An' a blither family
 Than ours there cou'dna be,
 Beside the bonnie rowan bush
 In yon lane glen.

Now my auld wife's gane awa'
 Frae yon lane glen;
 An' though simmer sweet doth fa
 On yon lane glen,
 To me its beauty's gane,
 For alake! I sit alane,
 Beside the bonnie rowan bush
 In yon lane glen.

Marion.

[ROBERT GILFILLAN.—Inscribed to his niece,
 Miss Marion Law Gilfillan.]

My own, my true-loved Marion!
 No wreath for thee I'll bring;
 No summer-gather'd roses fair,
 Nor snow-drops of the spring!
 O! these would quickly fade—for soon
 The brightest flowers depart;
 A wreath more lasting I will give—
 A garland of the heart!

My own, my true-loved Marion!
 Thy morn of life was gay,
 Like to a stream that gently flows
 Along its lovely way!
 And now, when in thy pride of noon,
 I mark thee, blooming fair;
 Be peace and joy still o'er thy path,
 And sunshine ever there!

My own, my gentle Marion!
 Though 'tis a world of woe,
 There's many a golden tint that falls
 To gild the road we go!
 And in this chequer'd vale, to me
 A light hath round me shone,
 Since thou camest from thine Highland home
 In days long past and gone!

My own, my true-loved Marion!
 Cold, cold this heart shall be,
 When I shall cease to love thee still—
 To cheer and cherish thee!
 Like ivy round the wither'd oak
 Though all things else decay,
 My love for thee shall still be green,
 And will not fade away!

The Captive Huntsman.

[THIS beautiful song occurs in SIR WALTER
 SCOTT'S "Lady of the Lake."]

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
 My idle greyhound loathes his food,
 My horse is weary of his stall,
 And I am sick of captive thrall.
 I wish I were as I have been,
 Hunting the hart in forests green,
 With bended bow and bloodhound free,
 For that's the life is meet for me

I hate to learn the ebb of time,
 From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
 Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
 Inch after inch along the wall.
 The lark was wont my matin ring,
 The sable rook my vespers sing;
 These towers, although a king's they be,
 Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
 Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
 And homeward wend with evening dew;
 A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
 And lay my trophies at her feet,
 While fled the eve on wing of glee—
 That life is lost to love and me.

The Hills of the Highlan's.

[NICHOLSON.—Tune, "Ewe Buchta, Marion."]

Will ye go to the Highlan's, my Mary,
 And visit our haughs and our glens?
 There's beauty 'mang hills o' the Highlan's
 The braw lawian' lassie ne'er kens.

'Tis true we've few cowlips or roses;
 Nae lilies grow wild on the lee;
 But the heather its sweet scent discloses,
 And the daisy's as sweet to the e'e.

See yon far heathy hills, whar they're risin',
 Whose summits are shaded wi' blue;
 There the fleet mountain roes they are lyin',
 Or feedin' their fawns, love, for you.

There the loud roaring floods they are fallin',
By crags that are furrow'd and grey;
To her young there the eagle is callin',
Or gasin' afar for her prey.

Or low, by the birks on the burnie,
Whar the goat wi' her younglin's doth rest,
There oft I would lead thee my Mary,
Whar the blackbird has buik'd her nest.

Right sweet are our scenes i' the gloamin',
Whan the shepherds return frae the hill,
Aroun' by the banks o' Loch Lomon',
While bagpipes are soundin' sae shrill.

Right sweet is the low-setting sun-beam,
On the lake's bosom quiv'rin' seen;
But sweeter the smiles o' my Mary,
And kinder the blinks o' her een.

Thy looks would gar stammer seem sweeter,
An' cheer winter's bare dreary gloom;
With thee every joy is completer,
While true love around us should bloom.

The south'ren, in a' his politeness,
His air and his grandeur may shine;
Our hills boast o' mair true discreetness,
An' his love is not equal to mine.

The banks of Tarf.

[Nicolson.—Tune, "Sin' my Uncle's dead."]

Where windin' Tarf, by broomy knowes,
Her siller wave sae softly rows;
And mony a green-wood cluster grows,
An' hare-bells bloomin', bonnie, O.
Below a spreadin' hazle tree,
Fu' snugly hid whar name could see,
While blinkin' love beam'd frae her e'e,
I met my bonnie Annie, O.

Her neck was o' the snaw-drap hue,
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew:
But O, her e'e, o' a' sure blye,
Was past expressin' bonnie, O.
Like threads o' gowd her slavin' hair,
That lightly wanton'd in the air;
But vain were a' my skill an' mair
To tell the charms o' Annie, O.

While smilin' in my arms she lay,
She whisperin' in my ear did say,
"O how could I survive the day,
Should ye prove false, my Tammie, O!"
"While spangled fish glide to the main,
While Scotland's braves shall wave wi' grain,
Till this fond heart shall break wi' pain,
I'll aye be true to Annie, O."

The Beltane winds blew loud an' lang,
An' ripplin' raised the spray along;
We cheerfu' sat, and cheerfu' sang,
The banks o' Tarf are bonnie, O.
Tho' sweet is spring, when young and gay,
An' blythe the blinks o' summer's day;
I fear nae winter, cold and blae,
If blest wi' love an' Annie, O.

Now lanely I sit.

[ALEX. FULLARTON.—Tune, "Bonnie Dundee."]

Now lanely I sit 'neath the green spreading willow,
The loss o' my Jehnnie in tears to deplore:
Loud blows the wind o'er the white foaming billow;
But the wild howling storm can awake him no more!

Bravely he fought on the hills of Vimiera,
Was doom'd at Corunna, with Moore, to lie low;
But bravely he fell, his brave comrades declare a',
While fearless he press'd on the ranks of the foe.

Oh! blirly and blye was the day when we parted!
And sair blew the blast on the bare naked tree:
But mild was the storm when compared wi' the
tempest

That raved in my heart, and that blindit my e'e.
Fondly, but vainly, he strove for to cheer me,
And spak' o' braw days when again he'd be free:
But ah! never mair shall the sight o' my Jehnnie
Bring joy to my heart, or yet gladden my e'e.

O sweet war the hours that I spent wi' my laddie,
And saft were the tales that he tauld in mine ear;
Light beat my heart as sae blythesome and cheerie
We met 'mang the brookans, when e'enin' was
near:

Wild throbb'd my bosom as fondly he prest me,
And urg'd my consent, and derided delay;
But now lika scene whar he kindly carous'd me
Glie pain, since my Jehnnie lies cauld in the clay

Pale guides his ghost on the hills of Corunna:
 Fancy, O wait the dear shade to my view!
 Fearless, alone I'd converse wi' my Johnnie,
 Nor tremble to meet him beside the lone yew.
 Down by yon hawthorn, so lately in blossom,
 That drooping and wither'd now seems in decay,
 There aft was I prest to that dear manly bosom,
 That, sairly lamented, lies cold in the clay.

Absence.

[THIS song is the production of DR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK, commonly called the Blind Poet, who also composed an air to it, and sent both to Johnson's Museum. It professes to be "written in the manner of Shenstone." Dr. Blacklock was a native of Annan, and in infancy lost his eyesight from small pox. Notwithstanding this calamity, he studied for the church, and was licensed to preach, but, owing to his blindness, never obtained a kirk. His life was principally spent at Edinburgh, where he kept a boarding-house, and was much venerated by all classes. He died there in 1791, aged seventy.]

Ye rivers so limpid and clear,
 Who reflect, as in cadence you flow,
 All the beauties that vary the year,
 All the flow'rs on your margins that grow!
 How blest on your banks could I dwell,
 Were Margaret the pleasure to share,
 And teach your sweet echoes to tell
 With what fondness I doat on the fair!

Ye harvests, that wave in the breeze
 As far as the view can extend!
 Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,
 Whose tops so majestic ascend!
 Your landscape what joy to survey,
 Were Margaret with me to admire!
 Then the harvest would glitter, how gay,
 How majestic the mountains aspire!

In pensive regret whilst I rove,
 The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale;
 Or catch as it swells from the grove,
 The music that floats on the gale:
 Alas! the delusion how vain!
 Nor odours nor harmony please
 A heart agonising with pain,
 Which tries ev'ry posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes,
 Or the languor of absence to cheer,
 Her breath I would catch in the rose,
 Or her voice in the nightingale hear.
 To cheat my despair of its prey,
 What object her charms can assume!
 How harsh is the nightingale's lay,
 How insipid the rose's perfume!

Ye sephyrs that visit my fair,
 Ye sunbeams around her that play,
 Does her sympathy dwell on my care?
 Does she number the hours of my stay?
 First perish ambition and wealth,
 First perish all else that is dear,
 Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,
 Ere my absence should cost her one tear.

When, when shall her beauties once more
 This desolate bosom surprise?
 Ye fates! the blest moments restore
 When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes:
 When with sweet emulation of heart,
 Our kindness we struggled to show;
 But the more that we strove to impart
 We felt it more ardently glow.

While frequent on Tweed.

[WRITTEN by the REV. JOHN LOGAN, at one time a clergyman in Leith, but who spent the latter years of his life as a literary adventurer in London. He was born in 1748, and died in 1788.]

WHILE frequent on Tweed and on Tay,
 Their harps all the muses have strung,
 Should a river more limpid than they,
 The wood-fringed Esk flow unsung?
 While Nelly and Nancy inspire
 The poet with pastoral strains,
 Why silent the voice of the lyre
 On Mary, the pride of the plains?

O nature's most beautiful bloom
 May flourish unseen and unknown:
 And the shadows of solitude gloom
 A form that might shine on a throne.
 Through the wilderness blossoms the rose,
 In sweetness retired from the sight;
 And Philomel warbles her woes
 Alone to the ear of the night.

How often the beauty is hid
Amid shades that her triumphs deny!
How often the hero forbid
From the path that conducts to the sky!
A Helen has pined in the grove;
A Homer has wanted his name;
Unseen in the circle of love,
Unknown to the temple of fame.

Yet let us walk forth to the stream,
Where poet ne'er wander'd before;
Enamour'd of Mary's sweet name,
How the echoes will spread to the shore!
If the voice of the muse be divine,
Thy beauties shall live in my lay;
While reflecting the forest so fine,
Sweet Esk o'er the valleys shall stray.

Fair modest flower.

[WILLIAM REID, bookseller, Glasgow.—Tune,
"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."]

FAIR modest flower, of matchless worth!
Thou sweet, enticing, bonnie gem,
Blest is the soil that gave thee birth,
And blest thine honour'd parent stem.
But doubly blest shall be the youth,
To whom thy heaving bosom warms;
Possess'd of beauty, love, and truth,
He'll clasp an angel in his arms.

Though storms of life were blowing snell,
And on his brow sat brooding care,
Thy seraph smile would quick dispel
The darkest gloom of black despair.
Sure heaven hath granted thee to us,
And chose thee from the dwellers there,
And sent thee from celestial bliss,
To show what all the virtues are.

Wee Johnnie.

WE' JOHNIE the hynd o' Bigghead,
What think ye, he wad ha'e a wife
To manage his meal and his bread,
For his siller was nae very rife.

A laird i' the neist borough town,
Had daughters and siller a plenty,
Thinks he, gif the nest be na flown,
My chance it'll surely be dainty.

He puts on his braw plaiding trews,
And he scrapes aff his beard wi' a whittle.
And he puts on the best o' his blues,
And he rubs up his bonnet aae muckle.

He tak's the wide teeth'd stable kame,
And he gies his rough head a bit clantie,
He maist tore the hide frae the bane,
For O it was wondrous tautie.

His headpiece put on aboon a',
He glows in a coght o' water—
Says he, "O I'm bonnie and braw,
And I'm sure o' the lass and her tocher."

A staff in his han' s'adam lang,
An' nickit, right sair it wad bruise ye;
He lilted awa' and he sang,
"Now I'm sure that she canna refuse me."

Arrived at the gentleman's door—
He ken'd na the gait o' the gentry,
He lean'd a' his weight till't, and there
He fell wi' a blade i' the entry.

Miss Jean, for to hand up the joke,
She exterd' him ben to her cham'ber,
An' O! how he rifted an' spoke,
An' he said that she shined like the an'.

An' now, lass, my errand to you
Is to mak' ye a sort o' haff marrow
To wait on my house, my dow,
While I'm at the plough an' the harrow.

I've already twa three-fitted stools,
A fit-gang, a bed, an' an am'ty,
A blink for our bickers an' bowls,
An' I break them right aft when I'm an'ty.

I've likewise twa gude horn spoons,
A flesh fork, a pot and a ladle,
A girdle for toasting our scoops,
Baith poker an' tange, an' a paddle.

Ye's got parritch an milk in the morning,
An' butter an' cheese to your dinner,
The same again' night for your coming;
An' ye'll swall just like auld lucky Ginver.

For I've thretty pun Scots lika year—
 Twa pecks o' gude meal an' a saxpence
 Comes in lika Saturday clear,
 Sent me down frae said Andrew Dickson's.

I've likewise a dainty milk oow—
 An' thae things will aye hand us breathing:
 Twa pigs an' a dainty brood sow,
 An' they a' get their grazing for naething.

See tell me when ye're comin' hame,
 An' diana appear in a swither,
 For gin ye winna tak' me, my dame,
 Froth I'm just gaun awa' to anither.

Dear Johnnie, quo' she, with a smile,
 It's a' very fair that ye proffer—
 But wi' kye and wi' pigs for to tell—
 I canna accept o' your offer.

Her father this while at the door—
 Lap in wi' an' angry complexion,
 An' O! how be curst an' he swore
 He wad beat him, an' bruise him, an' vex him.

Poor Johnnie maist coupit the creels;
 The door it stood open before him;
 He fled—while the grews at his heels,
 An' the spaniels were like to devour him.

Lobely Mary.

[JOHN GRAEVE.—Air, "Gowd in gowpens."]

I've seen the lily of the wold;
 I've seen the opening marigold,
 Their fairest hues at morn unfold;
 But fairer is my Mary.
 How sweet the fringe of mountain burn,
 With op'ning flowers at spring's return!
 How sweet the scent of flowery thorn!
 But sweeter is my Mary.

Her heart is gentle, warm, and kind;
 Her form's not fairer than her mind;
 Two sister beauties rarely join'd,
 But join'd in lovely Mary.
 As music from the distant steep,
 As starlight on the silent deep,
 So are my passions hull'd asleep
 By love for bonnie Mary.

'Neath the wave.

[WRITTEN by DANIEL WEIR to a Gaelic air.]

'NEATH the wave thy lover sleeps,
 And cold, cold is his pillow;
 O'er his bed no maiden weeps,
 Where rolls the white billow.
 And though the winds have sunk to rest
 Upon the ocean's troubled breast,
 Yet still, oh still there's left behind
 A restless storm in Ellen's mind.

Her heart is on yon dark'ning wave,
 Where all she lov'd is lying,
 And where around her William's grave,
 The sea-bird is crying.
 And oft on Jura's lonely shore,
 Where surges beat and billows roar,
 She sat—but grief has nipt her bloom,
 And there they made young Ellen's tomb.

The Mermaid.

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.—Set to music in R. A. Smith's Scottish Minstrel.]

THE night is mirk, and the wind blows schill,
 And the white foam weets my bree,
 And my mind misgives me, gay maiden,
 That the land we sail never see!
 Then up and spak' the mermaid,
 And she spak' blythe and free,
 "I never said to my bonnie bridegroom,
 That on land we suld weddit be.

"Oh! I never said that ane ertlike preest
 Our bridal blessing should gie,
 And I never said that a landwart bours
 Should hald my luv and me."
 And whare is that preest, my bonnie maiden,
 If ane ertlike wicht is na he?
 "Oh! the wind will sangh, and the sea will rair,
 When weddit we twa sall be."

And whare is that bours, my bonnie maiden,
 If on land it suld na be?
 "Oh! my blythe bours is low," said the mermaid,
 "In the bonnie green howes o' the sea:

My gay bours is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,
And the banes o' the drowned at sea;
The fish are the deer that fill my parks,
And the water waste my drurie.

"And my bours is skailtit wi' the big blue waves,
And paved wi' the yellow sand,
And in my chalms grow bonnie white flowers
That never grew on land.
And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie bridegroom,
A leman on earth that wuld g'e
Aiker for aiker o' the red plough'd land,
As I'll g'e to thee o' the sea?

The mune will rise in half ane hour,
And the wee bright starns will shine;
Then we'll sink to my bours 'neath the wan water
Full fifty fathom and nine."
A wild, wild skreik, g'ed the fuy bridegroom,
And a loud, loud laugh, the bride;
For the mune raise up, and the twa sank down
Under the silver'd tide.

Lenachan's Farewell.

[JAMES HOOE.—Air, "Ho cha nell muled urn,"
or "The Emigrant's adieu."]

Fare thee weel, my native oot,
Bothy o' the birken tree!
Sair the heart, and hard the lot,
O' the lad that parts wi' thee,
My good grandsire's hand thee rear'd,
Then thy wicker work was full;
Mony a Campbell's glen he clear'd,
Hit the buck, and hough'd the bull.

In thy green and grassy crook
Mair lies hid than crusted stanes;
In thy blen and weirdly nook
Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.
Thou wast aye the kinsman's hame,
South and welcome was his fare;
But if serf or Saxon came,
He cross'd Murich's hirst nae mair

Never hand in thee yet bred
Kendna how the sword to wield;
Never heart of thine had dread
Of the foray or the field:

Ne'er on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,
Sdu of thine lay down to die;
Every lad within thee bred
Died beneath heaven's open e'e.

Charlie Stuart he cam' here,
For our king, as right became;
Wha could shun the Bruce's heir?
Wha could tyne our royal name?
Firm—do stand, and free to fa',
Forth we march'd right valiantlie,
Gane is Scotland's king an' law!
Woe to the Highlands and to me!

Freemen, yet I'll scorn to fret,
Here nae langer I mann stay;
But, when I my hame forget,
May my heart forget to play!
Fare thee weel, my father's oot,
Bothy o' the birken tree!
Sair the heart, and hard the lot,
O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

Life's a faught.

[ROBERT ALLAN of Kilbarchan.—Air, "The
glancing o' her apron."]

THAT life's a faught there is nae doubt,
A steep and slippy'ry brae,
And wisdom's sa', wi' a' it's rules,
Will aften find it see.
The truest heart that e'er was made,
May find a deadly foe,
And broken aiths and faithless vows
G'e lovers mickle woe.

When poortith looks wi' sour disdain,
It frights a body sair,
And gars them think they ne'er will meet
Delight or pleasure mair.
But though the heart be e'er ene sad,
And preet wi' joyless care,
Hope lightly steps in at the last,
To fly awa' despair.

For love o' wealth let misers toll,
And fret baith late and air',
A cheerfu' heart has aye enough,
And whiles a mite to spare:

A leal true heart's a gift frae heav'n,
A gift that is maist rare;
It is a treasure o' itsel',
And lightens lika care.

Let wealth and pride exalt thesel's,
And boast o' what they ha'e,
Compar'd wi' truth and honesty,
They are nae worth a strae.
The honest heart keeps aye aboon,
Whate'er the world may say,
And laughs and turns its shafts to scorn,
That thiers would dismay.

See let us mak' life's burden light,
And drive ilk care awa';
Contentment is a dainty feast,
Although in hamely ha';
It gies a charm to ilka thing,
And mak's it look fu' braw,
The spendthrift and the miser herd,
It soars aboon them a'.

But there's ae thing amang the lave
To keep the heart in tune,
And but for that the weary spleen
Wad plague us late and soon;
A bonnie lass, a canty wif,
For sic is nature's law;
Without that charmer o' our lives,
There's scarce a charm ava.

The Corbie and Crow.

[ALEX. CAMPBELL.]

THE corbie wi' his rosy throat,
Cried frae the leafless tree,
"Come o'er the loch, come o'er the loch,
Come o'er the loch to me."

The crow put up his sooty head,
And look'd o'er the nest whare he lay,
And gied a fiat wi' his rosy wings,
And cried "whare tae? whare tae?"

Cor. "Te pike a dead man that's lying
Ahint yon melkie stane."

Cra. "Is he fat, is he fat, is he fat, is he fat?
If no, we may let him alane."

Cor. "He cam' frae merry England, to steal
The sheep, and kill the deer."
Cra. "I'll come, I'll come, for an Englishman
Is aye the best o' cheer."

Cor. "O we may breakfast on his breast,
And on his back may dine;
For the lave a' fled to their ain countrie,
And they've ne'er been back sinyne."

The Tod.

"Es," quo' the tod, "it's a braw licht nicht,
The win's i' the wast, and the mune shines bricht,
The win's i' the wast, and the mune shines bricht,
An' I'll awa' to the town, O."

"I was down amang yon shepherd's scroggs,
I'd like to been worried by his dogs,
But, by my sooth! I minded his hogs
That nicht I cam' to the town, O."

He's ta'en the grey goose by the green sleeve,
"Ech, ye auld witch! nae langer shall ye live;
Your flesh it is tender, your banes I maun prieve,
For that I cam' to the town, O."

Up gat the auld wife out o' her bed,
And out o' the window she shot her auld head,
"Eh, gudeman! the grey goose is dead,
An' the tod has been i' the town, O."

My Mother bids me bind.

[THE authoress of this song, and of others which we shall presently quote, was MRS. JOHN HUNTER, wife of the distinguished anatomist and physiologist, John Hunter, whose brother, William, founded the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. Her maiden name was Anne Home, and she was the eldest daughter of Robert Home of Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, a surgeon in the army. She was born in 1748, married in 1771, and died in 1821. A volume of her poems was published at London in 1803, dedicated to her son.]

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my boddice blue.

For why, she cries, sit still and weep,
While others dance and play?
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When those we love were near;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep, or dead,
Now Lubin is away.

In airy dreams.

[MRS. JOHN HUNTER.]

In airy dreams fond fancy flies,
My absent love to see,
And with the early dawn I rise,
Dear youth, to think of thee.

How swiftly flew the rosy hours,
When hope and love were new;
Sweet was the time as op'ning flowers,
But ah! 'twas transient too.

The moments now move slowly on,
Until thy wish'd return;
I count them pensive and alone,
As in the shades I mourn.

Return, return, my love, and charm
Each anxious care to rest;
Thy voice shall every doubt disarm,
And soothe my troubled breast.

Remembrance.

[MRS. JOHN HUNTER.]

While I behold the moon's pale beam,
Her light perhaps reflects on thee,
As wand'ring near the silver stream,
Thy sad remembrance turns to me.

Ah, to forget! the wish were vain!
Our souls were form'd thus fond to be;
No more I'll murmur and complain,
For thou, my love, wilt think on me.

Silent and sad, I take my way,
As fortune decks my bark to steer;
Of hope a faint and distant ray
Our far divided days shall cheer.

Ah! to return, to meet again!
Dear blissful thought! with love and thee!
No more I murmur and complain,
For thou, my love, wilt think on me.

The Farewell.

[MRS. JOHN HUNTER.]

Fare from hope, and lost to pleasure,
Haste away to war's alarms!
Sad I leave my soul's dear treasure,
For the dismal din of arms.

But, ah! for thee I follow glory,
To gain thy love I dare to die;
And when my comrades tell my story,
Thou shalt lament me with a sigh.

All my griefs will then be over,
Sunk in death's eternal rest:
You may regret a faithful lover,
Though you refuse to make him blest.

Bestow a tear of kind compassion
To grace a hapless soldier's tomb;
And, ah! forgive a fatal passion,
Which reason could not overcome.

Indian Death Song.

[MRS. JOHN HUNTER.]

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknoomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the
pain?

No! the son of Alknemook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation
away:

Now the flame rises fast; ye exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknemook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes like a friend, to relieve me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknemook, has scorn'd to com-
plain!

Wedded Love.

[ALEX. LAING.—Air, "Carolyn's Receipt."]

We sought the green, the shady grove,
When life was young and love was new:
We plodg'd the vows of purest love,
And with our years affection grew.
Now in the oot on yonder brow,
Around with folding ivy wove,
The Shannon's winding stream in view,
How bless'd we'll live on wedded love.

And though our fortune is but low,
Though we have yet but little store,
I'll wield the spade, and ply the hoe,
And strive to make that little more;
And when my daily toil is o'er,
With cheerful heart I'll homeward move—
And smiling peace, and plenty, sure,
Will bless the home of wedded love!

Time cannot blot.

[WILLIAM HOLMES.—Here first printed.]

Time cannot blot from memory's book
The record of those tender ties,
Sprung from that first and silent look
Of ours into each other's eyes.

Yet neither of us read arigit
The language of each other's heart,
Or thou would'st not my passion alight,
Nor I be grieved from thee to part.

I dream't, while gazing on thy face,
A soul was beaming on thy smile;
Alas! it was a maiden grace
My fancy furnished all the while.

'Tis ever thus that love is blind:
My heart, though open to thy view,
Seem'd but a picture, which thy mind
Of its own icy coldness drew.

Farewell, farewell!—still thou wilt seem
Unchang'd till my life's latest even;
The image of a blessed dream,
That gave to earth the light of heaven.

Our gudeman.

[ALEX. LAING.]

Our gudeman's aye frae hame,
Aye frae hame, aye frae hame;
Our gudeman's aye frae hame,
Drunkie dolted carlie!
Yet a' the wark about the town,
Out an' in gae brawly on,
Our Johnny's sic an unco loun,
For workin' late and early!

I see'd the chiel' at Candlemas,
At Candlemas, at Candlemas;
I see'd the chiel' at Candlemas,
To saw the aits and barley;
But Johnny's ready, young, an' tough,
An' foremost aye at cart an' plough!
An' never thinks he works anough,
Though workin' late an' early.

The corbie-craw came here yestreen,
Came here yestreen, came here yestreen,
The corbie-craw came here yestreen,
An' croaked lang and sairly,—
Oh! were he fye that's nightly fu',
Had mools an' maggots ance their due,
Our Johnny maunna ha'e to rue,
His workin' late and early.

My luv's in Germany.

[THIS, to the tune of "Ye Jacobites by name," was first published as a single sheet song by N. Stewart & Co., Edinburgh, and was said to have been written by a lady on the death of an officer, in 1794. HECTOR MACNICOLL, however, claimed it as his own.]

My luv's in Germanie;
Send him hame, send him hame:
My luv's in Germanie;
Send him hame.
My luv's in Germanie,
Fighting brave for royalty;
He may ne'er his Jeanie see,
Send him hame, send him hame;
He may ne'er his Jeanie see;
Send him hame.

He's as brave as brave can be;
Send him hame, send him hame;
Our faes are ten to three;
Send him hame.
Our faes are ten to three;
He maun either fa' or flee,
In the cause of loyalty;
Send him hame, send him hame;
In the cause of loyalty;
Send him hame.

Your luv ne'er learnt to flee,
Bonnie dame, winsome dame;
Your luv ne'er learnt to flee,
Winsome dame.
Your luv ne'er learnt to flee,
But he fell in Germanie,
Fighting brave for loyalty
Mournfu' dame, mournfu' dame;
Fighting brave for loyalty,
Mournfu' dame.

He'll ne'er come ower the sea;
Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
He'll ne'er come ower the sea;
Willie's gane!
He will ne'er come ower the sea,
To his luv and ain countrie.
This warld's nae mair for me;
Willie's gane, Willie's gane;
This warld's nae mair for me;
Willie's gane!

Winter, wi' his cloudy brow.

[ROBERT TANNHILL.—Air, "Forneth House."]

Now winter, wi' his cloudy brow,
Is far ayont yon mountains,
And spring beholds her azure sky
Reflected in the fountains.
Now, on the budding slae-thorn bank,
She spreads her early blossom,
And woos the mirly-breasted birds
To nestle in her bosom.
But lately a' was clad wi' snow,
Sae darksome, dull, and dreary,
Now lavrocks sing, to hail the spring,
And nature all is cheery.

Then let us leave the town, my love,
And seek our cuntry dwelling,
Where waving woods, and spreading flow'rs,
On every side are smiling.
We'll tread again the daisied green,
Where first your beauty moved me;
We'll trace again the woodland scene,
Where first ye own'd ye loved me.
We soon will view the roses blaw
In a' the charms of fancy,
For doubly dear these pleasures a',
When shared with thee, my Nancy.

Land of my Fathers.

[WRITTEN by DR. JOHN LEYDEN. Set to music by E. A. Smith.]

LAND of my fathers! though no mangrove here
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,
Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot,
Nor lucious guava wave her yellow fruit,
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree;
Land of dark heaths and mountains, thou art free
Free as his lord the peasant treads the plain,
And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain.

Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might:
Dear native valleys! may ye long retain
The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain.

Long, 'mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,
May rural innocents and beauty meet;
And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,
From every cot the peasant's chanted psalm!

Then, Jedworth, though thy ancient choirs shall
fade,
And time lay bare each lofty colonnade,
From the damp roof the mazy sculptures die,
And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie;
Still in these vales shall angel harps prolong,
By Jed's pure stream, a sweeter evening song
Than long processions, once, with mystic zeal,
Pour'd to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

Farewell to the Land.

FAREWELL to the land of the rock and the wild-
wood,

The hill and the forest and proud swelling wave;
To the land where bliss smiled on the days of my
childhood,

Farewell to thee, Scotia, thou land of the brave!
Far dearer to me are thy heath cover'd mountains,
Than Gallia's rich valleys, and gay fertile plains;
And dearer by far than her murmuring fountains,
The roar of the torrent, where liberty reigns.

Wherever I wander, sweet Isle of the ocean,
My thoughts still shall turn to thy wild rocky
shore;

Ah! still shall my heart beat with fondest emotion,
While musing on scenes I may visit no more.

Adieu, then, dear land of romance and wild story,
Thy welfare and honour for ever shall be
The prayer of an exile, whose boast and whose
glory,

Is the tie that still binds him, loved country, to
thee!

The midges dance.

[ROBT. TANNAHILL.—Air, "The Shepherd's Son."]

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
The dews begin to fa',
The pairtricks down the rushy holms
Set up their e'en'ing ca'.

Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While fitting, gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloaming sky,
The mavis mends her lay,
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,
To charm the ling'ring day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wall
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gae jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honeysuckle, and the birk,
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

Our bonnie Scots lads.

[ROBERT TANNAHILL.—Set to music by R. A. Smith.]

OUR bonnie Scots lads, in their green tartan plaids,
Their blue-belted bonnets, and feathers a' braw,
Rank'd up on the green were fair to be seen,
But my bonnie young laddie was fairest of a'.
His cheeks were as red as the sweet heather-bell,
Or the red western cloud looking down on the
snow,
His lang yellow hair o'er his braid shoulders fell,
And the een o' the lassies were fix'd on him a'.

My heart sunk wi' wae on the wearifu' day,
When torn frae my bosom they march'd him
awa',

He bade me fareweel, he cried, "O be leel,"
And his red cheeks were wat wi' the tears that
did fa'.

Ah! Harry, my love, though thou ne'er shoud'st
return,

Till life's latest hour I thy absence will mourn,
And memory shall fade, like the leaf on the tree,
Ere my heart spare ae thought on anither but
thee.

Dinna think, bonnie lassie.

[THIS song has always been published without an author's name, but according to Mr. Stenhouse, the erudite annotator in Johnson's Museum, HECTOR MACNEILL wrote the whole of it, except the last verse, which was written by Mr. John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh. Hamilton issued it with his own addition, as a sheet song. Macneill did not include it among his poetical works. The song is adapted to a dancing tune called "Clunie's Reel." Elsewhere, the tune is called "The smith's a gallant fireman." It may be mentioned that Miss Blamire has a song which opens similarly to the present, and Mr. Maxwell, the editor of her Poetical Works, conjectures, with every appearance of probability, that Macneill may have seen Miss Blamire's verses.]

O DINNA think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
 I'll tak' a stick into my hand, and come again and see thee.

Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night and eerle;
 Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night and eerle;
 Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night and eerle;
 O stay this night wi' your love, and dinna gang and leave me.

It's but a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie,
 Whene'er the sun gae west the loch, I'll come again and see thee.

Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;
 Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;
 When a' the lave are sound asleep, I am dull and eerle;
 And a' the lee-lang night I'm sad, wi' thinking on my dearie.

O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
 Whene'er the sun gae out o' sight, I'll come again and see thee.

Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud and fear me;
 Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud and fear me;
 While the winds and waves do roar, I am wae and drearie,
 And gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang and leave me.

O never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;
 Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;
 Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;
 E'en let the world gang as it will, I'll stay at hame and cheer thee.

Frae his hand he coost his stick; I winna gang and leave thee;
 Threw his plaid into the neuk; never can I grieve thee;
 Drew his boots, and flang them by; cried, My lass, be cheerie;
 I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never leave my dearie.

Soft is the blink o' thine e'e.

[FROM "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet."]

O SAFT is the blink o' thine e'e, lassie,
 Saft is the blink o' thine e'e;
 An' a bonnie wee sun glimmers on its blue orb
 As kindly it glints upon me.

The ringlets that twine round thy brow, lassie,
 Are gowden as gowden may be;
 Like the wee curly cluds that play round the sun
 When he's just gaun to drap in the sea.

Thou hast a bonnie wee mou', lassie,
 As sweet as a body may pree;
 An' fondly I'll pree that wee hinny mou',
 E'en though thou should'st frown upon me.

Thou hast a hly white hand, lassie,
 As fair as a body may see;
 An' saft is the touch o' that wee genty hand,
 At eve when thou partest wi' me.

Thy thoughts are sae haly and pure, lassie,
 Thy heart is sae kind and sae free;
 That the bright sun o' heaven is nae pleased wi'
 himself,
 Till he glasses himself in thine e'e.

O, thou art a' thing to me, lassie,
 O thou art a' thing to me;
 What care I although fortune should frown,
 Gin I gain the blythe blink o' thine e'e.

My Love.

[ALEX. HUME.—Air, "My love is like a red red rose."]

My love is like my ain countrie,
 That to my heart is dear;
 My love is like the holly tree,
 That's green through a' the year.
 Her smile is like the glowing ray
 That fa's frae yonder sun;
 An', sunlike, blesses a' the day,
 Yet kens nae guide she's done.

Her lips ha'e named the bridal time,
 Her lips ha'e sealed the vow;
 Like Nature's laws in every eline,
 We'll aye be true as now.
 Like Nature, love the fairer grows
 The mair we ken its law.
 Like air, it through the world flows,
 Sweet harmony to a'.

O ay, ye lazy listless hours,
 An' bring that happy day,
 When we'll in wedlock's sweetest bow'r
 In love kiss life away.
 We'll live like sleepers in a dream,
 Where wishes paint the scene;
 An' care shall melt by pleasure's beam,
 As snow melts on the green.

I winna be weel.

[THE following capital song is by a working blacksmith in Glasgow, of the name of THOMAS DONN, and is here printed for the first time. We have seldom seen a more ludicrous yet faithful picture of an aged wooer than it presents.—Tune, "The brisk young lad."]

I WINNA be weel, for I canna be weel,—
 The laird an' his siller may gang in a reel,
 Tho' his bauld pow had the crown on't, atweel,
 I'd scorn him wi' his a'.

My mother says a laird's a catch,
 My fither fain wad mak' a match,
 But I'll no be a gaudy wretch,
 To pine my life an a'.

Was he guid as a saunt an' wise as a sage,
 His wisdom or worth for my heart is nae pledge,
 I wish—as a lassie should wish at my age—
 Ane young, whate'er may fa'.

My truly! it's an unco sight
 To see an auld blin' donert wight,
 Wha scarcely kens the day frae night,
 Begin a lang trace!

Sighing—but mair for the want o' his breath
 Than love at his heart, though maybe baith—
 Smiling on me, as if girding guid faith,
 He says, "O lass, ye're braw!"

His cauldrie jokes an' ghaistly fun
He mak's an' cracks till out o' wun',
Then tells me o' his gowd an' grun,
To wyle my heart awa'.

He woo's like a beggar that's seeking his bread,
Sae pityfu'-like his e'e stands in his head,
A' trembling, just as he was in a weed,
He says, "Tak' me an' a'."

If I but smile, the body is glad;
If I but gloom, the body is sad;
For fear I put the body mad,
I daurna tell him na.

Sandy Allan.

[ALEX. HUMR.—Air, "Saw ye Johnny coming."]

WHa is he I hear me crouse,
There ahint the hallan?
Whase skirling rin's through a' the house,
Ilk corner o' the dwallin'.
O! it is aye, a weel kent chiel,
As mirth e'er set a bawlin',
Or filled a neuk in drouthy biel,—
It's aye Sandy Allan.

He has a gancy kind gude wife,
This blythesome Sandy Allan,
Wha lo'es him mickle mair than life,
An' glories in her callan.
As sense an' sound are aye in song,
Sae's Jean an' Sandy Allan,
Twa hearts, yet but as pulse an' tongue,
Ha'e Luckie an' her callan.

To gie to a', it's aye his rule,
Their proper name an' callin';
A knave's a knave, a fule's a fule,
Wi' honest Sandy Allan.
For lika vice he has a dart,
An' heavy is it's fallin';
But aye for worth a kindred heart
Has ever Sandy Allan.

To kings his knee he wunna bring,
Sae proud is Sandy Allan;
The man wha richtly feels is king,
Owre rank, wi' Sandy Allan.

Auld Nature just to show the war!',
Ae truly honest callan;
E'en strippit till't, and made a carie,
An' ca'd him Sandy Allan.

Now spring again.

[THIS and the following song are from a small volume entitled, "A Pilgrimage to Craigmillar Castle, and other Poems, by JAMES FRASER, Edinburgh, 1817." Mr. Fraser is author of "The Soldier's Grave," given at page 16 of the present collection.]

Now spring again, wi' besome tread,
'Mang Bernard's bow'ts is seen;
The modest snaw-drap hangs its head,
True emblem o' my Jean.
But though fell winter's reign be ower,
And storms nae mair do blaw,
Yet cauld and cheerless is the bow't,
If love is far awa'.

The sun shines clearer i' the lift,
The breeze mair gentle sighs,
And glowin' is the sleety drift,
If warm'd by beauty's eyes.
An' O gin love but lead the way,
What cares can e'er befa'?
The sun o' pleasure shines a' day,
If love's no far awa'.

How swift the longest night flees by
When twa fond lovers meet—
An' balmy kiss and breathing sigh
Together mingle sweet.
And oh! how wae lik aye's to part,
When forc'd at duty's ca';
But dowie, dowie is the heart
Whase love is far awa'.

Then, while our youth is i' the prime,
Let's catch the fleeting hour;
And offer vows at beauty's shrine,
In token o' her pow'r.
An' when auld age upon our pow
Begins to fling his snaw,
We'll welcome him wi' friendly low,
If love's no far awa'.

When gowans sprinkl'd.

[JAMES FRASER.—Air, "Kind Robin lo'es me."]

WHEN gowans sprinkl'd a' the lea,
 An' blossoms hung on lika tree,
 'Twas then my Jeanie's saft blue e'e
 Shot a' its witchery through me.
 I felt—I wonder'd at the smart,
 New wishes floated roon' my heart—
 Ah! little kenn'd I 'twas a dart
 That's fated to undo me.

Through lanely glen and greenwood shaw
 I stole frae heartless mirth awa',
 Or wander'd heedless o' the snaw,
 That heap'd its wraiths around me:
 But still I felt I kenn'd nae what,
 Nor wist I what I would be at;
 And aftentimes my cheek was wat,
 Though stars shone clear aboon me.

And when a sidelang stowan glance
 I took, as lift might seem by chance,
 My very bluid was in a dance—
 My heart lap sae within me.
 Her voice was music in my ear—
 Her lip I dur'd na touch for fear,
 But O methought the hinny pear
 Less sweetness had to win me.

O Jeanie! dinna think I'm cauld,
 Whenither lads may be mair bauld;
 True love like mine can ne'er be tauld—
 'Tis constancy maun prove me.
 Your hair I'll braid wi' spring's young flow'rs,
 I'll shade you cool in simmer bow'rs,
 An' a' the winter's lang cauld hours
 Nae blast shall ever move ye.

My bonnie lassie's dead.[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here first printed.—
Air, "A mile aboon Dundee."]

Oh! my bonnie lassie's dead,
 My bliss an' joy on earth's fled;
 Oh! my bonnie lassie's dead,
 An' lies on Endrick lea.

Her brow was like a lily flower,
 Smiling 'neath a balmy bower,
 An' glist'nin' i' the mornin' hour
 Among the dew o' May.
 Her e'e was like the bonnie bell,
 That dances on a sparklin' well,
 When daylight fa's o'er muir an' fell,
 An' wakes the well to play.

Her cheek had a' the hues that lie
 On a' that's fair in earth or sky,
 When summer winds are singing by
 A canty, gleesome air.
 The winds may sing o'er glen an' lea;
 The flowers may bloom, but no for me;
 That brow an' e'e, that cheek I'll see
 Smiling here nae mair.

A leaf afore the wintry blast,
 Though sairly bruised an' sadly cast,
 Will find a resting place at last,
 But ah! there's nae for me.
 Whar can I gang, whar can I bide,
 Sin' she, my bonnie winsome bride,
 Is ta'en for ever frae my side?
 Why didna death tak' me?

The Jilted Nymph.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL.—Air, "Woo'd and married an' a'."]

I'm jilted, forsaken, outwitted;
 Yet think not I'll whimper or bawl—
 The lass is alone to be pitied
 Who ne'er has been courted at all;
 Never by great or small
 Woo'd or jilted at all;
 Oh, how unhappy's the lass
 Who has never been courted at all!

My brother call'd out the dear faithless;
 In fits I was ready to fall,
 Till I found a policeman who, scatheless,
 Swore them both to the peace at Guildhall;
 Seized them, and seconds and all—
 Pistols, powder, and ball;
 I wish'd him to die my devoted,
 But not in a duel to sprawl.

What though at my heart he has tilted,
 What though I have met with a fall?
 Better be courted and jilted,
 Than never be courted at all.

Woo'd and jilted and all,—
 Still I will dance at the ball; [and heel,
 And waits and quadrille with light heart
 With proper young men and tall.

But lately I've met with a suitor,
 Whose heart I have gotten in thrall,
 And I hope soon to tell you in future
 That I'm woo'd and married and all;
 Woo'd and married and all,
 What greater bliss can befall?
 And you all shall partake of my bridal cake,
 When I'm woo'd and married and all.

Barbara Allan.

[This beautiful and affecting little ballad is of great antiquity, but nothing is known of its history. Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe speaks of a tradition which places the scene of the story at Annan in Dumfriesshire. We are more willing to believe, however, that it belongs to "the west country." We have often, at least, heard the song sung, in days long gone past, by ancient crone to listening children, over a winter fireside, and the understanding always was that the catastrophe which it records—and surely a love-tragedy was never told in fewer, more impressive, or more significant words—took place in the west. Bishop Percy, in his *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, (1769,) gives an extended version of "Barbara Allan," in which Barbara is made to reside "at Scarlet town," and the hero goes by the unheroic name of "Jemmye Grove," but the whole seems a fabrication on the old Scottish set. We here give the song as it appears in the fourth volume of Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*.]

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the green leaves were a-fallin',
 That Sir John Graham, in the west country,
 Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwellin'
 O, haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O, hooly, hooly, rase she up
 To the place where he was lyin',
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 Young man, I think ye're dyin'.

It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very very sick,
 And it's a' for Barbara Allan.
 O, the better for me ye'se never be,
 Though your heart's blade were a-spillin'.

Oh, dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
 When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin',
 That ye made the healths gae round and round.
 And alichtit Barbara Allan?

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
 And death was with him dealin':
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly rase she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him,
 And sighin', said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the deld-bell ringin',
 And every jow that the deld-bell gied,
 It cried, Woe to Barbara Allan.

Oh, mother, mother, mak' my bed,
 And mak' it soft and narrow;
 Since my loved died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

My Heather Land.

[WILLIAM THOM of Inverury.—Air, "The Black Watch."]

My heather land, my heather land!
 My dearest prayer be thine,
 Although upon thy hapless heath
 There breathes nae friend of mine.
 The lansy few that heaven has spared,
 Fend on a foreign strand;
 And I maun wait to weep wi' thee,
 My harmless heather land.

My heather land, my heather land!
 Though fairer lands there be—
 Thy gowan's braves in early days
 Were gowden ways to me.
 Maun life's poor boon gae dark'ning down,
 Nor die whaur it had dawn'd,
 But claught a grave ayont the wave,—
 Alas, my heather land!

My heather land, my heather land!
 Though chilling winter pours
 Her freezing breath round fireless hearth,
 Whaur breadless misery cowers!
 Yet breaks the light that soon shall blight
 The godless reivin' hand—
 Whaur wither'd tyranny shall reel
 Frae our roused heather land.

This is no mine ain house.

[THE following song is by RAMSAY, but there existed a ditty long before his day which runs somewhat thus:

"This is no my ain house,
 My ain house, my ain house,
 This is no my ain house,
 I ken by the biggin' o't."

For bread and cheese are my door cheeks,
 Are my door cheeks, are my door cheeks,
 For bread and cheese are my door cheeks,
 And paneakes the riggin' o't."

"This is no my ain house" is often sung, not to its own original tune, but to another old tune called "Dallstiek the minister," or "Shantrewa."]

THIS is no mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't;
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young Robbie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the rigging o't.

Then fareweel to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.

When Hymen moulds us into aye,
 My Robbie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 See lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in my ain house,
 True love shall be at hand aye,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command aye;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life
 That mak's aye wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band aye.

This is no my ain house.

[THE following is a Jacobite version of "This is no my ain house." Whether or not it is older than Ramsay's we cannot say.]

O, THIS is no my ain house,
 I ken by the biggin' o't;
 For bow-kall thrave at my door cheek,
 And thristles on the riggin' o't.

A carle came wi' lack o' grace,
 Wi' unco gear and unco face;
 And ain' he claim'd my daddie's place
 I downa bide the triggin' o't.
 O, this is no my ain house, &c.

Wi' routh o' kin, and routh o' reek,
 My daddie's door it wadna steek;
 But bread and cheese were his door cheek,
 And girdle-cakes the riggin' o't.
 O, this is no my ain house, &c.

My daddie bigg'd his house weel,
 By dint o' head, and dint o' heel,
 By dint o' arm, and dint o' steel,
 And muckle weary prigg'in' o't.
 O, this is no my ain house, &c.

Then was it dink, or was it dounce,
 For ony cringing foreign goose,
 To claught my daddie's wee bit house,
 And spoil the hamely triggin' o't.
 O, this is no my ain house, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
To come a hunder miler mair,
For to ding out my daddie's heir,
And dash him wi' the wiggins' o't?
O, this is no my ain house, &c.

This is no my ain lassie.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Thomson's collection.
This is generally sung to the tune of "Deil stick the minister."]

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a furm, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my vera saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean;
She'll steal a blink by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lover's e'en,
When kind love is in the e'e.
O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clarks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

This is no my plaid.

[W. HALLEY.]

O THIS is no my plaid,
My plaid, my plaid;
O this is no my plaid,
Bonnie though the colours be.

The ground o' mine was mix'd wi' blue,
I gat it frae the lad I lo'e,
He ne'er has gien me cause to rue,
An' O the plaid is dear to me.
O this is no my plaid, &c.

For mine was silky, soft, an' warm,
It wrapp'd me round frae arm to arm,
An' like himself, it bore a charm,
An' O the plaid is dear to me.
O this is no my plaid, &c.

The lad that gied me't likes me weel,
Although his name I darena tell,
He likes me just as weel's himself,
An' O the plaid is dear to me.
O this is no my plaid, &c.

Frae surly blasts it covers me,
He'll me himself' protection gie,
I'll lo'e him till the day I die,
His plaid shall aye be dear to me.
O this is no my plaid, &c.

The time may come, my ain dear lad,
When we will to the kirk and wed,
Weel happit in thy tartan plaid,
That plaid shall aye be dear to me.
O this will then be my plaid,
My plaid, my plaid,
O this will then be my plaid,
An' while I live shall ever be.

The Lassie by the Loch.

[THE author of this song is ROBT. CARMICHAEL, who served for several years in the Mediterranean, on board H. M. ship *Usite*, with Capt. Charles Gray, author of "Lays and Lyrics."—AIR, "Wat ye wha I met yestreen?"]

FRAN Caledonia's climes afar,
Upon the rough an' roaring main,
I sail'd, marine, in man-o'-war,
At last, on leave, came home again.
As I ilk youths' haunt did pass,
An' near my native village drew;
I little thought upon the lass—
That now dwells by the loch srae bide

I heard sweet music's melting din,
And merry young folks' gigglin' glee;
Then kindly I was usher'd in,
As if they'd met to welcome me.
A lassie there fu' fealty danced,
And through the reel sae lightly flew;
In raptures she my soul entranced—
The lassie by the loch sae blue.

I saw, while gazing on her face,
The rose an' illy close allied;
And on ilk bloomin' cheek could trace,
The scented apple's sunny side.
Her lips were like the red-rose bud,
Before the sun has sipp'd its dew;
Her bosom like the snawy clud
Reflected in the loch sae blue.

Soon to her mither's house I went,
An' courted her wi' love sincere;
To marry me she ga'e consent,
When o' the navy I was clear.
That name but she should be my wife,
I pledged wi' her my written vow;
Meanwhile, she left the shores o' Fife
To dwell beside the loch sae blue.

It wasna lang ere I was free,
For peace to Europe soon return'd;
An' my dear destined bride to see,
Wi' fervent glow my bosom burn'd.
I sought my native land—I found
My lassie to her pledge was true;
An' soon by Hymen's bands was bound
To Bessie—by the loch sae blue.

Fair fa' the Lasses.

[CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY, R.M.—Air, "Green grow the rushes."]

FAIR fa' the lasses, O!
Fair fa' the lasses, O!
May dool and care still be his share,
Wha doema lo'e the lasses, O!

Pale poverty and gairnin' care,
How lang will ye harass us, O?
Yet light's the load we ha'e to bear,
If lessened by the lasses, O!
Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

The rich may sneer as they gae by,
Or scornfully may pass us, O;
Their better lot we'll ne'er envy,
But live and love the lasses, O!
Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

Why should we ever sigh for wealth?
Sic thochts should never faah us, O;
A fig for pelf, when blest wi' health,
Content, and bonnie lasses, O!
Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

The ancient bards, to shaw their skill,
Placed Muses on Parnassus, O,
But let them fable as they will,
My muses are the lasses, O!
Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

The toper cries, the joy o' wine
A' ither joy surpasses, O;
But he ne'er kent the bliss divine,
That I ha'e wi' the lasses, O!
Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

When I am wi' the chosen few,
The time fu' quickly passes, O;
But days are hours, and less, I trow,
When I am wi' the lasses, O!
Fair fa' the lasses, &c.

When joys abound, then let a round
Of overflowing glasses, O,
Gae brisk about, and clean drunk out,
The toast be—"bonnie lasses," O!

Fair fa' the lasses, O!
Auld Scotland's bonnie lasses, O!
May dool and care still be his share,
Wha winna toast the lasses, O!

Our ain Land.

[WILLIAM FERGUSON.—Here first printed.—Tune, "John Barleycorn." The two first lines of this chorus are from a song by Hew Ainslie in his "Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns."]

HURRAH, and hurrah,
And hurrah, my merry men!
I wadna gi'e our ain land
For a' the lands I ken.

There may be lands where safter airs
 Float down mair flowery vales—
 Gi'e me the stirring mountain-breeze,
 That swells our norian' sails:—
 And weel ye ken we've flowers enow,
 Their names I needna tell,
 We've aye the fearless thistle, lads!
 And eke the sweet blue-bell.
 Then hurrah, &c.

They boast o' lands wi' fairer skies,
 And fields o' brighter bloom:
 But leese me on our heather-land,
 Wi' a' its hamely gloom:—
 And, tent me weel, there's mony a blink
 Its darksome moods atween;
 Sweet sunny blinks, that paint our hills
 Wi' tints o' gowd and green.
 Then hurrah, &c.

They sing o' lands where liberty
 Has reared hersel' a name—
 And blest be they! for her dear sake,
 We lo'e their very name:—
 But by the men wha 'mang our hills
 For freedom battled lang,
 Auld Scotland yet shall bear the bell
 For liberty and sang!
 Then hurrah, &c.

I've worshipping'd on its mountain tops;
 I've woo'd amang its dells;
 And happy been in mony a cot,
 Where love, where beauty dwells.
 Its green turf covers mony a grave
 O' friends we lost langsyne:
 And may the same dear, fragrant sod,
 Lie saftly upon mine!
 Then hurrah, &c.

The Trystin' Tree.

[F. CONOLLY.—First printed in the Edinburgh
 Intelligencer for December, 18th, 1840.]

We sat beneath the trystin' tree,
 The bonnie dear auld trystin' tree,
 Whaur Harry tauld in early youth,
 His tender tale o' love to me.

An' walth o' wedded happiness
 Has been our blessed lot ainsyne,
 Though foreign lands, lang twenty years,
 Ha'e been my Harry's hame an' mine.
 Wi' gratefu' glow at lika heart,
 An' joyfu' tears in lika e'e,
 We sat again, fond lovers still,
 Beneath the bonnie trystin' tree.

We gar'd upon the trystin' tree,
 Its branches spreading far an' wide,
 An' thoct upon the bonnie bairns
 That blest our bythe bit ingle-side;
 The strappin' youth wi' martial mien,
 The maiden mild wi' gowden hair,
 They pictur'd what oursel's had been,
 Whan first we fondly trysted there;
 Wi' gratefu' glow at lika heart,
 An' joyfu' tears in lika e'e,
 We blest the hour that e'er we met
 Beneath the dear auld trystin' tree!

Where Quair rings sweet.

[REV. JAMES NICOL.—Mr. Nicol, the author of
 "Halcock Meg," and other songs given in this
 work, was born at Inverleithen, Peeblesshire, on
 the 26th of September, 1769, and died at the
 manse of Traquair 6th November, 1819, in the
 fiftieth year of his age. Having officiated as tutor
 in various respectable families, he eventually suc-
 ceeded to the parish of Traquair in the year 1803,
 on the death of the Rev. Mr. Walker, whose
 sister he married. Mr. Nicol was a kind amiable
 man, and much respected by all who knew him;
 he had a fine appreciation of the beauties of na-
 ture, and marked human character with a keen
 eye. In 1806, he published two volumes of poetry,
 which are well worthy of perusal; and, during
 the course of the publication of "The Edinburgh
 Encyclopedia," contributed various short articles,
 which are known by the signature of (N). The
 following song was one of his earliest productions,
 and was addressed to the lady who afterwards
 became his wife.]

WHERE Quair rings sweet among the flowers,
 Down by yon woody glen, lassie,
 My cottage stands—it shall be yours,
 Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

I'll watch ye wi' a lover's care,
And wi' a lover's e'e, lassie
I'll weary heaven wi' mony a prayer,
And lika prayer for thee, lassie.

'Tis true I ha'e na mickle gear;
My stock it's unco sma', lassie;
Nae fine-spun foreign claes I wear,
Nor servants tend my ca', lassie.

But had I heir'd the British crown,
And thou o' low degree, lassie,
A rustie lad I wad ha'e grown,
Or shared that crown wi' thee, lassie.

Whenever absent frae thy sight,
Nae pleasure smiles on me, lassie,
I climb the mountain's towering height,
And cast a look to thee, lassie.

I blame the blast blaws on thy cheek;
The flower that decks thy hair, lassie,
The gales that steal thy breath sae sweet,
My love and envy share, lassie.

If for a heart that glows for thee,
Thou wilt thy heart resign, lassie,
Then come, my Nancy, come to me—
That glowing heart is mine, lassie.

Where Quair rins sweet among the flowers,
Down by yon woody glen, lassie,
My cottage stands—it shall be yours,
Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

The Scotch Blue-bell.

[ALEX. MACLAGAN.—Here first printed.]

THE Scotch blue-bell, the Scotch blue-bell,
The dear blue-bell for me!
O! I wadna gi'e the Scotch blue-bell
For a' the flowers I see.

I lo'e thee weel, thou Scotch blue-bell,
I hall thee, floweret fair;
Whether thou bloom'st in lanely dell,
Or waves mid mountain air—

Blythe springing frae our bare, rough rocks,
Or fountain's flowery brink:
Where, fleet as wind, in thirsty flocks,
The deer descend to drink.
The Scotch blue-bell, &c.

Sweet flower! thou deck'st the sacred nook
Beside love's trystin' tree;
I see thee bend to kiss the brook,
That kindly kiseth thee.
'Mang my love's locks ye're aften seen,
Blythe noddin' o'er her brow,
Meet marrows to her lovely ean
O' deep endearin' blue!
The Scotch blue-bell, &c.

When e'enin's gowden curtains hing
O'er moor and mountain grey,
Methinks I hear the blue-bells ring
A dirge to deelin' day;
But when the light o' mornin' wakes
The young dew-drocket flowers,
I hear amid their merry peals
The mirth o' bridal hours!
The Scotch blue-bell, &c.

How oft wi' rapture have I strayed
The mountain's heather crest,
There aft wi' thee ha'e I array'd
My Mary's maiden breast:—
Oft tremblin' mark'd among thy bells
Her bosom fa' an' rise,
Like snawy cloud that sinks an' swells
'Neath summer's deep blue skies.
The Scotch blue-bell, &c.

O! weel ye guess, when mornin' daws,
I seek the blue-bell grot;
And weel ye guess, when e'enin's fa's,
Sae sweet, I leave it not,—
And when upon my tremblin' breast
Reclines my maiden fair,
Thou knowst full well that I am blest,
And free frae lika care.

The Scotch blue-bell, the Scotch blue-bell,
The dear blue-bell for me!
O! I wadna gi'e the Scotch blue-bell
For a' the flowers I see.

To the Clyde.

[THIS solemn dirge "To the Clyde" is by DUGALD MOORE, a poet of very superior power, and well known and highly appreciated in the west of Scotland, though probably his fame has not greatly extended beyond that district, in consequence of his never having cultivated notoriety, during his life, in the periodicals of the day. Dugald Moore was born in Stockwell Street, Glasgow, in August, 1805, of parents in humble circumstances, and was apprenticed to Mr. James Lumaden, stationer and copper-plate engraver, Queen Street, in whom he found his earliest and most efficient patron. By Mr. Lumaden's exertions, his first work, "The African and other Poems," was brought out in 1829. This was succeeded by no fewer than five other volumes of poems, all published between the years 1829 and 1830, and all liberally subscribed for. The success of his early publications enabled Mr. Moore to set up as a bookseller and stationer in his native city, where he acquired a good business, and was gradually rising in wealth and reputation, when he was suddenly cut off by inflammation, on the 2d of January, 1841. He died unmarried, having resided all his life with his mother, to whom he was much attached. In the Necropolis, where he lies buried, a massive monument, surmounted by a bust, is erected to his memory, by his personal friends and admirers.—Dugald Moore was pre-eminently "self-taught," his education having been of the most scanty description. All his works, though subject in some cases to objection on the score of accuracy or sound taste, display unequivocal marks of genius. He possessed a vigorous and fertile imagination, great force of diction, and freedom of versification. His muse loved to dwell on the vast, the grand, the terrible in nature. He dealt little in matters of every-day life or every-day feeling. Hence we feel difficulty in selecting from his works any thing of a properly lyrical character. Even in the short piece here given, which contains one or two touches of exquisite beauty, he displays the usual bent of his genius, in viewing the Clyde, not as it is, but as it may become, in the revolutions of untold ages.]

When cities of old days
But meet the savage gaze,
Stream of my early ways,
Thou wilt roll,

Though fleets forsake thy breast,
And millions sink to rest—
Of the bright and beauteous west
Still the soul.

When the porch and stately arch,
Which now so proudly perch
O'er thy billows, on their march
To the sea,
Are but ashes in the shower;
Still the jocund summer hour
From his cloud will weave a bower
Over thee.

When the voice of human power
Has ceased in mart and bower;
Still the broom and mountain flower
Will thee bless:
And the mists that love to stray
O'er the Highlands, far away,
Will come down thy deserts grey
To thy kiss.

And the stranger brown with toil,
From the far Atlantic soil,
Like the pilgrim of the Nile,
Yet may come,
To search the solemn heaps,
That moulder by thy deeps,
Where desolation sleeps,
Ever dumb.

Though fetters yet should clank
O'er the gay and princely rank
Of cities on thy bank,
All sublime;
Still thou wilt wander on,
Till eternity has gone,
And broke the dial stone
Of old time.

Aikendrum.

[DAVID VEDDER.—First printed anonymously in "The Edinburgh Literary Gazette."]

A WARLOCK cam' to our town,
To our town, the alee loon;
His beard was grey, his cheeks brown,
And he look'd unco glum.

His cloak of Moffat tartan
Hung down beneath his garten,—
He cam' to spae my fortune;—
His name was Aikendrum.

His brow with time was wrinkled,
His hair with grey was sprinkled;
But, oh! his een they twinkled
When'er they gazed on me.
Then to the seat he bied him,
My titty had supplid him,—
I sat me down beside him,
Beneath our holly tree.

He took my hand discretely,
And looked right sedately,
And scannd it o'er completely,
With monie a haw and hum.
With transport then he seized it,
And to his lips he raised it,
And lovingly he squeezed it—
The gallant Aikendrum.

He slippt aff his grey beard,
His grey beard, his grey beard—
He doffed his cloak—his mask tear'd,
And threw 't ayont the lum;—
Then sweetly he address'd me,
And to his bosom press'd me:
'Twas Jamie that carest me!—
It wasna Aikendrum!

A canty Sang.

[ROBERT GILFILLAN.—Tune, "The Laird o' Cockpen."]

A CANTY sang, O, a canty sang,
Will naeboddy gi'e us a canty sang?
There's naething keeps nights frae turning owre
lang
Like a canty sang, like a canty sang.

If folk wad but sing when they're gaun to flyte,
Less envy ye'd see, less anger and spite;
What softens down strife, and mak's love mair
strang,
Like a canty sang, like a canty sang?
Like a canty sang, &c.

▲ If lads wad but sing when they gang to woo,
They'd come na aye hame wi' thoom i' their mow;
The chiel that wi' lassies wad be fu' thrang,
Suld learn to lilt to them a canty sang.
A canty sang, &c.

When fools become quarrelsome ower their ale,
I've gi'e ye a cure whilk never will fail,—
When their tongues get short an' their arms get
lang,
Aye drown the din wi' a canty sang!
A canty sang, &c.

I downa bide strife, though fond o' a spree,
Your sair wordy bodies are no for me:
A wee dribble punch, gif it just be strang,
Is a' my delight, an' a canty sang!

A canty sang, O, a canty sang,
Will naeboddy gi'e us a canty sang?
There's naething keeps nights frae turning owre
lang
Like a canty sang, like a canty sang.

We'll go to sea no more.

[FROM the "Odd Volume—Second Series," by
the MESSRS CORBET.]

On! blythly shines the bonnie sun
Upon the Isle of May,
And blythly comes the morning tide
Into St. Andrew's bay;
Then up, gudeman—the breeze is fair;
And up my braw balrins three,—
There's goud in yonder bonnie boat
That sails so well the sea!
When haddocks leave the Firth of Forth,
And mussels leave the shore;
When oysters climb up Berwick Law,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

I've seen the waves as blue as air,
I've seen them green as grass;
But I never feared their heaving yet
From Grangemouth to the Bass.
I've seen the sea as black as pitch,
I've seen it white as snow;

But I never feared its foaming yet,
 Though the winds blew high or low.
 When squalls capsize our wooden walls,
 When the French ride at the Nore,
 When Leith meets Aberdour half-way,
 We'll go to sea no more,
 No more,
 We'll go to sea no more.

I never liked the landman's life,
 The earth is aye the same;
 Gie me the ocean for my dower,
 My vessel for my hame.
 Gie me the fields that no man ploughs,
 The farm that pays no fee;
 Gie me the bonnie fish that glance
 So gladly through the sea.
 When sails hang flapping on the masts,
 Though, through the waves we snore;
 When in a calm we're tempest tost,
 We'll go to sea no more,
 No more,
 We'll go to sea no more.

The sun is up, and round Inehkeith,
 The breezes softly blow;
 The gudeman has the lutes on board,—
 Awa', my bairns, awa'!
 And ye'll be back by gloaming gray,
 And bright the fire will low;
 And in our tales and songs we'll tell
 How weel the boat ye row.—
 When life's last sun gangs feebly down,
 And death comes to our door—
 When a' the world's a dream to us,
 We'll go to sea no more,
 No more,
 We'll go to sea no more.

Bonnie Ann.

[FROM "Odes and Sonnets, with other Poems,
 Scotch as well as English. By the REV. C. LES-
 INGHAM SMITH, M. A. Rector of Little Canfield,
 Essex."]

I DOUTNA whiles but I could wale
 A lass wi' mair o' gowd and lan';
 But no a lass in a' the vae
 I lo'e as weel as bonnie ANN.

Her een as sparklin' and as blae,
 Aye speak o' mirth and love to me;
 An' then her sweet wee rosy mou'—
 Just for as kins what wad I gie?

Her daddie 's aye apreachin' o't
 That she's ower young as yet, ye ken;
 But guidness guide us! that 's a faut
 That lika day an' hour manna men'.

She's seen the flowers o' sixteen springs,
 Haeel' the sweetest flower o' a'!
 An' a' thing on her guidin' hings
 In barn and byre, in house and ha'.

O' sixty nowt she's aye the rule;
 O' sheep and kye twa hunder fu',
 Then whar, I've like to ken, the fule
 Wad thriip she's no a woman nou?

But I manna bide, as we'll's I may,
 To please her daddie, honest man!
 Though sair I lang for that blythe day
 When I'm to wed my bonnie ANN.

Our gudeman's an unco body.

[THOMAS DODD.—Here first printed. Tune,
 "Oh, are ye sleeping, Maggy."]

Our gudeman's an unco body,
 Our gudeman's an unco body,
 Ilka plack that he can mak',
 He'd drink an' mair than that,—'twel
 wad he!

I wrought an' toll'd to buy a cleuk,
 When I had just as greet to win o't,
 I hid it in the sumery neuk,
 Fu' glad to think he wadna ken o't.

Oh, he's an unco body,
 Oh, he's a drouthy body;
 He drank it, sir, and pawn'd my pence,
 Tho' my auld cleuk is wearing duds.

But when he fu' comes hame at e'en,
 He's sic a takin' gate aye wi' him,
 I sigh and think on what he's been,
 I fytte awae, an' just forgie him.

Though he's an unco body,
Oh, he's a kindly body,
The wee drap maut is a' his faut—
I like a drap mysel' in toddy.

Twa score an' ten has cool'd his bluid,
And whiles he needs a drap to warm him,
But when he tak's 't to do him guid,
He whiles forgets, and tak's 't to harm him.

Though he's an unco body,
O he's a takin' body,
Ilka year mak's him mair dear,
Though it may mak' his cheek less ruddy.

When twa ha'e wrought, an' twa ha'e fought
For thirty year aae leal thegither,
A faut or flaw is nought ava',
They may weel groe wi' ane anither.

Though he's an unco body,
O he's a loving body,
For a' that's gane he's aye my ain,
An' I maun just his failing study.

The leal light heart.

[JOHN MITCHELL.—Here first printed.]

A LEAL light heart's ne'er sad, my jo,
A leal light heart's ne'er sad, my jo;
The e'e we ken will tell the tale,
Whene'er the heart is sad, my jo.

The miser to his heaps o' gold
Anither heap may add, my jo,
But if the truth be fairly told,
We'll find his heart's aft sad, my jo.
A leal light heart, &c.

Content will keep the han's aye free
Frae every thing that's bad, my jo,
While in her bright and smiling e'e
We read her heart's ne'er sad, my jo.
A leal light heart, &c.

Pale envy may affect to smile,
And seem like aye that's glad, my jo,
But in her breast she wears the while
A heart that's aye been sad, my jo.
A leal light heart, &c.

A lord may own baith rigs and gear,
An' be in ermine clad, my jo;
But mark his e'e for ae short year,
An' say if he's ne'er sad, my jo.
A leal light heart, &c.

The truly blythe aroun' his hearth
Will swear ambition's mad, my jo,
An' drown in rosy social mirth,
Whate'er wad mak' him sad, my jo.
A leal light heart, &c.

The lass we lo'e, the frien's we prize,
When such are to be had, my jo;
Will lend to life the rainbow dyes,
That see the heart that's sad, my jo.
A leal light heart, &c.

Come with me.

[JOHN FINLAY.—Here first printed. Tune,
"Roalin Castle."]

O COME with me, for the queen of night
Is thron'd on high in her beauty bright:
'Tis now the silent hour of even,
When all is still in earth an' heaven;
The cold flowers which the valleys strew
Are sparkling bright wi' pearly dew,
And hush'd is e'en the bee's soft hum,
Then come with me, sweet Mary, come.

The opening blue bell—Scotland's pride
In heaven's pure azure deeply dyed;
The daisy meek frae the dewy dale,
The wild thyme, and the primrose pale,
Wi' the lily frae the glassy lake,
Of these a fragrant wreath I'll make,
And bind them mid' the locks that flow
In rich luxuriance from thy brow.

O! love, without thee what were life,
A bustling scene of care and strife;
A waste, where no green flowery glade
Is found, for shelter or for shade.
But cheer'd by thee, the griefs we share,
We can with calm composure bear;
For the darkest night o' care and toll
Is bright when blest by woman's smile.

Up in the morning early.

[THE tune of "Up in the morning early" is one of the oldest of our Scottish airs. From an anecdote given in Sir John Hawkins' History of Music, it appears to have been a favourite of Queen Mary's, the consort of William III., and Purcell, the distinguished composer, adapted the bass part for the birth-day song on the queen for the year 1692, beginning,

"May her bright example chase
Vice in troops out of the land."

Before this, however, John Hilton, in 1633, published the tune as the third voice to what is called a "Northern Catch" for three voices, beginning,

"I've gae with thee, my sweet Peggy."

Gay adopts the tune for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera. From the opening words of the old song,

"Cold and raw the wind does blaw,
Up in the morning early,"

the air is sometimes called "Cold and raw."—We give here two versions of "Up in the morning early," the first by Burns, with the exception of the chorus, which is old; the second by JOHN HAMILTON, a musician in Edinburgh, who died in 1814. It is a pity that the name of the old poet, who originally had the boldness to avow publicly his dislike of early rising, has not come down to posterity.]

I.

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shill 's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly!
Up in the morning's no for me!
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly!

The birds sit chattering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but spairly;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

II.

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south;
The drift is drifting sairly;
The sheep are cawrin' in the heuch.
O! sirs, it's winter fairly.

Now up in the mornin' no for me,
Up in the mornin' early;
I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,
Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast among the woods,
And tirls the branches barely;
On hill and house hear how it thuds!
The frost is nipping sairly.

Now up in the mornin' no for me,
Up in the mornin' early.

To sit a' nicht wad better agree,
Than rise in the mornin' early.

The sun peeps owre yon southland hills,
Like ony timorous carlie,

Just blinks a wee, then sinks again;
And that we find severely.

Now up in the mornin' no for me,
Up in the mornin' early;

When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek,
Wha'd rise in the mornin' early?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush:

Poor things, they suffer sairly;

In cauldrie quarters a' the nicht;

A' day they feed but spairly.

Now up in the mornin' no for me,

Up in the mornin' early;

A penniless purse I wad rather dree

Than rise in the mornin' early.

A coosie house and canty wife,

Aye keep a body cheery;

And pantries stowed wi' meat and drink,

They answer unco rarely.

But up in the morning—na, na, na!

Up in the mornin' early!

The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,

When I rise in the mornin' early.

When I am far away.

[EVAN M'COLL.—Tune, "Oh, no! we never mention her."]

AWN thou wilt sing the song, sweet child!

When I am far away,

And thou wilt wake the echoes wild

To list unto the lay;

This thought will cheer the minstrel's heart,—
 Forget though others may,
 That thou wilt sing the song, sweet child,
 When I am far away.

Unknown to wealth and friendship too
 Though oft the minstrel sings,
 Give him his "fame," though small the due,
 He'll laugh at crowns and kings,
 Ev'n I—the thought is heaven to me—
 Ev'n I my meed shall ha'e,
 Since thou wilt sing the song, sweet child!
 When I am far away.

Bessie.

[FROM "The Storm, and other Poems, by
 FRANCIS BENNOCH," London, 1841.]

On mony a year has come an' gane,
 An' mony a weary day,
 Sin' frae my hame—my mountain hame—
 I first was lured away,
 To wander over unco lauds,
 Far, far ayont the sea;
 But no' to find a land like this,
 The hame o' Beas an' me!

I've traversed mony a dreary land
 Across the braid, braid sea;
 But, oh, my native Highland home,
 My thochts were aye wi' thee!
 As constant as the sun did rise
 And set ahint the sea,
 Sae constant, Beasie, were my prayers
 At morn an' nicht for thee!

When I return'd unto my hame,
 The hills were clad wi' snow;
 Though they look'd cold and cheerless, love,
 My heart was in a glow:
 Though keen the wintry north wind blew,
 Like summer 'twas to me,
 For, Beas, my frame was warm'd wi' love,
 For country, kindred, thee!

Nae flower e'er hail'd wi' sweeter smiles
 Returning sunny beams,
 Than I did hail my native hame,
 Its mountains, woods, and streams.

Now we are met, my bonnie Beas,
 We never mair will part;
 Although to a' we seem as twa,
 We only ha'e as heart!

We'll be sae loving a' the nicht,
 Sae happy a' the day,
 That, though our bodies time may change,
 Our love shall ne'er decay:
 As gently as yon lovely stream
 Declining years shall run,
 An' life shall pass frae our auld clay
 As snow melts 'neath the sun.

Courtship.

[FRANCIS BENNOCH.]

YESTER'EEN, on Cample's bonnie flood,
 The summer moon was shining;
 While, on a bank in Crichepe wood,
 Two fond hearts were reclining:
 They spak' o' youth an' hoary age,
 O' time, how swiftly fleeting;
 Of ilka thing, in sooth, but aye,—
 The reason of their meeting!

When Willie thoct his heart was firm,
 An' micht declare its feeling,
 A glance frae Beasie's starry een
 Sent a' his senses reeling;
 For aye when he essay'd to speak,
 An' she prepared to bear him,
 The thochts in crimson dyed his cheek,
 An' words would no' come near him!

But nature, gentle mither, came
 In pity to assist him;
 She whisper'd what he ought to do—
 'Twas her advice that bless'd him!
 He hung his arm around her neck,
 Nor did the maid resent it;
 Byne kiss'd her ripe and rosy lip—
 A deed he ne'er repented.

'Tis ever thus that love is taught
 By his divinest teacher;
 He silent adoration seeks,
 But shuns the proxy preacher.

Now read me right, ye gentle anes,
Nor deem my lesson hollow:
The deepest river silent rins,
The babbling brook is shallow.

To Isabel.

[FRANCIS BENNETT.]

ON, were I as I ance ha'e been,
An' ye as ye are now,
I'd fainly fauld ye in my arms,
An' kiss your bonnie brow!
I'd kiss your bright and bonnie brow,
An' drink life frae your e'en;
But, oh, this canna be, for now
I'm no' as I ha'e been!

Your life is like the living sun,
That gies life to the plain;
Though clouds awhile may dim his smile,
He'll brighter beam again.
I wouldna be the cloud that comes
Between your love an' ye;
Your life's sweet light—the light o' lo'e,
Lo'e's glentin' frae the e'e.

Wi' brother's lo'e I'll lo'e ye still
Nor seek your heart to win;
For less to think, an' mair to do,
In me wad be a sin:
But there can be nae sin, sweet lass,
In praying, while awa',
That joys frae ye may never pass,
But blessings on ye fa'!

Mary, turn awa'.

[AIR, "What ails this heart o' mine?"]

O, MARY, turn awa'
That bonnie face o' thine,
And dinna, dinna shaw that breast,
That never can be mine.
Can aught o' warld's gear
E'er co' my bosom's care?
Na, na, for lika look o' thine,
It only feeds despair.

Then, Mary, turn awa',
That bonnie face o' thine:
O dinna, dinna shaw that breast,
That never can be mine!
Wi' love's severest pangs
My heart is laden sair,
And o'er my breast the grass maun grow,
Ere I am free frae care.

The Tocherless Lass.

[ALEX. BUCHANAN.—Here first printed.]

DRIVEN to me are the hours I'm an unwoo'd maid,
Lingering in bloom like a rose in the shade;
Folks a' say I'm bonnie, but beauty will fade,
Gin they lea' me to linger an unwoo'd maid.

My temper is guid, I've twa lancin' black een,
A mou' made for kissein', a roun' dimpled chin,
A mind, fain to mak' a man happy an' belov'd,
But I want warl's charm, I'm a tocherless quean.

To win me an wooer, lik effort I try,
I ogie the lads but my glances they shy,
I balt me wi' smiles, for to catch them gaun by,
But fruitless my fashin', nae laddie looks nigh.

But what needs I mourn though I get na a mate,
Or think I am slichted though lanely my state—
Love aft leives an hour an' then does unto hate,
Could I think it, I'm far better wantin' a mate.

But loah, my heart warms lika time that I see
A lass wi' her lad gaun at nicht ower the lee,
Their keekin', an' kissein', an smirkin', an' gie,
Is enough to mak' mad maidens ailder than me.

A steed, a steed.

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.]

A STEED! a steed of matchless speed!
A sword of metal keene!
Al else to noble heartes is dross—
Al else on earth is meane.
The neighynge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowleing of the drum,

The clangour of the trumpet lowde—
Be soundes from heaven that come.
And, oh! the thundering presse of knightes,
Whennas their war-cryes swelle,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rowse a fiend from hell.

Then meunte! then mounte, brave gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine;
Deathe's couriers, fame and honour, call
Us to the fielde againe.
No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
When the sworde-hilt's in our hand;
Hearte-whole we'll parte, and no whit sighs
For the fayrest of the land.
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
Thus weepe and puling crye;
Our businesse is like men to fight,
And like to heroes, die!

Myot's lofty brow.

[THOMAS SMAIL.—Here first printed. Myot hill, situated about two miles west of Denny, in Stirlingshire, affords a varied and beautiful prospect of the banks of "the dark-winding Carron, still pleasing to see," the Ochill hills, Firth of Forth, Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway and Canal, &c.; and is much resorted to by pedestrians.]

AGAIN on Myot's lofty brow,
With bounding heart I stand,
Commanding many a lovely view
Of hill, and dale, and strand.

Here often in my youthful days
I ran with joyous glee;
But far I've wander'd since through life,
On land, on lake, on sea.

My early friends who shar'd my joy,
Whose mirth resounded high,
Where now are they? In death's embrace,
Within the grave, they lie.

Our youthful days! when hopes were bright,
And all appear'd serene;
How ill-exchang'd for other times
Of life's rough chequer'd scene.

'Tis here, when all is past and gone,
I'd like my grave to be;
But mark'd by no sepulchral stone,
Or weeping willow-tree.

For here in life my breast full gush'd
With joyous tides of glee;
And here in death, when all is hush'd,
My heart may throb to be.

The Trystin' Tree.

[BY WILLIAM AIR FOSTER, formerly of Coldstream, now of Glasgow.—Here first printed.]

THE birk grows green on Kennel banks,
Brume flowers on Coldstream braes,
The plantains fair on Corn'el haughs
Ha'e on their summer claes.
Tweed, rowin' in the gloamin light
That streams on haugh and lea,
Sheds beauty owre the landscape bright,
Around the trystin' tree.

The merle likes the aloe buss weel,
Whar grows the berry blue,
The muirfool likes the heather bell,
Whan dralket wi' the dew;
And weel I lo'e the bonnie lad
That couppit hearts wi' me,
Whan seated, on yon summer night,
Beneath the trystin' tree.

A' nature wears a summer hue:
The sun sinks down serene,
The lamb sports round the bleatin' ewe,
On bonnie Kennel green;
The mavis frae the auld kirk brae
Pours out his notes wi' glee,
And the laverock twits a merry lay
Aboon the trystin' tree.

Then wha wad hunt for warld's gear,
Or sacrifice for gain?
The hame spot hearts aye haud me dear
Whan far across the main.
For lordly walth and a' its fyke,
I'm sure I wadna g'ie
The kiss I gat frae him I like
Beneath the trystin' tree.

The Highland Character.

[THIS song, which appears in "The Lark" (1765,) and also in Herd's collection (1769,) was written by Lieut.-General Sir HARRY ESKIN, Bart. and M. P., who succeeded his uncle, the Hon. General St. Clair, in the command of the Royal Scots in 1763, and died at York in 1765. His eldest son, who assumed the name of St. Clair, became second earl of Roslyn, and died in 1831. The tune to the song, which is called "The Highland or 43d Regiment's March," was composed by General John Reid, colonel of the 88th regiment—the same person who bequeathed a sum of money for establishing a professorship of music in Edinburgh College.]

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come;
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.
Such is our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our ancestors of old, we'll stand in freedom's cause:
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace;
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,
And our hearts still the old Scottish valour retain.
Such is our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale
And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear;
E'en Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
Such is our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean, when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.
Such is our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their numbers fondly boasted, till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fall, and they sued for a truce.
Such is our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase,
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.
Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's cause;
That they, like their ancestors bold, for honour and applause,
May defy the French, with all their arts, to alter our laws.

The Narrow House.

[Gibson.]

THE narrow house, the winding sheet,
Haud a' that e'er war dear to me;
My Mary, an' her baby sweet,
That ere yestreen smiled on her knee.

I laid them where the weary rest,
An' shortly I shall rest wi' them,
The hearts are cauld that lo'ed me best,
An' hame to me's a weary hame.

Her father frown'd, her mother flet,
An' mony tears she shed her lane;
But parent's frown or hapless fate,
She'll never thole, nor mourn again.

Whate'er the war! like to ca't,
Be't this or that, or sin or shame;
The fau't was love—if love's a fau't,
Let love an' me bear a' the blame.

♫ saw ye my father.

[THIS is an old song, and the tune to which it is attached is also old and beautiful. The words, however, can be traced no farther back than to Herd's collection. In Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," a spurious version of the song is given, evidently from the pen of Allan Cunningham.]

O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mither,
Or saw ye my true love John?
I saw nae your father, I saw nae your mither,
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,
And the bells they ring ding dang,
He's met wi' some delay that causes him to stay,
But he will be here ere lang.

The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red,
Yet tho' he often sigh'd he ne'er a word replied,
Till a' were asleep in bed.

♫ Then up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirl'd at the pin,
The lassie taking tent unto the door she went,
And she open'd and lat him in.

And are ye come at last! and do I hold you fast!
And is my Johnny true?
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel',
Sae lang sail I like you.

Flie up, flie up, my bonnie grey cock,
And craw when it is day;
And your neck shall be like the bonnie beasten gold,
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock proved false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour owre soon:
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love
away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

Gude Coldstream toon.

[WILLIAM AIR FOSTER.—Here first printed.]

My heartfelt thoughts to you are leal,
Gude folks o' Coldstream toon!
My heart was sair to bid farewell
To a' the neebours roun'.
'Twas here my earliest breath was drawn;
And mony a happy day
I spent wi' neebour callants then,
Though I've been lang away.

But since I left gude Coldstream toon,
O time has changed it sair;
The bairnie then upon the lap
Has grown a woman fair;
The young and comlie lads I left
Are now grown bauld and grey,
And auld folks scarce, that ance I kenn'd
Before I gaed away.

There's something in gude Coldstream toon
That mak's my bosom beat,
Wi' an instinct like the hunted hare
To gain its native seat—
To see Tweed's bonnie stream again,
lik plantain, hangh, and brae,
That bore the charm o' auld langsyne
When aye was far away.

I'll wear the gloamin' o' my days
 Where life's career began,
 And breathe the latest breath o' life
 Just where the first was drawn.
 In Coldstream toon wi' Coldstream folk,
 A coosie belid I'll ha'e,
 And fight the battles owre again
 I fought whan far away.

Ae fond kiss.

[THIS impassioned lyric was written by Burns at a time when his "Clarinda" (Agnes M'Lehose) contemplated going to the West Indies. "The following exquisitely affecting stanza," says Sir Walter Scott, "contains the essence of a thousand love-tales:

Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Byron adopted these lines as the motto to "The Bride of Abydos." Burns directed the song to be set in Johnson's Museum to an old Highland tune called "Rory Dall's Port." Rory Dall, or Roderick Morison, was a noted blind harper in the Highlands. Port, in Gaelic, signifies an air of a plaintive strain.]

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her, was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Och, hey, Johnnie lad.

[TAMMAMILL.]

Och, hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been;
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye didna keep your trust yestreen.
 I waited lang beside the wood,
 Sae wae and weary a' my lane,
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
 I looked by the fir sae green,
 I looked owre the spunkie howe,
 And aye I thought ye wad ha'e been.
 The ne'er a supper cross'd my craig,
 The ne'er a sleep has closed my een,
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,
 Then I was waiting by the thorn,
 I thought it was the place we set,
 And waited maist till dawning morn.
 Sae be na vex'd, my bonnie lassie,
 Let my waiting stand for thine,
 We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,
 And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

Fair Eliza.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS for Johnson's Museum, where it appears set to two different Gaelic airs. "Robina," not "Eliza," was the real name of the heroine.]

Turn again, thou fair Eliza!
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rue on thy despairing lover!
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza!
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity, hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended?
 The offence is loving thee:
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in lika throes:
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride of sunny noon;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon;
 Not the poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,
 Kena the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

The days of my youth.

[JOHN MITCHELL.—Here first printed.]

AH! where are the days of my earliest youth,
 When nature was sunshine, enjoyment, and truth?
 When the journey of life seem'd a pathway of
 flowers,
 And hope wreath'd with roses my days and my
 hours,
 Ah! where are the days of my youth?

Then friendship stood forth unsuspicious and free
 As the wind when it sweeps o'er the fathomless sea,
 From whose smile rose the joys that were sure to
 impart

A gush of unmingled delight o'er the heart,
 Ah! where are the days of my youth?

Then love lent her charms to enliven the grove,
 And breath'd the delights that exist but in love;
 The flowers that I turn'd in my chaplet were fair,
 For time had not then stain'd my forehead with
 care,

Ah! where are the days of my youth?

Ah! youth in the vortex of passion's wild flow,
 Reflect on the years that come laden with woe,
 And 'mid thy gay transports keep this in thine
 eye,

The years are at hand when thou'lt sing with a
 sigh,

Ah! where are the days of my youth?

Blythe ha'e I been.

[TURN, "Liggeram Coeh."—"Blythe ha'e I been on yon hill," is one of the finest songs I ever made in my life; and besides, it is composed on a young lady positively the most beautiful, lovely, woman in the world."—BURNS. The lady in question was Miss Lesley Baillie, doubtless a very pretty girl; but the Poet was surely "in a creel" when he pronounced *this* to be one of the finest songs he ever made.]

BLYTHE ha'e I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me:
 Now nae longer sport and play
 Mirth or sang can please me,
 Lesley is ae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
 Hopeless love declarin';
 Trembling, I doun nocht but glowr,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!
 If ahe winna ease the thraws,
 In my bosom swelling;
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

What can a young lassie.

[THERE is an old song, the burthen of which is the same as the opening of the present,—

"What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?"
 From this BURNS took the hint, and furnished the following expressive ditty for Johnson's Museum in 1790. The tune is very old.]

WHAT can a young lassie, what sha'k a young
 lassie,

What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
 Bad luck to the pennie that tempted my minnie,
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'!

He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin',
 He hosts and he hirples the wearie day lang;
 He's doy't and he's doxin, his bluid it is frozen,
 O, drearie's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
 O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-
 break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

Some lobe to roam.

[POETRY by G. MACKAY. Music by Henry Russell.]

SOME love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam,
 Where the shrill winds whistle free;
 But a chosen band in a mountain land,
 And a life in the woods for me.
 When morning beams o'er the mountain streams,
 Oh! merrily forth we go,
 To follow the stag to his slippery crag,
 And to chase the bounding roe.—Ho! ho! ho! ho!
 Some love to roam, &c.

The deer we mark in the forest dark,
 And the prowling wolf we track;
 And for right good cheer, in the wild woods here,
 Oh! why should a hunter lack?
 For with steady aim at the bounding game,
 And hearts that fear no foe,
 To the darksome glade, in the forest shade,
 Oh! merrily forth we go.—Ho! ho! ho! ho!
 Some love to roam, &c.

Lassie, would ye lo'e me.

[Music by J. W. Holder.]

On, gin I were a baron's heir,
 And could I braid wi' gems your hair,
 And make ye braw as ye are fair,
 Lassie, would ye lo'e me?

And could I tak' ye to the town,
 And shaw ye braw sights mony a ane,
 And busk ye fine in silken gown,
 Lassie, would ye lo'e me?

Or should ye be content to prove,
 In lowly life unfading love,
 A heart that nought on earth could move,
 Lassie, would ye lo'e me?

And ere the lav'rock wing the aile,
 Say, wad ye to the forest hie,
 And work wi' me sae merrilie,
 Lassie, could ye lo'e me?

And when the braw moon glistens o'er,
 Our wee bit bield and heathery muir,
 Will ye na greet for ye're sae puir,
 Lassie, though I lo'e ye?

For I ha'e nought to offer ye,
 Nae gowd frae mine, nae pearl frae sea,
 Nor am I come o' hie degree,
 Lassie, but I lo'e ye.

My Lowland Bride.

[CHARLES JEFFREYS.—Music by S. Nelson.]

By the light of the moon,
 The bonnie harvest moon,
 On the beautiful banks of the Clyde,
 I have wander'd along,
 And sung the Highland song
 Which my sire oft sang by his own burn-side.
 For, though born aont the Tweed,
 I love the meanest weed
 That has sprung by the heather in its pride;
 And earth owns no dearer spot
 Than the ivy-mantled cot,
 Where the moments lightly pass with my bonnie
 Lowland bride.

Caledonia, with thee,
 My bosom boundeth free;
 And, wherever my footsteps may roam,
 The lowland valley still,
 Or the heather-blooming hill,
 Shall the dear haven be of my heart's best home.
 To that loved and gentle form,
 Which hath braved me with life's storm,
 I will sing of our cottage by the Clyde,
 Till the joyous smile she wears,
 In the happy days of yore,
 Shall beam upon the brow of my bonnie Lowland
 bride.

Beneath a green shade.

[This song is generally called "The Braes of Ballendine," because it is sung to the tune which goes by that name. The tune is ascribed to Oswald, but though it appears in his *Pocket Companion*, it has not the usual asterisk affixed to his own compositions. The words are by Dr. BLACKLOCK. Ferdinando Tenduoci, the celebrated Italian singer of Scottish songs, who taught music at Edinburgh for many years during the latter half of the last century, used to sing this song publicly with great effect.—The Braes of Ballendine are gentle elevations which rise from the Carre of Gowrie towards the Sidlaw Hills.]

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
 As evening reclined to discover his pain;
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceased to breathe, and the fountain to flow;
 Rude winds wi' compassion could hear him complain,
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
 Those eyes then wi' pleasure the dawn could survey;
 Nor smiled the fair morning mair cheerful than they.
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight;
 I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair—
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
 But love's ardent fire burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires;
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires;
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
 Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

The Woods o' Castle Doune.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here first printed.]

Ye bonnie woods o' castle Doune, ye knowes and fairy braes,
 An' a' ye glens an' leafy glades—the haunt of happy days;
 The licht o' heaven disna shine sae sweetly on me now
 As when I saw ye lang lang syne, amang the silver dew.

Ye summer winds that sang sae sweet along the broomy hills,
 Ye wee bit flowers that smiled sae glad beside the dancing rills,
 Your sang an' smile they canna wile the wrinkles aff my brow,
 For a' my greenerie o' life is brown an' faded now.

But yet my e'e can dimly see, amid its gloamin' hour,
The shadow of a joyous dream,—the semblance of a flower,
An' sic a flower as only blessed the bowers of Paradise
When Eden lay beneath the ray o' smiling infant skies.

O softly play, ye breezes play, around that winsome flower,
And gently fa', ye dew drops fa' abune her summer bower;
For ne'er since bonnie castle Doune was biggit on yon brae
Did e'er ye fan a fairer flower than lovely Henney Gray.

The Thistle.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here printed for the first time.]

Loo'er thou the thistle that blooms on the mountain,
And decks the fair bosom o' Scotland's green howes:
Loo'est thou the flow'ret o' Liberty's fountain,
The emblem o' friendship, that guards as it grows?
The wee lamb may sleep 'neath its shade, wi' its mither,
The maukin may find 'neath its branches a lair;
And birds o' ilk feather may there flock thegither,
But wae to the wretch wha our thistle wad tear!

Loo'est thou the thistle? the broad leaves it wearath
Are gemm'd o'er wi' pearls o' morning's sweet dew;—
Lo! on ilk dew-drop a dear name it beareth—
The name of a freeman o' leal heart and true.
Kenn'est thou the story o' proud fame and glory,
That's tauld by ilk spike o' its bristled array?
Nae wonder our thistle wi' grandeur is hoary—
It's auld as creation—it's new as the day!

Loo'est thou the thistle? the rose canna peer it,
Nae shamrock can smile wi' sae gaudy an air,
The lily maun hide a' its beauty, when near it,
The star-flag is bonnie—the thistle is mair.
True to the thistle, I'll neer lo'e anither,
Whatever my station, wherever I be
Its love in my bosom no blighting can wither,
Auld Scotland's ain darling, I'll lo'e till I dee.

Here's to ilk pillar that bides by the thistle!
Lang may his roof-tree be kept frae decay;
Lang may the voice o' happiness whistle
In glee round his dwallin' by night and by day.
Here's to the banners that wave o'er the ocean,
The rose of old England, the brave and the free,
The Shamrock that raises green Erin's devotion,
The Thistle o' Scotland—hurrah for the three!

⑤ the Ewe-bughting's bonnie.

[THE first four lines of this fine pastoral lyric form part of an unfinished song by Lady Grissie Baillie, the authoress of the old touching ditty, "Were na my heart light I wad die," (see page 125). The rest is by THOMAS FRINGLE, author of *African Sketches*, who died in 1834.]

O TWE ewe-bughting's bonnie, baith e'ening and morn,
When our blythe shepherds play on the bog-reed and horn;
While we're milking they're liting sae jocund and clear;
But my heart's like to break when I think o' my dear!
O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,
To raise up their flocks i' the fresh simmer morn:
On the steep ferny banks they feed pleasant and free—
But alas! my dear heart, all my sighing's for thee!

O the sheep-herding's lightsome among the green braes
Where Cayle wimples clear 'neath the white-blossomed slaes.
Where the wild-thyme and meadow-queen scent the soft gale,
And the cushat croods lusomely down in the dale.
There the lintwhite and mavis sing sweet frae the thorn,
And blythe lites the laverock aboon the green corn,
And a' things rejoice in the simmer's glad prime—
But my heart's wi' my love in the far foreign clime!

O the hay-making's pleasant, in bright sunny June—
The hay-time is cheery when hearts are in tune;
But while others are joking and laughing sae free,
There 's a pang at my heart and a tear i' my e'e.
At e'en i' the gloaming, adown by the burn,
Fa' dowie, and wae, aft I daunder and mourn;
Among the lang broom I sit greeting alane,
And sigh for my dear and the days that are gane.

O the days o' our youthheid were heartsome and gay,
When we herded thegither by sweet Gaitshaw brae,
When we plaited the rushes and pu'd the witch-bells
By the Cayle's ferny howms and on Hounam's green fells.
But young Sandy bood gang to the wars wi' the laird,
To win honour and gowd—(gif his life it be spared!)
Ah! little care I for wealth, favour, or fame,
Gin I had my dear sheph-erd but safely at hame!

Then round our wee cot though gruff winter sould roar,
And poortith glowr in like a wolf at the door;
Though our toom purse had barely twa boddles to clink,
And a barley-meal scones were the best on our bink;
Yet, he wi' his hirsle, and I wi' my wheel,
Through the howe o' the year we wad fen unco weel;
Till the lintwhite, and laverock, and lambs bleating fain,
Brought back the blythe time o' ewe-bughting again.

Lovely Davies.

[This song Burns wrote in honour of his little favourite, Miss Davies. It appears in Johnson's Museum, set at his own request to a tune called "Miss Muir." "Those who remember the pleasing society," says Allan Cunningham, "which, in the year 1791, Dumfries afforded, cannot have forgotten 'the charming lovely Davies' of the lyrics of Burns. Her maiden name was Deborah, and she was the youngest daughter of Dr. Davies of Tenby in Pembroke-shire; between her and the Elddels of Friars Carse there were ties of blood or friendship, and her eldest sister, Harriet, was married to Captain Adam Gordon, of the noble family of Kenmure. Her education was superior to that of most young ladies of her station of life; she was equally agreeable and witty; her company was much courted in Nithsdale, and others than Burns respected her talents in poetic composition. She was then in her twentieth year, and so little and so handsome that some one, who desired to compliment her, welcomed her to the vale of Nith as one of the Graces in miniature. It was the destiny of Miss Davies to become acquainted with Captain Delany, a pleasant and slightly man, who made himself acceptable to her by sympathizing in her pursuits, and by writing verses to her, calling her his "Stella," an ominous name, which might have brought the memory of Swift's unhappy mistress to her mind. An offer of marriage was made and accepted; but Delany's circumstances were urged as an obstacle; delays ensued; a coldness on the lover's part followed; his regiment was called abroad—he went with it; she heard from him once and no more, and was left to mourn the change of affection—to droop and die. He perished in battle or by a foreign climate, soon after the death of the young lady of whose love he was unworthy."]

O now shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation?
The taneafu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration,
Even they maun dare an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the show'r, and every flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is;
Eae droops our heart when we maun part
From charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That mak's us mair than princes;
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances:
The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble pow'r's surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour:
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Bonnie Wee Thing.

["Composed," says Burns, "on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davies."—Adapted to a tune with the same title; given by Oswald.]

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Leeze me on the Glen.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here first printed. The beautiful mountain stream of the Endrick rises among the hills south-west of Stirling, and passing in a rapid course by the villages of Fintry, Balfon, Killearn, and Drymen, it flows into Lochlomond, a few miles west from Buchanan House, the romantic seat of the Duke of Montrose.]

O LEEZE me on the glen that Summer makes her Eden ha',
And bids her fairy bower in the depths o' the greenwood shaw;
The glen where the winds play their softest, sweetest summer tude,
Among the heather bells and the green waving woods o' June.
'Tis the glen of my boyhood, the cradle o' my happy days,
Still fondly my heart longs to roam o'er its broomy braes,
And listen to the sang o' the liltie on its whinny bed,
And wipe awa' the tear, for love and warm friendship fled.

Though torn frae thy lap where I first drank the balmy air,
Thy picture hangs untouched mid the canker o' writhing care;
Thy grey rugged cliffs and thy lowne lily-dappled dells,
Thy pale primrose banks, thy pure gurgling mountain wells,
Thy haughs spread wi' daisies, thy honey-scented meadow land,
Thy green velvet holmes and thy auld hoary woods so grand,
Aft drift through my dreams, all wrapt in their asure hae,
Like scenes o' the Happy Isles sparkling wi' hinny dew.

O can I e'er forget the glory o' thy dawning morn,
When the pearly tears o' night fa' in beads frae the aged thorn;
And the milky mists creep back to their bed in the mossy muirs,
And heaven's bliss comes down wi' the draps o' the crystal showers;
When Joy's trumpet sounds through the valleys o' the ringing woods,
And Echo singeth back wi' the voice o' the water-floods—
While frae bank and frae brae a clear gush o' music flies,
With the incense of earth, away to the ruby skies.

Can the warid brag o' aught like the pride o' thy gouden noon,
When the revelry of morn is lulled to a solemn croon,
And the flocks cease to bleat on the brow o' the benty knowe,
While the linns o' the Endrick shine bright in a silver lowe;
As the bride on her bridal day walks forth in her gay attire,
Her heart fu' o' joy and her e'e glancing maiden fire;
So the valley calmly basks in the beauty o' its flowery dress,
While the winds hover o'er, gently fanning its loveliness.

But dearer far to me the mirk o' thy gloamin' hour,
When the curlew's sery cry echoes far frae its fenny bower;
And the throstle's evening hymn, wi' the sough o' the water fa',
Now rises and now sinks, now like death calmly glides awa'—
When the flowers shut their een and the winds in the woods are still,
And the wee lammies sleep in the howe o' the dewy hul;
Then the weary soul o' man, like the bird to its coxy nest,
Floats on fancy's wings 'mong the clouds o' the purple west.

Thus morning, noon, and eve, sweet vale o' my youthful days,
 I roam still in thought through my haunts on thy bracken brace;
 And as Endrick waxes deep when she bounds near her resting goal,
 So deepens aye the flow o' thy love in my weary soul.
 Farewell, then, my glen, the land o' my brightest dreams,
 My heart, like the stricken deer, pants for thy silver stream;
 At this late hour o' life I would fainly come back again,
 And sleep on the brae o' my ain native happy glen.

The Mountaineer's Death.

[ROBERT WHITE, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—Here printed for the first time.]

I PRAY you, of your courtesy, before we farther move,
 Let me look back and see the place that I so dearly love;
 I am not old in years, yet still where'er I chanced to roam,
 The strongest impulse of my heart was ever linked with home.
 There saw I first the light of heaven—there, by a mother's knee,
 In time of infancy and youth, her love supported me:
 All that I prize on earth is now my aching sight before,
 And glen and brae, and moorland grey, I'll witness never more!

Beneath yon trees that o'er the cot their deepening shadows fling,
 My father first revealed to me the exile of our king;
 Upon yon seat beside the door he gave to me his sword,
 With charge to draw it only for our just and rightful lord.
 And I remember when I went, unfriended and alone,
 Amidst a world I never loved—ay! yonder is the stone,
 At which my mother, bending low, for me did heaven implore:
 Stone, seat and tree are dear to me—I'll see them never more!

Yon hawthorn bower beside the burn, I never shall forget;
 Ah! there my dear departed maid and I in rapture met:
 What tender aspirations we breathed for other's weal!
 How glow'd our hearts with sympathy which none but lovers feel!
 And when above our hapless prince the milk-white flag was flung,
 While hamlet, mountain, rock and glen with martial music rung,
 We parted there—from her embrace myself I wildly tore;
 Our hopes were vain,—I came again, but found her never more!

O! thank you for your gentleness—now stay one minute still:
 There is a lone and quiet spot on yonder rising hill;
 I mark it, and the sight revives emotions strong and deep—
 There, lowly laid, my parents in the dust together sleep.
 And must I in a land afar from home and kindred lie?
 Forbid it, heaven! and hear my prayer—'tis better now to die!
 My limbs grow faint—I fain would rest—my eyes are darkening o'er;
 Slow flags my breath—now, this is death,—adieu, for evermore!

Kate of Aberdeen.

["Kate of Aberdeen," says Burns, "is, I believe, the work of poor Cunningham the player; of whom the following anecdote, though told before, deserves a recital. A fat dignitary of the church coming past Cunningham one Sunday, as the poor poet was busy plying a fishing-rod in some stream near Durham, his native county, his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poor poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manners which was his peculiar characteristic, replied, that he hoped God and his reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, 'as he had no dinner to eat, but what lay at the bottom of that pool!' This, Mr. Woods, the player, who knew Cunningham well, and esteemed him much, assured me was true." JOHN CUNNINGHAM was a descendant of the Cunninghams of Entinckine in Ayrshire, and was born in Dublin (not Durham, as Burns has it,) in 1739. His father was an extensive wine-merchant in the Irish capital, but early in life, he abandoned the parental roof, and took to the stage. He was long a performer in the Edinburgh Theatre, under the management of Mr. Digges. Latterly, he was engaged at the theatre in Newcastle, where he died in the year 1773. He was the author of various poetical pieces, and of a drama called "Love in a mist." His "Kate of Aberdeen" appears in the "London Songster," 1767, and was set to music by Jonathan Battisbill. It was for several seasons popular at Vauxhall Gardens.]

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigils while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant or so fair
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
And see the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green;
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks—
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see the rosy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark, the happy shepherd's cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Bet of Aberdeen.

[WRITTEN by ALEXANDER RODGER. Music by M. Wilson.]

How brightly beams the bonnie moon
Frae out the azure sky,
While like little star aboon
Seems sparkling bright wi' joy.
How calm the eve! how blest the hour!
How soft the sylvan scene!
How fit to meet thee, lovely flower!
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

Now let us wander through the broom,
And o'er the flowery lea;
While simmer wafts her rich perfume
Frae yonder hawthorn tree,
There on yon mossy bank we'll rest,
Where we've sae often been,
Olap'd to each other's throbbing breast,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

How sweet to view that face so meek,
That dark expressive eye;
To kiss that lovely blushing cheek,
Those lips of coral dye;
But oh! to hear thy scrapp strains,
Thy maiden sighs between,
Makes rapture thrill through all my veins,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

Oh! what to us is wealth or rank?
 Or what is pomp or power?
 More dear this velvet mossy bank,
 This blest ecstasie hour:
 I'd covet not the monarch's throne,
 Nor diamond-studded queen,
 While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

The Mariner.

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

Ye winds which kiss the groves' green tops,
 And sweep the mountain hoar,
 O, softly stir the ocean waves
 Which sleep along the shore;
 For my love sails the fairest ship
 That wantons on the sea:
 O, bend his masts with pleasant gales,
 And waft him hame to me.

O leave nae mair the bonnie glen,
 Clear stream, and hawthorn grove,
 Where first we walked in gloaming grey,
 And sigh'd and look'd of love;
 For faithless is the ocean wave,
 And faithless is the wind—
 Then leave nae mair my heart to break,
 'Mang Scotland's hills behind.

My Goddess, Woman.

[JOHN LEARMONT.—Tune, "The Butcher Boy."
 Learmont published a volume of Poems at Edinburgh in 1791. He at one time held the situation of head gardener to the Duke of Buccleuch at Langholm Lodge. He died many years ago.]

O' mighty nature's handy-works,
 The common or uncommon,
 There's nought through a' her limits wide
 Can be compared to woman.
 The farmer tills, the merchant tokes,
 From dawing to the gloamin;
 The farmer's pains, the merchant's cares,
 Are a' to please thee, woman.

The sailor spreads the daring sail
 Through billows chafed and foaming,
 For gems, and gold, and jewels rare,
 To please thee, lovely woman.
 The soldier fights o'er crimson'd fields,
 In distant climates roaming;
 But lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,
 Before thee, conquering woman.

The monarch leaves his golden throne,
 With other men in common,
 And lays aside his crown, and kneels
 A subject to thee, woman.
 Though all were mine, o'er man possess'd,
 Barbarian, Greek, or Roman,
 What would earth be, frae east to west,
 Without my goddess, woman!

Annie Laurie.

["THREE two verses," says Mr. Robert Chambers, "which are in a style wonderfully tender and chaste for their age, were written by a Mr. DOUGLASS of Finland, upon Anne, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwellton, by his second wife, who was a daughter of Riddell of Minto. As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is probable that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is painful to record, that, notwithstanding the ardent and chivalrous affection displayed by Mr. Douglas in his poem, he did not obtain the heroine for a wife: she was married to Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch."]

MAXWELTON banks are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew;
 Where me and Annie Laurie
 Made up the promise true,
 Made up the promise true,
 And never forget will I;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'll lay me down and die.

She's backit like the peacock,
 She's brelsit like the swan,
 She's jimp about the middle,
 Her waist ye woe might span;

Her waist ye weel might span,
And she has a rolling eye;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

MODERN VERSION.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gled me her promise true;
Gled me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she is a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Up wi' the Widow.

[FROM a collection of "Ancient Ballads and Songs, by Thomas Lyle." London, 1827.]

WELCOME, my Johnnie, beardless an' bonnie,
Ye're my conceit, though I'm courted by mony;
Come to the spence, my ain merry ploughman,
Make it your name, ye'll be baith bet an' fu', man;
Baith het an' fu', man, baith het an' fu', man,
Make it your name, ye'll be baith het an' fu',
man.

Gin ye be tentle, ye shall ha'e plenty,
Year after year, I ha'e dotted a renty,
Byres fu' o' horse an' kye, barns fu' o' grain,
man,
Bukes fu' o' notes, an' a' farm o' your ain, man.

At market or fair, man, ye may be there, man,
Buying or selling, wi' plenty to ware, man,
Dress'd like a laird, in the bravest an' warmest,
On a gude beast, you'll ride up wi' the foremost.

Tauple young lassies, keeking in glasses,
Wasting their siller on trinkets an' dresses,
Think wi' yoursel', Johnnie, tak' wha ye may do,
Ye may do waur than draw up wi' the widow,
Up wi' the widow, up wi' the widow,
Ye may do waur than draw up wi' the widow.

Prestwick Drum.

[AIR, "Aiken Drum."—The original charter of Prestwick is now lost, but is referred to in the renewed grant by James VI. of Scotland. Bruce having at first been unsuccessful, after passing some time in exile, re-appeared in Arran, and crossing the Firth, landed on Prestwick shore, where the inhabitants joined his standard in considerable force; for which service, the king was pleased to erect their town into a barony, with a jurisdiction extending from the Water of Ayr to the Water of Irvine.]

A' gloamin grey, the close o' day,
When saftly sinks the village hum,
Nor far nor near ought meets the ear,
But ablinks Prestwick drum.
Nae bludy battle it betides,
Nor sack, nor siege, nor ought besides,
Twa gude sheep-skins, wi' oaken sides,
An' leather lugs aroun'.

In days o' yore, when to our shore,
For aid the gallant Bruce did come,
His lieges leal did tak' the fel',
An' march to Prestwick drum.
Gude service aften is forgot,
An' favour won by crafty plot,
An' sic, alas! has been the lot
O' Prestwick's ancient drum.

Jockie's ta'en the parting kiss.

[BURNS.—Written for the Museum, to the old tune of "Bonnie lassie, tak' a man."]

JOCKIE'S ta'en the parting kiss,
Ower the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss;
Nought but grief wi' me remain.
Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
Flashy sleets, and beating rain!
Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
Ower the day's fair gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be!
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For, where'er he distant roves,
Jockie's heart is still at hame.

"I canna be fashed."

[EDWARD POLIN, late of Paisley, now connected with "The Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle" Newspaper.—Here first printed.]

THE dell's in the hixies,
Thae lassies o' mine!—
Though there's a' things to do,
Baith the rough wark an' fine;
Though the breid's a' to bake,
An' the claes maun be washed,
There they'll sit an' they'll tell me
They "canna be fashed!"

Was ever the like o't?—
Sic gentle affairs!
Na! the jauds are gane gyte
Wi' their brows an' their ails;
My certes! I think
Wi' the tanga I'd been smashed,
Gin I'd said to my mither,
"I canna be fashed!"

But noo the bit lassoeks
Ha'e srown sae genteel,
Wi' their books an' pianos
For seams an' the wheel;

Gin ye ask them to help ye,
Just hear hoo your smashed—
"Deed, mither, I tell you
I canna be fashed!"

AN' then there's sic wailing
For phrases sae fine,
That they're a' liker ladies
Than dochters o' mine;
But sune whan at hame
A' sic clavers are quashed,
For Scotch-like they'll tell me
They "canna be fashed!"

WI' their veils an' their earrings,
An' boas—keep me!
The pride o' thae lassies
It's awfu' to see.
Mak' them ladies indeed!
Na, their chaffs should be clashed,
Whan they offer to tell me
They "canna be fashed!"

BUT bide ye awce
Till the tawpies get men,
An' maun e'en gang their wa's
To their ain butt an' ben,—
An' ha'e bairnies wha greet
Till they're baith sed an' washed,
We'll see gin they'll cry then
They "canna be fashed!"

Hap and Row.

[WILLIAM CREECH.—Tune "The Reel o' Stumpie."—Mr. Creech (born 1745; died 1815,) was for many years a leading bookseller in Edinburgh. He was Burns's publisher there; and the reader will find in the poet's works some letters addressed to him; also a poem of which he is the subject, called "Willie's awa'." He was author of a collection of essays and sketches, called "Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces," originally printed in 1791, and reprinted after his death, in 1815.]

WE'LL hap and row, we'll hap and row,
We'll hap and row the fettle o't;
It is a wee bit weary thing:
I downa bide the greetie o't.

And we pat on the wee bit pan,
To boil the link o' meatie o't;
A cinder fell and spoil'd the plan,
And burnt a' the fettle o't.

Fu' sair it grat, the puir wee brat,
And aye it kick'd the fettle o't,
Till, puir wee elf, it tired itself;
And then began the sleepe o't.

The skirling brat nae parritch gat,
When it gaed to the sleepe o't;
It s' wesome true, instead o' 'ts mou',
They're round about the fettle o't.

Keep the country.

[THIS fragment is from Herd's collection, 1776.
The tune is a well-known reel tune.]

Keep the country, bonnie lassie,
Keep the country, keep the country;
Keep the country, bonnie lassie;
Lads will a' gie' gowd for ye:
Gowd for ye, bonnie lassie,
Gowd for ye, gowd for ye:
Keep the country, bonnie lassie;
Lads will a' gie' gowd for ye.

The lass that made the bed.

["THE bonnie lass that made the bed to me" is the name of an old song, here inadmissible, said to have been composed on a love adventure of Charles the Second, when in Scotland in 1650-51. The heroine was a daughter of the laird of Port Lethem, in Aberdeenshire. Burns took up the theme, and wrote a version of the song, which was subject almost to as strong objections, on the point of delicacy, as the original. He afterwards pruned his first sketch as follows:]

When winter's wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I bent my way,
The mirksome nicht did me enfauld,
I kenn'd na where to lodge till day.

A charming girl I chanced to meet
Just in the middle of my care,
And kindly she did me invite
Her father's humble cot to share.

Her hair was like the gowd sae fine,
Her teeth were like the ivory,
Her cheeks like lillies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the drifted snaw,
Her limbs like marble fair to see;
A fairer form nane ever saw,
Than her's that made the bed to me.

She made the bed baith lang and braid,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
She bade "Gude nicht," and, smiling, said,
"I hope ye'll sleep baith saft and soun'."

Upon the morrow when I raise,
I thank'd her for her courtesie,
A blush cam' o'er the comely face
O' her that made the bed to me.

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne;
The tear stude twinkling in her e'e:
O dearest maid, gin ye'll be mine,
Ye aye sall make the bed to me.

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Thomson's collection, to the tune of "Laddie, lie near me."]

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoing:
'Twas the dear smile when naeboddy did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou't the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion shall falter.

Bothwell Bank.

[THIS was first published in JOHN PINKERTON'S "Select Scottish Ballads, London, 1773," where it is given as an old production, but it was in reality the composition of Pinkerton himself. Pinkerton, though a very unscrupulous writer, distinguished himself by his antiquarian researches into the history of his country. He was born at Edinburgh in 1769, and died at Paris in 1835.—"In proof of the antiquity of at least the air to which this song is sung," says Mr. Robert Chambers, "and of its beautiful *overword*, or burden, a story has been quoted from a work entitled 'Verstegan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence,' which was printed at Amsterdam in the year 1605. In journeying through Palestine, at some period even then remote, a Sootaman saw a female at the door of a house lulling her child to the air of Bothwell Bank. Surprise and rapture took simultaneous possession of his breast, and he immediately accosted the fair singer. She turned out to be a native of Scotland, who, having wandered thither, was married to a Turk of rank, and who still, though far removed from her native land, frequently reverted to it in thought, and occasionally called up its image by chanting the ditties in which its banks and brae, its woods and streams, were so freshly and so endearingly delineated. She introduced the traveller to her husband, whose influence in the country was eventually of much service to him; an advantage which he could never have enjoyed, had not Bothwell Bank bloomed fair to a poet's eye, and been the scene of some passion not less tender than unfortunate. The bank itself, which has thus attracted so much honourable notice, is a beautifully wooded piece of ground, descending in a steep semicircular sweep from the foundations of Bothwell Castle (Lanarkshire) to the brink of the Clyde, which is there a river of noble breadth. Being situated at the distance of about eight or nine miles above Glasgow, it is a frequent summer Sunday resort for the lads and lasses of that city, the most cotton-spinning of whom cannot help enjoying the loveliness of the scene, set off as it is, in so peculiar a manner, by poetical association. It is the property of Lord Douglas; forming, indeed, part of the finely wooded park which surrounds his lordship's seat of Bothwell."]

On the blythe Beltane, as I went
By mysel' attour the green bent,

Whereby the glancin' waves of Clyde,
Throch sauchs and hangin' hazels glais.
There, sadly sittin' on a brae,
I heard a damsel speak her wae.

"Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair,
But, oh, thou mak's my heart fu' sair!
For a' beneth thy holts nae green
My luvie and I wad sit at e'en;
While primroses and daisies, mixt
Wi' blue bells, in my locks be fir.

"But he left me ae dreary day,
And haply now lies in the clay,
Without ae sich his death to croun!
Without ae flowir his grave to croun!
Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fair,
But, oh, thou mak's my heart fu' sair."

How sweet this lone vale.

[THE first stanza of this song was written by the Hon. ANDREW ERSKINE, a younger brother of "the musical Earl of Kellie." The other verses are by an unknown hand. Mr. Erskine held a lieutenant's commission in the 71st regiment, but most of his life was spent in Edinburgh, where he figured as a retired bachelor of somewhat eccentric habits. He carried on a literary correspondence with James Boswell, in prose and verse, which was published at London in 1763. He was also author of "Town Elogues," and other pieces. Burns was acquainted with him. In a letter to George Thomson, 7th June, 1793, the poet says, "Mr. Erskine's songs are all pretty, but his 'Lone Vale' is divine." In September of the same year, Mr. Erskine was found drowned in the Forth. An unlucky run at play is said to have led to this melancholy end.]

How sweet this lone vale, and how sacred to feeling

Yon nightingale's notes in sweet melody melt;
Oblivion of woe o'er the mind gently stealing.

A pause from keen anguish a moment is felt.
The moon's yellow light o'er the still lake is sleeping,

Ah! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb,
Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping,
And the sweets of the vale are o'ershadow'd with gloom.

How sweet this lone vale, all the beauties of nature,
In varied features are here to be seen,
The lowly spread bush, and oaks' towering stature,
Is mantled in foliage of gay lovely green.
Ah! here is the spot, O how sad recollection,
It is the retreat of my Mary no more, [tion,
How kind, how sincere was this dear maid's affec-
Till memory cease, I the loss must deplore.

How sweet this lone vale to a heart full of sorrow,
The wail of distress I unheeded can pour,
My bosom o'ercharg'd may be lighter to-morrow,
By shedding a flood in yon thick-twisted bower.
O Mary! in silence thou calmly reposest,
The bustle of life gives no trouble to thee,
Bemoaning my Mary, life only discloses
A wilderness vacant of pleasure to me.

Logie o' Buchan.

[This fine natural song, which is united to an air equally beautiful and simple, has been ascribed to Lady Anne Barnard, the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray," but it is of older date than her life. Mr. Peter Buchan, formerly of Peterhead, now of Glasgow, says that it was written by a school-master at Rathen, in Aberdeenshire, of the name of GEORGE HALKET, who died in 1756. Halket was a great Jacobite, and wrote various pieces in support of his party: one of the best known of these is the song called "Whirry, Whigs, awa', man." The Logie mentioned in the song is situated in Crimond, a parish adjoining the one where Halket resided, and the hero of the piece, was a James Robertson, gardener at the place of Logie. The original Ballad, according to Mr. Buchan, commences thus:

O woe to Kinmundy, Kinmundy the laird,
Wha's tane awa' Jamie, that delved i' the yard,
Wha play'd on the pipe, an' the viol sae sma',
Kinmundy's ta'en Jamie, the flower o' them a']

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, that delved in the yard,
Wha play'd on the pipe, and the viol sae sma',
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'.
He said, Think na lang lassie, tho' I gang awa';
He said, Think na lang lassie, tho' I gang awa';
For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Tho' Sandy has ousan, has gear, and has kye;
A house and a hadden, and siller forbye:
Yet I'd tak' mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd ha'e him, wi' the houses and land.
He said, Think nae lang, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor:
Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They're nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, Think nae lang, &c.

I sit on my creeple, I spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae sarpence, he brak it in twa,
And g'ied me the hauf o't when he gade awa'.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

The Humble Beggair.

[This is an old song, although it cannot be traced farther back than to Herd's collection. The tune goes by the same name as the song, and is given in the fifth volume of Johnson's Museum.]

In Scotland there lived a humble beggar,
He had neither house, nor hald, nor hame,
But he was weel liked by like bodie,
And they ga'e him sunnets to rax his wame.

A nivetu' of meal, a handfu' of groats,
A dadd of bannock, or herring brie,
Cauld parridge, or the lickings of plates,
Wad mak' him as blythe as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
The feint a bit of pride had he,
He wad ta'en his a'ms in a blikker,
Frae gentleman, or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,
In as good order as wallets could be:
And a lang kail-gooly hang down by his side,
And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warse,
It happen'd sae that he did die;
And wha do you think was at his late-wake,
But lads and lasses of a high degree.

Some were blythe and some were sad,
And some they play'd at Blind Harrie;
But suddenly up-started the auld carle,
I redd ye, good folks, tak' tent o' me.

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,
Vow kimmer, and how do ye?
Up he gat, and ca't her limmer,
And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
E'en far frae the companie:
But when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-
yard,
He dunted on the kist, the boards did flee:
And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird,
In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cried, I'm cauld, I'm unco cauld;
Fu' fast ran the flock, and fu' fast ran he:
But he was first hame at his ain iple side,
And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.

She left us.

[WILLIAM KNOX.]

SHE left us when spring-time
Had painted the plain,
And promis'd in autumn
To see us again.

Long, long seem'd the summer
When she was away,
And we sigh'd for the woodlands
And flowers to decay.

The tree at our window
Had scatter'd its leaves,
And the swallow had left us
That sung from the eaves,

When we thought of her promise
To see us again,
And long'd for her coming;
But all was in vain.

She left us in spring-time
In health and in joy,
But the breezes of autumn
Had blown to destroy.

We saw the long fun'ral
Come over the plain,
And the voice that could cheer us
Can cheer not again.

Mary Gill.

[PATRICK KNOX.—Here first printed.]

HA's ye na seen the miller's maid,
The bonnie Mary Gill?
Wha wins below the braes o' Braid,
Fu' like a lily newly spread,
In shelter o' the hill.

I wish it had na been my fate,
To look on her myself;
For that put me in sic a state,
That peace or rest I canna get,
Sin' meetin' Mary Gill.

I dander'd down, the ither night
Fu' little dreading' ill,
When my heart's ease whurr'd out like licht,
An' left me in a pretty plicht,
Wi' bonnie Mary Gill!

I first felt saucy at the queen,
An' tried, wi' a' my skill,
To think that fairer I had seen,
While aye my twa unru'ly een
Would glance at Mary Gill.

Then something gaed about my heart,
That made it saft an' still;
I grew fu' anxious to depart,
But sat unable an' inert,
Bewitch'd by Mary Gill!

Neist raise a flutter in my breast,
I kent na how to quell;
I hitch'd about, an' could na rest,
An' fearin' notice, thoct it best
To part frae Mary Gill.

But a' the road I stoiter'd hame,
An' three times clean gae'd wil'
The miller's maid got a' the blame,
Yet I kept achan aye the name
O' bonnie Mary Gill.

But a' the nicht, nae wink I got,
But pecht an' gran'd my fill;
An' felt my noddle a' afoot,
An' lika ither thing forgot
Exoeptin' Mary Gill.

I canna say I'll nae gang back
Nor can I say I will;
But my pair heart is on the rack,
While a' the niebours hae their crack
O' me an' Mary Gill.

Strephon and Lydia.

[TUNE, "The Gordon's hae the guiding o't."—
"The following account of this song," says Burns,
"I had from Dr. Blacklock. The Strephon and
Lydia mentioned in the song were perhaps the
loveliest couple of their time. The gentleman was
commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson.
The lady was the 'Gentle Jean' celebrated some-
where in Mr. Hamilton of Bangour's poems.
Having frequently met at public places, they
had formed a reciprocal attachment, which their
friends thought dangerous, as their resources
were by no means adequate to their tastes and
habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of
such a connection, Strephon was sent abroad with
a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon's
expedition to Carthage, (in 1740). The author
of this song was WILLIAM WALLACE, Esq. of
Cairnhill, in Ayrshire."—William Wallace was
admitted a member of the faculty of advocates in
1734, and was married to a daughter of Archibald
Campbell of Succoth in 1750, and died at Glasgow
in 1763. There was another advocate of the same
name, who flourished somewhat later in the cen-
tury, and who became professor of Universal His-
tory in the University of Edinburgh.]

ALL lovely, on the sultry beach,
Expiring Strephon lay;
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
Nor cheer the gloomy way.

Ill-fated youth! no parent nigh
To catch thy fleeting breath,
No bride to fix thy swimming eye,
Nor smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene,
Thy parents sit at ease;
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
And all the spring to please.
Ill-fated youth! by fault of friend,
Not force of foe depress'd,
Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,
Thy country, unredress'd.

Gilderoy.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

THE last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me:
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows tree!

The bell has toll'd; it shakes my heart:
The trumpet speaks thy name;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom,
No mourner wipes a tear;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

Oh, Gilderoy! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart?

Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,
Your hunter-garb was trim,
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound;
Or hear upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight-hammer sound!

Ye cruel, cruel, that combin'd
Those guiltless to pursue;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you!

A long adieu! but where shall fy
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thine orphan boy:
Alas! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away.

Why hangs that cloud.

[HAMILTON of Bangour.—This is published in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, adapted to the old air called "Hallowe'en."]

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
That beauteous heav'n erewhile serene?
Whence do these storms and tempests blow?
Or what this gust of passion mean?
And must then mankind lose that light
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And lie obscur'd in endless night,
For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how could I wrong thy name?
Thy form so fair and faultless stands,
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
Thy beauty would make large amends!
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy beauty's powerful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus ev'ry heart t' ensnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas with unusual care,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who must not resign the field
To thee, celestial maid, secure
With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such power is giv'n,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But smile, and learn to copy heav'n,
Since we must sin ere it forgive.

Yet pitying heav'n not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself appeas'd bestows
As the reward of penitence.

Johnnie's Grey Brecks.

[THE air called "Johnnie's Grey Brecks" is one of the most beautiful in the whole range of Scottish melody, and yet nothing is known of its history. It is given in Oswald's collection, 1742, both according to the original way, in *triple time*, and also in *common time*, the latter supposed to be done by Oswald himself. Burns says, "Though it has certainly every evidence of being a Scottish air, yet there is a well-known tune in the north of Ireland, called 'The Weaver and his Shuttle, O,' which, though sung much quicker, is every note the very tune." The old Scotch song of "Johnnie's Grey Brecks" is, however, much older than "The Weaver and his Shuttle, O," and the latter must therefore have borrowed the air from the former. We cannot give the original version of the song, some of which might be considered rather coarse for "modern ears polite," but we give a modified set of it, which is still of considerable antiquity, and used to be popular at our country firesides. In Johnson's Museum, another set of words is given to the same tune, beginning,

"Now smiling spring again appears
With all the beauties of her train,
Love soon of her arrival hears,
And flies to wound the gentle swain;"—

which Burns pronounces to be execrable—and certainly the song is not worth quoting.]

WHEN I was in my se'nteen year,
I was baith blythe and bonnie, O;
The lads lo'd me baith far and near,
But I lo'd nane but Johnnie, O;
He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,
He spake aye blythe and kindly, O;
And I made him new grey brecks,
That fitted him most finely, O.

He was a handsome fellow;
His humour was baith frank and free
His bonnie looks aye yellow,
Like gowd they glitter'd in my e'e:

His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
And face sae fair and ruddy, O;
And then a-days his grey breeks
Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they are threadbare worn,
They're wider than they want to be;
They're tash'd-like and sair torn,
And clouted upon like knee.
But gin I had a simmer's day,
As I ha'e had right monie, O,
I'd make a web o' new grey,
To be breeks to my Johnnie, O.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
And better, gin I had to gie,
And I'll tak' pains upo' them,
Frae faults I'll strive to keep them free.
To oleid him weel shall be my care,
To please him a' my study, O!
But he maun wear the auld pair
A wee, though they be duddy, O.

For when the lad was in his prime,
Like him there warma monie, O.
He ca'd me aye his bonnie thing,
Sae wha wadna lo'e Johnnie, O?
O, I lo'e Johnnie's grey breeks,
For a' the care they've gien me yet,
And gin we live another year,
We'll mak' them hale between us yet.

Menie.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS, to the tune of "Johnnie's Grey Breeks." The chorus was the composition of a gentleman in Edinburgh, a friend of the poet's. It has been generally condemned as an absurd chorus—and certainly is not very appropriate to the song—but still we think it is a good natural verse for all that. "Menie" is the abbreviation of the name "Mariamne."]

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues;
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet-jet black, and it's like a hawk,
And winna let a bodie be.

In vain to me the cowlips blaw;
In vain to me the v'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team;
Wi' joy the tentie seedman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of aye that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims;
Among the reeds the ducklings cry;
The stately swan majestic swims;
And every thing is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slaps,
And o'er the moorland whistles shrill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
A wee-worn ghaist, I hameward glide.

Come, winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me.
And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet-jet black, and it's like a hawk,
And winna let a bodie be.

Matilda.

[WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER WILSON OF Paisley, the great American Ornithologist.]

Y'e dark rugged rocks, that recline o'er the deep,
Ye breezes that sigh o'er the main,
Here shelter me under your cliffs, while I weep,
And cease, while ye hear me complain.

For distant, alas! from my dear native shores,
And far from each friend now I be;
And wide is the merciless ocean that roars
Between my Matilda and me.

How blest were the times when together we stray'd,
While Phoebe shone silent above;
Or lean'd by the border of Cartha's green side,
And talk'd the whole evening of love;

Around us all nature lay wrapt up in peace,
Nor noise could our pleasures annoy,
Save Cartha's hoarse bawling, convey'd by the
breeze,
That sooth'd us to love and to joy.

If haply some youth had his passion exprest,
And prais'd the bright charms of her face,
What horrors unceasing revolv'd thro' my breast,
While sighing I stole from the place!

For where is the eye that could view her alone,
The ear that could list to her strain,
Nor wish the adorable nymph for his own,
Nor double the pangs I sustain!

Thou moon! that now brighten'st those regions
above,
How oft hast thou witness'd my bliss,
While breathing my tender expressions of love,
I seal'd each kind vow with a kiss.

Ah! then how I joy'd, while I gaz'd on her charms,
What transports flew swift through my heart!
I press'd the dear beautiful maid in my arms,
Nor dream'd that we ever should part.

But now from the dear, from the tenderest maid,
By fortune unfeelingly torn;
'Midst strangers, who wonder to see me so sad,
In secret I wander forlorn;

And oft, while drear midnight assemblies her
shades,
And silence pours sleep from her throne,
Pale, lonely, and pensive, I steal thro' the glades,
And sigh 'midst the darkness my moan.

In vain to the town I retreat for relief;
In vain to the groves I complain;
Belles, cockcombs, and uproar, can ne'er sooth my
grief,
And solitude nurses my pain.

Still absent from her whom my bosom loves best,
I languish in misery and care;
Her presence could banish each woe from my
breast,
But her absence, alas! is despair.

Ye dark rugged rocks, that recline o'er the deep,
Ye breezes, that sigh o'er the main,
Oh! shelter me under your cliffs, while I weep,
And cease, while ye hear me complain.

For distant, alas! from my dear native shores,
And far from each friend now I be;
And wide is the merciless ocean, that roars
Between my Matilda and me.

Blue-e'd Mary.

[ALEXANDER LAING. Written in 1818. Tune,
"Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue."]

My only love I canna rue,
My bonnie blue-e'd Mary, O,
I ne'er will break the bosom vow
I've plighted to my dearie, O.
A fairer form I canna see,
A fairer face there canna be,
Nane bears a love sae leal as thee,
My bonnie blue-e'd Mary, O.

I'll wait thee in the greenwood glen,
Among the braes sae briery, O,
For there the Norn leaps the linn,
An' tells me of my dearie, O.
Thy hair's, the glossy falling stream,
Thy brow, the pure, the milky foam,
Thy cheeks, the dimpling eddies seem—
My bonnie blue-e'd Mary, O.

I ne'er had love for aye but thee
Among the maids sae cheery, O;
You ne'er lov'd aye but only me,
My ain, my dearest Charlie, O.
My morn o' love—the morn o' thine,
An' a' our happy days sinyne,
The chords o' mem'ry canna tyne,
My bonnie blue-e'd Mary, O.

While morning lifts his gowden eye,
An' glints o'er a' sae cheerie, O,
While evening veils the face o' day,
An' starnies gild the car, O;
My only love—my bosom vow—
My plighted faith I'll never rue,
But live in love an' bliss wi' you,
My bonnie blue-e'd Mary, O.

Tweedside.

[THE beautiful tune of "Tweedside" is of great antiquity, and has even been attributed to David Rizzio, but without any authentic foundation. Gay adopts it as the air of one of his songs in the opera of "Polly," printed in 1729. The old verses to the tune, which are here given, are said to have been written by Lord YETTER, afterwards marquis of Tweeddale, who died in 1713, in his 68th year. Lord Yester, according to Mr. Robert Chambers, "was a distinguished statesman in the reigns of William and Anne, and married the only daughter of the duke of Lauderdale, considered the greatest heiress in the kingdom. He was one of the principal instruments in carrying through the Union, being at the head of the party called the *Squadron Volante*. Macky, in his curious work of that period, describes him as a great encourager and promoter of trade and the welfare of his country. 'He hath good sense,' he adds, 'is very modest, much a man of honour, and hot when piqued; is highly esteemed in his country, and may make a considerable figure in it now. He is a short brown man, towards sixty years old.' The song must have been written before 1697, when he ceased to be Lord Yester, by succeeding his father. Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, which overhangs the Tweed, must be the locality of the song—that being then the property, and one of the residences, of the Tweeddale family. The song first appeared in Mr. Herd's Collection, 1776.]"

WHEN Maggy and I were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie,
Nae lintwhite in a' the gay plain,
Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she!
I whistled, I piped, and I sang;
I woo'd, but I cam' nae great speed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell;
My tears did my passion express:
Alas! for I lo'd her ower weel,
And the women lo'e sio a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld;
Her pride had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed

Tweedside.

[THE following once highly popular verses to the tune of "Tweedside" first appeared in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1794, and again, with the music, in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1795. They were written by ROBERT CRAWFURD, a cadet of the family of Drumsay, one of the "ingenious young gentlemen," of whom Ramsay speaks as contributors to his *Miscellany*. Crawford was author of "The Bush aboon Traquair," (see page 11,) and other songs given in Ramsay's work. He is sometimes called WILLIAM Crawford, a mistake arising from Lord Woodhouselee's misapplying an expression in one of Hamilton of Bangour's letters regarding a *Will* Crawford. His father was twice married, first, to a daughter of a Gordon of Turnberry, by whom he had two sons, Thomas, at one time envoy extraordinary to the court of France, and Robert, the poet. The latter resided long in France, and died, or, as is said, was drowned on returning to his native country, in 1733. The second marriage of the father was to Jean, daughter of Archibald Crawford of Auchinames, in Renfrewshire, by whom he had a large family. Hence the mistake of making the poet belong to the Auchinames family (as is generally done)—a mistake, we believe, first exposed by Mr. David Laing, of the Signet Library, Edinburgh. Mr. Ramsay of Ochertyre, in a letter to Dr. Blacklock, dated 27th Oct. 1787, says, "You may tell Mr. Burns when you see him, that Colonel Edmonston told me t'other day that his cousin Colonel George Crawford was no poet, but a great singer of songs; but that his eldest brother ROBERT (by a former marriage) had a great turn that way, having written the words of 'The Bush aboon Traquair' and 'Tweedside.' That the Mary to whom it was addressed was Mary Stewart of the Castlemilk family, afterwards wife of Mr. John Belches. The colonel (Edmonston) never saw Robert Crawford, though he was at his burial fifty-five years ago. He was a pretty young man, and lived long in France."—According to Sir Walter Scott, the Mary celebrated in "Tweedside" did not belong to the Castlemilk family, but was Mary Lillias Scott of the Harden family, a descendant of another famed beauty, Mary Scott of Dryhope in Selkirkshire, known by the name of "The Flower of Yarrow." Harden is an estate on the Tweed, about four miles from Melrose.]

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead;
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulgins' my bliss,
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell;
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh, tell me at morn where they feed?
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

The Banks of Tay.

[ROBERT CARMICHAEL, Lundin Mill, near
 Largo, Fifeshire.—Air, "Roalin Castle."—Here
 first printed.]

By Grampian's towering mountains high,
 Whose rocky summits skirt the sky,
 Wild rolls the queen of Scotia's floods,
 Adorned by Athole's ancient woods:
 Along their winding walks in spring,
 How sweet to hear the wild-birds sing;
 At peep of dawn, how sweet to stray
 Adown the bonnie banks of Tay!

Here summer's sun, with golden gleams,
 Gilds mountain tops, the woods, the streams.
 Before his early, piercing ray,
 The wreaths of white mist wheel away,
 Revealing all the lovely scene;—
 The woods, thick cloth'd in foliage green,
 High waving o'er the wild rocks grey
 Upon the bonnie banks of Tay!

Enchanting scenes! how oft in view
 To fancy's eye, fresh, blooming, new;—
 The flowing river, mountain, strath—
 The winding of each woodland path;
 And dearer still,—fond friendship's ties,
 And true love's flame that never dies;
 All these were mine;—now far away
 I mourn the bonnie banks of Tay!

When John and me.

[TANNAHILL.—Air, "Clean pease strae."]

WHEN John and me were married,
 Our hadding was but sma',
 For my minnie, canker'd carline,
 Wad gie us nocht ava.
 I wair't my fee w' cannie care,
 As far as it wad gae;
 But, weel I wat, our bridal bed
 Was clean pease strae.

W! working late and early,
 We're come to what you see:
 For fortune thrave aneath our hands,
 Sae cydent aye were we.
 The love o' love made labour light:
 I'm sure you'll find it aae,
 When kind ye cuddle down at e'en
 'Mang clean pease strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae
 As weel's in birken shaw,
 And love will live in cottage low,
 As weel's in lofty ha'.
 See, lassie, take the lad ye like,
 Whate'er your minnie say,
 Though ye should mak' your bridal bed
 O' clean pease strae.

The Poëie.

[WRITTEN by Burns for Johnson's Museum, to a tune taken down from Mrs. Burns's voice. "It appears evident to me," says the poet, "that Oswald composed his 'Roalin Castle' on the modulation of this air.—In the second part of Oswald's, in the three first bars, he has either hit on a wonderful similarity to, or else he has entirely borrowed the three first bars of the old air, and the close of both tunes is almost exactly the same. The old verses to which it was sung, when I took down the notes from a country girl's voice,"—(the country girl, as appears from a letter to Thomson, was his own wife,)—"had no great merit.—The following is a specimen :

' THERE was a pretty May (*sang*lice, maid,) and a milkin she went;
 Wi' her red rosy cheeks, and her coal-black hair;
 And she has met a young man a comin' o'er the bent,
 With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.
 O where are ye goin', my ain pretty May,
 Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair?
 Unto the yowes a milkin', kind sir, she says,
 With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.
 What if I gang along wi' thee, my ain pretty May,
 Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair;
 Wad I be aught the worse o' that, kind sir, she says,
 With a double and adieu to thee, fair May,' &c. &c."

Burns was quite right as to the resemblance of the air of "Roalin Castle" to that of "The Poëie," but he was mistaken in thinking that Oswald composed the former tune. It is older than Oswald's day, and was originally called "The House of Glamis." This we have already mentioned in the note to the song of "Roalin Castle."]

Oh, love will venture in where it daurna weel be seen;
 Oh, love will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
 But I will down yon river rove, among the woods sae green,
 And a' to pou a poëie to my ain dear May.

The primroses I will pou, the firstlin' o' the year;
 And I will pou the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer:
 And a' to be a poëie to my ain dear May.

I'll pou the buddin' rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,
 For it's like a beamy kiss o' her sweet bonnie moon;
 The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue:
 And a' to be a poëie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
 The daisy's for simplicity, of unaffected air:
 And a' to be a poëie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pou, wi' its looks o' siller grey,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away:
 And a' to be a poëie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pou when the e'enin' star is near,
 And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the pose round wi' the silken band of luvie,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
 That to the latest breath o' life the band shall ne'er remove;
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

Young Phemie.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here first printed.]

A summer eve o' rosy joy, when a' was quiet an' still,
 I wandered east along the banks o' lanely Provan Mill;
 The mavis sang his evening hymn upon the birken tree,
 An' bade gude night to a' the flowers on Rosemount's bonnie lea.

The mellow sang, the shady hour, the lovely autumn sky,
 Were a' forgot, whene'er I saw young Phemie passing by;
 For Phemie's face is a' my sang, her smile is life to me,
 And ne'er a sky sae pleased my heart as Phemie's kindly e'e.

O shauld her in your arms, ye winds, at balmy evening's close,
 And breathe your sweetest dew-drops on my lovely blooming rose;
 For a' the dream o' wealth to me, this warld's hope can gi'e,
 Is hoarded in the gowden vase o' bonnie Phemie's e'e.

The Bonnie Scotch Lass.

[EVAN M'COOLL.—Tune, "Roderick Hielc Alpain Dubh."—Here first printed.]

Ye maidens of England, O who can surpass ye
 In a' that is innocent, gracefu', or fair?
 I ken but o' aye,—she's my ain loving lassie,
 The bonnie Scotch lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.

What though, for your silkens, she gangs in her plaidie,
 What though that her dad has nae tocher to spare,
 Yet rich were her lover an' blest, should his bride be
 The bonnie Scotch lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.

What though I've nae courage to tell her my wishes,
 For fear she'll deny—still I winna despair,
 Sae lang as to see me looks downward and blushes
 The bonnie Scotch lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.

O when shall it be that, accepted an' lo'esome,
 I'll tell to my lov'd one how much she's my care?
 O, when as my ain shall I strain to my bosom
 The bonnie Scotch lass wi' the bricht gowden hair?

Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

["THIS song," says Mr. Robert Chambers, "is little better than a string of names of places. Yet there is something as pleasing in it, especially to the ear of 'a south-country man,' that it has long maintained its place in our collections. We all know what impressive verse Milton makes out of mere catalogues of localities. The author, NICOL BURNS, is supposed to have been one of the last of the old race of minstrels. In an old collection of songs, in their original state of ballads, I have seen his name printed as 'Burne the violer,' which seems to indicate the instrument upon which he was in the practice of accompanying his recitations. I was told by an aged person at Faristone, that there used to be a portrait of him in Thirlestane Castle, representing him as a douce old man, leading a cow by a straw-rope. Thirlestane Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale, near Lauder, is the castle of which the poet speaks in such terms of admiration. It derives the massive beauties of its architecture from the Duke of Lauderdale, who built it, as the date above the door-way testifies, in the year 1674. The song must therefore have been composed since that era. It was printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, which, taken in connection with the last stanza, seems to point out that it was written at some of the periods of national commotion between the reign of the last Charles and the first George—probably the Union. The *Blainies oats* are still in repute, being used in many places for seed; and Lauderdale still boasts of all the other pleasant farms and estates which are here so endearingly commemorated by the poet."]

When Phoebus bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick'neth:
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams, the silver streams
Of Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
And frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth;

Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
Casts off her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres' sel',
In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan, playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds, him attending,
Do here resort, their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending
With our and kent, upon the bent,
Sing to the sun, Good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

A house there stands on Leader side,
Surmounting my describing,
With rooms as rare, and windows fair,
Like Daedalus' contriving:
Men passing by do often cry,
In sooth it hath no marrow;
It stands as fair on Leader side,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, who lists to ride,
Will hear the mavis singing:
Into St. Leonard's banks she bides,
Sweet birks her head overhanging.
The lint-whites loud, and Progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing listeth ower the lee,
With nimble wing she sporteth;
But vows she'll see far from the tree
Where Philomel resorteth:
By break of day the lark can say,
I'll bid you a good morrow;
I'll stretch my wing, and mounting, sing
O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-wa's, and Wooden-cleuch,
The East and Wester Maines,
The wood of Lauder's fair enech,
The corns are good in the Blainies:
There alts are fine, and said by kind,
That if ye search all thorough
Mearns, Buchan, Marr, nae better are
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn-mill-bog and Whitlaid Shaws,
The fearful hare she haunteth;
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodshill she knaws,
And Chapel wood frequenteth:

Yet, when she irks, to Kaldale Birks,
She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet Leader Haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beagles crying?
The started hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her speed relying:
But yet her strength it fails at length;
Nae bialding can she borrow,
In Sorrowside-fields, Olackmae, or Hage;
And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
With sight and scent pursue her;
Till, ah, her pith begins to flag;
Nae cunning can rescue her:
Ower dub and dyke, ower sheuch and syke,
She'll rin the fields all thorough,
Till, fail'd, she fa's in Leader Haughs,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erlington and Cowdenknowes,
Where Humes had anes commanding;
And Drygrange, with the milk-white yowes,
"Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:
The bird that sees through Redpath trees
And Gladswood banks ilk morrow,
May chaunt and sing sweet Leader Haughs
And bonnie bowms of Yarrow.

But minstrel Barne cannot assuage
His grief, while life endureth,
To see the changes of his age,
Which fleeting time procureth:
For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where blythe folk kend nae sorrow,
With Humes that dwell on Leader-side,
And Scotts that dwell on Yarrow.

Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

[The following are more modern words than the above to the tune of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow." They appear in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, with the title, "Sweet Susan." They are generally ascribed to ROBERT CRAWFORD, author of the "Bush aboon Traquair" and "Tweed-side." See pages 11 and 449.]

THE morn was fair, soft was the air,
All nature's sweets were springing;
The buds did bow with silver dew,
Ten thousand birds were singing;
When on the bent with blythe content,
Young Jamie sang his marrow,
Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass,
On Leader Haughs-and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where e'er't grace
In heav'nly beauty's planted!
Her smiling ean, and comely mien,
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bless my bonnie marrow:
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share
Of every charm imechanting,
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O, bonnie lass! have but the grace
To think ere ye gae further,
Your joys maun fit, if you commit
The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghast will ne'er get rest,
And day and night affright ye;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,
I'll stady to delight ye.
Our years around, with love thus crown'd,
From all things joy shall borrow:
Thus none shall be more blest than we,
On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes,
If equal love your mind can move,
To grant this best of blisses.
Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom:
But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

The Flower of Yarrow.

[We can say nothing either of the age or authorship of this song. We find it in a collection of songs published at Glasgow in 1786, called "The British Songster."]

In ancient times as songs rehearse,
One charming nymph employ'd each verse,
She reign'd alone without a marrow,
Mary Scott the flower of Yarrow.

Our fathers with such beauty fir'd,
This matchless fair in crowds admir'd:
Tho' matchless then, yet here's her marrow,
Mary Scott the flower of Yarrow.

Whose beauty unadorn'd by art,
With virtue join'd attracts each heart;
Her negligence itself would charm you,
She scarcely knows her power to warm you.

For ever cease Italian noise;
Let every string and every voice,
Sing Mary Scott without a marrow,
Mary Scott the flower of Yarrow.

Mary Scott.

[MARY SCOTT, called in song "The Flower of Yarrow," was celebrated for her beauty. She was a daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, in Selkirkshire, and was married to Walter Scott of Harden, a noted Border freebooter in the reign of Queen Mary. The ruins of Dryhope tower (the birth-place of the Flower of Yarrow) are still to be seen near the lower extremity of St. Mary's lake. Mary Scott had a lineal descendant, Mary Lillias Scott, also distinguished for her beauty, in whose honour Crawford's song of "Tweedside" is said to have been composed, (see page 449). The old song called "Mary Scott the Flower of Yarrow" appears to have been lost. The following is by RAMSAY, to the old border air of "Mary Scott."]

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn;
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of heaven, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scott the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
Her love the gods above must share;
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at distance dare adore her.

O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile,
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush'd, ye fears, I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
She is too good to let me languish.
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky:
When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

The Rose in Yarrow.

[FROM "The British Songster," Glasgow, 1786.
—Air, "Mary Scott."]

'Twas summer, and the day was fair,
Resolved awhile to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow.
Till then despising beauty's power,
I kept my heart my own secure;
But Cupid's dart did then work sorrow,
And Mary's charms on braes of Yarrow

Will cruel love no bribe receive?
No ransom take for Mary's slave?
Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me,
Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming fair;
This beauteous flow'r, this rose of Yarrow,
In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one request,
I'd ask to lie on Mary's breast;
There would I live or die with pleasure,
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure;
Despising kings, and all that's great,
I'd smile at courts, and courtiers' fate;
My joy complete on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But though such bliss I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her,
For leaving life I'll always love her.

What doubts distract a lover's mind!
That breast, all softness, must prove kind;
And she shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.

Willie's drowned in Yarrow.

[This is a fragment of a very old and pathetic song.]

Down in yon garden sweet and gay,
Where bonnie grows the lillie,
I heard a fair maid, sighing, say,
"My wish be wi' sweet Willie!

O Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonnie;
And Willie hecht to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

But Willie's gone, whom I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping:
Draws many a tear frae true love's e'e,
When other maids are sleeping.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The night I'll mak' it narrow,
For, a' the live-lang winter nicht,
I lie twined o' my marrow.

Oh gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repairth,
Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

O tell swelt Willie to come down,
And bid him no be cruel;
And tell him no to break the heart
Of his love and only jewel.

O tell swelt Willie to come down,
And hear the mavis singing;
And see the birds on ilka bush,
And leaves around them hinging.

The lav'rock there, wi' her white breast,
And gentle throat sae narrow;
There's sport enuch for gentlemen,
On Leader haughs and Yarrow.

O Leader haughs are wide and braid,
And Yarrow haughs are bonnie;
There Willie hecht to marry me,
If e'er he married ony.

O came ye by yon water side?
Pou'd you the rose or lillie?
Or cam' ye by yon meadow green?
Or saw ye my swelt Willie?"

She sought him up, she sought him down,
She sought the braid and narrow;
Syne, in the cleaving o' a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow.

The Braes of Yarrow,

[WRITTEN by the REV. JOHN LOGAN, on the same subject as the above.]

"Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever, now, Oh, Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow!
For ever, on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding ring—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost:
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother:

They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough,—
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look;
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough!
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek;
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."
The tear did never leave her cheek;
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

Busk ye, busk ye.

[WRITTEN, with the exception of the first four lines, which are old, by ALLAN RAMSAY, and sung to the fine tune called "The Braes of Yarrow."]

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bride,
And let us to the braes of Yarrow.
There will we sport and gather dew,
Dance while the larks sing in the morning;
Then learn frae turtles to prove true,
O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning!

To westlin' breezes Flora yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Though on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonnie Bell,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free consent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.

Thus sang I softly to my fair,
Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting,
O! queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
Since now my bonnie Bell's consenting.

The Braes of Yarrow.

[THIS is a production of WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, and was first printed in the Tea Table Miscellany. It professes to have been written "in imitation of the ancient manner." There is an old ballad called "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," but this bears no resemblance to it.]

A. "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair of the braes of Yarrow."

B. "Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?"

A. "I gat her where I daurna weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

Weip not, weip not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Weip not, weip not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

B. "Why does she weip, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weip thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?"

A. "Lang maun she weip, lang maun she, maun
she weip,
Lang maun she weip wi' dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

For she has tint her luvver, luvver deir,
Her luvver deir, the cause of sorrow;
And I ha'e slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow."

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow,
red?

Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids,
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful
finde?

What's yonder floats?—Oh, dule and sorrow!
Tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the dulefu' braes of Yarrow.

Wash, oh wash his wounds, his wounds in
tears,
His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters, sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;
And weep around, in waeftul wise,
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow!

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
The arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow!

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk; green grows, green grows
the grass;
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowen!

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed;
As green its grass; its gowan as yellow;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk;
The apple from its rocks as mellow!

Fair was thy love! fair, fair, indeed, thy love!
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,
Than me he never loved thee better.

Buak ye, then, buak, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Buak ye, buak ye, my winsome marrow!
Buak ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yar-
row."

C. "How can I buak a bonnie, bonnie bride?
How can I buak a winsome marrow?
How can I lo'e him on the banks o' Tweed,
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?"

Oh, Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover:
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest—'twas my ain sewing:
Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenned,
He was, in these, to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white
steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow:
But, ere the too-fa' of the night,
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow!

Much I rejoiced, that waeftu', waeftu' day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning:
But, lang ere night, the spear was flown,
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father
do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blade is on thy spear—
How canst thou, barbarous man, then, woo
me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing—
May bid me seek, on Yarrow braes,
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive, with threat'ning words, to move
me;
My lover's blade is on thy spear—
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love!
With bridal-sheets my body cover!
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door!
Let in th' expected husband-lover!

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in stank-
ter!
Ah, me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding, after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
O lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
 Oh, could my warmth to life restore thee!
 Yet lie all night between my breasts,—
 No youth lay ever there before thee!

Pale, pale, indeed, oh lovely, lovely youth,
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
 And lie all night between my breasts,
 No youth shall ever lie there after!"

A. "Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride!
 Return, and dry thy useless sorrow!
 Thy lover holds nocht of thy sighs;
 He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow."

The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow.

[WRITTEN by HENRY S. RIDDELL. Set to
 Music by Peter Macleod, Edinburgh.]

Oh, sisters, there are midnight dreams
 That pass not with the morning,
 Then ask not why my reason swims
 In a brain so wildly burning.
 And ask not why I fancy how
 Yon wee bird sings wi' sorrow,
 That bluid lies mingled with the dew,
 In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

My dream's wild light was not of night,
 Nor of the dulefu' morning;
 Thrice on the stream was seen the gleam
 That seem'd his sprite returning:
 For sword-girt men came down the glen
 An hour before the morrow,
 And pierced the heart aye true to mine,
 In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Oh, there are red red drops o' dew
 Upon the wild flower's blossom,
 But they could na cool my burning brow,
 And shall not stain my bosom.
 But from the clouds o' yon dark sky
 A cold cold shroud I'll borrow,
 And long and deep shall be my sleep
 In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Let my form the bluid-dyed floweret press
 By the heart o' him that lo'ed me,
 And I'll steal frae his lips a long long kiss
 In the bower where aft he wooed me.

For my arms shall fold and my tresses shield
 The form of my death-cold marrow,
 When the breeze shall bring the raven's wing
 O'er the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Lobe's Constancy.

[THOMAS PRINGLE.]

Oh! not when hopes are brightest,
 Is all love's sweet enchantment known;
 Oh! not when hearts are lightest,
 Is all fond woman's favour shown:
 But when life's clouds o'ertake us,
 And the cold world is clothed in gloom
 When summer friends forsake us,
 The rose of love is best in bloom.

Love is no wandering vapour,
 That lures astray with treacherous spark;
 Love is no transient taper,
 That lives an hour and leaves us dark:
 But, like the lamp that lightens
 The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
 The bosom's home it brightens,
 When all beside is chill below.

Young Donald.

[WRITTEN by GEORGE ALLAN. Set to Music
 by Peter Macleod.]

An eery night, a cheerless day,
 A lanely hame at gloamin' hour,
 When o'er the heart come thoughts o' wae,
 Like shadows on Glenfilla's tower.
 Is this the wierd that I maun dree,
 And a' around sae glad and gay,
 Oh hon an righ, oh hon an righ,
 Young Donald frae his love's awy.

The winter snaw nae mair does fa',
 The rose blooms in our mountain bower,
 The wild flowers on the castle wa'
 Are glintin' in the summer shower.

But what are summer's smiles to me
When he nae langer here could stay:
Oh hon an righ, oh hon an righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

For Scotland's crown, and Charlie's right,
The fire-cross o'er our hills did flee,
And loyal swords were glancin' bright,
And Scotia's bluid was warm and free.
And though nae gleam of hope I see,
My prayer is for a brighter day:
Oh hon an righ, oh hon an righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

The Wedding Day.

[WRITTEN BY DR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK, to an old Scotch tune called "How can I be sad on my wedding day."]

ONE night as young Colin lay musing in bed,
With a heart full of love and a vapourish head;
To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,
Thus sweetly he sang of his wedding day:
"What would I give for a wedding day!
Who would not wish for a wedding day!
Wealth and ambition, I'd toss ye away,
With all ye can boast, for a wedding day.

Should heaven bid my wishes with freedom im-
plore

One bliss for the anguish I suffered before,
For Jessy, dear Jessy, alone I would pray,
And grasp my whole wish on my wedding day!
Blessed be the approach of my wedding day!
Hail, my dear nymph and my wedding day!
Earth smile more verdant, and heaven shine
more gay!
For happiness dawns with my wedding day."

But Luna, who equally sovereign presides
O'er the hearts of the ladies and flow of the tides,
Unhappily changing, soon changed his wife's
mind:

O fate, could a wife prove so constant and kind!
"Why was I born to a wedding day!
Cursed, ever cursed be my wedding day."
Colin, poor Colin thus changes his lay,
And dates all his plagues from his wedding day.

Ye bachelors, warned by the shepherd's distress,
Be taught from your freedom to measure your
bliss,
Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,
And blast all your joys on your wedding day.
Horns are the gift of a wedding day;
Want and a scold crown a wedding day;
Happy and gallant, who, wise when he may
Prefers a stout rope to a wedding day!

Caledonia

[JOHN INGLAN. Set to Music by Peter Macleod.]

THE lamp o' day its radiance threw
Far o'er the Grampian mountains blue,
'Mid burning clouds, when last adieu
I bade to Caledonia.

And as I mark'd the mountains high,
Like vapour melt 'tween sea and sky,
Deep breath'd my cald a prayer and sigh
For native Caledonia.

I love the streams, I love the linn,
That foam'n' fa' wi' deaf'nin' din,
The bick'rin' burns that rowe within
The glens of Caledonia.

The lochs sae peaceful, lone, profound,
The misty mountains tow'ring round,
Whose echoing rocks at eve resound
The songs of Caledonia.

Lobe Inbithing Reason.

[FROM the first vol. of the Tea-Table Miscellany (1734), where it appears without a mark, but probably written by RANNEY himself.—Tune, "Char-a-ma chattle, na duce skar ml."]

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasures did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
Ere Annie became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonnie was she!
Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy alee;
Oh! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and cannie,
And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a Hntwhite give Annie the spleen?

Can tyning of twifles be uneasy to thee?
Can lap-dogs and monkeys draw tears frae these een,

That look with indifference on poor dying me?
Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
And dinna prefer a parouet to me;
Oh! as thou art bonnie, be prudent and cannie,
And think on thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah! should a new manteau or Flanders lace head,
Or yet a wee coatie, though never so fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
That ance had some hope of purchasing thine?
Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
And dinna prefer your flageeries to me;
Oh! as thou art bonnie, be solid and cannie,
And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of newfangled Sawney,
Though gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himself, be adored by fair Annie,
And aim at those benisons promised to me?
Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
And never prefer a light dancer to me,
Oh! as thou art bonnie, be prudent and cannie:
Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee,

Oh! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
That glaid away saftly between thee and me,
Ere squirrels, or beaux, or foppery, had power
To rival my love and impose upon thee.
Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
And let thy desires a' be centred in me;
Oh! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and cannie,
And love aye wha lang has been loving to thee.

Old Scotland.

[GEORGE ALLAN. Set to Music by Peter Macleod in his "Original Melodies of Scotland."]

THE breeze blows fresh, my gallant mates,
Our vessel cleaves her way,
Down ocean's depths, o'er heaven's heights,
Through darkness and through spray.
No loving moon shines out for us,
No star our course to tell—
And must we leave old Scotland thus?
My native land, farewell!

Then fast spread out the flowing sheet
Give welcome to the wind!
Is there a gale we'd shrink to meet,
When treachery's behind?
The foaming deep our couch will be,
The storm our vesper bell,
The low'ring heaven our canopy,
My native land, farewell!

Away, away across the main,
We'll seek some happier clime,
Where daring is not deem'd a stain,
Nor loyalty a crime.
Our hearts are wrung, our minds are toss'd
Wild as the ocean's swell;
A kingdom and a birthright lost!
Old Scotland, fare thee well!

Jockey fou, Jenny fain.

[THIS song, which advocates the supremacy of love over all worldly considerations, appears, with the exception of the fourth verse, in Barnard's Tea-Table Miscellany, with the signature Q, signifying that it is old, with additions. The fourth verse is by Burns. The air, which goes by the same name as the title of the song, is very old.]

JOCKY fou, Jenny fain;
Jenny was na ill to gain;
She was coothie, he was kind;
And thus the wooer tell'd his mind:

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice;
Gie me love at any price:
I winna prig for red or white,
Love aane can gie deelyte.

Others seek they kenna what,
In looks, in carriage, and a' that;
Gie me love for her I court:
Love in love makes a' the sport.

Let love sparkle in her e'e;
Let her love nae man but me:
That's the tocher-gude I prize;
There the lover's treasure lies.

Colours mingled unco fine,
Common notions lang sinayne,
Never can engage my love,
Until my fancy first approv.

It is nae meat, but appetite,
That makes our eating a delyte;
Beauty is at best deceit;
Fancy only kens nae cheat.

When we were at the Schule.

[THE author of this song has kept his name from the public.—Air, "There's nae luck about the house."]

THE laddies plague me for a sang,
I can naun play the fule,
I'll sing them ane about the days
When we were at the schule.
Though now the frosty pow is seen
Whaur ance war'd gowden hair;
An' mony a blythesome heart is cauld
Sin' first we sported there.

When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule;
An' O sae merry pranks we play'd,
When we were at the schule.

Yet muckle Jock is to the fore
That used our lugs to pu',
An' Rob the pest, an' Sugar Pouch,
An' canny Davis Dow.
O do ye mind the maister's hat,
Sae auld, sae bare an' brown,
We carried to the burnie's side
An' sent it soomin' down?
When we, &c.

We thoct how clever a' was plann'd,
When, whatna voice was that?
A head is rais'd aboon the hedge,—
"I'll thank ye for my hat!"
O weel I mind our hingin' lugs,—
Our het an' tinglin' paws,—
O weel I mind his awfu' look,
An' weel I mind his taws!
When we, &c.

O do ye mind the countin' time,
How watchfu' he has lain,
To catch us steal frae ither's slates
An' jet it on our ain?
An' how we fear'd at writin' hour
His glunches an' his glooms,
How mony times a day he said,
Our fingers a' were thooms?
When we, &c.

I'll ne'er forget the day ye stood,
('Twas manfu' like), yoursel',
An' took the pawmies an' the shains
To save wee Johnnie Bell;
The maister fand it out belyve,
He took ye on his knees,
An' as he gas'd into your face,
The tear was in his e'e.
When we, &c.

But mind ye, lad, yon afternoon
How fleet ye skipp'd awa',
For ye had crack't auld Jenny's pane
When playin' at the ba'.
Nae pennies had we: Jenny grat.—
It cut us to the core;
Ye took yere mither's hen at night
An' left it at her door
When we, &c.

An' sic a steer as granny made,
When talep't Jamie Rae
We dookit roarin' at the pump,
Synne row'd him down the brae,
But how the very maister leuch
When leein' adler Wat,
Cam' in an' threat that cripple Tam
Had char'd an' kill'd his cat.
When we, &c.

Ah, laddies, ye may wink awa':
Truth maunna aye be tauld,
I fear the schules o' modern days
Are just siclike's the auld.
An' are na we but laddies yet,
An' get the name o' men?
How sweet at aye's fireside to live
The happy days again;
When we were at the schule, my frier',
When we were at the schule,
An' sing the snawba's owre again
We sang when at the schule.

Back again.

[THIS was a popular patriotic song about the beginning of the present century.]

WHEN Abercromby, gallant Scot,
Made Britain's foes to tack again,
To fight by him it was my lot,
But now I'm safe come back again.

The cannons didna Donald fleg,
I'd like to hear them crack again;
My fears were for my bonnie Meg,
Lest I should ne'er come back again.

Our leader fell,—so died the brave,
We'll never see his like again;
I was denied a sodger's grave,
For I am safe come back again.

It's true they've ta'en frae me a leg,
But wha for that would mak' a maen;
Cheer up your heart, my bonnie Meg,
I've brought a leal heart back again.

And though the wound it carried smart,
And twich'd me mair wi' rackin' pain,
Wi' honour's scars I wadna part,
Nor yet my leg take back again.

Cheer up your heart, since I am here,
Wi' smiles your cheek gae deck again;
Cheer up, my lass, an' dinna fear,
Your Donald's safe come back again.

Though mony a rattlin' blast has blawn,
There's plenty in the stack again,
My wee lock siller's a' your ain
Now sin' I'm safe come back again.

Now may the wars for ever cease,
Your heart nae mair to rack again;
And may we live in love and peace,
Sin' Donald's safe come back again.

But should my country call me forth,
Her freedom to protect again,
Claymore in hand, I'd leave the North,
If I should ne'er come back again.

The Wee Lassie.

[REV. EDWARD K. SLOAN, Dornock. — Here first printed.]

A BONNIE wee lassie I ken, I ken,
A bonnie wee lassie I ken;
The blink o' her e'e is heaven to me,
An' wow! but she's aye amang ten, amang ten,
An' wow! but she's aye amang ten.

A handsome wee lassie I lo'e, I lo'e,
A handsome wee lassie I lo'e;
The pawkie wee quean has doiter'd me clean,
An' mair mischief she'll wark, I tro, I tro,
An' mair mischief she'll wark, I tro.

A winsome wee lassie I'll woo, I'll woo,
A winsome wee lassie I'll woo;
I'll keek in her e'e, an' aiblins may pree
The wee hinny blobs o' her mou', her mou',
The wee hinny blobs o' her mou'.

A mensefu' wee lassie I'll wale, I'll wale,
A mensefu' wee lassie I'll wale;
An' soud the wee dear ha'e gowpens o' gear,
She'll no be the waur fort, I've bail, I've bail,
She'll no be the waur fort, I've bail.

A canty wee lassie I'll wed, I'll wed,
A canty wee lassie I'll wed;
An' when she is mine, I'll buak her fu' fine,
An' a couthie bit life we'll lead, we'll lead,
An' a couthie bit life we'll lead.

The Cardin' o't.

[WRITTEN by BURNS after an old song, to a tune called "Salt Fish and Dumplings." "Haslock woo" is the wool shorn from the throats of sheep, and is the finest of the fleece.]

I corr a stane o' haslock woo',
To make a coat to Johnny o't;
For Johnny is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of ony yet.
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin' o't.

For though his locks be lyart grey,
And though his brow be beld aboon;
Yet I ha'e seen him on a day
The pride o' a' the parishen.
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin' o't.

Bring a' pour mant.

[THE opening verse, at least, of this song is old, as it occurs in a manuscript of the seventeenth century, which at one time belonged to Mr. Constable, the eminent Edinburgh bookseller. The other verses are probably also of some antiquity, although they cannot be traced in any of the early collections. They are given by Mr. R. Chambers from oral tradition. "The Maltman" is the name of a song to be found in Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, written by Ramsay himself, after an ancient ditty, but too deeply imbued with the license of old times to admit of extract here.]

BRING a' your mant to me,
Bring a' your mant to me;
My draff ye'se get for ae pund ane,
Though a' my deukies should dee.

Some say that kissing 's a sin,
But I think it's nane ava,
For kissing has wonn'd in this world,
Since ever that there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu',
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it was na holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folk wadna get it!

John Grumlie.

[THIS song, which Allan Cunningham says is "a favourite among the peasantry of Nithsdale," seems to be founded on the well-known old Scottish poem, called "The Wife of Auchtermuchty."]

JOHN Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon,
And the green leaf on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.

His wife rose up in the morning
Wi' cares and troubles enow—
John Grumlie bide at hame, John,
And I'll go haud the plow.

First ye maun dress your children fair,
And put them a' in their gear;
And ye maun turn the malt, John,
Or else ye'll spoil the beer:
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
That I span yesterday;
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
Else they'll all lay away.

O he did dress his children fair,
And put them a' in their gear;
But he forgot to turn the malt,
And so he spoil'd the beer:
And he sang loud as he reeled the tweel
That his wife span yesterday;
But he forgot to put up the hens,
And the hens all layed away.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk;
He kirked, nor butter gat;
And a' gade wrang, and nought gade right.
He danced with rage, and grat;
Than up he ran to the head o' the knowe
Wi' mony a wave and shout—
She heard him as she heard him not,
And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife cam hame at e'en,
A weary wife and sad,
And burst into a laughter loud,
And laughed as she'd been mad;
While John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon
And the green leaf on the tree.
If my wife should na win a pennie a day,
She's aye have her will for me.

The Widow's Dream

[THOMAS DODD.—Here first printed.]

How sweet was my dream! When the morning
did break on't,
The sun was a sad sight to me;
If free that bright vision I never had waken'd,
My spirit wi' Jamie's wad be.

I thought, on the shore I sat wearily mourning,
The sun had sunk down o'er the sea;
I saw Jamie's ship frae the Indies returning,
Wi' flags waving welcome to me.

I heard his clear voice in the sang they were singing,—
It cam' through my heart wi' a stound;
The tune o' that sang in my ear is yet ringing;
Sae pleasant, sae sweet, was its sound.

The sma' boat was lower'd, and they soon cam' to landing;—
How happy we met on the shore!
He gas'd wi' that look that was aye sae commanding,
And smiled as he aye smiled before.

When press'd to his bosom, how fervent he bless'd me!
An' spak o' the joys we wad share;
He said, o'er an' o'er, as he fondly caress'd me,
"My Jeannie! we'll never part mair."

How fast fell my tears on his fast-beating bosom!
I couldna speak to him aye;
While, sabbing wi' joy that I'd never mair lose him,
I waken'd—and he was awa'!

I mark'd a gem.

[WRITTEN BY TANNABILL. "Tannahill and Smith," says the poet's latest biographer, Mr. P. A. Ramsay, "once went on a fishing excursion with some acquaintances. The two friends being but tyroosoon grew weary of flashing the water to no purpose, and separated for a little, each to amuse himself in his own fashion. When Smith rejoined the poet, he was shown this song written with a pencil. Tannahill had been occupied observing a blade of grass bending under the weight of a dew-drop, and this trifling object had suggested to him the simile embodied in the song."]]

I MARK'D a gem of pearly dew,
While wand'ring near yon misty mountain,
Which bore the tender flow'r so low,
It dropp'd it off into the fountain

So thou hast wrung this gentle heart,
Which in its core was proud to wear thee,
Till drooping sick beneath thy art,
It sighing found it could not bear thee.

Adieu, thou faithless fair! unkind!
Thy falsehood dooms that we must sever,
Thy vows were as the passing wind,
That fans the flow'r, then dies for ever.
And think not that this gentle heart,
Though in its core 'twas proud to wear thee,
Shall longer droop beneath thy art;—
No, cruel fair, it cannot bear thee.

Highland Harry.

[BURNS.—Tune, "Highlander's Lament."—The chorus is from an old song, the hero of which, according to Mr. Peter Buchan, was a Harry Lumsdale, who made love to a daughter of the laird of Knockhasple. Burns, however, makes his song a Jacobitical one.]

MY Harry was a gallant gay;
Fu' stately strode he on the plain;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

Oh, for him back again!
Oh, for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhasple's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen,
I sit me down, and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.

O, were some villains hangit hie,
And ilka body had their ain,
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,
He left me in his native plain,
And rush'd his much-wrong'd Prince to join
But, oh! he'll ne'er come back again!

Strong was my Harry's arm, in war,
Unmatch'd in a' Culloden's plain;
But vengeance marks him for his sin—
I'll never see him back again.

2 c

Ca' the Yowes.

[THE original song of "Ca' the yowes to the knowes" is attributed to ISABELL or TIBBIE PAGAS, a singular character, who died in the neighbourhood of Muirkirk, Ayrshire, (where she had spent most of her days,) in 1831, aged eighty. An account of her will be found in the "Ayrshire Contemporaries of Burns," Edinburgh, 1840. Tibbie was deformed in person, of a saturnine temper, and dissolute habits, but noted for her sarcastic wit and vocal powers. She subsisted chiefly by retailing whiskey, without a license, to those who visited her humble dwelling, and often, especially during the shooting-season, her hut or hovel was filled with gentlemen of the aristocracy, glad to enjoy a laugh at her humour, or to hear her sing. Tibbie published "A Collection of Songs and Poems," printed at Glasgow about 1806, but we cannot say whether "Ca' the yowes to the knowes" is included in the volume, as a complete copy of the work is not now to be had. Burns does not seem to have known the author of the song. In his Notes to Johnson's Museum, he says, "This song is in the true Scottish taste, yet I do not know that either air or words were ever in print before. It has a border sound; and the line,

"I've gang wi' you, my shepherd lad," is Annandale or Eekdale, and I believe, good Yarrow." The version here given is the original one, as revised by Burns for the Museum. The last verse is wholly an addition by the poet himself. The air is simple, and old-like, though of its antiquity nothing can be said with certainty.]

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And ca'd me his dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Will ye gang down the water side,
And see the waves as sweetly glide
Beneath the haele spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool;
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And nae body to see me.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ye shall get gowms and ribbons meet,
Coaf leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'll lie and sleep,
And ye shall be my dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I've gang wi' you, my shepherd lad;
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I shall be your dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift me see;
Till day-could death shall bin' my e'e,
Ye aye shall be my dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ca' the Yowes.

[THIS set of "Ca' the yowes to the knowes" was written by Burns for Thomson's Collection in 1794. In a letter to Thomson, the poet says, "I am flattered at your adopting 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes,' as it was owing to me that it ever saw the light. About seven years ago I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr. Clunie, who sung it charmingly; and, at my request, Mr. Clark took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is, with all its crudities and imperfections on its head."]

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then a-faunting let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gang down by Cluden side,
Through the hasels spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
My bonnie dearie.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy budding flowers
The fairies dance see cheerie.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear:
Thou'rt to love and heaven see dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stoun my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

The widow's ae bit Lassie.

[THOMAS C. LATTO.—TUNE, "My only jo and dearie, O."—Here first printed.]

O ousae ye wha I met yestreen,
On Kenly banks see grassy, O,
Wha cam' to bless my waltin' een?
The widow's ae bit lassie, O.
She brak my gloamin'-dream see sweet,
Just whar the wimplin' burnies meet:
The smother'd laugh,—I flew to greet
The widow's ae bit lassie, O.

They glintit alee,—the moon and she,
The widow's ae bit lassie, O,
On tremblin' stream an' tremblin' me,
She is a dear wee lassie, O.
How rapture's pulse was beating fast,
As Mary to my heart I clasp't,
O blyss divine,—owre sweet to last,
I've kiss'd the dear bit lassie, O.

She nestled close, like croodlin' doo,
The widow's ae bit lassie, O,
My cheek to hers, syne mou' to mou',
The widow's ae bit lassie, O;
Unto my breast again, again,
I prest her guileless heart see fain,
Sae blest we're baith, now she's my ain,
The widow's ae bit lassie, O.

Ye powers aboon, wha made her mine,
The widow's ae bit lassie, O,
My heart wad break gin I should tyne
The widow's ae bit lassie, O;
Our hearth shall glad the angels' sight,
The lamp o' love shall lowe see bright
On me and her, my soul's delight,
The widow's ae bit lassie, O.

Gather in.

[WRITTEN by ROBERT GILFILLAN for BURNS' Anniversary. Set to music by Peter Macleod, in his "Original Melodies of Scotland."]

GATHER in, gather in, ane an' a', ane an' a',
Gather in, gather in, ane an' a';
The night, ever dear, claims a cup and a tear
To the memory of Burns that's awa!
Auld Scotland's had bards ane or twa, ane or twa,
Auld Scotland's had bards ane or twa,
But the minstrel that sang Colla's wild brae-
amang,
Oh! he was the sweetest of a',
Oh! he was the sweetest of a'.

He came like the flow'rets that blaw, that blaw,
He came like the flow'rets that blaw;
But his bright opening spring, see summer did
bring,
For soon, soon he faded awa'.
But short though he sang 'mang us a', 'mang us a',
But short though he sang 'mang us a',
His name from our heart will never depart,
And his fame it shall ne'er fade awa',
And his fame it shall ne'er fade awa'.

I kenna what's come o'er him.

[REV. THOMAS BRYDSON of Lavern church, Renfrewshire.—Air, "O, wat ye wha's in yon town."]

I KENNA what's come ower him,
He's no the lad he used to be;
I kenna what's come ower him,
The blythe blink has left his ee.

He wanders dowie by himsel',
 Alang the burn and through the glen;
 His secret grief he winna tell—
 I wish that he would smile again.

There was a time—alake the day!
 Ae word o' mine could mak' him glad;
 But noo, at every word I say,
 I think he only looks mair sad.
 The last time I gaed to the fair,
 Wi' Willie o' the birken-clough,
 Like walkin' ghost he met us there—
 And sic a storm was on his broo!

I'm wae to see the chiel sae glum,
 Sae dismal-like frae morn to e'en;
 Than sic a cast as this had come,
 I'd rather Willie ne'er ha'e seen.
 I kenna what's come ower him,
 He's no the lad he used to be;
 I kenna what's come ower him—
 The blythe blink has left his e'e.

The cauld winter's gane.

[WILLIAM TRAIN.—Air, "John Anderson my jo."—Here first printed.]

THE cauld cauld winter's gane, luvie,
 Sae bitter an' sae snell;
 And spring has come again, luvie,
 To deek yon leesome dell.
 The buds burst frae the tree, luvie;
 The birds sing by the shaw;
 But sad sad is my dowie heart,
 For ye are far awa'!

I thoct the time wad flee, luvie,
 As in the days gane bye;
 While I wad think on thee, luvie
 And a' my patience try;
 But O! the weary hours, luvie,
 They wadna flee awa,
 And they ha'e borne me nocht but dule,
 Syns ye ha'e been awa'.

Wae me! they're sair to bide, luvie,
 The dirdums ae manna dree,
 The feelings wunna hide, luvie,
 Wi' saut tears in the e'e:

And yet the ill o' Hie, luvie,
 Compar'd wi' joys are sma';—
 Sae will it be when ye return
 Nae mair to gang awa'.

Ours is the land.

[REV. HENRY S. RIDDELL. Music by Peter Macleod.]

Ours is the land of gallant hearts,
 The land of lovely forms,
 The island of the mountain harp,
 The torrents, and the storms—
 The land that blooms with freedom's tread,
 And withers with the slaves;
 Where far and deep the green-woods spread,
 And wild the thistle waves.

Ere ever Osian's lofty voice
 Had told of Fingal's fame;
 Ere ever from their native clime
 The Roman eagles came,
 Our land had given heroes birth
 That durst the boldest brave,
 And taught above tyrannic dust,
 The thistle tufts to wave.

What need we say how Wallace fought,
 And how his foemen fell,
 Or how on glorious Bannockburn
 The work went wild and well?
 Ours is the land of gallant hearts,
 The land of honour'd graves,
 Whose wreath of fame shall ne'er depart,
 While yet the thistle waves.

My faithful Somebody.

[WRITTEN by JOHN MACDIARMID, editor of the Dumfries Courier. Set to music by Peter Macleod.]

WHEN day declining glides the west,
 And weary labour welcomes rest,
 How lightly bounds his beating breast
 At thought of meeting somebody.

My fair, my faithful somebody,
My fair, my faithful somebody,
When ayes, with their precepts show,
Perfection is unknown below,
They mean, except in somebody.

Her lovely looks, sae kind and gay,
Are sweeter than the smiles of day,
And milder than the morn of May
That beams on bonnie somebody.
My fair, &c.

'Twas but last eve, when wand'ring here,
We heard the cushat cooing near,
I softly whisper'd in her ear,
"He woe, like me, his somebody."
My fair, &c.

With crimson cheek the fair replied,
"As seasons change, he'll change his bride;
But death alone can e'er divide
From me the heart of somebody."
My fair, &c.

Enrapt I answer'd, "Maid divine,
Thy mind's a model fair for mine;
And here I swear I'll but resign
With life the love of somebody."
My fair, &c.

Po'k-head Wood.

[REV. THOMAS BRYDSON.—Po'k-head is a local contraction for Pollock-head, a wood on the estate of Sir John Maxwell of Pollock, Bart. in Renfrewshire.]

O PO'K-HEAD wood is bonnie,
When the leaves are in their prime;
O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie,
In the tunefu' summer time.

Up spake the brave Sir Archibald—
A comely man to see—
'Twas there I twined a bower o' the birk
For my true love and me.

The hours they lichtsomely did glide,
When we twa linger'd there;
Nae human voices but our ain
To break the summer air.

O, sweet in memory are the flowers
That blossom't round the spot,—
I never hear sic music noo,
As swell't the wild bird's note.

The tremblin' licht among the leaves—
The licht and the shadows seen—
I think of them and Eleanor,
Her voice and love-fill'd een.

O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie,
When the leaves are in their prime;
O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie,
In the tunefu' summer time.

A Nursery Rhyme.

BA LOO! my bonnie lammas,
An' I'll sing you a bit sang;
An' I'll tak' tent, my hinny,
That naething sail you wrang.
Your wee bit bed is saft an' warm,
For it was made by me;
An' ye are lyin' sae frae harm
Aneath a mither's e'e.

BA LOO! my sweet wee dawtle,
This is your time o' spring,
When a' is sweet, an' fresh, an' pure—
Nae gullit heart to sting.
O, lang in innocence remain,
An' sae safe at hame abide;
An' still uphaud by virtuous deeds
A mither's honest pride!

BA LOO! ye laughin' rogie!
Ye ha'e your daddie's e'e,
Sae sparklin' an' sae winsome—
His glance, sae sweet and alee.
Like him aye may ye grow, till meet
To mingle among men;
But his sair toils an' sorrows
I pray you ne'er may ken!

Sleep soun', my winsome laddie,
Your daddie 's on the sea—
He 's toillin' late an' early
For bread to you an' me.

Hale nights I lie an' listen
 Wi' feelings lane and drear;
 An' when I hear the risin' storm
 I'm like to swart wi' fear.

But while the win's are whistlin'
 Wi' wild an' eerie tune,
 For my dear Jamie's anstey
 I look to Ane aboon;
 For He can calm the stormy win',
 An' still the ragin' sea,
 An' bring again my dear gudeman
 To my sweet bairn and me.

Farewell, ye Streams.

[CUNNINGHAM.—Aft, "Lassie wi' the Yellow Coatie."]

FAREWELL, ye streams, sae dear to me,
 My bonnie Cluden, Nith, an' Dee;
 Ye burn that row sae bonnie,
 Your siller waves nae mair I'll see.
 Yet tho' frae your green banks I'm driven,
 My sail away could ne'er be riven;
 For still she lifts her een to heaven,
 An' sighs to be again with thee.

Ye canty bards ayont the Tweed,
 Your skins wi' elaes o' tartan cleed,
 An' lit along the verdant mead,
 Or blythly on your whistles blaw;
 An' sing auld Scotia's barns an' ha's;
 Her boardtree dykes an' mossy wa's;
 Her hauids, her bughts, an' birken shaws,
 Whar love an' freedom sweetens a'.

Sing o' her carles, touch an' auld;
 Her carlines grim, that flyte an' scauld;
 Her wabsters blythe, an' souters bauld;
 Her flock an' herds sae fair to see.
 Sing o' her mountains, bleak an' high;
 Her fords, whar neighborin' kelpies ply;
 Her glens, the haunts o' rural joy;
 Her lasses liting o'er the lee.

To you the darling theme belongs,
 That frae my heart exulting springs;
 O mind, amang your bonnie songs,
 The lads that bled for liberty.

Think on our auld forbears o' yore,
 Wha dy'd the meais wi' hostile gore;
 Wha slavery's bands indignant tore,
 An' bravely fell for you an' me.

My gallant brithers, brave an' bauld,
 Wha hand the plough, or wake the fauld,
 Until your dearest bluid rin cauld,
 Aye true unto your country be.
 Wi' daring look her dark she drew,
 An' coost a mither's e'e on you;
 Then let's onie spakien crew
 Her dear-bought freedom wrest frae thee.

By Allan Stream.

[WRITTEN by BURNS for Thomson's collection.
 —"I walked out yesterday evening," says the poet, "with a volume of the Museum in my hand, when, turning up 'Allan Water,' 'What numbers shall the muse repeat,' &c. as the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the measure."]

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
 While Phoebus sank beyond Bealedi,
 The winds were whispering through the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready:
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthful pleasures many,
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
 O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

O, happy be the woodbine bower;
 Nae nightly hogle mak' it eerie;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie!
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said, I'm thine for ever!
 While many a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose bae;
 The summer joys the flocks to follow;
 How cheerie, through her short'ning day,
 Is autumn in her weeds of yellow!
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
 Or through each nerve the raptures dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

I've loved thee, love.

[ALEXANDER HUMR.—Here printed for the first time.]

I've loved thee, love, lang, I've loved thee, love, deep;
 I love thee awake, love, I love thee asleep;
 While I think, while I feel, while I smile, while I weep,
 By day, or by night, or in dream!
 Though never by me, love, your praise has been sung,
 Though never love told you were charming and young,
 You dwell in my heart, love, and not on my tongue.
 And there are you dweller supreme.

Great nature boasts not, love, the depth of her hoards,
 The air never tells of the life it affords,
 The sun gives its light, love, and utters no words;
 Now sun and air surely are true.
 My eyes cannot look, love, my lips cannot tell,
 The tide of my heart in its ebb or its swell;
 I cannot let others see how I love well,
 Yet still do I worship but you.

The Auld Brig-stane.

[JAMES PARKER.—Here printed for the first time.]

It stretches o'er the castle-burn, whar three farms march,
 An' a weel-kent trystin' place o' play was its auld broken arch;—
 The burnie is but sma', an' arch it has but aye—
 Though arch it canna weel be ca'd—a braid flag-stane,
 But there's nae brig aye dear to me as the auld brig-stane!

But yet it had a buirdly look, some score o' years ago,
 An' the wee burn seemed a river then, as it rowed down below;
 An' a bauld bairn was he, in the merry days lang gane,
 Wha waded through an' through 'aneath this auld brig-stane—
 O! there's nae brig that e'er I saw like the auld brig-stane!

Though brigs o' stately mason-wark I've been out o'er since then,
 An' aqueducts an' viaducts o'er river an' o'er glen;
 There's nane, among them a', I'd gang aye far to see, again,
 As the first my wee feet toddled on—the auld brig-stane—
 For there's nae brig aye dear to me as the auld brig-stane.

O! childhood is a pleasant time;—'tis then when ilka joy
 That comes an' gangs, flees o'er our head begirt wi' nae alloy,
 An' lightly as the simmer clud aye passes a' its pain.
 O! my life's simmer morn was spent by the auld brig-stane,
 An' that's the way I loe't aye weel—the auld brig-stane.

The Bonnie Wee Wife.

[F. BARRACK.—Here first printed.—Air, "Mrs. M'Donald."]]

My bonnie wee wife, I'm waefu' to leave thee—
 To leave thee sae lanely an' far, far frae me;
 Come night an' come morning, I'll soon be returning,
 Then, O my dear wife, how happy we'll be.
 The night it is cauld, an' the way dreigh an' dreary,
 The snaw 's drifting blin'ly o'er moorland an' lea;
 All nature looks eerie—how can she be cheerie,
 For weel maun she ken that I'm parted frae thee.

Oh wae is the lammy that's lost its dear mammy;
 An' wae is the bird that sits chirping alane;
 The plaints they are making—their wee bit hearts breaking,
 Are throbbings o' pleasure compared wi' my pain.
 The sun to the simmer—the bark to the timmer,—
 The sense to the saul, and the light to the e'e,—
 The bud to the blossom—sae thou'rt to my bosom,
 Oh wae's my heart, wife, when parted frae thee.

There's naething availing in weeping and wailing,
 Though fortune be falling an' friendship decay;
 But love in hearts glowing—its riches bestowing,
 Bequeaths us a treasure death takes not away.
 Let nae gruesome feeling creep o'er thy heart, stealing
 The bloom frae thy cheek when thou'rt thinking of me;
 Come night an' come morning—then hame, hame returning,
 Nae mair, cooie wife, we parted shall be.

Her bonnie black e'e.

SWEET was her look when she smiling sat by my side,
 Sweet was her song on the green banks of flowing Clyde;
 Sweet was her blush when she promised to be my bride,
 Sweeter the blink o' her bonnie black e'e.

Kiss'd I her rosy lips, o'er aye an' o'er again,
 Press'd I her to my breast more aye an' more again;
 But when her form frae my bosom she tore again,
 I sigh'd for the blink o' her bonnie black e'e.

Bein' though my biggin' be, what joy is it a' to me,
 Hale though my haddin', nae pleasure is 't ava to me,
 Plenty seems painfu', when she is awa' frae me;
 I sigh for the sight o' her bonnie black e'e.

Oh! cruel fate, wilt thou never mair ease my care,
 Henry was faithfu', and Jeannie was fause and fair,
 Death, come and ease my pain, ne'er can I see her mair,
 Farewell the sight o' her bonnie black e'e.

The Lass of Ballochmyle.

[THE heroine of this much-admired production was Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, sister of Claud Alexander, Esq. of Ballochmyle, a beautiful estate on the banks of the Ayr, about two miles from Moongiel. Burns himself gives the following account of the composition of this song, in a letter which he addressed to Miss Alexander. The letter is dated 18th November, 1786, although the piece was written in July. "I had roved out as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my muse, on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gayety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills: not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. I listened to the feathered warblers, pouring their harmony on every hand, with a congenial kindred regard, and frequently turned out of my path, lest I should disturb their little songs, or frighten them to another station. Surely, said I to myself, he must be a wretch indeed, who, regardless of your harmonious endeavours to please him, can eye your elusive flights to discover your secret recesses, and to rob you of all the property nature gives you, your dearest comforts, your helpless nestlings. Even the hoary hawthorn twig that shot across the way, what heart but at such a time must have been interested in its welfare, and wished it preserved from the rudely-browsing cattle, or the withering eastern blast? Such was the scene—and such the hour, when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape, or met a poet's eye: those visionary bards excepted who hold commerce with aerial beings! Had calumny and villany taken my walk, they had at that moment sworn eternal peace with such an object. What an hour of inspiration for a poet! It would have raised plain, dull, historic prose into metaphor and measure! The inclosed song was the work of my return home; and perhaps it but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene."—The lady unfortunately did not answer the poet's letter, probably deterred by maidenly modesty or the advice of relations from entering into correspondence with one who, at

this particular period, and in this locality, was suffering under an equivocal reputation for incontinence of speech and behaviour. The direct object of Burns's letter is said to have been to obtain Miss Alexander's permission to print the verses, but we cannot well understand how her permission was requisite, seeing that the verses, though certainly highly personal, are far from being libellous.—Be that as it may, Burns was somewhat chagrined at her silence—a silence, which in after years no one more deeply regretted than the lady herself, who to this day (for she is still (1848) alive) preserves the original poem and letter with affectionate and proud solicitude.—"The Lass of Ballochmyle" was first composed to the old tune of "Ettrick Banks," but has been since set to other tunes, such as "Johnnie's Grey Brecks," "Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff," &c.]

'Twas even,—the dewy fields were green,
On lika blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang:
All nature list'n'ing seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy;
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy:
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile;
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile,
Even there her other works are fold'd,
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward dig the Indian mine.
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And ev'ry day have joys divine,
Wi' the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Ye wha here.

[WRITTEN by GEORGE ROBERTSON, and sung at the celebration of St. Andrew in the city of Savannah in 1836.]

Oh! ye wha here, wi' cheerfu' glee,
Around the festal board unite;
Whilst happy moments tip-toe flee
And smile upon the joyous night.
Let's drink our drap o' barley bree,
Though moon and stars should blink the
gither,
To each leal lad wi' kilted knee,
And bonnie lass among the heather.

Sons o' the Gael! wha ne'er ha'e bent
The knee to fawn on frien' or foe,
Whose heart's best bluid was ever spent
In freedom's cause, through weal and woe.
Let's drink our drap, &c.

The Roman eagle ne'er could reach
The heath-crown'd mountains o' the free;
And England's lion backward turn'd
Wi' bluidy mane and sunken e'e.
Then let us drink, &c.

O' days lang syne, let history tell
How broad claymores and gleaming brand
On cowering tyrants vengeance fell,
How triumph'd that immortal band.
Then let us drink, &c.

Frae pole to pole, frae sea to sea;
Scotia! to thee the meed is paid,
The brave example take by thee,
And beauty nestles in the plaid.
Then here's a health in barley bree, &c.

And here's to a' wha keep this day,
And here's to a' wha drink this night,
And here's to them that's far awa',
And muckle joy and pure delight.
A bumper fill wi' barley bree, &c.

Though seas atween us roll and rave,
Still friendship's bonds our hearts entwine,
Then here's ourselves and a' the lave,
Whom charity and love combine.
A health to a' in barley bree,
Oursel's and a' the warld thegither,
To a' wha love the kilted knee,
Or bonnie lasses in the heather.

My boy, Tammy.

[WRITTEN by HECTOR MACNEIL, and first printed in "The Bee," Edinburgh, 1791. The air is very old, and used to be sung to old words which must have given the hint to Macneil. Here is a specimen of the original:

"Is she fit to scoop the house,
My boy, Tammy?
Is she fit to scoop the house,
My boy, Tammy?
She's just as fit to scoop the house
As the cat to tak' a mouse;
And yet she's but a young thing
New come frae her mammy."

WHAR ha'e ye been a' day,
My boy, Tammy?
I've been by burn and bow'ry brae,
Meadow green and mountain grey.
Courting o' this young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy, Tammy?
I got her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a bonnie knave,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy, Tammy?
I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';—
I preed it aft, as ye may trow!—
She said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
 My young, my smiling lammie!
 I ha'e a house, it cost me dear,
 I've wealth o' plenishen and gear;
 Ye've get it a', were't ten times mair,
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—
 I maunna leave my mammy.
 She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes,
 She's been my comfort a' my days:—
 My father's death brought monie wae—
 I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,
 My ain kind-hearted lammie.
 We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claise,
 We'll be her comfort a' her days.
 The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says—
 There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
 My boy, Tammy?
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her e'e;
 For O! she's but a young thing,
 Just come frae her mammy.

The secret lover.

[JAMES PARKER.—Here first printed.]

O! COULD'ER thou for a moment look
 Within this heart o' mine;
 An' there peruse, as in a book,
 Lik' feeling's secret sign;
 It couldna—wouldna but reveal
 Its deepest thought to thee;
 Then only—only could'st thou feel
 How dear thou art to me.

It ne'er could be by look or sigh
 Or word frae me express—
 The fond deep love that fervently
 Is throbbin' in my breast,—
 Although unobtrus'd and unblest
 Wi' kindred flame in thine—
 Like angel holiness imprest
 Upon some earthly shrine.

Captain Paton's Lament.

[THIS vivid personal portrait of a gentleman of the old school first appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1819, and its authorship is generally ascribed, we believe with truth, to J. G. LOCKHART. Captain Paton was a real personage, and lived for many years with two maiden sisters in a tenement of his own opposite the Old Exchange, Glasgow. His title of Captain he claimed from a commission which he held in a regiment that had been raised in Scotland for the Dutch service. His death took place on the 30th of July, 1807, at the age of 68. Mr. Lockhart's description of him is said by those who remember "the venerable beau" to be accurate as it is graphic. In an old view of the Trongate of Glasgow, the captain is seen picking his way with his rattan across the street, which proves that he was in his own day, before the poet immortalized him, a somewhat noted personage. The "Wynd Kirk," mentioned in the last verse but two, although situated in a narrow lane of Glasgow, was, in the captain's day, the most fashionable place of worship in the town. In 1809, Dr. Porteous and his congregation there transferred themselves to an elegant new church built for them, called St. George's. Captain Paton, it seems, was not in reality buried "by the Ram's-horn-kirk," now St. David's, as stated in the ballad, but in the High Church burying ground.]

TOUCH once more a sober measure,
 And let punch and tears be shed,
 For a prince of good old fellows,
 That, alack-a-day! is dead;
 For a prince of worthy fellows,
 And a pretty man also,
 That has left the Saltmarket
 In sorrow, grief, and woe—
 Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
 no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches,
 Were all cut off the same web,
 Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
 Or a modest genty drab;
 The blue stripe in his stocking
 Round his neat slim leg did go,
 And his ruffles of the cambric fine
 They were whiter than the snow—
 Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
 no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee
That some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue
That did o'er his shoulders flow—

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

And whenever we foregathered
He took off his wee three-cockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box
Which he drew from his side pocket,
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go—

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan,
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton:
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know,
They would see him with his Courier
In the middle of the row—

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e.

Now and then upon a Sunday
He invited me to dine,
On a herring and a mutton-chop
Which his maid dressed very fine;
There was also a little Malmsey
And a bottle of Bourdeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Passed nimbly to and fro—

O! I ne'er shall shake pot-luck with Captain Paton
no mo'e!

Or if a bowl was mentioned,
The Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the West-port,
And a stoup of water bring;
Then would he mix the genuine stuff
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow—

Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain
Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous,
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. so and so,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The cos but not the pre—

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden-field or Dettingen—
How he fought with a French Major,
And despatched him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below—

Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

But at last the Captain sickened,
And grew worse from day to day,
And all missed him in the coffee-room,
From which now he staid away;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd Kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau—

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms,
That death was in his view;
So the Captain made his testament
And submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn-kirk,
'Tis the way we all must go—

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For this prince of good old fellows,
That, slack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe!

For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

Ha'e ye seen.

[AIR, "Ha'e ye seen in the calm dewy mornin'."]

Ha'e ye seen in the chill-fa'in' gloamin'
The wild rose, see droopin' and pale,
Revive in the smile o' the mornin'
And breathe a' its sweets on the gale:—
See I ha'e aft seen the sad bosom
By gloomy despondency prest,
Revive at the soft voice o' friendship,
And hush a' its sorrows to rest.

See aft, by the world forsaken,
I've seen the worn countenance smile,
Wi' light that had long been extinguish'd,
An' joy that had beam'd to beguile.
O'er, on life's changin' journey,
Be mine the sweet duty to shed,
The timely refreshin' o' friendship
On the droopin' an' desolate head!

J. M.

Happy Friendship.

[THIS SONG IS ATTRIBUTED TO Burns, BUT WITHOUT MUCH CERTAINTY.]

Here around the ingle blessing,
Wha see happy and me free;
Though the northern wind blows freezing,
Friendship warms baith you and me.
Happy we are a' thegither,
Happy we'll be yin an' a',
Time shall see us a' the blither
Ere we rise to gang awa'.

See the miser o'er his treasure
Gloating wi' a greedy e'e!
Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
That around us here we see?

Can the peer, in silk and ermine,
Ca' his conscience half his own:
His claes are spun an' edged wi' vermin,
Though he stan' afore a throne!

Thus then let us a' be teasing
Aff our stoups o' gen'rous flame;
An' while roun' the board 'tis passing,
Raise a sang in friendship's name.

Friendship mak's us a' mair happy,
Friendship gies us a' delight,
Friendship consecrates the drappie,
Friendship brings us here to-night.
Happy we've been a' thegither,
Happy we've been yin and a',
Time shall find us a' the blither,
When we rise to gang awa'.

They're a' teasing me.

[WORDS BY KIRST.—MUSIC BY LATOUR.]

O WHA is he I lo'e me weel?
Wha has my heart an' a'?
O wha is he? 'tis sair to tell—
He's o'er the seas awa'.
There's Charlie, he's a sodger lad,
And, Davie, blythe is he,
And Willie, in his tartan plaid,
They're a' a' teasing me.
O they're a' tease teasing,
They're a' a' teasing me,
They're a' tease teasing,
O they're a' a' teasing me.

There's Carl, the chief o' Dafne glen,
And he has land and store,
With flowery mead, and shady fen,
And siller o'er and o'er.
Quoth he, sweet lass, I'll marry thee,
(Yestreen in yonder shaw,)
And thou my ain true bride shall be,
And queen o' Dafne ha'.
O they're a', &c.

But when my Jamie comes again,
Young Carl will then decry
That siller is but empty gain,
To hearts no gowd can buy.
My Jamie's brave, my Jamie's braw,
My Jamie's a' to me,
And though his siller store be sma',
Yet married we will be.
For they're a', &c.

Killiecrankie.

I.

[KILLIECRANKIE is a pass in the North Highlands, where, on the 27th July, 1689, a battle was fought between the forces of king William the third, under general Mackay, and the Highland clans who adhered to king James, under viscount Dundee (Graham of Claverhouse.) The Highlanders were victorious, but Claverhouse was slain, and his death prevented them from taking advantage of their victory.]

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen
Came down upon the raw, man;
Who, being stout, gave many a shout;
The lads began to claw, then.
Wi' sword and targe into their hand,
Wi' which they were na slaw, man;
Wi' mony a fearfu' heavy sigh,
The lads began to claw, then.

Ower bush, ower bank, ower ditch, ower stank,
She flang amang them a', man;
The butter-box gat mony knocks;
Their riggings paid for a', then.
They got their palks wi' sudden stralks,
Which, to their grief they saw, man;
Wi' clinkum-clankum ower their crowns,
The lads began to fa', then.

Her leap'd about, her skipp'd about,
And flang amang them a', man;
The English blades got broken heads,
Their crowns were cleaved in twa, then;
The durk and dour made their last hour,
And proved their final fa', man;
They thoct the devil had been there,
That play'd them sic a pe', man.

The Solemn League and Covenant
Cam' whiggig up the hill, man;
Thocht Highland trews durst not refuse
For to subscribe their bill, then:
In Willie's name, they thoct nae ane
Durst stop their course at a', man;
But her-nain-sell, wi' mony a knock,
Oried, Furish, Whigs, awa', man.

Sir Evan Dhu, and his men true,
Cam' linking up the briak, man;
The Hoggan Dutch, they feared such,
They bred a horrid stink, then.
The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
Cam' in amang them a', man;
Nane durst withstand his heavy hand;
A' fled and ran awa', then.

Och on a rig! och on a rig!
Why should she lose king Shames, man?
Och rig in di! och rig in di!
She shall break a' her bones, then;
With furichinich, and stay a while,
And speak a word or twa, man;
She's gi'e a stralk out ower the neck,
Before ye win awa', then.

Oh, fie for shame, ye're three for ane!
Her-nain-sell's won the day, man.
King Shames' red-coats should be hung up.
Because they ran awa', then.
Had they bent their bows like Highland trews,
And made as lang a stay, man,
They'd saved their king, that sacred thing,
And Willie 'd run awa', then.

II.

[THIS is a fragment of an old song furnished up by Burns for Johnson's Museum.]

WHERE ha'e ye been aye braw, lad?
Where ha'e ye been aye brankie, O?
Where ha'e ye been aye braw, lad?
Cam' ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An ye had been where I ha'e been,
Ye wadna been aye cantie, O,
An ye had seen what I ha'e seen
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I've faught at land, I've faught at sea;
At hame I faught my anntie, O;
But I met the devil and Dundee,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O!

The bauld Pitour fall in a fur,
And Claverse gat a ciankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gied,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie O.

Tranent Muir.

[TUNE, "Killiecrankie."—In the Note to "Johnnie Cope" (page 139) we have given some account of the author of this song, ADAM SKIRVING, a farmer in Haddingtonshire. The battle of Tranent Muir or Preston, as we there state, was fought on the 23d September, 1745. We may here notice some of the lesser personages mentioned in the song. "Menteth the great," and "Simson keen," mentioned in verses 5th and 6th, were reverend clergymen and volunteers in the royal army. The latter had two pistols in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belt. "Myrie," verse 7th, was a student of physic from Jamaica, and a volunteer in the royal army; he was severely wounded. "Lieutenant Smith," 9th and 10th stanzas, was an Irishman, who is said to have displayed much pusillanimity in the fight. He, however, challenged Skirling for the manner in which he was spoken of. "I have heard the anecdote often," says Burns, "that Lieut. Smith came to Haddington after the publication of the song, and sent a challenge to Skirling to meet him at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song. 'Gang awa' back,' said the honest farmer, 'and tell Mr. Smith that I ha'e nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak' a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fight him, I'll fight him; and if no—I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa.'"]

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Birnie brae, man,
And through Tranent, ere he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man;
While General Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud hurra, man;
But ere next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard anither craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clude, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They lowsed with devilish thude, man:
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chase them aff, man;
On Seston Craigs they buff their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore, Blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man;
And yet they flee when them they see,
And winna fire a gun, man.
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror seized them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, some fyled their breaks,
And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man;
But when the hairns saw't turn to earn't,
They were not worth a louse, man:
Maist fack gaed hame—O, fy for shame!
They'd better stay'd awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

Menteth the great, where Hersell sate,
Un'wares did ding her ower, man;
Yet wadna stand to bear a hand,
But aff fu' fast did scour, man;
Ower Soutra hill, ere he stood still,
Before he tasted meat, man:
Troth, he may brag of his swift nag,
That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simson keen, to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never strive wi' pistols five,
But gallop'd wi' the thrang, man:
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out of sight, man;
And thought it best; it was nae jest
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang
But twa', and aye was tane, man;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
And sair he paid the kaine, man:
Fell skelps he got, was waur than shot,
Frae the sharp-edged claymore, man;
Frae many a spout came running out
His reeking-hot red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were faw,
That still despised flight, man:
For king and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man,
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man.
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he called for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap over his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, see spurr'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man;
To Berwick rade, and safely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man,
But let that end, for weel 'tis kend
His use and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never fought,
When he had room to flee, man.

And Oaddell drest, among the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding grey, he rode that way,
With pistols set before, man:
The cause was good, he'd spend his bluid,
Before that he would yield, man;
But the night before, he left the cor',
And never took the field, man.

But gallant Rodger, like a soger,
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm was to tell, at last he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man:
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
(Some standing round in ring, man,)
On's back lying flat, he waved his hat,
And cry'd, God save the king, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,
About they faced, and in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man;
And they, as gain for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;
Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsell
Was ne'er see pra before, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see
Bewest the Meadow-mill, man,
There mony slain lay on the plain,
The clans pursuing still, man.
Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,
I never saw the like, man;
Lost hands and heads oost them their
deads,
That fall near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
I gae to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid away, man:
In Seaton Sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,
For a' the sun and mair, man.

Doun the burn, Davie.

[THIS was contributed by ROBERT CRAWFORD, author of "Tweedside," &c. to the first volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany. It originally consisted of four stanzas, but the last two, being rather highly coloured, were reduced to one, by Burns, for Thomson's collection. Burns says, "I have been informed, that the tune of Doun the burn, Davie, was the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood slouth hounds, belonging to the laird of Riddell in Tweeddale." When David Maigh lived is not said; but the tune appears, along with the words, in the Orpheus Caledoniae, 1795.]

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'e;
Elythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free;
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burnside;
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride:
Her cheeks were rose, red and white;
Her een were bonnie blue;
Her looks were like the morning bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
And through the flow'ry dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.
With, Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And aye will follow you.

I cam' o'er the muir.

[In the Skene MS. collection of old Scottish tunes, circa 1615, published in 1838, with an introductory inquiry, by William Daune, Esq., there occurs a beautiful melody, headed, "Alace yat I cam' ower the moor, and left my love behind me." From this the modern tune of "The last time I cam' o'er the muir" has been manufactured; but, according to Mr. Daune, the ancient air has suffered sadly by the change, being in its original state much superior to the modern set. All the old words, except the title, are lost. RAMSAY wrote the present song. Burns thought it unworthy of the tune, but admitted that it was too long established in public favour to be supplanted.]

THE last time I cam' ower the muir,
I left my love behind me:
Ye powers, what pains do I endure
When soft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

We stray'd beside yon wand'ring stream,
And talk'd with hearts o'erflowing;
T'ntil the sun's last setting beam
Was in the ocean glowing.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Even kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall centre.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The neist time I gang ower the muir,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me;
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

The Braces of Branksome.

[THIS appears in the second volume of the Tea Table Miscellany with the title of "The Generous Gentleman, a song to the tune of the Bonnie Lass of Branksome." It was written by RAMSAY himself. Mr. Robert Chambers says the song was founded on a real incident. "The bonnie lass was daughter to a woman who kept an alehouse at the hamlet near Branksome Castle, in Teviotdale. A young officer, of some rank,—his name we believe was Maitland,—happened to be quartered somewhere in the neighbourhood, saw, loved, and married her. So strange was such an alliance deemed in those days, that the old mother, under whose auspices it was performed, did not escape the imputation of witchcraft."]

As I cam' in by Teviot side,
And by the braces of Branksome,
There first I saw my bonnie bride,
Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome.
Her skin was softer than the down,
And white as alabaster;
Her hair, a shining, waving brown;
In straightness nane surpass'd her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were surprising,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breasts just rising:
Nae silken hose with gushats fine,
Or shoon with glancing laces,
On her bare leg, forbad to shine
Weel-shapen native graces.

Ae little coat and bodice white
Was sum o' a' her clathing;
E'en these o'er muckle;—mair delight
She'd given clad wi' naething.

2 K

We lean'd upon a flowery brae,
By which a burnie trotted;
On her I glow'd my soul away,
While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artless struck my heart,
And, bot designing, charm'd me.
Hurried by love, close to my breast
I clasp'd this fund of blisses,—
Wha smil'd, and said, Without a priest,
Sir, hope for nocht but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I couldna want her;
What she demanded, ilka charm
O' hers pled I should grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a outh,
Straight to the kirk I led her;
There plighted her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

Sweet the Bard.

[WRITTEN by JOHN BURT, for an anniversary
of Burns held in Philadelphia.]

SWEET the bard, and sweet his strain,
Breath'd where mirth and friendship reign,
O'er ilk woodland, hill, and plain,
And loch o' Caledonia.
Sweet the rural scenes he drew,
Sweet the fairy tints he threw
O'er the page, to nature true,
And dear to Caledonia.
But the strain so lov'd is o'er,
And the bard so lov'd no more
Shall his magic stanzas pour
To love and Caledonia.

Ayr and Doon may row their floods,
Birds may warble through the woods,
Dews may gem the op'ning buds,
And daisies bloom fu' bonnie, O;
Lads fu' bythe and lasses fain,
Still may love, but ne'er again
Will they wake the gifted strain
O' Burns and Caledonia.

While his native vales among,
Love is felt, or beauty sung,
Hearts will beat and harps be strung
To Burns and Caledonia.

Auld Peter M'Gowan.

[FRANCIS BERNHOFF.—Tune, "Bung your eye,"
now better known by the title of "The brisk
young lad," &c.—Here first printed.]

AULD Peter M'Gowan cam' down the craft,
An' rubb'd his han's, and flig'd and laugh'd—
O little thoct he o' his wrinkled chaft
As he wanted me to lo'e.
He patted my brow, an' stroked my chin,
He roosed my e'en an' sleek white skin,
Syne fain wad kiss—but the laugh within
Cam' rattling out, I trow.
Oh, sirs! but he was a braw auld carle,
Wi' rings o' gowd, an' brooch o' pearl,
An' aye he spak' o' his frien' the carl,
An' thoct he was courting me.

He spak' o' his gear an' acres wide,
O' his bawman'd yaud that I should ride,
Gin I wad be his bonnie wee bride,
Returning lo'e for lo'e;
That I a lady to kirk should gang—
Ha'e writ my virtues in a sang,
But I snapp'd my thumbs and I said, "Gae hang
Gin naething mair ye can do!"
Oh, sirs! but he look'd a silly auld man,
Nae langer he spak' o' his gear an' lan',
An' through the town like lichtnin' ran
The tale o' auld Peter's lo'e.

An' aye the auld carle spelled up the craft,
An' raved an' stamp'd like ane gane daft,
Till the tear trickled owre his burning chaft,
Sin' he couldna mak' me lo'e.
It's better for me to be single, I said,
Then as warming pan in an auld man's bed,
He will be cunning that gars me wed
Wi' ane that I canna lo'e.
Na! na! he maun be a braw young lad,
A canty lad—a spunky lad,
O he maun be a spirited lad
Wha thinks to win my lo'e.

The Happy Clown.

THE tune called "The Happy Clown" is old. Gay adopts it for one of his songs in the "Beggar's Opera," beginning,

"I'm like a skiff in the ocean toss'd."

The following fine verses appear in the second volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany. Ramsay, in his "Gentle Shepherd" puts a few verses into the mouth of Sir William Worthy, to the tune of "The Happy Clown."]

How happy is the rural clown,
Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And, in his safe retreat,
Is pleased with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From strife, from care, and business free,
At once both good and great!

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noisy law, nor courts e'er heap
Vexation on his mind;
No trumpets rouse him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, nor threats can dare;
From state intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His small paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds;
Each season of the wheeling year,
Industrious he improves with care,
And still some ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lies,
And angles with his baits and flies,
And next the sylvan scene he tries,
His spirits to regale;
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows;
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
No care his peace of mind destroys,
Nor does he pass his time in toys
Beneath his just regard:

He's fond to feel the zephyr breeze,
To plant and sned his tender trees;
And for attending well his bees,
Enjoys their sweet reward.

The flow'ry meads and silent coves,
The scenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves,
Afford a wish'd delight;
But O, how pleasant is his life!
Blest with a chaste and virtuous wife,
And children prattling, void of strife,
Around his fire at night!

Bonnie Jeannie Gray.

[THE first and last stanzas of this popular song were written by W. PAUL, Glasgow, and set to music by Richard Webster. The second stanza is an interpolation by William Thom of Inverury.]

On whar was ye aae late yestreen,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray?
Your mither mis'd you late at e'en,
And eke at break o' day.
Your mither look'd aae sour and sad,
Your father dull and was,
Oh! whar was ye aae late yestreen,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray?

I've mark'd that lanely look o' thine,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray;
I've kent your kindly bosom pine,
This monie, monie day.
Ha'e hinnied words o' promise lur'd
Your guileless heart astray?
O! dinna hide your grief frae me,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray.

Dear sister, sit ye down by me,
And let nae body ken;
For I ha'e promis'd late yestreen
To wed young Jamie Glen;
The melting tear stood in his e'e,
What heart could say him nay?
As aft he vow'd, through life, I'm thine,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray.

There'll never be peace.

[This fine Jacobitical song was a contribution of Burns to Johnson's Museum. The original name of the tune is, "There's few gude fellows when Jamie's awa'," and it appears with that title in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, (1740.) Sometimes it is called, "There's few gude fellows when Willie's awa'." The words of the old song are supposed to be lost.]

By yon castle-wa', at the close o' the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears down came—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:
We daurna weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird:
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Lament.

[WRITTEN on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, by the Rev. JAMES MURRAY, author of the original songs given at page 39. Set to music by Peter Macleod.]

THE summer hath pass'd o'er the Yarrow's green mountains,
The birch trembled wild by Loch Mary's lone shore;
The winter approaches to bind up the fountains,
But the Bard of the Forest shall cheer us no more.
No more shall he stray in the dusk of the gloaming,
To dream of the spirits in lands far away!
No more shall he list to the tempest loud moaning;
For the Bard of the Forest lies cold in the clay!

He rests with his fathers, no more to awaken
Sweet strains by the streamlets that speed to the main,
The wild echo sleeps in the glen of green bracken,
But the Shepherd shall never awake it again!
Bloom sweetly around him, ye pale drooping roses,
Breathe softly, ye winds, o'er his cold narrow bed!
Fall gently, ye dews, where the minstrel reposes,
And hallow the wild flowers that wave o'er his head!

♫ Mally's meek.

[THIS was an almost extemporaneous effusion of Burns, on seeing a fair country girl walk along the High Street of Dumfries, with her shoes and stockings, *more Scotico*, in her hand, instead of on her feet. He sent it to Johnson's Museum, accompanied with an air resembling much the old tune of "Andro and his Cutty Gun." It was his last contribution to that publication.]

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

It were mair meet, that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.
O Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white
neck;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
O Mally's meek, &c.

The wae's of Scotland.

[THIS pathetic Jacobite effusion was contributed by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM to Crome's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song. It is sung to the tune of "The Siller Crown."]

When I left thee, bonnie Scotland,
O fair wert thou to see!
And blythe as a bonnie bride I' the morn,
When she maun wedded be.
When I came back to thee, Scotland,
Upon a May-morn fair,
A bonnie lass sat at our town end,
A kaming her yellow hair.

Oh hey! oh hey! sung the bonnie lass,
Oh hey, and wae is me!
There's siccan sorrow in Scotland,
As een did never see.
Oh hey, oh hey, for my father auld!
Oh hey, for my mither dear!
And my heart will burst for the bonnie lad
Wha left me lanesome here.

I hadna gane in my ain Scotland
Mae miles than twa or three,
When I saw the head o' my ain faither
Borne up the gate to me.
A traitor's head! and, A traitor's head!
Loud baw'd a bloody loon;
But I drew frae the sheath my glaive o' weir,
And strack the reaver down.

I hied me hame to my father's ha',
My dear auld mither to see;
But she lay 'mang the black elsels,
Wi' the death-tear in her e'e.
O wha has wrought this bloody wark?
Had I the reaver here,
I'd wash his sark in his ain heart's blood,
And gi'e't to his love to wear.

I hadna gane frae my ain dear hame
But twa short miles an three,
Till up came a captain o' the Whigs,
Says, Traitor, bide ye me!
I grippet him by the belt ae braid,
It bursted I' my hand,
But I threw him frae his weir-saddle,
And drew my burly brand.

Shaw mercy on me, quo' the loon,
And low he knelt on knee;
And by his thigh was my father's glaive
Which gude king Bruce did gi'e;
And buckled round him was the broider'd belt
Which my mither's hands did weave—
My tears they mingled wi' his heart's blood,
And reek'd upon my glaive.

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd,
When a' folk are asleep;
And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave
An hour or twa to weep.
O, fatherless and mitherless,
Without a ha' or hame,
I maun wander through my dear Scotland,
And bide a traitor's name.

The Young Maxwell.

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—“Instead of saying why or when I wrote this song, or telling the reasons that induced me to imitate the natural ballad style of the north, I will tell a little touching story, which has long been popular in my native place. At the close of the last rebellion, a party of the Duke of Cumberland's dragoons passed through Nithsdale; they called at a lone house, where a widow lived, and demanded refreshments. She brought them milk; and her son, a youth of sixteen, prepared kale and butter—this, she said, was all her store. One of the party inquired how she lived on such slender means: “I live,” she said, “on my cow, my kale-yard, and on the blessing of God.” He went and killed the cow, destroyed her kale, and continued his march. The poor woman died of a broken heart, and her son wandered away from the inquiry of friends and the reach of compassion. It happened, afterwards, in the continental war, when the British army had gained a great victory, that the soldiers were seated on the ground, making merry with wine, and relating their exploits—“All this is nothing,” cried a dragoon, “to what I once did in Scotland—I starved a witch in Nithsdale; I drank her milk, I killed her cow, destroyed her kale-yard, and left her to live upon God—and I dare say he had enough ado with her.” “And don't you rue it?” exclaimed a soldier starting up—“don't you rue it?” “Rue what?” said the ruffian; “what would you have me rue? she's dead and damned, and there's an end of her.” “Then, by my God!” said the other, “that woman was my mother—draw your sword—draw.” They fought on the spot, and while the Scottish soldier passed his sword through his body, and turned him over in the pangs of death, he said, “Had you but said you rued it, God should have punished you, not I.””]

Where gang ye, ye silly auld carle,
Wi' yere staff and shepherd fare?
I'm gaun to the hill, thou sodger-man,
To shift my hirsels' lair.
Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
An' a gude lang stride took he.
I trow thou art a freck auld carle,
Wilt thou show the way to me?

For I have ridden down bonnie Nith,
Sae hae I the silver Orr,
And a' for the blood o' the young Maxwell,
Which I love as a gied loves gore.
And he has gone wi' the silly auld carle,
Adown by the rocks sae steep,
Until that they came to the auld castle
That hangs o'er Dee sae deep.

The rocks were high, the woods were dark,
The Dee roll'd in its pride,
Light down and gang, thou sodger-man,
For here ye mayna ride.
He drew the reins of his bonnie grey steed,
And gally down he sprang:
His war-coat was of the scarlet fine,
Where the golden tassels hang.

He threw down his plaid, the silly auld carle,
The bonnet frae boon his tree:
And who was it but the young Maxwell?
And his good brown sword drew he.
Thou kill'd my father, thou base Southron,
Sae did ye my brethren three;
Which brake the heart of my ae sister,
I loved as the light of my e'e.

Now draw thy sword, thou base Southron,
Red wet wi' blood o' my kin;
That sword, it cropt the fairest flower
E'er grew wi' a head to the sun.
There's ae stroke for my dear auld father,
There's twa for my brethren three;
And there's aye to thy heart for my ae sister,
Whom I loved as the light of my e'e.

My Dear Little Lassie.

[FROM “Poems chiefly in the Scottish dialect, by the Rev. JAMES NICOL. In two volumes. Edinburgh, 1805.”—Tune, “Bonnie Dundee.”]

My dear little lassie, why, what's a' the matter?
My heart it gangs pitty-pat, winna lie still;
I've waited, and waited, an' a' to grow better
Yet, lassie, believe me, I'm aye growing ill:
My head 's turn'd quite dizzy, an' aft when I'm
speaking
I sigh, an' am breathless, an' fearfu' to speak;
I gaze aye for something I fain wad be seeking,
Yet, lassie, I kenna weel what I wad seek.

Thy praise, bonnie lassie, I ever could hear of,
 And yet when to ruse ye the neebour lads try,
 Though it's a' true they tell ye, yet never sae far off
 I could see 'em lik aye, an' I canna tell why.
 When we tedded the hayfield, I raked ilka rig o't,
 And never grew wearie the lang simmer day;
 The rucks that ye wrought at were easiest biggit,
 And I fand sweeter scented aroun' ye the hay.

In har'st, when the kirk-supper joys mak' us
 cheerie, [mou';
 'Mang the lave of the lasses I pried yere sweet
 Dear save us! how queer I felt when I cam' nearye,
 My breast thrill'd in rapture, & couldna tell how.
 When we dance at the gloamin' it's you I aye pitch
 on,
 And gin ye gang by me how dowie I be;
 There's something, dear lassie, about ye bewitch-
 ing,
 That tells me my happiness centres in thee.

Phemie.

[THOMAS C. LATTO.—Here first printed.]

We sat upon a grassy knoe,
 My lassie dear an' me,
 When round her neck my arms I flung
 An' gat her on my knee.
 White as the swan's that bonnie neck,
 How saft nae words may say,
 I lookit fondly in her face,
 And gazed the hours away.

The e'enin' cloud that's fring'd wi' gowd
 Was match'd wi' Phemie's hair;
 The apple bloom,—how saft its tint,
 Her cheek was twice as fair.
 Her breath was sweeter than the breeze
 That plays 'mang new-maun hay;
 Her form was gracefu' as a fawn,
 An' fresh as openin' day.

Her poutin' lips sae rosy red
 'Mang laughin' dimples dwell,
 Nae journey-wark were they I trow,
 But made by Love himsel'.
 Her voice was like a linty's sang,
 Her een were bonnie blue,
 And mine drank in the livin' light
 That sparkled through the dew.

I kist her twenty times and mair,
 Syne took them a' again;
 My heart was rinnin' owre wi' bliss
 That hour she was mine ain.
 O monie a day has fled sinayne,
 When first her lips I prest,
 But ne'er a wish has stray'd frae her,
 In blessing, I am blest.

Our love was bonnie in the bud,
 But bonnier in the bloom,—
 The morning rose delights the e'e,
 The gloamin' brings perfume.
 Methusalem's were many years,
 But lived I lang as he,
 I'll ne'er forget the raptur'd hour,
 I gat her on my knee.

The Light of the Moon.

[REV. JOHN LOGAN.]

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud
 The moon in her beauty appears;
 The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
 The music of love in our ears.
 Maria, appear! now the season so sweet
 With the beat of the heart is in tune;
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet
 Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel;
 I sigh—can a lover do more?
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
 Maria, my love! do you long for the grove?
 Do you sigh for an interview soon?
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
 Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear
 My bosom is all in a glow;
 Your voice, when it vibrates so sweet through
 mine ear,
 My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
 Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
 Indulge a fond lover his boon?
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
 Alone by the light of the moon?

Killearn Glen.

[JAMES MACDONALD.—Here printed for the first time.]

KILLEARN GLEN's a bonnie glen, an' sweet as sweet can be, O;
 For there she dwells that's a' the balm and balm o' life to me, O;
 The burnie wimpling by her door, in music sings sae clearly,
 The flowers sae fondly deck its banks—I'm sure they lo'e her dearly.
 The mavis kens my Mary's there—the blackbird kens it fine, O;
 Or they'd ne'er tire their wee bit throats, frae morning dawn till dine, O;
 The laverock leaves the banks o' Blane, and up he comes sae cheery,
 To lift his sang the hale day lang, an' a' to please my deary.

For oh! she's sweet—she's sweet and fair, sae lily white's her brow, O,
 Sae rosy is her dimpl'd cheek, and winsome is her mou', O;
 She's just a flower o' Paradise, in dewy beauty growing,
 And o'er the silver wells o' life, her gentle fragrance strewing.
 The moonlight on loch Lomond's wave, the footsteps o' the fairy,
 Are no sae saft's my lassie's smile, are no sae mild as Mary;
 Killearn glen's a bonnie glen, for there I met wi' thee, O,
 My Mary, love, my bonnie dove, the balm o' life to me, O.

The Emigrant's Farewell.

GREEN ALBYN, farewell! though by us never more
 Should be welcomed the hills that encircle thy shore.
 Though to far distant world 'tis our fortune to roam,
 Still to thee shall we look as the land of our home!

Green Albyn, farewell! though thou fad'et on our sight,
 Are the deeds of our fathers not written in light?
 And cannot the tones of the pibroch display
 How they march'd to the field, how they won in the fray

Green Albyn, farewell! though to us be not given
 For our country to strive, as our fathers have striven,
 'Tween their ashes and us, though may roll the dark sea,
 Still their spirit is ours, and our hearts are with thee.

Green Albyn, farewell! though the glens of our pride
 Through the mist of the morn, shall no more be descried,
 Nor the deer on the hill; nor the cairn on the moor;
 Nor the chief of the hall;—we are thine as of yore!

Green Albyn, farewell! when our footsteps shall stray
 On the banks where lake Erie expands to the day,
 In our bonnets the rough-bearded thistle shall twine,
 And be dear to our souls, as a symbol of thine!

Green Albyn, farewell! to thy rocks, to thy rills,
 To the eagles that build on the crest of thy hills
 To the lake, to the forest, the moor and the dell,
 To thee, and thy children, green Albyn, farewell!

gín my lobe.

I.

[FROM HERD'S MS. Printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."]

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Down on that red rose I would fa'.
O my love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie;
My love's bonnie and fair to see:
Whene'er I look on her weel-far'd face,
She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,
And growing upon yon lily lee,
And I mysel' a bonnie wee bird,
Awa' wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.
O my love's bonnie, &c.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper of the key,
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And in that coffer I wad be.
O my love's bonnie, &c.

II.

[BURNS found the first verse of the above song in Witherspoon's collection, coupled to another verse comparatively modern, and was so much struck with their beauty that he added two verses to them, for Thomson's collection. His own verses in the present set stand first in the song, with the view, as he modestly says, of husbanding the "best thoughts for a concluding stroke." The song has been set to different tunes—to "Hughie Graham," to "Lord Balgonie's favourite," &c., but it possesses also an old air of its own. There have been several extensions of the song by other hands.]

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing.

How I wad mourn when it was torn,
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

O! there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft folds to rest,
Till sleigh'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

The yellow-haired Laddie.

[THOMAS G. LATTO.—Here first printed.]

THE maidens are smiling in rocky Glencoe,
The clansmen are arming to rush on the foe,
Gay banners are streaming as forth pours the clan,
The yellow-haired laddie is first in the van.

The pibroch is kindling each heart to the war,
The Camerons' slogan is heard from afar,
They close for the struggle where many shall fall,
But the yellow-haired laddie is foremost of all.

He towers like a wave in the fierce rolling tide,
No kinsman of Evan's may stand by his side,
The Camerons gather around him alone,
He heeds not the danger, and fear is unknown.

The plumes of his bonnet are seen through the fight,
A beacon for valour which fires at the sight,
But he sees not yon claymore, ah! traitorous thrust!
The plumes and the bonnet are laid in the dust.

The maidens are smiling in rocky Glencoe,
The clansmen approach,—they have vanquish'd
the foe,
But sudden the cheeks of the maidens are pale,
For the sound of the coronach comes on the gale.

The maidens are weeping in rocky Glencoe,
From warrior's eyelids the bitter drops flow.
They come,—but oh! where is their chieftain so
dear?
The yellow-haired laddie is low on the bier.

The maidens are wailing in rocky Glencoe,
There's gloom in the valley,—at sunrise 'twill go.
But no sun can the gloom from their hearts chase
away,
The yellow-haired laddie lies cold in the clay.

It is na, Jean.

[THREE verses were furnished by BURNS to Johnson's Museum. He says they were originally English, but he gave them a Scotch dress. The tune, called "The Maid's Complaint," was composed by Oswald, and published in 1742.]

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape that I admire,
Although thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in lika part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungent'rous wish I ha'e,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak' thee aae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if heaven shall give
But happiness to thee:
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

Arran Maid.

[WRITTEN BY ROBERT ALLAN. Music composed by Alex. Lea. For one or two voices.]

SPRIND, O speed, thou bonnie bark!
An' blaw, thou gentle gale;
An' waft me to my native shore,
An' sweet Glen-Rosa vale.
Glen-Rosa! thou art dear to me,
An' dear to me the shade,
Where I ha'e woo'd, where I ha'e won,
My lovely Arran maid;
Where I ha'e woo'd, &c.

When hung the mist upon the brae,
An' thunder loud would swell,
In echoes from the rugged cliff,
An' down the hollow dell;
Ev'n then, amid Glen-Rosa's wilds,
I ha'e delighted stray'd,
To win the smile of that dear aae,
My lovely Arran maid.

When flowers were waving owre the stream,
An' blooming in their prime,
An' owre the towering Goatfell hung,
The harebell and the thyme.
'Twas sweet to climb the airy height,
Or roam the dusky glade,
Wi' thee my heart aae fondly woo'd,
My lovely Arran maid.

O were I chief of Arran's isle,
Its hills and glens aae steep,
Nae mair my bark would beat the wave,
Nae mair would plough the deep:
Glen-Rosa! I would haunt thy bowers,
Nor seek a sweeter shade,
Than thine, with Rosie in my arms,
My lovely Arran maid.

The bright sun had giben.

[WILLIAM TRAIN.—Tune, "Angel's Whisper."
—Here first printed.]

THE bright sun had giben,
His light from the heaven,
And had sunk down again over mountain and lee,
When as Mary sat sighing
By the red embers dying,
She cried—"Hope never twineth a garland for me!

"I'm sportive as any,
Yet look on the many— [tree;
On the many young maids round the old village
They dance 'neath its cover,
Each one with her lover,
While my Willie is always so bashfu' to me!"

Young Willie was listening,
His bright eye was glistening,
As he sprung to her side with a heart full of glee;
The fair one's confession
Outdid all expression,
And if Mary was happy, what think you was he?

The bright sun had giben
His light from the heaven,
And had sunk down again over mountain and lee,
When a young mother's numbers
To her first baby's slumbers,
Were—"Kind hope had indeed a fair garland for me!"

O'er the Water to Charlie.

[This popular Jacobite song has been subjected to various alterations by different hands, so that few copies read alike. We give here Hogg's version, in his "Relics." The tune, "O'er the water to Charlie," is older than the '45, and it is probable that there was some old song with that burden *before* the Jacobitical effusion.]

Come, boat me ower, come, row me ower,
Come, boat me ower to Charlie;
I'll gi'e John Ross another bawbee,
To ferry me ower to Charlie.
We'll over the water, and over the sea,
We'll ower the water to Charlie;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live and die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be that abhor him;
But O, to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear by moon and stars sae bright,
And the sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gi'e them a' for Charlie.

I ance had sons, I now ha'e nae;
I bred them, tolling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie!

Royal Charlie.

[MODERN Jacobite song.]

THE news frae Moldart cam' yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie,
For ships o' war have just come in,
An' landed Royal Charlie!
Come through the heather,
Around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early,
Around him eling wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Come through the heather, around him ga-
ther, [ther,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegi-
And crown him rightfu', lawful king,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,
Ha'e to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.
Come through, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',
Wi' mony a lord an' laird, ha'e
Declared for Scotia's king an' law,
An' spier ye wha but Charlie?
Come through, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
But vows baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gi'e heart or hand,
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come through, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
An' be't complete and early,
His very name my heart's blood warms,—
To arms for royal Charlie!
Come through, &c.

Native Land.

[WRITTEN BY D. PERRY. Music by Sir Henry R. Bishop.]

NATIVE land! I'll love thee ever—
Let me raise the welcome strain—
Mine were banished feet that never
Hoped to press thy turf again.
Now these eyes, illumed with gladness,
As they scanned thy beauties o'er,
Ne'er again shall melt in sadness,
Parting to return no more.
Caledonia! native land!
Native land! I'll love thee ever.

Native land! though fate may banish,
And command me far to part,
Never can thy memory vanish
From this glowing, grateful heart!
Let an Indian solstice burn me,
Or the snows of Norway chill,
Hither still, my heart I turn thee—
Here, my country, thou art still.
Caledonia! native land!
Native land, I'll love thee ever.

Dumbarton's bonnie Dell.

[WORDS BY O. M. WESTMACOTT. Music composed by John Sinclair.]

THERE'S ne'er a nook in a' the land
Victoria rules sae well,
There's naething half sae canty, grand,
As blythe Dumbarton's dell;
And would you speer the reason why,
The truth I'll fairly tell,
A winsome lassie lives hard by
Dumbarton's bonnie dell.

Up by yon glen, Loch Lomond laves,
Where boid M'Gregors dwell;
And bogles dance o'er heroes' graves,
There lives Dumbarton's belle;
She's blest with ev'ry charm in life,
And this I know full well—
I'll ne'er be happy till my wife
Is blythe Dumbarton's belle.

Garryhorn.

[JOSEPH TRAIN.]

"Gin ye wad gang, lassie, to Garryhorn,
Ye might be happy, I ween;
Albeit the cuckoo was never heard there,
And a swallow there never was seen.

While cushats coo round the mill of Glenlee,
And little birds sing on the thorn;
Ye might hear the bonnie heather bleat croak
In the wilds of Garryhorn.

'Tis bonnie to see at the Garryhorn
Kids skipping the highest rock,
And, wrapt in his plaid at midsummer day,
The moorman tending his flock.

The reaper seldom his sickle whets there,
To gather in standing corn;
But many a sheep is to sheer and smear
In the bughts of Garryhorn.


There are hams on the baulks at Garryhorn
Of braxy, and eke a store
Of oakes in the kist, and peats in the neuk,
To put aye the winter o'er.

There is aye a clog for the fire at Yule,
With a browst for New-year's morn;
And gin ye gang up ye may sit like a queen
In the chamber at Garryhorn.

And when ye are lady of Garryhorn,
Ye shall ride to the kirk with me;
Although my mither should skeip through the
mire,
With her coats kilted up to the knee.

I woo not for siller, my bonnie May,
Sae dinna my offer scorn; [she,
'No! but ye maun speer at my minny; quo'
'Ere I gang to Garryhorn.'"]

Drumlithie Mary.

[ALEXANDER LAING.—Air, "Bonnie Mary."] 

THERE'S bonnie maids in Auchinblae,
Wi' haffet locks as brown's a berry;
There's lasses fair in Laurence Kirk,
Wi' blooming cheeks as red's a cherry.
But yet wi' a' their waving locks,
Their blooming cheeks as ripe's the cherry,
There is nae ane among them a',
Like her—my dear Drumlithie Mary.

'Tis through the country far an' wide,
The worth an' beauty we've among us;
An' wooers come frae ilka airth,
Baith Mearns men, an' lads o' Angus—
They come wi' light an' biythesome looks,
They gang wi' heavy brows an' bleary,
The heart's already lost an' won,
Of her, my dear Drumlithie Mary.

The pretty maids are aften proud,
The bateousome dames are aften saucy;
But she, the wale o' womankind,
Is meek an' mild, my darling lassie.
While valleys sink to join the sea,
While mountains rise to meet the carry,
While life an' light are dear to me,
I'll love my ain Drumlithie Mary.

Wat ye wha.

[ALEXANDER LAING.—Air, "Wat ye wha cam' here, lassie."]

O wat ye wha cam' here yestreen?
A lad that may fu' weel be seen!
My luck for gowd I wadna gi'e,
I'm just as blythe as blythe can be;—
His frien'ly bow, an' frank gude e'en,
He gied them baith to sister Jean;
But a' the time as I could see,
His kindly looks he gied to me.
His frien'ly look, &c.

I wadna gi'e his looks yestreen,
For a' the blythsome sights I've seen—
I've waited lang, an' wearied been,
But a' my fears were tint yestreen.
A father's house—a pantry fu'
O' meal to bake, and maut to brew;
They're nae to slight nor cast awa',
But his kindly looks are worth them a'.
A father's house, &c.

My dearie, if thou dee.

[THIS was written by ROBERT CRAWFORD, and appears in the Ten-Table Miscellany, 1784. The beautiful air called "My dearie, if thou dee" is older than Ramsay's day, but the original words of the song are supposed to be lost. Crawford's words are also given with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius, published in London 1725; but the editor of that work has considerably altered the old tune, and certainly not improved it. The original and genuine air will be found in the annotations to the last edition of Johnson's Museum, where it is given from an old manuscript in the possession of Mr Stenhouse, the chief commentator of that edition. The old tune is also to be found in a manuscript collection of music bearing date 1692, belonging at one time to the late Mr Andrew Blackie, engraver, Paisley.]

Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggie, if thou dee.

Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me;
Without thee I shall never live,
My dearie, if thou dee.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see:
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggie, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart,
With Cupid's raving rage;
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this that like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And, when its destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me dee.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasures share,
Ye who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair:
Restore my Peggie's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me;
Oh, never rob them from those arms—
I'm lost if Peggy dee.

Wattie's the waur o' the wear.

[TUNE, "Fy let us a' to the bridal.]"

On Tysday gaun o' the e'enin'
Amang the green woodlands alane,
I heard a fair maid complainin'
An' making a pityfu' maen;
An' this was the mournfu' occasion,
The source o' the saut gushin' tear,
An' burden o' her lamentation,
"Auld Wattie's the waur o' the wear."

Ye birds in the green woodlands singing,
Ye shepherds o' dark ravin' Dee,
Ye rocks and ye wild echoes ringing,
Ye cleughs fu' o' gladness an' glee;

Owre Jeanie's sad fate dinna swagger,
Your music delights na her ear,
It sends to her heart like a dagger,
"Auld Wattie's the waur o' the wear."

My daddy for love o' the tocher,
Ga'e sour-gabbit grey-beard his Jean,
The body dow naething but clochar,
An' grane like a brownie at e'en;
His jaws canna chow a saft bannock,
He growls like a Norawa bear,
The verra weans cry through the winnock,
"Auld Wattie's the waur o' the wear."

Gley'd Giblee throws on his grey jacket,
It kivers a rukie o' bane,
An' hils awa' hame like a cricket,
An' craws owre his cleckin' o' weans.
An' lingle-tail'd Tibble, their mither,
Ca's him baith her joy an' her dear,
Gude sen' Josie Tait an' his tether,
For Wattie's the waur o' the wear.

Now wae to the weary psalm-keeper,
Wha thrice l' the kirk fill't my e'e,
An' wae to the haly sin-pelter,
Wha kippl't the carl to me,
An' wae to the grey colt that carry't
The sorrowfu' bride o' Troqueer,
An' dool to the day I was marry't
To Wattie the waur o' the wear.

Haud awa'.

[First published as an old song with additions in the second volume of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany.—Tune, "Donald."]

DONALD.

O, come awa', come awa',
Come awa' wi' me, Jenny!
Sic frowns I canna bear frae aye,
Whase smiles ance ravish'd me, Jenny.
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought shall alter me, Jenny;
For ye're the mistress of my mind,
Whate'er ye think of me, Jenny!

First when your sweets enslaved my heart,
Ye seem'd to favour me, Jenny;
But now, alas! you set a part
That speaks inconstancy, Jenny.

Inconstancy is sic a vice,
It's not befitting thee, Jenny;
It suits not with your virtue nae,
To carry me to me, Jenny.

JENNY.

O, haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald!
Your heart is made ower large for aye—
It is not meet for me, Donald.
Some fickle mistress you may find
Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;
To ilka swain she will prove kind,
And nae less kind to thee, Donald:

But I've a heart that's naething such;
'Tis fill'd wi' honestie, Donald.
I'll ne'er love mony; I'll love much;
I hate all levitie, Donald.
Therefore nae mair, wi' art, pretend
Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
For words of falsehood ill defend
A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when ye courted, I must own,
I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
Apparent worth and fair renown
Made me believe you true, Donald:
Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
But now the mask's faun aff, I scorn
To ware a thocht on thee, Donald.

And now for ever haud awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald!
Sae, seek a heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald:
For I'll reserve myself for aye,
For aye that's liker me, Donald.
If sic a aye I canna find,
I'll ne'er lo'e man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD.

Then I'm the man, and fause report
Has only tauld a lie, Jenny;
To try thy truth, and make us sport,
The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
Then come awa' to me, Donald!
I'm weel content ne'er to repent
That I ha'e smil'd on thee, Donald!

Haud awa'.

[THIS can be traced no further back than to David Herd's collection, 1776. The author is unknown.—Tune, "Donald."]

O, WILL ye ha'e ta tartan plaid,
Or will ye ha'e ta ring, matam?
Or will ye ha'e ta kiss o' me?
And tat's a pretty ting, matam!
Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald!
I'll neither kiss nor ha'e a ring;
Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald!

O, see ye not her ponnie progues,
Her sock-et-plaid, plue, green, matam?
Her twa short hose, and her twa spoils,
And a shoulter-pelt speen, matam?
Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald!
Nae shoulter-belts, nae trinkabouts,
Nae tartan hose for me, Donald!

Her can pe show a petter hough
Tan him tat wears ta croun, matam;
Hersel' ha'e pistol and claymore,
To fley ta Lallant loon, matam.
Haud awa', haud awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald
For a' your houghs and warlike arms,
You're no a match for me, Donald.

Hersel' ha'e a short coat, pl pocht
No trail my feets at rin, matam;
A cutty sark o' goot barn sheet,
My motter she pe spin, matam.
Haud awa', haud awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald;
Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,
And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.

Ye's ne'er pe pidden work a turn
At ony kind o' spin, matam;
But shug your laeno (chlid) in a scull,
And tidel Highland sing, matam.
Haud awa', haud awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald!
Your jogging sculls and Highland sang
Will sound but harah wi' me, Donald.

In ta morning, when him rise,
Ye'se get fresh whey for tea, matam.
Sweet milk and ream as much ye please,
Far sheeper tan Pohea, matam.
Haud awa', haud awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald!
I wiinna quit my morning's tea—
Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Haper Gaelic ye'se pe learn,
And tat's ta ponny speak, matam;
Ye'se get a cheese, and butter kirm:
Come wi' me kin ye like, matam.
Haud awa', haud awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald!
Your Gaelic and your Highland cheer
Will ne'er gae down wi' me, Donald.

Fait, ye'se pe get a siller protch,
Pe pigger tan ta moon, matam;
Ye'se ride in currach 'stead o' coach,
And wow put ye'll pe fine, matam.
Haud awa', haud awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald!
For a' your Highland rarities,
Ye're no a match for me, Donald.

What! 'tis ta way tat ye'll pe kind
To a pretty man like me, matam!
Sae lang's claymore hangs py my side
I'll nefer marry tee, matam!
O, come awa', come awa',
Come awa' wi' me, Donald!
I wadna quit my Highland man;
Frae Lawlands set me free, Donald!

I'll tend thy bower.

[WILLIAM FERGOUSON.]

I'LL tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
In spring-time o' the year,
When saft'ning winds begin to woo
The primrose to appear—
When daffodils begin to dance,
And streames again flow free,
And little birds are heard to pipe
On the sprouting forest tree.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
 When summer days are lang—
 When nature's heart is big wi' joy,
 Her voice laden wi' sang—
 When shepherds pipe on sunny braes,
 And flocks roam at their will,
 And auld an' young in cot an' ha',
 O' pleasure drink their fill.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
 When autumn's yellow fields—
 That wave like seas o' gowd—before
 The glancin' sickle yields;
 When ilka bough is bent wi' fruit—
 A glorious sight to see!—
 And showers o' leaves, red, rustling, sweep
 Out owre the withering lea.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
 When through the naked trees,
 Cauld, shivering on the bare hill side,
 Sweeps wild the frosty breeze;
 When tempests roar, and billows rise,
 Till nature quakes wi' fear—
 And on the land and on the sea,
 Wild winter rules the year.

Farewell, ye haunts of joy.

[Words by Miss JANET BYLAND.—Here first printed.]

FAREWELL, ye haunts of joy, farewell
 Ye scenes of love and glee,
 Oh bonnie groves o' Rosemount dell,
 Ye'll smile nae mair for me;
 I'm dreary now, I'm left alane,
 Without a hope to ca' my ain,
 The jewel o' my heart is gane
 Far, far ayont the sea.

The last fond look my liddle gave,
 The parting words he said,
 I'll bear in mind till in my grave
 My weary head is laid;
 It may be fancy cheats my heart,
 And pains my head wi' wily art,
 But ah, wi' life I'll sooner part
 Than break the vows we made.

It's sair to think on friendship fled,
 And live while hope decays;
 It's sair to seek among the dead
 The love o' early days;
 But wha can thole the dreary gloom
 That fills a lover's living tomb?
 Oh wha can bide the bitter doom
 That seals my nameless wae?

Ye stars and winds and things that guide
 The wand'rer to his rest,
 Ye cheer wi' dreams o' joyous pride
 The weary-laden breast;
 But ah! for me there shines nae ray
 O' balm hope's returning day,
 The tear o' death alone will say
 My heart is in the West.

Tarry woo.

[THE words of this song occur in the third volume of the *Tea-Table Miscellany*. The tune is old: that of "Lewie Gordon" is borrowed from it. "Tarry woo," says Burns, "is a very pretty song; but I fancy that the first half stanza, as well as the tune itself, are much older than the rest of the words." Burns was probably right in his conjecture. There is a couplet in Sir John Clerk's song of the "Miller," given at page 178, borrowed from "Tarry woo":—

"Who'd be a king?—a petty thing,
 When a miller lives so happy."

This is very similar to the close of the last verse—
 "Who'd be a king? can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings so well?"

It may interest many readers in the present song when they know that it was Sir Walter Scott's *almost only one*. His voice as a singer belonged to that large class of human voices denominated *timber-toned*; and when called on for a song at a convivial meeting, he generally got off by striking up a verse of "Tarry woo."]

TARRY WOO, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin;
 Card it well, card it well,
 Card it well, ere ye begin.
 When it's cardit, row'd, and spun,
 Then the wark is haffins done;
 But, when woven, dress'd, and clean,
 It may be cleadin' for a queen.

Sing my bonnie harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly, as ye go
Through the winter's frost and snow.
Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No by half sae useful are:
Frae kings, to him that hauds the plou',
All are obliged to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip;
Ower the hills and valleys trip;
Sing up the praise of tarry woo;
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame;
Keep us warm and hearty fou—
Lese me on the tarry woo.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of strife!
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae;
No such music to his ear!
Of thief or fox he has no fear:
Sturdy kent, and collie true,
We'll defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none:
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Though he the royal sceptre sways,
Has such pleasant holidays.
Who'd be king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well?
Sings sae well, and pays his due
With honest heart and tarry woo.

My wife's.

[THE tune of "My wife's a wanton wee thing" is old, and is sometimes used as a reel tune. Part of the following song appears in Herd's collection, 1776, and part in Johnson's Museum.]

My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
She winna be guided by me.

She play'd the loon ere she was married,
She play'd the loon ere she was married,
She play'd the loon ere she was married,
She'll do't again ere she die!

She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,
She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,
She row'd hersel' in a blanket;
She winna be guided by me.

She mind't na when I forbade her,
She mind't na when I forbade her,
I took a rung and I claw'd her,
And a braw gude bairn was she.

She is a winsome.

[WRITTEN by Burns in 1792 for Thomson's collection, to the tune of "My wife's a wanton wee thing."]

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine!

I never saw a fairer,
I never loo'd a dearer;
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrak we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

Though dowie's the Winter.

[ALEXANDER LAING.—First printed in the "British Minstrel" edited by Mr. John Struthers, and published by Khull, Blackie, & Co., 1821.]

THOUGH dowie's the winter sae gloomie an' drear,
O happy we've been through the dead o' the year;
An' blythe to sic bield as the burnie brae gave;
O mony a nicht ha' we stoun frae the lave.

Now the spring-time has tane the lang e'enings
awa',

We maunna be seen an' less aften I'll ca',
But May-day is coming—our wedding an' a',
Sae weary na, lassie, though I gang awa'.

Our gigglet young lasses are sairly mista'en,
They ken at the place wi' his honour I've been,
An' ta'en the plough-handin' o' bonnie Broomlee,
But they kenna wha's coming to haud it wi' me.
They ken i' the e'enings I'm aften frae hame;
They say wi' a lass, 'cause I look na to them;
They jamph an' they joer, an' they banter at me,
An' twenty they've guess'd o', but never guess'd
thee.

I'll sing the haill day, when your dwellin' I'm
near;

I'll whistle when ploughin' as far's you can hear,
An' aye when I see you, gin hae bodle see,
I'll blink to my lassie—my lassie to me.
An' aye till that time baith at kirk an' at fair,
In taiken o' true love, dear lassie, ye'll wear
The green-tartan rockley, my keepake to thee—
An' I the white overlay ye gifted to me.

Peggy, I must love thee.

I.

[THIS is the name of a very old Scottish air. It has been attributed to Purcell, the English composer, but it is found in MS. music books long before his day. Both Ramsay and Robert Crawford wrote words to the tune, which appear in the Tea-Table Miscellany. We give RAMSAY'S first.]

As from a rock past all relief,
The shipwreck'd Colin spying
His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
Half sunk in waves, and dying:
With the next morning sun he spies
A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise;
New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was, and deserted,
Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:

Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying:
I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose,
Why should we happy minutes lose,
Since, Peggy, I must love thee?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
And deem't a lover's duty,
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
Doting on a proud beauty:
Such was my case for many a year,
Still hope succeeding to my fear,
False Betty's charms now disappear,
Since Peggy's far outshone them.

II.

[ROBERT CRAWFORD.]

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade,
Young Colin lay complaining;
He sigh'd and seem'd to love a maid,
Without hopes of obtaining:
For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
Though pity cannot move thee,
Though thy hard heart gives no relief,
Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
That thus thou cruelly use him?
If love's a fault, 'tis that alone,
For which you should excuse him:
'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
This fire by which I languish;
'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
Where every maid invites me;
For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
For thee that only alights me:
This love that fires my faithful heart
By all but thee's commended.
Oh! would thou act so good a part,
My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
Seem'd tenderness all over,
Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
'Gainst thy despairing lover.
Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,
Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,
Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
My Peggy, I must love thee.

Oh, Dinna think.

[ALEX. M'GILVERAY.—TUNE, "The Traveller's Return."]

O! PINNA think, though we, guidwife,
May sometimes disagree;
Though twice ten years we ha'e been wed,
Thou'rt not as dear to me.
As dear to me as e'er thou wert
When handsome, young, and gay,
Our hearts and hands we fondly join'd,
Upon our bridal day.

What though the beauties of thy face
And form begin to fall;
What though the bloom fraukes thy cheeks,
Thy rosy lips grow pale?
And what although thy dark blue eyes
No more like diamonds shine,
Thy once unrivall'd shape and air
Appears no more divine?

The charms that first secur'd my heart,
In thee remain the same;
An' fan within my bosom still,
A never-dying flame.
You still possess a pleasant look,
A calm unruffled mind;
A soothing voice, a faithful heart,—
Complaisant, warm, an' kind.

Thy constant care has ever been
To smooth life's rugged way;
With happy smiles to brighten up
The darkest dreary day.
When care or sickness wrung my heart,
An' round me fortune lower'd;
Into my thrilling bosom still
The healing balm ye pour'd.

Round ev'ry tale to me you've told,
And ev'ry song you've sung,
And ev'ry spot where we have been,
A hallow'd charm is flung.
How dear to me the broomy knowes,
The greenwood's fragrant shade,
The flow'ry fields, the verdant banks,
And braes where we have stray'd!

Oh! many a pleasant hour we've past,
And happy day we've seen.
Could we but live to see our bairns
As bless'd as we have been,
Content we'll leave this earthly scene,
And bow to heav'n's decree,
In hopes we all shall meet again,
And blest for ever be.

Gala Water.

[THE exquisitely beautiful tune of "Gala Water" is known to be very old, but nothing can be said of its precise era. Dr. Haydn, the celebrated German composer, admired it, and wrote on the music-sheet of it a note in his best English: "*This one Dr. Haydn's favourite song.*" The old words of the tune are lost, with the exception of the two following verses:

Braw, braw lads of Gala water,
Braw, braw lads of Gala water;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.
O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss among the heather,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water."

In Herd's, Johnson's, and other collections, two verses are added to these, which properly belong to the song called "The lassie lost her allken snood." The following version of "Gala Water" is by BYRNE, and was written by him in January, 1793, for Thomson's collection. It may be added, that the Gala is a small stream which rises in Mid Lothian, runs south, and falls into the Tweed above Melrose.]

There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Gala water.

But there is a ne, a secret a ne,
 A bune them a' I lo'e him better;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Gala water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
 And though I ha'e nae mickle tocher;
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks on Gala water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bilis o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

An thou were my ain thing.

[THE fine air "An thou were my ain thing" is to be found in Gordon of Straloch's MS. Lute Book, written at Aberdeen in 1627. How much older it may be cannot be determined. The following song (with the exception of the first verse, "I would clasp," &c.) appears in the first volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany, where it is marked with an X, implying that it is by an unknown author. The first verse is to be found in the Orpheus Caledonius.]

An thou were my ain thing,
 I would lo'e thee, I would lo'e thee;
 An thou were my ain thing,
 How dearly would I lo'e thee!

I would clasp thee in my arms,
 I'd secure thee from all harms;
 For above mortal thou hast charms:
 How dearly do I lo'e thee!
 An thou were, &c.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 So I must still presumptuous be,
 To show how much I lo'e thee.
 An thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O, for their sake, support a slave,
 Who only lives to lo'e thee.
 An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I lo'e, and, for your sake,
 What man can more, I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I lo'e thee.
 An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till fates my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.
 An thou were, &c.

[CONTINUATION by RAMSAY, from Tea-Table Miscellany.]

LIKE bees that suck the morning dew,
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
 Eae wad I dwell upo' thy mou',
 And gar the gods envy me.
 An thou were, &c.

Eae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Byne in saft whispers through the night,
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
 An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
 She moves a goddess o'er the green;
 Were I a king, thou should be queen,
 Nane but mysel' aboon thee.
 An thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs should twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.
 An thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay,
 Since love admits of nae delay,
 O let nae scorn undo thee.
 An thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
 Ha'e there's my heart, g'ie me thy hand,
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command
 The will of him wha loves thee.
 An thou were, &c.

To Daunton me.

I.

[THE tune of "To Daunton me" is at least more than a hundred years old, as it is to be found in Oswald, (1740.) The following words are chiefly by Burns, and were written by him for Johnson's Museum. Part of the chorus and some of the rest of the words are old.]

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The summer lillies bloome in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton me!
To daunton me, and me see young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatterin' tongue!
That is the thing ye ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal, for a' his mant,
For a' his fresh beef and his snut,
For a' his gowd and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa-bauld, as he dow,
Wi' his toothless gab and auld bauld pow,
And the rain rins down frae his red-bear'd e'e:
That auld man shall never daunton me.

II.

[JACOBITE VERSION.]

[In Hogg's "Jacobite Reliques" we have no less than three Jacobite songs with the title of "To Daunton me," and another to the same tune. We give the first and the best. It is also to be found in Cromek.]

To daunton me, and me see young,
And guld king James's auldest son!
O, that's the thing that ne'er can be;
For the man is unborn that'll daunton me!

O, set me ance on Scottish land,
My guid braidsword into my hand,
My blue bonnet abune my bree,
And shaw me the man that'll daunton me.

It's nae the battle's deadly stoure,
Nor friends proved false, that'll gaur me cower;
But the reckless hand o' poverty,
O, that aane can daunton me.
High was I born to kingly gear,
But a culf cam' in my cap to wear;
But wi' my braidsword I'll let him see
He's nae the man to daunton me.

O, I ha'e scarce to lay me on,
Of kingly fields were ance my ain,
Wi' the muir-cock on the mountain bree;
But hardship ne'er can daunton me.
Up cam' the gallant chief Lochiel,
And drew his glaive o' nut-brown steel,
Says, Charlie, set your fit to me,
And shaw me wha will daunton thee!

The Banks of Forth.

[THE tune called "The Banks of Forth" was composed by Oswald, and published in 1741. We cannot say whether the following song, which appears in Herd's collection, 1778, is the original one to which the air was adapted or not. Its author is unknown. In the same collection (Herd's) is another song to the same tune, beginning,

"Ye sylvan powers that rule the plain,
Where sweetly winding Forth glides,
Conduct me to these banks again,
Since there my charming Molly bides."

But it is unnecessary to quote it, as it has nothing particularly to recommend it, and it is long.]

AWAKE, my love! with genial ray,
The sun returning glads the day.
Awake! the balmy sephyr blows,
The hawthorn blooms, the daisy glows,
The trees regain their verdant pride,
The turtle woos his tender bride;
To love each warbler tunes the song,
And Forth in dimples glides along.

'h, more than blooming daisies fair!
 More fragrant than the vernal air!
 More gentle than the turtle dove,
 Or screams that murmur through the grove!
 Betwixt thee all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy,
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

The Bonnie Scot.

[THIS is one of RAMSAY'S songs in the Tea Table Miscellany. It was written to a tune called "The Boatman," which resembles much the old air, "Nancy's to the greenwood gane." "There is a tradition," says Mr. Chambers, "mentioned by the Rev. James Hall, in his Travels through Scotland, [3 vols. 1807,] that the early song upon which Ramsay founded the above, was composed on the preference which Mary of Guise gave to our James V., as a husband, over the English Henry VIII."]

Y^e gales, that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boat-man,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonnie Scot-man.
 In haly bands we joined our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate a large estate
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse, in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat, man,
 Ere I could, for sic little ends,
 Refuse my bonnie Scot-man.
 Wae worth the man, wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views love's art to use,
 While strangers to its passion!

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
 Who pants to press thy balmy mouth,
 And in her bosom house thee.
 Love gies the word; then, haste on board;
 Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er, frae yonder shore,
 My blythe, my bonnie Scot-man.

Pinkie House.

[THE following song was written by JAMES MITCHELL to an old melody, which resembles in its character a church tune, called "Roth's Lament." Pinkie House is the name of the seat of Sir John Hope, Bart., situated near the town of Musselburgh. From this song the tune is now called "Pinkie House," and the old name "Roth's Lament" is dropped. Mitchell was the son of a stone-mason, and was born in 1694. He was author of a tragedy called Fatal Extravagance, of an opera called the Highland Fair, and of two volumes of Poems, published in 1730. He died in 1738. Long before his death, he got introduced to Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated Whig minister, by whom he was liberally patronized, inasmuch that he used to be called the Premier's Poet. Besides "Pinkie House" Mitchell wrote another song to the same tune, beginning,

"As Sylvia in a forest lay,"

which has sometimes been erroneously ascribed to David Mallet.]

Br Pinkie House oft let me walk,
 And muse o'er Nelly's charms!
 Her placid air, her winning talk,
 Even envy's self disarms.
 O let me, ever fond, behold
 Those graces void of art—
 Those cheerful smiles that sweetly hold,
 In willing chains, my heart!

O come, my love! and bring anew
 That gentle turn of mind;
 That gracefulness of air in you
 By nature's hand design'd.
 These, lovely as the blushing rose,
 First lighted up this flame,
 Which, like the sun, for ever glows
 Within my breast the same.

Ye light coquettes! ye airy things!
 How vain is all your art!
 How seldom it a lover brings!
 How rarely keeps a heart!
 O gather from my Nelly's charms
 That sweet, that graceful ease,
 That blushing modesty that warms,
 That native art to please!

Come then, my love! O, come along!
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair inspirer of my song!
Oh, fill my longing arms!
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms so bright as thine,
So heavenly fair, both please the eye,
And fill the soul divine!

Ower Bogie.

["Ower Bogie" is a term applied to irregular or runaway marriages. The tune so called is a fine old one, but used to be sung to very indifferent words. The following is RAMSAY'S version. The first four lines are all that belong to the original song.]

I WILL awa' wi' my love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Though a' my kin had sworn and said,
I'll ower bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her consent,
I dinna care a strae;
Though lika ane be discontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.

For now she's mistress o' my heart,
And wordy o' my hand;
And, weel I wat, we shanna part
For siller or for land.
Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
And beaux admire fine lace;
But my chief pleasure is to blink
On Betty's bonnie face.

There a' the beauties do combine,
Of colour, treat, and air;
The saul that sparkles in her een
Makes her a jewel rare;
Her fowlin' wit gives shining life
To a' her other charms;
How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
And lock'd up in my arms!

There blithely will I rant and sing,
While o'er her sweets I'll range;
I'll cry, Your humble servant, king,
Shame fa' them that wad change.

A kiss of Betty and a smile,
A'beit ye wad lay down
The right ye ha'e to Britain's Isle,
And offer me your crown.

Bonnie Jean.

[THE tune called "Bonnie Jean" is a very old Scottish melody. Its full name was originally "Bonnie Jean of Aberdeen," and there was an old song with these words as a burthen, but it is now supposed to be lost. The following was written by RAMSAY to the old air: both the words and music appear in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725.]

Love's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
Nor let thy shaft at random rove,
For Jeany's haughty heart maun bleed.
The smiling boy with art divine,
From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the queen,
And kill'd the pride of bonnie Jean.

Nae mair the nymph, wi' haughty air,
Refuses Willie's kind address;
Her yielding blushes show nae care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
Nae mair the youth is sullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst ev'ry day he spies some new
Surprising charms in bonnie Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind;
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on wi' disdain;
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The cheerful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bonnie Jean.

The day he spends in amorous gaze,
Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;
When sunk in downs, wi' glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
A' charms disclose'd, she looks more bright
Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen;
Wi' breaking day he lifts his sight,
And pants to be wi' bonnie Jean.

John Hay's Bonnie Lassie.

[Born the air and the words of this song are older than Ramsay's day, although the latter appear for the first time in the Tea-Table Miscellany. "I have found it ascerted," says Mr. Robert Chambers, "by a credible tradition in Roxburghshire, that this song was written by a working joiner, in honour of a daughter of John, first Marquis of Tweeddale, who is here familiarly called by his simple name, John Hay. She was a sister of the second marquis, who under his junior title of Lord Yester, is usually given as the author of the first version of 'Tweedside.' The first Marquis of Tweeddale had two daughters, Lady Margaret and Lady Jean; but, Burns having somewhere mentioned, that the song was written in honour of one who was afterwards Countess of Roxburghe, we are enabled to set forward the eldest, Lady Margaret, as the heroine. We are further enabled, by Mr. Wood's Peerage, to state the probable era of the song. Lady Margaret Hay, wife of the third Earl of Roxburghe, was a widow, at the age of twenty-five, in the year 1633. Allowing from thirteen to five-and-twenty as the utmost range of age during which she could be celebrated as 'John Hay's bonnie lassie,' the song must have been written between the years 1670 and 1633, probably nearer the first era than the last. It may be mentioned as a remarkable circumstance regarding this interesting lady, that she survived her husband, in uninterrupted widowhood, the amazingly long period of seventy-one years. She died at Broomlands, near Kelso, on the 23d of January, 1753, at the age of ninety-six, after having seen out several generations of her short-lived descendants; the third person in descent being then in possession of the honours of Roxburghe. Her husband was one of the unfortunate persons who were drowned at Yarmouth-roads, on the occasion of the shipwreck of the Gloucester frigate, which was bringing the Duke of York down to Scotland, May, 1633."]

By smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cried he, Oh, hey! mair I still live pining
Myself thus away, and daurna discover
To my bonnie Hay, that I am her lover:

Nae mair it will hide; the flame waxes stranger;
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture;
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good
morrow:
The sward of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead, when twined of her
graces.

But if she appear where verdure invite her,
The fountains run clear, and the flowers smell the
sweeter.
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a-flowing:
Her smiles and bright eyes set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carae ye;
For a' my desire is John Hay's bonnie lassie.

Hamilla.

[THERE was an old song called "The bonniest lass in a' the world," which is now lost. The tune and title are all that survive. ROBERT CRAWFORD wrote the following song to the tune. It appears in the Tea-Table Miscellany, inscribed "To Mrs. A. H., on seeing her at a concert." The lady was Miss Anne Hamilton, a relation of the poet's friend, Hamilton of Bangour.]

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
See how wi' a' their arts and wiles
The loves and graces arm her.
A bluish dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair feats of youthful pleasures,
There love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid! I own thy power,
I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O charmer! ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

I'll neber leabe thee.

[THE fine tune of "I'll never leave thee" is of great antiquity, and seems to have been at one time in use in the church, as it is adapted to some spiritual hymns of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. RAMSAY wrote the following words to the tune, retaining the chorus of the old song. RAMSAY'S song appears in the first volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany, (1724,) and also in the fourth volume of the London Musical Miscellany, (1730.) In the latter work, it is adapted to the tune of "A lad and a lassie lay in a killogie," now better known by the name of "Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley." To this tune it is also set in Johnson's Museum.]

JOHNNY.

THOUGH, for seven years and mair, honour should reave me
To fields where cannons rair, thou needna grieve thee;
For deep in my spirit thy sweets are indented;
And love shall preserve aye what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me!

NELLY.

Oh, Johnny, I'm jealous, whene'er ye discover
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
An' nought in the world would vex my heart sairer,
If you prove inconstant, and fancy aye fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, oh, it wad grieve me,
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me!

JOHNNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppress ye;
For, while my blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye:
Your saft blooming beauties first kindled love's fire,
Your virtue and wit mak' it aye flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me!

NELLY.

Then, Johnny! I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin ye prove false, to yoursel' be it said, then,
Ye win but sma' honour to wrang a pulr maiden.
Reave me, reave me, oh, it would reave me
Of my rest, night and day, if you deceive me!

JOHNNY.

Bid ice-ahogles hammer red gauds on the studdy,
And fair summer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey thee,
But never till that time, believe I'll betray thee.
Leave thee, leave thee! I'll never leave thee!
The starns shall gae witherahins ere I doceive thee.

Tranent Wedding.

[PETER FORBES.—Tune, "Bang your eye in the morning," or "The brisk young lad."—The following is the original of a favourite comic song best known by the name of "Duncan M'Callagan." The eccentric Archibald Cochrane, author of "The Totums," given at p. 73, used to sing "Duncan M'Callagan" with great effect at his public exhibitions. On one occasion, at the Glasgow theatre, with the view of sulking in some measure the action to the word, the word to the action, he sung it mounted on a *bons fide* jackass. But the donkey was impracticable: it would not "gallop" at the proper places; and instead of unbounded applause, poor Bauldy only brought down on his head shouts of derision. The version which Cochrane sung began thus:

'Twas for a peck o' meal or mair,
Ae night, when coming frae the fair,
That Duncan laird, wi' his grey mare,
To rin wi' nine or ten, jo.
Then aff they set a-galloping, galloping,
Legs and arms a-walloping, walloping,
"Dell tak' the last!" quo' Duncan Mac-
Callagan,
Laird o' Tullyben, jo.

This set of the song was probably Cochrane's own. We here give a faithful copy of the original, as it appears in a small volume entitled, "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect: by Peter Forbes, Dalkeith: Edinburgh, 1813." Forbes was a gardener at Dalkeith. It will be seen from his song that the race was not for a wager, but a "riding of the broose," or a race at a country wedding from the house of the bride's parents, where the marriage generally takes place, to the house destined as her future habitation; the winner of which race has the privilege of kissing the bride, and welcoming her to her new home, and also of opening the ball with her. "Brooses," especially when the bride is pretty and "a toast," are keenly contested races among the young farmers. They often extend over large tracts of country, in which cases they are always run on horseback. When, however, the distance between the bride's old and new home is slight, they are contended for on foot. Burns, it will be recollected, in his address to his Auld Mare Maggie, says,

"At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow
For pith and speed."

It was at a wedding near Tranent,
Where scores an' scores on fun were bent,
An' to ride the broose wi' full intent,
Was either nine or ten, jo!
Then aff they a' set galloping, galloping,
Legs an' arms a walloping, walloping,
Shame take the hindmost, quo' Duncan
Laird o' Jelly Ben, jo. [M'Callipia]

The souter he was fidgin' fain,
An' stuck like roset till the mane,
Till smash like auld boots in a drain,
He nearly reach'd his end, jo!
Yet still they a' gade, &c.

The miller's mare flew o'er the souter,
An' syne began to glow'r about her,
Cries Hah, I'll gi'e you double mouter,
Gin ye'll ding Jelly Ben, jo.
Then still they a' gade, &c.

Now Will the weaver rode sae kittle,
Ye'd thought he was a flying shuttle,
His doop it daddet like a bittle,
But wastet till the end, jo.
Yet still they a' gade, &c.

The taylor had an awkward beast,
It funket first an' syne did reest,
Then threw poor snipe five ell at least,
Like auld breeks, o'er the mane, jo.
Yet a' the rest gade, &c.

The blacksmith's beast was last of a',
Its sides like bellowses did blaw,
Till he an' it got sic a fa',
An' bruises nine or ten, jo.
An' still the lave gade, &c.

Now Duncan's mare she flew like drift,
An' aye sae fast her feet did lift,
Between lik stenn she ga'e a rift,
Out frae her hinder end, jo.
Yet aff they a' gade, &c.

Now Duncan's mare did bang them a',
To rin wi' him they manna fa',
Then up his grey mare he did draw,
The broose it was his ain, jo.
Nae mair wi' him they'll gallop, they'll
gallop, [wallop]
Nae mair wi' him they'll wallop, they'll
Or they will chance to get some jallup,
Frae the laird o' Jelly Ben, jo.

The toom Meal pock.

[WRITTEN by JOHN ROBERTSON of Paisley about the year 1793. It is to be lamented that the distress of that period, which is here half jocularly depicted, has been succeeded in recent days by a much deeper and more universal state of privation.]

PRESERVE US A'! what shall we do,
Thir dark unhallowed times?
We're surely dreeing penance now,
For some most awfu' crimes.
Sedition daurna now appear,
In reality or joke,
For ilka chiel maun mourn wi' me,
O' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

When lasses braw gaed out at e'en,
For sport and pastime free,
I seem'd like aye in paradise,
The moments quick did flee.
Like Venuses they a' appeared,
Weel pouthered was their locks,
'Twas easy dune, when at their hame,
Wi' the shaking o' their pocks.
And sing, Oh waes me!

How happy past my former days,
Wi' merry heartsome glee,
When smiling fortune held the cup,
And peace sat on my knee;
Nae wants had I but were supplied,
My heart wi' joy did knock,
When in the neuk I smiling saw
A gaucie weel fill'd pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

Speak no ae word about reform,
Nor petition Parliament,
A wiser scheme I'll now propose,
I'm sure ye'll gie consent—
Send up a chiel or twa like me,
As a sample o' the flock,
Whase hollow cheeks will be sure proof,
O' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

And should a sight see ghastly like,
Wi' rage, and bane, and skin,
Ha'e nae impression on yon folks,
But tell ye'll stand ahin:

O what a contrast will ye shaw,
To the glowrin' Lunnun folk,
When in St. James' ye tak' your stand,
Wi' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

Then rear your hand, and glowr, and stare,
Before yon hills o' beef,
Tell them ye are frae Scotland come,
For Scotia's relief;
Tell them ye are the vera best,
Wa'd frae the fattest flock,
Then raise your arms, and Oh! display
A hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

Tell them ye're wearied o' the chain
That hauds the state together,
For Scotland wishes just to tak'
Gude nicht wi' ane anither.
We canna thole, we canna bide,
This hard unwieldy yoke,
For war and want but ill agree,
Wi' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

The Poor Man.

[JAMES HOGG.]

Loose the yett, an' let me in,
Lady wi' the glistening e'e,
Dinna let your menial train
Drive an auld man out to dee.
Cauldrie is the winter even,
See, the rime hangs at my chin;
Lady, for the sake of Heaven,
Loose the yett, an' let me in!

Ye shall gain a virgin hue,
Lady, for your courtesay,
Ever beaming, ever new,
Aye to bloom an' ne'er to dee.
Lady, there's a lovely plain
Lies beyond yon setting sun,
There we soon may meet again—
Short the race we ha'e to run.

'Tis a land of love an' light;
Rank or title is not there,
High an' low maun there unite,
Poor man, prince, an' lady fair;

There, what thou on earth hast given,
Doubly shall be paid again!
Lady, for the sake of Heaven,
Loose the yett, an' let me in!

Blessings rest upon thy head,
Lady of this lordly ha!
That bright tear that thou did'st shed
Fell nae down among the snaw!
It is gane to heaven aboon,
To the fount of charity;
When thy days on earth are done,
That blest drop shall plead for thee.

The Women Fo'k.

[JAMES HOOO.]

O SAIRLY may I rue the day
I fancied first the womenkind;
For aye saysyne I ne'er can ha'e
Ae quiet thought or peace o' mind!
They ha'e plagued my heart an' pleased my e'e,
An' teased an' flatter'd me at will,
But aye for a' their witcherye,
The pawky things I lo'e them still.
O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!
But they ha'e been the wreck o' me;
O weary fa' the women fo'k,
For they winna let a body be!

I ha'e thought an' thought, but darna tell,
I've studied them wi' a' my skill,
I've lo'ed them better than mysel',
I've tried again to like them ill.
Wha sairest strives, will sairest rue,
To comprehend what nae man can;
When he has done what man can do,
He'll end at last where he began.
O the women fo'k, &c.

That they ha'e gentle forms an' meet,
A man wi' half a look may see;
An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
An' waving curls aboon the bree;
An' smiles as soft as the young rose-bud,
An' e'en sae pawky, bright, an' rare,
Wad lure the laverock frae the cludd—
But, laddie, seek to ken nae mair!
O the women fo'k, &c.

Even but this night nae farther gane,
The date is neither lost nor lang,
I tak' ye witness ilka ane,
How fell they fought, and fairly dang.
Their point they've carried right or wrang,
Without a reason, rhyme, or law,
An' forced a man to sing a sang,
That ne'er could sing a verse ava.
O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!
But they ha'e been the wreck o' me;
O weary fa' the women fo'k,
For they winna let a body be!

I'll no wake.

[JAMES HOOO.]

O, MOTHER, tell the laird o't,
Or sairly it will grieve me, O,
That I'm to wake the ewes the night,
And Annie's to gang wi' me, O.
I'll wake the ewes my nicht about,
But ne'er wi' ane sae saucy, O,
Nor sit my lane the lee-lang night
Wi' sic a scornfu' lassie, O:
I'll no wake, I'll no wake,
I'll no wake wi' Annie, O;
Nor sit my lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

Dear son, be wise an' warie,
But never be unmanly, O;
I've heard ye tell another tale
Of young an' charming Annie, O.
The ewes ye wake are fair enough,
Upon the brae sae bonny, O;
But the laird himsel' wad gie them a'
To wake the night wi' Annie, O.
He'll no wake, he'll no wake,
He'll no wake wi' Annie, O;
Nor sit his lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

I tauld ye ear', I tauld ye late,
That lassie wad trapan ye, O;
An' lika word ye boud to say
When left alane wi' Annie, O!
Take my advice this night for ance,
Or beauty's tongue will ban ye, O,
An' say your leal auld mother's skill
Ayont the muir wi' Annie, O.

He'll no wake, he'll no wake,
He'll no wake wi' Annie, O.
Nor sit his lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

The night it was a simmer night,
An' oh! the glen was lanely, O,
For just as sternie's gowden e'e
Peep'd o'er the hill serenely, O.
The twa are in the flow'ry heath,
Ayont the muir sae flowy, O,
An' but as plaid between them baith,
An' wama that right dowie, O?
He maun wake, he maun wake,
He maun wake wi' Annie, O;
An' sit his lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

Neist morning at his mother's knee
He blest her love unfeign'dly, O;
An' aye the tear fell frae his e'e,
An' aye he clasp'd her kindly, O.
"Of a' my griefs I've got amends,
In yon wild glen sae grassy, O;
A woman only woman kens,—
Your skill has won my lassie, O.
I'll aye wake, I'll aye wake,
I'll aye wake wi' Annie, O,
An' sit my lane lik night wi' ane
Sae sweet, sae kind, an' canny, O!"

Caledonia.

[JAMES HOGG.]

CALEDONIA! thou land of the mountain and rock,
Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind—
Thou land of the torrent, the pine, and the oak,
Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind:
Though bare are thy cliffs, and though barren thy
glens,
Though bleak thy dun islands appear,
Yet kind are the hearts, and undaunted the clans,
That roam on these mountains so drear!

A foe from abroad, or a tyrant at home,
Could never thy ardour restrain;
The marshall'd array of Imperial Rome
Easy'd thy proud spirit in vain!

Firm seat of religion, of valour, of truth,
Of genius unshackled and free,
The muses have left all the vales of the south,
My loved Caledonia, for thee!

Sweet land of the bay and the wild-winding deeps
Where loveliness slumbers at even,
While far in the depth of the blue water sleeps
A calm little motionless heaven!
Thou land of the valley, the moor, and the hill,
Of the storm and the proud rolling wave—
Yes, thou art the land of fair liberty still,
And the land of my forefathers' grave!

Birnieboulze.

[ABOUT twenty years ago, this was a popular street song. It was written by the ETTRICK SHEPHERD to the tune of "Braes of Tullimet."]

Will ye gang wi' me, lassie,
To the braes o' Birnieboulze?
Baith the yird an' sea, lassie,
Will I rob to fend ye.
I'll hunt the otter an' the brock,
The hart, the hare, an' heather cock,
An' pu' the limpet aff the rock,
To batten an' to mend ye.

If ye'll gang wi' me lassie,
To the braes o' Birnieboulze,
Till the day you dee, lassie,
Want shall ne'er come near ye.
The peats I'll carry in a scull,
The cod an' ling wi' hooks I'll pull,
An' reave the eggs o' mony a gull,
To please my dainty dearie.

Sae canty will we be, lassie,
At the braes o' Birnieboulze,
Donald! Gun and me, lassie,
Ever sall attend ye.
Though we ha'e nowther milk nor meal,
Nor lamb nor mutton, beef nor veal,
We'll fank the porpy and the seal,
And that's the way to fend ye.

An' ye sall gang sae braw, lassie,
At the kirk o' Birnieboulze,
Wi' littit brogues an' a', lassie,
Wow but ye'll be vauntie!

An' you sall wear, when you are wed,
The kirtle an' the Heeland plaid,
An' sleep upon a heather bed,
Sae cosy an' sae canty.

If ye'll but marry me, lassie,
At the kirk o' Birniebousle,
A' my joy shall be, lassie,
Ever to content ye.
I'll bait the line and bear the pail,
An' row the boat and spread the sail,
An' drag the larry at my tail,
When mussel hives are plenty.

Then come awa' wi' me, lassie,
To the braces o' Birniebousle;
Bonny lassie, dear lassie,
You shall ne'er repent ye.
For you shall own a bught o' ewes,
A brace o' gait, and byre o' cows,
An' be the lady o' my house,
An' lads an' lasses plenty.

Auld John Nicol.

[JAMES HOGG.]

I'll sing of an auld forbear of my ain,
Tweeddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one,
A man that for fun was never outdone,
And his name it was Auld John Nicol o' Whun.
Auld John Nicol he lo'ed his glass,
Tweeddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one,
An' weel he likit the toast to pass,
An' it's hey for brave John Nicol o' Whun!

Auld John Nicol gaed out to fight, &c.
But a' gaed wrang that should ha'e gane right, &c.
Then auld John Nicol kneel'd down to pray,
But never a word John Nicol could say.

Auld John Nicol he lo'ed a lass,
But I darena tell you what came to pass,
For the beadle came up in an unco haste,
An' summon'd him down to speak wi' the priest.

Then auld John Nicol he changed his hue,
For his face it grew red, an' his face it grew blue.
John Nicol gaed out, John Nicol gaed in,
An' he wish'd he had been in the well to the chin.

"Shame fu' it!" quo' John, "I often ha'e thought
Wha wins at woman will lose at nought;
But I ha'e heart to do ill to nane,
Sae I will e'en mak' the lassie my ain."

Then Auld John Nicol he got a wife,
And he never got siccan fun in his life;—
Now, John Nicol he sings frae morn till e'en,
Tweeddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one,
The happiest man that ever was seen,
An' it's hey for brave John Nicol o' Whun!

The Ladies' Evening Song.

[JAMES HOGG.]

O THE glass is no for you,
Bonny laddie, O!
The glass is no for you,
Bonny laddie, O!
The glass is no for you,
For it dyes your manly brow,
An' it fills you roarin' fu',
Bonny laddie, O!

Then drive us not away
Wi' your drinkin', O!
We like your presence mair
Than you're thinkin' O'.
How happy will you be
In our blythesome company,
Taking innocence and glee
For your drinking, O!

Now your e'en are glancing bright,
Bonny laddie, O!
Wi' a pure an' joyfu' light,
Bonny laddie, O!
But at ten o'clock at night,
Take a lady's word in plight,
We will see another sight,
Bonny laddie, O!

There's a right path an' a wrang,
Bonny laddie, O!
An' you needna argue lang,
Bonny laddie, O!
For the mair you taste an' see
O' our harmless company,
Aye the happier you will be,
Bonny laddie, O!

Kirk wad let me be.

["This ancient ditty," says Mr. Chambers, "is said to have been composed, under very peculiar circumstances, by a non-conforming clergyman of the time of Charles II. While under hiding for religion's sake, he had the misfortune to be seized by a party of the troops which were then employed to scour the south and west of Scotland in search of the broken Covenanters. They were not exactly sure of his person, for he appeared to their eyes more like a beggar than any thing else; but, from some suspicious circumstances, they were disposed, at least, to detain him till they should ascertain his real character. The unhappy man then condescended to an artifice, for the purpose of extricating himself. He forthwith assumed a fantastic levity of manners—fell a-capering and dancing—and, finally, sung the two following stanzas, which he composed on the spur of the moment. Such was the gloss he thus gave to his character, and so much were the soldiers delighted with his song, that, swearing he was an honest fellow, and could not possibly belong to the crew they were in search of, they permitted him to depart. The song appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776."]

I AM a puir silly auld man,
And hirplin' ower a tree;
Yet fain, fain kiss wad I,
Gin the kirk wad let me be.

Gin a' my duds were aff,
And guid halli claes put on,
O, I could kiss a young lass
As weel as any man.

The Winter of Life.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS for Johnson's Museum to a plaintive East Indian air.]

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoiced the day,
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:

But now our joys are fled
On winter's blast awa'!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow nae kindly thows
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eld, but buss or belid,
Sinks in time's wintry rage.
Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
Why com'st thou not again?

Dress and her Wheel.

[THIS song of humble industry and contentment was written by BURNS for Johnson's Museum, to a fine air composed by Oswald, and called "Sweet's the lass that lo'es me." In some collections we see the tune affixed to the song called "The Bottom of the Punchbowl."]

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel!
O leeze me on my rock and reel!
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fell and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down, and sing, and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun;
Blest wi' content, and milk, and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On flka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the briedie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty alks the cushats wall,
And echo cons the doofu' tale;
The lintwhite in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik among the clover hay,
The patrick whirling ower the lea,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel;
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great?
 Amid the flaring idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

My love is but a lassie.

[This is an old song, which received some touches from Burns for Johnson's Museum. Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe says that the old title of the air was "Put up your dagger, Jamie." The words to this are in "Vox Borealis, or the Northern Discovery," 1641.

"Put up thy dagger, Jamie,
 And all thing shall be mended;
 Bishops shall fall, no, not at all,
 When the parliament is ended.

"Which never was intended
 But only for to flame thee,
 We've gotten the game,
 We'll keep the same,—
 Put up thy dagger, Jamie."

The tune was also in former times used as a dancing-tune, and called "Lady Badinscoth's Reel."

My love, she's but a lassie yet;
 My love, she's but a lassie yet;
 I'll let her stand a year or twa;
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her, O;
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her, needna say he's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will—
 But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 And couldna preach for thinking o't.

Come, let me take.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS for Thomson's collection to the tune of "Cauld kail in Aberdeen."]

Come, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
 And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
 The world's wealth and grandeur:
 And do I hear my Jeanie own,
 That equal transports move her?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

'Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure:
 And, by thy een sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never.

Duncan M'Cleary.

DUNCAN M'CLEARY, an' Janet his wife,
 Duncan M'Cleary, he play'd on the fife;
 Janet she dauncit, quhill she cried wearie,
 "Unoo weel dauncit," quo' Duncan M'Cleary.

Duncan M'Cleary an' Janet M'Cleary,
 Duncan was blin', an' Janet was blearie,
 He was deafish beside, an' could na' just hear aye;
 "There's nae muckle matter," quo' Janet M'Cleary.

Duncan M'Cleary an' Janet his wife,
 War peaceable bodies an' vitet a' strife;
 She rubbit his beard, an' he ca'd her his dearie;
 O couthie was Duncan wi' Janet M'Cleary.

Duncan M'Cleary an' Janet his wife,
 They tottet an' tottet together through life;
 When Duncan was douff, Janet never was cheerie,
 Sae asome was Janet an' Duncan M'Cleary.

Duncan M'Cleary an' Janet M'Cleary,
 Tho' lovin' an' sweet, the twa couldna wear aye;
 Sae Duncan he deet, and Janet grew drearie,
 An' soon stappit awa' after Duncan M'Cleary.

The Wren.

[FROM HERD'S COLLECTION.—TUNE, "LENNOX'S
LOVE TO BLANTYRE."]

THE wren scho lyes in care's bed,
In care's bed, in care's bed;
The wren scho lyes in care's bed,
In meikle dule and pyne, O.
When in cam' Robin Redbreist,
Redbreist, Redbreist;
When in cam' Robin Redbriest,
Wi' succar-saps and wine, O.

Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this,
Taste o' this, taste o' this;
Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this?
It's succar-saps and wine, O.
Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,
Robin, Robin;
Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,
Though it were ne'er sae fine, O.

And where's the ring that I gied ye,
That I gied ye, that I gied ye;
And where's the ring that I gied ye,
Ye little cutty-quean, O?
I gied it till a soger,
A soger, a soger;
I gied it till a soger,
A true sweetheart o' mine, O.

A Lassie's Wonders.

[EDWARD POLIN.—Here first printed.]

A' KIN'S o' lads an' men I see,
The youngest an' the auldest—
The fair, the dark—the big, the wee—
The blatest and the bauldest;
An' mony a laughin', canty ane,
An' mony a coxin sly man—
Hech sirs!—"mang a' the lads that rin,
I won'er wha'll be my man!

I won'er whar he is the noo—
I won'er gin he's near me,
An' whar we'll meet at first, an' hoo,
An' whan he'll come to speer me.

I won'er gin he kens the braces,
The bonnie braces whar I ran—
Was't there he leaved his liddle days?
—I won'er wha'll be my man!

O gudesake! hoo I wish to ken
The man that I'm to marry,
The ane amang aye mony men —
I wish I kent a fairy,
Or ony body that can see
A far'er gate than I can—
I won'er wha the chiel's to be—
I won'er wha'll be my man!

But loosh na! only hear to me,
It's neither wise nor bonnie,
In asking wha the lad may be—
I'll maybe ne'er get ony;
But if for me indeed there's aye,
I think he's but a shy man
To keep me crying late an' sune
"I won'er wha'll be my man!"

With waefu' heart.

[TANNABILL.—Air, "Sweet Annie frae the sea
beach came."—Arranged by Smith.]

WITH waefu' heart, and sorrowing e'e,
I saw my Jamie sail awa';
O 'twas a fatal day to me,
That day he pass'd the Berwick Law;
How joyless now seem'd all behind!
I ling'ring stray'd along the shore;
Dark boding fears hung on my mind
That I might never see him more.

The night came on with heavy rain,
Loud, fierce, and wild, the tempest blew;
In mountains roll'd the awful main—
Ah, hapless maid! my fears how true!
The landsmen heard their drowning cries,
The wreck was seen with dawning day;
My love was found, and now he lies
Low in the isle of gloomy May.

O boatman, kindly waft me o'er!
The cavern'd rock shall be my home;
'Twill ease my burthen'd heart, to pour
Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb
With sweetest flowers I'll deck his grave,
And tend them through the langsome year;
I'll water them ilk morn and eve,
With deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

2 K

The Cottar's Sang.

[FROM "Summer Months among the Mountains: by ANDREW MEECHER. Edinburgh, 1838." We are indebted to Patrick Maxwell, Esq. for the following particulars of Mercer's life.—Andrew Mercer was born at Selkirk in 1775, and died in Dunfermline on the 11th June 1842, aged 67. When fifteen years old he came to the University of Edinburgh, being destined for the Secession Church. Here he became the intimate associate of his fellow students Dr. John Leyden, and Dr. A. Murray, afterwards Professor of Oriental Languages, and contributed, like them, various essays in prose and verse to the Edinburgh and Scots Magazines. Along with his literary pursuits, he conjoined a love of art; and, eventually, abandoning his theological studies, devoted himself to drawing and painting miniatures, but unhappily never attained to eminence. His gentle and amiable manners and unquestioned talents procured him many friends, and in 1804 they began and zealously promoted the publication of "The North British Magazine" for his behoof, but which unfortunately ceased to be continued after thirteen months. He ultimately settled at Dunfermline, where for many years he lived by teaching, and drew patterns for the damask manufacturers. He published a history of Dunfermline and of its celebrated Abbey in 1823, and ten years later the small collection of poems from which we extract the two following songs.—The first is to the tune of "The braes of Balquhider."]

THE hairst now is owre,
An' the stacks are a' theekit;
The barn-yard is fu',
An' the yett's fairly steekit.
The potatoes are up,
An' are a' snugly pitted;
The crap o' the puir man
For winter fare fitted.

O how happy the hynd
Wha's laid in for the winter,
Wi' his eldin an' meal,
His cow an' his grunter.
Though he toll a' the day,
Through the cauld siccy weather,
By his ingle at e'en
It's forgot a' thegither.

Syne the bairns are drapin' in
Frae the neist farm-steadins,
To claver owre the news;
Or speak o' new eadlins:
Ilk ane tells his tale,
The day's simple story;
An' the cottar's fireside
Is a' in its glory!

The Jockies and Jennies
Are joking and jeering,
An' proud o' the brava,
They ha'e won at the shearing.
An' courtship is rife,
An' ilk look has a meaning,
As an e'e meets an e'e,
In the edge o' the e'en'ing.

There's love in ilka lane,
In ilka fine gloamin';
An' bridals there will be,
At Martinmas coming.
Their minds are a' made up,
An' a' thing looks cheerie;
O lang may it last,—
Ilk lad wi' his dearie.

The hour of Love.

[ANDREW MEECHER.]

WHEN the fair one, and the dear one—
Her lover by her side,—
Strays or sits, as fancy flits,
Where yellow streamlets glide;
Gleams flaming—flowers perfuming—
Where'er her footsteps rove;
Time beguiling with her smiling,
O that's the hour of love!

When the fair one, and the dear one,
Amid a moon-light scene,—
Where grove and glade, and light and shade
Are all around scene—
Heaves the soft sigh of ecstasy,
While coos the turtle dove,
And in soft strains—appeals—complains—
O that's the hour of love!

Should the fair one, and the dear one,
The sigh of pity lend,
For human woe that presses low,
A stranger or a friend;

Tears descending, sweetly blending,
As down her cheeks they rove,
Beauty's charms in pity's arms;
O that's the hour of love!

When the fair one, and the dear one,
Appears in morning dreams,—
In flowing vest—by fancy drest,—
And all the angel beams!
The heavenly mien, and look serene,
Confess her from above;
While rising sighs, and dewy eyes,
Say, that's the hour of love!

Through the wood, laddie.

[THE original verses, or at least what are supposed to be the oldest verses, to the favourite old air called "Through the wood, laddie," are very long, and not worth quoting. They begin thus:

"As Phillermon and Phillis together did walk,
To the woods they did wander,
To the woods they did wander,
As Phillermon and Phillis together did walk,
To the woods they did wander,
Together did talk!"

RAMSAY wrote two sets of verses to the tune. The first is, like the above, very long, but much superior to it as a piece of composition. It begins,

"As early I walk'd on the first of sweet May,
Beneath a steep mountain,
Beside a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute soft melody play,
While the echo resounded the dolorous lay."

We content ourselves with quoting here Ramsay's second song to the tune, which still retains a place in the collections.]

O, SANDY, why leave thus thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence could ease me,
When naething can please me;
Now dowie I sigh on the bank o' the burn,
Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Though woods now are bonnie, and mornings are clear,
While law'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing;
Yet nane o' them pleases my eye or my ear,
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell,
I'm fash'd wi' their scornin'
Baith e'enin' and mornin';
Their jeering gae aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away;
But, quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's lying in languor till that happy day.
When through the wood, laddie, thegither we'll gae.

Green Sleeves.

[THE following song was written by RAMSAY, and appears in the Tea-Table Miscellany. It is called "Green Sleeves" from the name of the tune to which it is adapted. This tune is of great antiquity, and was popular in England as well as in Scotland more than two centuries ago. The old words to the tune began

"Green sleeves and pudding pies,"

and were in ridicule of the Popish clergy, but extremely coarse. Besides "Green Sleeves," the tune is also known by the name of "Nobody can deny," that being the burthen of various English ballads, which are sung to it. Gay in his "Beggar's Opera" (1727) adopts the tune of "Green Sleeves" for one of the songs sung by Macheath, beginning,

"Since laws were made for every degree."

Ye watchful guardians of the fair,
Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear Della take a care,
And represent her lover
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, justice, love, and truth;
Till I return, her passions soothe,
For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,
With soul sunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to save,
With glaring gold bewitch her.
Tell her, for me she was design'd,
For me who knew how to be kind,
And have ma' plenty in my mind,
Than ane who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
And fools rin an eternal round,
In quest of what can ne'er be found,
To please their vain ambition;
Let little minds great charms epy,
In shadows which at distance lie,
Whose hop'd-for pleasure when come nigh,
Proves nothing in fruition:

But cast into a mould divine,
Fair Della does with lustre shine,
Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
Which yields a constant treasure.
Let poets in sublimest lays,
Employ their skill her fame to raise;
Let sons of music pass whole days,
With well-tuned reeds to please her.

There's my thumb.

[THE practice of two parties wetting respectively their right-hand thumbs with their tongues, and then pressing each thumb against the other, in confirmation of a bargain or engagement, was common to many ancient nations, and can still be traced among the Moors and other tribes. In Scotland, the custom is not yet altogether extinct, but it is chiefly confined to boys. The name of the Scottish air called, "There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee," has relation to the old rude ceremony of pressing thumbs, but the original words to the tune are supposed to be lost. We have, however, still two songs which now may be considered old, adapted to the tune. The first is by RAMSAY, and appears in the Tea-Table Miscellany (vol. I. 1724.) The second appears in the Orpheus Caledonius, (1735,) and looks very like a production of Ramsay's too.]

I.

My sweetest May, let love incline thee
T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonnie;
Receive it, then, with a kiss and smile;
There's my thumb, it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are!
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gae duntin',
O gin I had thee on a mountaine!
Though kith and kin and a' should revile thee,
There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry howes I daunder,
Tenting my flocks, lest they should wander;
Gin thou'll gae along, I'll daate thee gaylie,
And gie my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin',
To haud thy wooer up niff-naffin':
That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely;
O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

II.

BETTER, early gone a Maying,
Met her lover, Willie, straying;
Drift, or chance, no matter whether,
This we know, he reason'd with her:
Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooling,
Fondly billing, kindly wooing;
See how ev'ry bush discovers
Happy pairs of feather'd lovers.

See the op'ning blushing roses,
All their secret charms disclose;
Sweet's the time, ah! short's the measure,
O' their fleeting, hasty pleasure!
Quickly we must snatch the savour
Of their soft and fragrant flavour;
They bloom to-day, and fade to-morrow,
Drop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my Bess, will leave no traces
Of those beauties, of those graces;
Youth and love forbid our staying,
Love and youth abhor delaying,
Dearest maid.—nay, do not fly me,
Let your pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful Willie—
There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

I'll gar ye be fain.

[Born the tune and the words of the song, "I'll gar ye be fain to follow me," are old. We give the version of it as altered and enlarged by Allan Cunningham. Most readers will remember the use made of this song in the historical novel of "Old Mortality," when Jenny Dennison obtains access for her mistress and herself to the imprisoned Morton, through means of her influence over Tam Halliday, the soldier on guard, and her characteristic female strategy. The passage is worth quoting. It will be observed that Sir Walter does not keep strictly to the words of the song.—"Halliday, with his carbine on his arm, walked up and down the gallery, occasionally solacing himself with a draught of ale, a huge flagon of which stood upon the table at one end of the apartment, and at other times humming the lively Scottish air,

'Between St. Johnston and bonnie Dundee,
I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.'

Jenny Dennison cautioned her mistress to let her take her own way. 'I can manage the trooper weel enough,' she said, 'for as rough as he is—I ken their nature weel; but ye manna say a single word.' She accordingly opened the door of the gallery just as the sentinel had turned his back from it, and taking up the tune which he hummed, she sung in a coquettish tone of rustic railery,

'If I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
My friends wad be angry, my minnie be mad:
A laird or a lord they were fitter for me,
Sae I'll never be fain to follow thee—
'A fair challenge, by Jove,' cried the sentinel turning round; 'but it's not easy to bang the soldier with his bandoleers;—then taking up the song where the damsel had stopt,

'To follow me ye weel may be glad,
A share of my supper, a share of my bed;
To the sound of the drum to range fearless and free,

I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.—
'Come, my pretty lass, and kiss me for my song,"
[&c.]

As late by a sodger I happen'd to pass,
I heard him courting a bonnie young lass:
My hinnie, my life, my dearest, quo' he,
I'll make ye be fain to follow me.

Gin I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
Ilk ane o' our maidens would think I was mad;
For battles I never shall long to see,
Nor shall I be fain to follow thee.

O come wi' me, and I'll make you glad,
Wi' part o' my supper, and part o' my bed;
A kiss by land, and a kiss by sea,
I think ye'll be fain to follow me.
O' care or sorrow no sodgers know,
In mirth we march, and in joy we go;
Fra sweet St. Johnston to bonnie Dundee,
Wha wadna be fain to follow me?

What heart but leaps when it lists the fife?
Ilk tack o' the drum's a lease o' life—
We reign on earth, we rule on sea;
A queen might be fain to follow me.
Her locks were brown, her eyes were blue,
Her looks were blythe, her words were few—
The lads o' Dumfries stood staring dumb,
When sweet Jenny Primrose follow'd the drum

Adieu for a while.

[THIS appears in the second vol. of the Tea Table Miscellany, to the tune of "I'll gar ye be fain to follow me."]

HE.

ADIEU, for a while, my native green plains,
My nearest relations, my neighbouring swains;
Dear Nelly, frae those I'd start easily free,
Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee

SHE.

Then tell me the reason, thou dost not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurry away?
Alack! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
A lover sae roving will never mind me.

HE.

The reason unhappy is owing to fate,
That gave me a being without an estate,
Which lays a necessity now upon me,
To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

SHE.

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway,
Then Johnny be counsel'd na langer to stray,
For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,
Contented I'll aye find a treasure in thee.

Hx.

O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondness, which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us both, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness, ye flowers,
Bear witness, ye watchful invisible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naething propitious e'er smile upon me.

The Blaithrie o't.

["THE Blaithrie o't," or, as it is otherwise called, "The Baigrie o't," is the name of a fine old Scottish song and tune, the authorship or exact age of either of which, however, cannot be ascertained. Kelly, in his Scots Proverbs, says, "*Shame fall the gear and the blaithrie o't*," is the turn of an old Scottish song, spoken when a young handsome girl marries an old man, upon the account of his wealth." Kelly's work was published in 1721, so that in that day the song, in some shape or other, must have existed, yet we cannot find it in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. There are extant two versions of "The Blaithrie o't" very much alike, and as they are neither of them long, we shall give both. The first seems to be the expression of a country maiden, whose lover, getting rich, deserts her for another with money—and there is something inexpressibly affecting in the manner in which the poor girl tells her story, her proud spirit disdaining to acknowledge to be in the least "daunt'd" by the cruel desertion. The second version seems to be rather a convivial or "dell-me-care" song. It appears in Yair's Charmer (1749), and also in Herd's and other collections.]

I.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
And the little wee share I ha'e o't to myself,
And how the lass that wants it is by the lads for-
got,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't!

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear enough;
He thinks nae mair o' me that wears the plaiden
coat:—

May the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't!

Jennie was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in ner silken attire;
And Jockie says he lo'es her, and swears he's me
forgot;—

May the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't!

But all this shall never daunt me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;
For the lad that's aye inconstant he is not worth
a groat:—

May the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't!

II.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
And how little o't I ha'e to myself,
I sigh and look down on my thread-bare coas;
Yet the shame tak' the gear and the baigrie o't!

Johnnie was the lad that held the pleugh,
But now he has gowd and gear eneuch;
I mind well the day when he was na worth a
groat—

And the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't!

Jenny was the lassie that muckit the byre,
But now she goes in her silken attire;
And she was a lass who wore a plaiden coat—
O, the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't!

Yet a' this shall never daunt me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;
While I've but a penny to pay the t'other pot,
May the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't!

The Blaithrie o't.

["THE following is a set of this song," says Burns, "which was the earliest song I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up, every word, at first hearing."—From "the affairs of the kirk and the queen" being mentioned in the last verse, the song probably belongs to the reign of queen Anne.]

O WILLY, weel I mind, I lent you my hand
To sing you a song which you did me command;
But my memory's so bad, I had almost forgot
That you called it the gear and the blaithrie
o't.—

I'll not sing about confusion, delusion, or pride,
I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride;
For virtue is an ornament that time will never rot,
And preferable to gear and the blathrie o't.

Tho' my lassie ha'e nae scarlets or silks to put on,
We envy not the greatest that sits upon the throne;
I wad rather ha'e my lassie, tho' she cam' in her
smock,

Than a princess wi' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Tho' we ha'e nae horses or menzie at command,
We will toll on our foot, and we'll work wi' our
hand:

And when wearied without rest, we'll find it sweet
in any spot,
And we'll value not the gear and the blathrie o't.

If we ha'e ony babies, we'll count them as lent;
Ha'e we less, ha'e we mair, we will aye be content;
For they say they ha'e mair pleasure that wins but
a groat,

Than the miser wi' his gear and the blathrie o't.

I'll not meddle wi' th' affairs o' the kirk or the
queen; [them swim;

They're nae matters for a sang, let them sink, let
On your kirk I'll ne'er encroach, but I'll hold it
still remote,
Sae tak' this for the gear and the blathrie o't.

Blink o'er the burn.

["BLINK o'er the burn, sweet Betty," is the name of an old Scottish tune to which we have different words. There must have been an old English song with a similar burthen, as the following verse is quoted in *King Lear*, Act iii. scene vi.

"Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:

Her boat hath a leak

And she must not speak,

Why she dares not come over to thee."

We give here two sets of the old words, the first on the authority of Burns, the second on that of Motherwell.]

I.

BLINK o'er the burn, sweet Betty;

It is a cauld winter night,—

It rains, it hails, and it thunders,

The moon she gi'es nae light.

It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty
That ever I tink my way:
O lassie, let me creep about thee.
Until it be break o' day.

It's Betty shall bake my bread,
And Betty shall brew my ale;
And Betty shall be my love,
When I come over the dale.
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn to me;
And while I ha'e life, my dear lassie,
My ain sweet Betty thou's be.

II.

BLINK over the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn to me;
I would gi'e a' I had in the world
But to be a widow for thee.

In summer I maw'd my meadow,
In hairst I shure my corn,
In winter I married a widow,
I wish she was dead the morn.
Blink, &c.

The youth he was wamphlin' and wandy,
The lassie was quite fu' o' glee,
And aye as she cried to the laddie,
Come down bonnie Tweedside to me.
Blink, &c.

Come meet me again ne'er to sever,
Come meet whare nae body can see,
I canna think ye're a deceiver,
And mean but to lichtle me.
Blink, &c.

Sweet Betty.

[THE following song, to the tune of "Blink over the burn, sweet Betty," was written by JOSEPH MITCHELL, early in the last century. We have given a short notice of Mitchell in a previous Note.]

LEAVE kindred and friends, sweet Betty,
Leave kindred and friends for me:
Assur'd thy servant is steady
To love, to honour, and thee.

The gifts of nature and fortune
May see by chance as they came;
They're grounds the destinies sport on,
But virtue is ever the same.

Although my fancy were roving,
Thy charms so heav'nly appear,
That other beauties disproving,
I'd worship thine only, my dear.
And should life's sorrows embitter
The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
To share them together is fitter,
Than moan asunder like doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
To grasp my love in my arms!
By thee to be grasp'd and kiss'd!
And live on thy heaven of charms!
I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
Should fortune capricious prove;
Though death should tear me to pieces,
I'd die a martyr to love.

The wee German Lairdie.

[This is one of the most spirited of all the Jacobite songs, and was one of the most popular. The presumption is, that it was written after the accession of George I. to the throne of Britain in 1714, but where or when it first appeared, we cannot say. The version which we here follow is that given in Hogg's "Jacobite Relics of Scotland," vol. I. Edinburgh, 1819. Hogg set the words to music, and boasts that his tune supplanted the old one.]

WHEN the deil ha'e we gotten for a king,
But a wee, wee German lairdie?
And, when we gae to bring him hame,
He was delving in his hall-yardie:
Shoughing kail, and laying leeks,
But the hose, and but the breeks;
And up his beggar duds he cleeks—
This wee, wee German lairdie.

And he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee, wee German lairdie;
And he's brought fouth o' foreign leeks,
And dibbled them in his yardie.

He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And broken the harp o' Irish clowns;
But our thistle taps will jag his thumbs—
This wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
And see the Stuart's lang-kail thrive
They dibbled in our yardie:
And if a stock ye dare to pu',
Or hand the yoking o' a plough,
We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
Nae sitting for a yardie;
And our Norland thistles winna pu',
Thou wee bit German lairdie:
And we've the trenching blades o' weir,
Wad prune ye o' your German gear—
We'll pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,
Thou fockless German lairdie!

Auld Scotland, thou'rt ower cauld a ho'e
For nursin' siccan vermin;
But the very dugs o' England's court
They bark and bowl in German.
Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,
Thy spade but and thy yardie;
For wha the deil ha'e we gotten for a king,
But a wee, wee German lairdie?

OB brother Sandie.

[AFTER the above severe Jacobite effusion, it may be but fair to give a Whig song on the other side of the question. Burns was mistaken in thinking that *all* the political songs of the period were in favour of the Stuart dynasty, but it is not to be denied, that those on that side were by far the most numerous and the best. The following was written on the rebellion of '45, and sung to the tune of "Lillibulero, bullen a la," (Uncle Toby's tune.) *Lillibulero, bullen a la*, were the pass words used by the Catholics during the dreadful Irish massacre of 1641.]

O BROTHER Sandie, hear ye the news?
Lillibulero, bullen a la,
An army's just coming without any shoes,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

To arms, to arms ! brave boys, to arms !
A true British cause for your courage doth
ca' ;

Court, country, and city against a banditti,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

The pope sends us over a bonnie young lad,
Lillibulero, &c.

Who, to court British favour, wears a Highland
Lillibulero, &c. [plaid,

A protestant church from Rome doth advance,
Lillibulero, &c.

And, what is more rare, it brings freedom from
Lillibulero, &c. [France,

If this shall surprise you, there's news stranger yet,
Lillibulero, &c.

He brings Highland money to pay British debt,
Lillibulero, &c.

You must take it in coin which the country affords,
Lillibulero, &c.

Instead of broad pieces, he pays with broad swords,
Lillibulero, &c.

And sure this is paying you in the best ore,
Lillibulero, &c.

For who once is thus paid will never want more,
Lillibulero, &c.

To arms, to arms ! brave boys, to arms !
A true British cause for your courage doth
ca' ;

Court, country, and city against a banditti,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

Why do ye tarry.

[ALEXANDER HUME.—Here first printed.]

Why do ye tarry,
Bonnie ship Mary ?

Why do ye linger so far frae me ?
Winds, will ye waken ?

Ne'er your breath slacken,

But O, breathe kindly, my love's on the sea.

If o' her nature

You had a feature,

Ne'er could you harm the frail barque on the sea ;

Not even find weather
To ruffle a feather

Of the poor sea bird, so gentle is she !

But if you'll not send
My dear love to land,

O, bear this kiss hence in swiftness with thee ;

Whisper not to her

Who is the wooer,

She'll know by the kiss, that the kiss comes from
me.

Waly, Waly.

[This deeply pathetic song is of undoubted antiquity, but nothing satisfactory can be told regarding its history. According to some accounts, the subject of it is said to have been Lady Barbara Erskine, wife of the second marquis of Douglas, who, in 1670, was abandoned by her husband on account of some scandal, but this is extremely apocryphal, as the song is clearly the lamentation of a forsaken girl, not a wife.]

O waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love went to gae !
I lean'd my back unto an alk,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak :
Sae my true love did lichtle me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new ;
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.
O wherefore should I bask my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me,
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
O, gentle death, when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kiss'd,
That love had been sic ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me!

Glancing of her Apron.

[THIS song was originally written by THOMAS D'UNRY, and published as a Scottish song in his comedy called "The Fond Husband," London, 1676. Ramsay reprinted it with alterations in his Tea-Table Miscellany. The tune is the original of what is now better known under the name of "Jock of Hazeldean."]

In January last,
On Munanday at morn,
As through the fields I past,
To view the winter corn,
I looked me behind,
And saw come o'er the knows,
And glancing in her apron,
With a bonnie brent brow.

I said, Good-morrow, fair maid,
And she right courteously
Return'd a beck, and kindly said,
Good-day, sweet Sir, to you.
I spair'd, My dear, how far awa'
Do ye intend to gae?
Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa
Out o'er yon broomy brae.

He.
Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
To have sic company;
For I'm gangin' straight that gate,
Where ye intend to be.

When we had gane a mile or twain,
I said to her, My dow,
May we not lean us on this plain,
And kiss your bonnie mou'.

SHE.
Kind sir, ye are a wee mistane;
For I am nae of these,
I hope you some mair breeding ken,
Than to ruffle women's claise:
For may be I have choosen ane,
And plighted him my vow,
Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
And kiss my bonnie mou'.

HE.
Na, if ye are contracted,
I ha'e nae mair to say:
Rather than be rejected,
I will gi'e o'er the play;
And chuse anither will respect
My love, and on me rew;
And let me clasp her round the neck,
And kiss her bonnie mou'.

SHE.
O sir, ye are proud hearted,
And laith to be said nay,
Else ye wad ne'er 'a started
For ought that I did say;
For women in their modesty,
At first they winna bow;
But if we like your company,
We'll prove as kind as you.

Birks of Abergeldy.

[THIS is the name of an old song and tune. The latter is to be found in Playford's Dancing Master, printed so far back as 1657. Abergeldy is an estate in Aberdeenshire.]

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Abergeldy
Ye sall get a gown of silk,
A gown of silk, a gown of silk,
Ye sall get a gown of silk,
And coat of callimankie.

Na, kind sir, I dar nae gang,
I dar nae gang, I dar nae gang,
Na kind sir, I dar nae gang,
My minny will be angry.
Sair, sair, wad she flyte,
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte;
Sair, sair, wad she flyte;
And sair wad she ban me.

Birks of Aberfeldy.

[This was composed by Burns, to the old tune of "The Birks of Aberfeldy," in September, 1787, while standing under the falls of Aberfeldy, near Moness, in Perthshire.]

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their head the hazels hing,
The little burdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamins' stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
White ower the linn the burnie pours,
And, risin', weets wi' misty show'rs
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gift at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely bless'd wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The Man in Aberdeen.

[From Herd's collection.]

THREE dwell'd a man in Aberdeen,
And nowthir young nor auld was he,
He never wanted wit at will,
But wi't was ugly as can be.

MONY a lass that had the tocher
Wham the carl socht to join
W' him to draw the pleuch of wedlock,
Did the hatefu' task decline.

TIR'd at last wi' sharp denyals,
Straight he pass'd to sillie Meg;
She had nowthir wit nor siller,
Here, thocht he, I sall nae beg.

SAVE the gowd o' her fair tresses,
Bit o' gowd ne'er had the quene,
Nor ither jewels in possession,
Than the jewels o' her een.

BOT alike to her was missing
All the gowd that crouns the mynde;
Sense, that jewel o' the booom,
She could nowthir buy nor fynde.

HE came, he saw, he overcame;
The sillie mayden blash'd consent,
Hamewart as he bent his travel,
Thus he thocht on his intent.

"Though this lassie want a noddle,
I ha'e wit to make amends;
Though I am ugly, yet her bewtie
In our bairns will serve like ends

"Our childer, I can never doubt it,
Will comely as their mither be;
And in wit and prudence surelle
They will copie after me.

"See our race will bear perfection
Bath in bodie and in saul;
Surelle a mair happy marriage
To man's lot docht never fall."

SEE the wicht fu' fondle drem't.
Alack the issue was far ither:
The bairnis war ugly as thair daddie,
And thay were foolish as thair mither.

Get up, gudewife.

[Quoted by Ritson from a manuscript in the British Museum as old as the time of Charles the first.]

Garr up, gudewife, don on your claise,
And to the market mak' you boune;
'Tis lang time sin' your neebors rase;
They're weel nigh gotten into the tounne.
See ye don on your better gounne,
And gar the lassie big on the fyre.
Dame, do not look as ye wad frowne,
But doe the thing whilk I desyre.

I spier what haste ye ha'e, gudeman!
Your mother staid till ye war born;
Wad ye be at the tother can,
To accoure your throat sae sune this morne?
Gude faith, I haud it but a scorne,
That ye suld with my rising mell;
For when ye have baith said and sworne,
I'll do but what I like mysel'.

Gudewife, we maun needs have a care,
Sae lang's we wonne in neebor's rawe,
O' neeborheid to tak' a share,
And rise up when the cock does crawe,
For I have heard an auld said sawe,
"They that rise last big on the fyre."
What wind or weather so ever blaw,
Dame, do the thing whilk I desyre.

Nay, what do ye talk of neeborheid?
Gif I lig in my bed till noone,
By nae man's shins I bake my breid,
And ye need not reek what I have done.
Nay, look to the clooting o' your shoone,
And with my rising do not mell;
For, gin ye lig baith sheets abune,
I'll do but what I will mysel'.

Gudewife, ye maun needs tak' a care
To save the gear that we ha'e won;
Or lye away baith plow and car,
And hang up Ring when a' is done.
Then may our bairns a-begging run,
To seek their mister in the myre.
Sae fair a thread as we ha'e won!
Dame, do the thing whilk I require.

Gudeman, ye may weel a-begging gang,
Ye seem sae weel to bear the pocke;
Ye may as weel gang sune as syne,
To seek your meat amang gude folke.
In lika house ye'll get a locke,
When ye come whar your goskips dwell.
Nay, lo you luik sae like a gowke,
I'll do but what I list mysel'.

Gudewife, you promised, when we were wed,
That ye wad me truly obey;
Mees John can witness what you said,
And I'll go fetch him in this day:
And, gif that haly man will say,
Ye's do the thing that I desyre,
Then sall we sune end up this fray,
And ye sall do what I require.

I nouth'er care for John nor Jacke—
I'll tak' my pleasure at my ease;
I care not what you say a placke—
Ye may go fetch him gin ye please.
And, gin ye want aye of a mease,
Ye may e'en gae fetch the dell frae helle,
I wad you wad let your japin cease,
For I'll do but what I like mysel'.

Well, sin' it will nae better bee,
I'll tak' my share o' a bee gane:
The warst card in my hand sall flee,
And, i' faith, I wait I can shifte for aye.
I'll sell the plow, and lay to wadd the waine,
And the greatest spender sall beare the bell:
And then, when all the gudes are gane,
Dame, do the thing ye list yoursel'.

Jamie frae Dundee.

[This is a sweet singing and rather popular song, but we can say nothing of its authorship. It is here quoted from recitation, and may be imperfect.]

I CANNA like you, gentle sir,
Although a laird you be,
For weel I like the bonnie lad
Wha brought me frae Dundee.
And I'll gang awa' wi' Jamie, O,
I'll gang awa' wi' Jamie, O,
I'll gang awa' wi' Jamie
O'er the lea;
I'll gang awa' wi' a free gude will,
For he's a' the warld to me.

I'll gang wi' Jamie frae Dundee,
To cheer the lonesome way;
His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' health,
He's frolicsome and gay.
And I'll gang, &c.

The laverock mounts to hail the morn.
The lintwhite swells her throat,
But nane o' them's sae sweet or clear
As Jamie's tune fu' note.
And I'll gang, &c.

Tell me, Dear.

[THOMAS C. LATTO.—Here first printed.—Air,
"Loudon's bonnie woods and braes."]

TELL me, dear! in mercy speak,
Has heaven heard my prayer, lassie?
Faint the rose is on thy cheek,
But still the rose is there, lassie!
Away, away, each dark foreboding,
Heavy days with anguish clouding,
Youthfu' love in sorrow shrouding,
Heaven could ne'er allow, lassie!
Day and night I've tended thee,
Watching, love! thy changing e'e;
Dearest gift that heaven could gie,
Say thou'rt happy now, lassie.

Willie! lay thy cheek to mine—
Kiss me, oh, my ain laddie!
Never mair may lip o' thine
Press where it hath lain, laddie!
Hark! I hear the angels calling,
Heavenly strains are round me falling,
But the stroke—thy soul appalling—
'Tis my only pain, laddie!
Yet the love I bear to thee
Shall follow where I soon maun be;
I'll tell how gude thou wert to me—
We part to meet again, laddie!

Lay thine arm beneath my head—
Grieve na sae for me, laddie!
I'll thole the doom that lays me dead,
But no a tear frae thee, laddie!
Aft where yon dark tree is spreading,
When the sun's last beam is shedding,
Where no earthly foot is treading,
By my grave thou'lt be, laddie!

Though my sleep be wi' the dead,
Frae on high my soul shall speed,
And hover nightly round thy head,
Although thou wilt na see, laddie.

Hey, how, my Johnnie lad.

[THIS song is partly preserved by Herd in his collection, 1776, but is here given with some slight additions by Allan Cunningham. It is sung to a reel tune, originally called "The Lassies o' the Ferry." Tannahill wrote a song with the same burthen, and to the same tune, which is also given in this work.]

HEY, how, my Johnnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been,
For gin your voice I had na kent,
I'm sure I couldna trust my een;
Sae weel's ye might ha'e courted me,
And sweetly preed' my mou' bedeene:
Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

My father, he was at the plough,
My mither, she was at the mill;
My brother, he was at the moes,
And no ane near our sport to spill:
A lug to listen was na there,
And still less fear o' being seen
Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Wad ony lad who lo'ed me weel
Ha'e left me a' my liefu' lane,
To count the minutes as they crawled,
And think life's sweetest moments gane.
I wonder what was in your head,
I wonder what was in your een,
Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

But I shall seek some other lad,
Whose love is upmost in his mind;
As gleg as light, wha has the alight
O' kenning when he should be kind.
Then ye may woo wi' blinkin' Bess—
For you nae mair I'll sigh and green:
Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Woe's my heart.

["Woe's my heart that we should sunder" is the name of a very old tune, at least as old as the reign of James the sixth, but the original words to the tune are lost. The two following songs are by RAMSAY. The second is one of Peggie's songs in "The Gentle Shepherd."]

I.

With broken words, and downcast eyes,
Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;
And, parting with his Giey, cries,
Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder.
To others I am cold as snow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder:
From thee with pain I'm forced to go;
It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love shall hinder,
Nor time nor place shall ever change
My vows, though we're obliged to sunder.
The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
Shall still be present though we sunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then seal a promise with a kiss,
Always to love me though we sunder.
Ye gods! take care of my dear lass,
That as I leave her I may find her;
When that blest time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again and never sunder.

II.

SPEAK ON—speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears that soon will want relief,
When Fate must from his Peggie sunder.
A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
Alack, poor me! will now conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggie's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd wha excell'd
The rest, whase wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggie's praises tell;
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows, where we often stray'd,
Ye banks, where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the knowe with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring lover,
Through life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

The Highland Queen.

[THIS song appears in Ruddiman's Edinburgh Magazine for April, 1758. Burns says that the author was a Mr. MACVICAR, purser of the Solibay man of war.]

No more my song shall be, ye swains,
Of purling streams, or flowery plains;
More pleasing beauties me inspire,
And Phoebus tunes the warbling lyre;
Divinely aided, thus I mean
To celebrate my Highland queen.

In her, sweet innocence ye'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike she smiles on you and me.
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland queen.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy;
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole;
A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
All centre in my Highland queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle fate
Has destined for so fair a mate!
Has all these wondrous gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more;
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland queen.

There's plenty come to woo me.

[BY WILLIAM ANDERSON, author of "Land-scape Lyrics," &c.—Here printed for the first time.]

THERE's plenty come to woo me,
And ca' me sweet and fair,
There's plenty say they lo'e me,
But they never venture mair:
They never say they'll marry,
Though love is all their tune,
From June to January,
From January to June.

I canna keep frae smiling,
At their flatteries and art,
Wi' a' their fond beguiling,
They'll ne'er beguile my heart;
For nought can fix a maiden
Whase heart is warm and true,
But vows wi' marriage laden,
Though mony come to woo!

That a's no gowd that glitters
I've either heard or read,
And that marriage has its bitters
As well as sweets, is said:
But though it gets the blame o'
Some things that winna tell,
The fau't that folks complain o'
Lies aften wi' themsel'.

The year, as on it ranges,
Within its twalmonths fa',
Shows mony fretful changes,
And a' lightsome wi' them a'.
Though winter's tempests thicken,
Spring comes wi' cheerful face,
And summer smiles to quicken
A' nature wi' its grace.

The year o' life is marriage,
And we canna wed too sune,
Whan twa divide the carriage,
The wark is cheerily dune.
If one true heart wad ha'e me
For better and for worse,
Wi' him I'd gladly share aye,
The blessing and the curse.

Norland Jockey.

[FROM HERD'S COLLECTION.]

A SOUTHLAND Jenny, that was right bonnie,
Had for a suitor a Norland Johnnie;
But he was sicken a bashful wooer,
That he could scarcely speak unto her;
Till blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her siller,
Forced him at last to tell his mind till her.
My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the mair and marry.

SHR.

Come, come awa' then, my Norland laddie,
Though we gang neatly, some are mair gawdy;
And albeif I have neither gowd nor money,
Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HS.

Ye lasses o' the south, ye're a' for dressing;
Lasses o' the north mind milking and threshing;
My minny wad be angry, and sae wad my daddy,
Should I marry aye as dink as a lady;
For I maun ha'e a wife that will rise i' the morn-
ing,
Cuddle a' the milk, and keep the house a' scolding,
Tootle wi' her nei'bour, and learn at my minny,
A Norland Jocky maun ha'e a Norland Jenny.

SHR.

My father's only daughter, and twenty thousand
pound,
Shall never be bestow'd on sic a silly clown:
For a' that I said was to try what was in ye;
Ga'e hame, ye Norland Jock, and court your
Norland Jenny.

The Soger Laddie.

[THE tune and first verse of this song are old.
The rest is by RAMSAY.]

MY soger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,
My blessing gang wi' my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is steady;
There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms;
Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he gets his due:
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

Pattie and Peggie.

[FROM RAMSAY'S Gentle Shepherd.]

PATIE.

By the delicious warmth of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that, as weel as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and aye may ye:
Red-checked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Pattie's arms for good and a';
But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armsfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day:
And, if ye're wearied, honest light.
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

Cold, cold's the hand.

[W. B. SANSTON.—Here first printed.—The Lady on whom these verses are written died at Madeira, 8th November, 1842.]

Cold, cold's the hand that oft in mine
Hath thrill'd with hope and feeling,
And deadlly still the gentle heart
On which the worm is stealing.

The glossy locks are now laid low,—
The cheeks, once warmly bloomin',
Are pale an' cold as winter's snow
Upon a winter's gloamin'.

The silvery notes that in mine ears
Have dropp'd like oil and manna,
Ah! they are mute as shedden tears—
The sacred voice of Anna.

My much lov'd maid is now no more;
We cannot meet by Banna;
Her place is void, and, oh! I'd soar,
To meet in heaven my Anna.

The Waeifu' Heart.

[MISS BLANCK.—This is given in the third volume of Johnson's Museum, and Mr. Stenhouse says there, that both the words and music were taken from a single sheet published in London about the year 1788.]

Gin livin' worth could win my heart,
You would not speak in vain;
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Never to rise again.
My waeifu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whose heart was only mine;
And, oh! what a heart was that to lose—
But I maun no repine.

Yet, oh ! gin heaven in mercy soon
 Would grant the boon I crave,
 And take this life, now naething worth,
 Sin' Jamie's in his grave!
 And see, his gentle spirit comes,
 To show me on my way;
 Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear
 And, oh, wi' what gude will
 I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead !
 Ye canna lead to ill.
 She said, and soon a deadly pale
 Her faded cheek possess'd;
 Her waeftu' heart forgot to beat;
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

Lady Onlie.

[MANUFACTURED BY BURNS for Johnson's Museum from an old song to the tune of "The Ruffian's Rant," or "Roy's Wife."]

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
 They'll step in and tak' a pint
 Wi' lady Onlie, honest lucky!
 Lady Onlie, honest lucky,
 Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
 I wish her sae for her guid ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her cource sae clean,
 I wat she is a dainty chucky;
 And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
 Of lady Onlie, honest lucky!
 Lady Onlie, &c.

Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS for Johnson's Museum, to the old tune of "The Ruffian's Rant," an air now better known by the name of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch."]

IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
 At Dariet we a blink did tarry;
 As day was dawin' in the sky,
 We drank a health to bonnie Mary.

Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
 Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary;
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
 Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
 Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;
 And ay they dimpt wi' a smile,
 The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.
 Theniel Menzies', &c.

We lap and danced the lee lang day,
 Till piper lads were wae and weary;
 But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
 For kassin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.
 Theniel Menzies', &c.

Katy.

[THIS is another song by BURNS, to the tune of "The Ruffian's Rant," furnished by him in 1794 for Thomson's collection.]

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Well though know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy?
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.

REPLY.

[By an English lady (Mrs. RIDDEL of Woodleigh Park.)]

STAY, my Willie—yet believe me,
 Stay, my Willie—yet believe me;
 'Tweel, thou know'st na every pang
 Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.

Tell me that thou yet art true,
And a' my wrongs shall be forgiven;
And when this heart proves false to thee,
Yon sun shall cease his course in heaven.

But to think I was betray'd,
That falsehood e'er our loves should sunder!
To take the flow'ret to my breast,
And find the guilefu' serpent under!

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive me,
Celestial pleasures, might I choose 'em,
I'd alight, nor seek in other spheres
That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.

④ lay thy loof in mine.

[BURNS.—Tune, "Cordwainer's March."]

O LAY thy loof in mine, lassie;
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be mine ain.
A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly he,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

④ that I had ne'er married.

[THE first verse and chorus of this is a fragment of an old song to the tune of "Crowdie." The second verse was added by BURNS.]

O THAT I had ne'er been married!
I wad never had nae care;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
And they cry Crowdie evermair.

Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
Glowrin' by the hallan en';
Sair I fecht them at the door;
But aye I'm eerie they come ben.
Ance crowdie, &c.

My Wife she dang me.

[THE air called "O aye my wife she dang me" is old, and there are old words to it, but of a very coarse character. BURNS manufactured the following verses from the old song, retaining its spirit and subduing its coarseness.]

O, AY my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife she banged me!
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith, she'll soon overgang ye.

On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was, I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried!
O, ay my wife, &c.

Some sair o' comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are dune, man—
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o' heaven aboon, man.
O, ay my wife, &c.

In yon Garden.

[GIVEN in Johnson's Museum, (vol. VI. 1806,) from the singing of the publisher's father, Charles Johnson, who said it was an old song in his young days.]

In yon garden fine and gay,
Picking lillies a' the day,
Gathering flowers o' ilka hue,
I wistna then what love could do.

Where love is planted there it grows;
It buds and blows like any rose;
It has a sweet and pleasant smell;
No flower on earth can it excel.

I put my hand into the bush,
And thought the sweetest rose to find;
But pricked my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest rose behind.

Bobbing John.

[WRITTEN by ROBERT JAMIESON, and published in his Popular Ballads and Songs, (Edinburgh, 1806.) The tune called "Bobbing John" is an old English one.]

HEY for bobbing John!
Kittle up the chanter!
Bang up a strathspey,
To fling wi' John the ranter.
Johnnie's stout an' bald,
Ne'er could thole a banter;
Bein in byre and fauld,
An', lasses, he's a wantner.

Back as braid's a door;
Bowhought like a filly;
Thick about the brawns,
An' o'er the breast and belly.
Hey for bobbing John!
Kittle up the chanter!
Queans are a' gane gyte,
To fling wi' John the ranter.

Bonnie's his black e'e,
Blinkin', blythe, and vogle,
Wi' lassie on his knee,
In his nieve a coggie;
Syne the lad will kiss,
Sweetly kiss an' cuddle;
Could wad be her heart,
That could wi' Johnnie whiddle.

Somse fa' bobbing John;
Want an' was gae by him;
There's in town nor land
Nae chiel diana envy him.
Flingin' to the pipe,
Bobbing to the fiddle,
Kneif was lika lass,
That could wi' Johnnie meddle.

Robin shure in hairst.

[THIS is the name of an old song and tune. The old words, however, are very coarse, and Burns altered them as follows for Johnson's Museum, applying them to himself in the character of a poet. The tune is sometimes erroneously called "Bobbing John."]

ROBIN shure in hairst;
I shure wi' him:
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.
I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaidin';
At his daddie's yet,
Wha met me but Robin?

Wasna Robin bauld,
Though he was a cottar,
Played me sic a trick,
And me the ellier's dochter!

Robin promised me
A' my winter's vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Guse feathers and a whittle!

Anna.

[THIS highly impassioned lyric was written by Burns, while resident in Dumfries. The heroine was Helen Ann Park, sister of Mrs. Hyslop, the landlady of the Globe Tavern, the poet's favourite "howf" there.—Tune "Banks of Banna."]

YESTEREN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The raven locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing ower his manna,
Was naething to my hinnie bliss,
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak' the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gi'e me within my straining grasp
The melting ferm of Anna.

There I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures, in her arms,
I give and take from Anna.

Awa', thou flaunting god of day!
Awa', thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night,
Sun, moon, and stars, withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna.

Fairly shot of her.

[THIS is the name of a tune of considerable antiquity. O'Keefe adopts it for one of his songs in his still popular musical afterpiece called "The Highland Reel," first acted in 1788. His song begins, "Boys, when I play, cry, O Crimini." The old words to the tune, we imagine, are lost, but the following song probably embraces a portion of them, or at least the spirit of them. It was written by JOHN ANDERSON, who served his apprenticeship as a music-engraver, to Johnson, the publisher of the Museum, in which work the song appears.]

O gin I were fairly shot o' her!
Fairly, fairly, fairly shot o' her!
O gin I were fairly shot o' her!
If she were dead, I wad dance on the top o' her!

Till we were married, I couldna see licht till her;
For a month after, a' thing aye gaed richt wi' her:
But these ten years I ha'e prayed for a wright to
her—

O gin I were fairly shot o' her!

Nane o' her relations or friends could stay wi' her:
The neebours and bairns are fain to flee frae her:
And I my ain sel' am forced to gie way till her:
Oh gin I were fairly shot o' her!

She gangs aye sae braw, she's sae muckle pride in
her;

There's no a gudewife in the haill country-side like
her: [her:

Wi' dress and wi' drink, the dell wadna bide wi'
Oh gin I were fairly shot o' her!

If the time were but come that to the kirk-gate
wi' her,
And into the yird I'd mak' mysel' quit o' her,
I'd then be as blythe as first when I met wi' her.
Oh gin I were fairly shot o' her!

gude ale comes.

[THIS happy Bacchanalian ditty is an old song, amended by Burns for Johnson's Museum. In Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, another version is given, which is said to be the "original of Burns's," but, of course, it is merely a fabrication by Allan Cunningham. The song is adapted to an old tune called "The Bottom of the Punchbowl." In some collections we see it marked to the tune of "The Happy Farmer," but whether these are different tunes or different names of the same tune we cannot say.]

O GUDE ale comes, and gude ale goes:
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleuch,
And they drew teuch and weel enouch:
I drank them a' just ane by ane;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale hands me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hixxie,
Stand I' the stool, when I ha'e done;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes:
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

The Siller Crown.

[MISS BLAIR.—Air, "The Siller Crown."—First published as a single sheet song by Napier, and afterwards inserted in the third volume of Johnson's Museum.]

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller ha'e to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.

Oh, wha wad buy a silken gown,
 Wi' a pair broken heart?
 Or wha'to me a siller crown,
 Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me;
 And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and dee;
 For I ha'e pledged my virgin troth,
 Brave Donald's fate to share,
 And he has gien'to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gent'e manners wan my heart,
 He gratefu' took the gift;
 Could I but think to see it back,
 It wad be waur than theft.
 For longest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me;
 And ere I'm forced to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and dee.

④ Mary, ye'se be clad.

[WRITTEN in imitation of the above beautiful lyric, and published in Urbani's collection, adapted to a tune composed by Miss Grace Corbet, while a very young girl.]

O MARY, ye'se be clad in silk,
 And diamonds in your hair,
 Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
 Nor think on Arthur mair.
 Oh, wha wad wear a silken gown,
 Wi' tears blindin' their e'e?
 Before I break my true love's chain,
 I'll lay me down and dee.

For I have pledged my virgin troth,
 Brave Arthur's fate to share;
 And he has gien'to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.
 The mind whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me;
 And, ere I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and dee.

So trust me, when I swear to thee
 By a' that is on high;
 Though ye had a' this world's gear,
 My heart ye couldna buy;

For longest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me;
 And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and dee.

Evan Banks.

[THIS beautiful song, from being found in BURNS's handwriting, was published as his in Johnson's Museum, but was afterwards discovered to be the composition of HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, the authoress of "Letters written from France," and the translator of Humboldt's Personal Narrative. Miss Williams was a native of the north of England, where she was born in 1762. She died at Paris in 1827. The locality celebrated in the song,

"Where Evan mingles with the Clyde," is one of very great beauty. It lies in the middle ward of Lanarkshire, near the town of Hamilton. Here, and for several miles above its confluence with the Clyde, the Evon or Avon flows between "lofty banks," overhung with "lavish woods." We cannot say whether the poetess had any connection in life with this scene, or merely admired it as a casual visitor. Sir Walter Scott says that the song was written "at the request of Dr. Wood," meaning, we suppose, Dr. Alexander Wood, whose memory is still cherished in Edinburgh for his benevolence and eccentricities.]

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
 The sun from India's shore retires:
 To Evan banks with temp'rate ray,
 Home of my youth, he leads the day.

Oh! banks to me for ever dear!
 Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!
 All, all my hopes of bliss reside
 Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
 Whose image lives within my breast!
 Who, trembling, heard my parting sigh,
 And long pursued me with her eye.

Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
 Oft in the vocal bowers recline?
 Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
 Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound !
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,
 And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
 Which sweetly winds so far below ;

What secret charm to mem'ry brings
 All that on Evan's border springs !
 Sweet banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side :
 Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
 Atone for years in absence lost ?
 Return, ye moments of delight ;
 With richer treasures bless my sight !

Swift from this desert let me part,
 And fly to meet a kindred heart !
 Nor more may aught my steps divide
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

The Lass of Pittenweem.

[CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY.—Air, "Johnnie's grey breaks."]

THE sun looked through an evening cloud,
 His golden rays glanced o'er the plain ;
 The lark upsprung, and caroll'd loud
 Her vesper hymn of sweetest strain.
 Far in the east the rainbow glow'd
 In painted lines of liquid light ;
 Now all its vivid colours show'd—
 Wax'd faint—then vanish'd from the sight !

As forth I walked, in pensive mood,
 Down by yon ancient abbey wall,
 Gay spring her vesture had renew'd.
 And loud was heard the partridge call ;
 The blackbird's song rang through the wood,
 Rich in the red sun's parting gleam ;
 When fair before me, smiling, stood
 The lovely lass of Pittenweem.

O I have wandered far and wide,
 And ladies seen 'neath brighter skies,
 Where trees shoot up in balmy pride,
 And golden domes and spires arise ;—
 But here is one to my surprise,
 Sweet as a youthful poet's dream ;
 With love enthroned in her dark eyes—
 The lovely lass of Pittenweem !

"Where dost thou wander, charming maid,
 Now evening's shades begin to fall ?"—
 "To view fair nature's face," she said,
 "For nature's charms are free to all !"—
 "Speak ever thus in nature's praise ;
 Thou giv'st to me a darling theme ;
 On thee I'll lavish all my lays,
 Thou lovely lass of Pittenweem !"

There is a magic charm in youth,
 By which the heart of age is won ;
 That charm is innocence and truth,
 And beauty is its summer sun !
 Long may it shine on that fair face,
 Where rosy health and pleasure beam ;
 Long lend its magic spell to grace
 The lovely lass of Pittenweem.

Kate o' Gowrie.

[THIS originally appeared in a small collection of poetry, published by Brash and Reid, Glasgow, about the end of the last century. The author was WILLIAM REID, of that firm.—Tune, "Loch-errock side."]]

WHEN Katie was scarce out nineteen,
 O but she had twa coal-black een ;
 A bonnier lass ye wadna seen,
 In a' the Cars o' Gowrie.
 Quite tired o' livin' a' his lane,
 Fate did to her his love explain,
 And swore he'd be, were she his ain,
 The happiest lad in Gowrie.

Quo' she, I winna marry thee
 For a' the gear that ye can gie ;
 Nor will I gang a step ajie,
 For a' the gowd in Gowrie.
 My father will gie me twa kye ;
 My mother's gann some yarn to dye ;
 I'll get a gown just like the sky,
 Gif I'll no gang to Gowrie.

Oh, my dear Katie, say na sae ;
 Ye little ken a heart that's wae ;
 Hae ! there's my hand ; hear me, I pray,
 Sin' thou'll no gang to Gowrie.
 Since first I met thee at the shell,
 My soul to thee's been true and leal ;
 The darkest night I fear nae dell,
 Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

I fear nae want o' claes, nor nocht;
Sic silly things my mind ne'er taught.
I dream a' nicht, and start about,
And wish for thee in Gowrie.
I lo'e thee better, Kate, my dear,
Than a' my riggs and out-gaun gear;
Sit down by me till ance I swear,
Thou'r't worth the Carse o' Gowrie.

Syne on her mouth sweet kisses laid,
Till blushes a' her cheeks o'erspread;
She sighed, and in soft whispers said,
O Fate, tak' me to Gowrie!
Quo' he, let's to the auld fook gang;
Say what they like, I'll bide their bang,
And bide a' nicht, though beds be thrang,
But I'll ha'e thee to Gowrie.

The auld fook syne baith gied consent:
The priest was ca'd: a' were content;
And Katie never did repent
That she gae'd hame to Gowrie.
For routh o' bonnie bairns had she;
Mair strappin' lads ye wadna see;
And her brow lasses bore the gree
Frae a' the rest o' Gowrie.

The Lass o' Gowrie.

[MODERN VERSION.]

UFOW a simmer afternoon,
A wee before the sun gae'd down,
My lassie, in a braw new gown,
Cam' o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud, ting'd with morning show'r,
Blossoms fresh within the sunny bow'r,
But Katie was the fairest flower
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, My dearie, will ye gang,
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',
In yon green fields beside the shaw;
I'll mak' you lady o' them a',
The bravest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown o' siller gray,
My mither coft last new-year's day,
And buskit me frae tap to toe,
To keep me out o' Gowrie.
Daft Will, short syne, cam' courting Nell,
And wan the lass, but what befall,
Or whare she's gane, she kens hersel',
She staid na lang in Gowrie.

Sic thoughts, dear Katie, ill combine
Wi' beauty rare, and wit like thine;
Except yoursel', my bonnie quean,
I care for nought in Gowrie.
Since first I saw you in the sheal,
To you my heart's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae de'il,
Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheeks soon spread
She whisper'd modestly, and said,
O Fate, I'll stay in Gowrie!
The auld folks soon ga'e their consent,
Syne for Mee John they quickly sent,
Wha ty'd them to their heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

Cherry Valley.

[W. B. SANGSTER.—Cherry valley is a beautiful spot in the County of Down, Ireland. This song appeared in the Belfast News-let-ter about 1820.]

THE laverock sang at the break of day,
All in the dewy dawn;
An' the mountain bee struck a fairy lay,
As he sat on the rose new blawn.
O but it was a lovely sang
That through sweet Cherry valley rang,—
It came o'er my heart like a dream gone by,
An' it pass'd from my ears like a passing sigh.

O but it was a lovely sang,
An' the tear drop hang at my e'e—
It was nae wi' grief at the laverock's sang,
Nor the lay o' the mountain bee.
I had heard the laverock's sang before,
An' I had heard the mountain bee;
But oh! it was on Scotia's shore,
'Twas that brought the tears in my e'e.

Cockie-Leerie-La.

[WILLIAM MILLER.]

THERE is a country gentleman, who leads a thrifty life,
 Ilk morning scrapin'orra things thegither for his wife:
 His coat's o' glowin' ruddy brown, and wavilet wi' gold—
 A crimson crown upon his head, well-fitting one so bold.
 If ithers pick where he did scrape, he brings them to disgrace,
 For, like a man of mettle, he siclike meets face to face;
 He gi'es the loons a letherin', a crackit croon to claw—
 There is nae gaun about the bums wi' Cockie-leerie-la!

His step is firm and evenly, his look both grave and sage—
 To bear his rich and stately tail should have a pretty page;
 And, though he hauds his head fu' hie, he glinteth to the grun,
 Nor fyles his silver spurs in dubs wi' glowrin' at the sun:
 And whyles I've thoct had he a haun wharwi' to grip a stickie,
 A pair o' specks across his neb, an' roun' his neck a dickie,
 That weans wad laugh, an' hand their sides, an' cry—"Preserve us a'!
 Ye're some frien' to Doctor Drawblood, douce Cockie-leerie-la!"

So learn frae him to think nae shame to work for what ye need,
 For he that gapes till he be fed, may gape till he be dead;
 An' if ye live in idleness, ye'll find unto your cost,
 That they wha winna work in heat will hunger in the frost.
 An' hain wi' care ilk sair-worn plack, and honest pride will fill
 Your purse wi' gear—e'en far-aff frien's will bring grist to your mill;
 An' if, when grown to be a man, your name's without a flaw,
 Then rax your neck, and tune your pipes to—Cockie-leerie-la!

Doctor Monroe.

[JAMES HOGG.]

"DEAR Doctor, be clever, an' fling aff your beaver,
 Come, bleed me an' blister me, dinna be slow;
 I'm sick, I'm exhausted, my prospects are blasted,
 An' a' driven heels o'er head, Doctor Munroe!"
 "Be patient, dear fellow, you foster your fever;
 Pray, what's the misfortune that troubles you so?"
 "O, Doctor! I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd for ever—
 My lass has forsaken me, Doctor Munroe!"

"I meant to have married, an' tasted the pleasures,
 The sweets, the enjoyments from wedlock that flow;
 But she's ta'en another, an' broken my measures,
 An' fairly dumfounder'd me, Doctor Munroe!"

I'm fool'd, I am dover'd as dead as a herring—
 Good sir, you're a man of compassion, I know;
 Come, bleed me to death, then, unflinching, unerring,
 Or grant me some poison, dear Doctor Monroe!"

The Doctor he flang aff his big-coat an' beaver,
 He took out his lance, an' he sharpen'd it so;
 No judge ever look'd more decided or graver—
 "I've oft done the same, sir," says Doctor Monroe,
 "For gamblers, rogues, jockeys, and desperate lovers,
 But I always make charge of a hundred, or so."
 The patient look'd pale, and cried out in shrill quavers,
 "The devil! do you say so, sir, Doctor Monroe?"

"O yes, sir, I'm sorry there's nothing more common;
 I like it—it pays—but, ere that length I go,
 A man that goes mad for the love of a woman
 I sometimes can cure with a lecture, or so."
 "Why, thank you, sir; there spoke the man and the friend too,
 Death is the last reckoner with friend or with foe,
 The lecture then, first, if you please, I'll attend to;
 The other, of course, you know, Doctor Monroe."

The lecture is said—How severe, keen, an' cutting,
 Of love an' of wedlock, each loss an' each woe,
 The patient got up—o'er the floor he went strutting,
 Smil'd, caper'd, an' shook hands with Doctor Monroe.
 He dresses, an' flaunts it with Bell, Sue, an' Chirsty,
 But freedom an' fun chooses not to forego;
 He still lives a bachelor, drinks when he's thirsty,
 An' sings like a lark, an' loves Doctor Monroe!

The Stuarts of Appin.

[JAMES HOGG.—Music by Peter M'Leod.]

I sing of a land that was famous of yore,
 The land of green Appin, the ward of the flood,
 Where every grey cairn that broods o'er the shore,
 Marks grave of the royal, the valiant, or good.
 The land where the strains of grey Ossian were framed,—
 The land of fair Selma, and reign of Fingal,—
 And late of a race, that with tears must be named,
 The noble Clan Stuart, the bravest of all.
 Oh-hon, an' righ! and the Stuarts of Appin!
 The gallant, devoted, old Stuarts of Appin!
 Their glory is o'er, for the clan is no more,
 And the Sassenach sings on the hills of green Appin.

In spite of the Campbells, their might and renown,
 And all the proud fies of Glenorchy and Lorn,
 While one of the Stuarts held claim on the crown,
 His banner full boldly by Appin was borne.
 And ne'er fell the Campbells in check or trepan,
 In all their whig efforts their power to renew,
 But still on the Stuarts of Appin they ran,
 To wreak their proud wrath on the brave and the few.
 Oh-hon, an righ! and the Stuarts of Appin, &c.

In the year of the Graham, while in oceans of blood
 The fields of the Campbells were gallantly flowing—
 It was then that the Stuarts the foremost still stood,
 And paid back a share of the debt they were owing.
 O, proud Inverlochy! O, day of renown!
 Since first the sun rose o'er the peaks of Cruachin,
 Was ne'er such an host by such valour o'erthrown,
 Was ne'er such a day for the Stuarts of Appin!
 Oh-hon, an righ! and the Stuarts of Appin, &c.

And ne'er for the crown of the Stuarts was fought
 One battle on vale, or on mountain deer-trodden,
 But dearly to Appin the glory was bought,
 And dearest of all on the field of Culloden!
 Lament, O, Glen-Creran, Glen-Duror, Ardahiel,
 High offspring of heroes, who conquer'd were never,
 For the deeds of your fathers no bard shall reveal,
 And the bold clan of Stuart must perish for ever!
 Oh-hon, an righ! and the Stuarts of Appin, &c.

Clan-Chattan is broken, the Seaforth bends low,
 The sun of Clan-Ranald is sinking in labour;
 Glencoe, and Clan-Donnachie, where are they now?
 And where is bold Keppoch, the lord of Lochaber?
 All gone with the house they supported!—laid low,
 While dogs of the south their bold life-blood were lapping,
 Trod down by a proud and a merciless foe—
 The brave are all gone with the Stuarts of Appin!
 Oh-hon, an righ! and the Stuarts of Appin, &c.

They are gone! they are gone! the redoubted, the brave!
 The sea-breezes lone o'er their relics are sighing,
 Dark weeds of oblivion shroud many a grave,
 Where the unconquer'd foes of the Campbell are lying.
 But, long as the grey hairs wave over this brow,
 And earthly emotions my spirit are wrapping,
 My old heart with tides of regret shall o'erflow,
 And bleed for the fall of the Stuarts of Appin!
 Oh-hon, an righ! and the Stuarts of Appin!
 The gallant, devoted, old Stuarts of Appin!
 Their glory is o'er, for their star is no more,
 And the green grass waves over the heroes of Appin!

Adieu for evermore.

[THIS beautiful Jacobite song appears in Johnson's Museum, and doubtless received some touches from the masterly hand of Burns. Hogg says that it was written by a Captain Ogilvie, who fought on King James's side at the battle of the Boyne, and was afterwards killed on the banks of the Rhine in 1695. But we do not place the slightest reliance on this statement. Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe quotes an old street ballad, called "Bonnie Mally Stuart," written much in the same measure as the present song, and containing one verse almost exactly similar to the third verse here given, which is certainly the most beautiful of the whole. The first and the last stanzas of the ballad are as follows. It is the last stanza that so strongly resembles the one in the Jacobite song.]

"The cold winter is past and gone,
And now comes on the spring,
And I am one of the king's life-guards,
And I must go fight for him, my dear,
And I must go fight for him.

"The trooper turn'd himself about,
All on the Irish shore;
He has given then the bridle-reins a shake,
Saying, Adieu for evermore, my dear,
Saying, Adieu for ever more!"

It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We left fair Scotland's strand!
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain:
My love, my native land, farewell;
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him richt and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore, my love,
With, Adieu for evermore.

The sodger frae the war returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I ha'e parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my love,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and nicht is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

A weary lot is thine.

[The song quoted above, we are told by Mr. C. K. Sharpe, was an especial favourite of Sir WALTER SCOTT's, and he was delighted to hear it sung by his daughter, Mrs. Lockhart. In the following song, which occurs in "Rokeby," the author, it will be seen, borrows the last verse from the old Jacobite strain. He says, "The last verse is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of Rokeby was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family."]

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mein,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew, my love!
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fair;
But it shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again.
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, Adieu for evermore, my love!
And adieu for evermore.

Willie Winkie's Testament.

[This curious old inventory of goods and chattels appears, with the above title, in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, but it is not given by Ramsay in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*.]

My daddy left me gear enough :
A couter, and an auld beam-plough,
A nebbed staff, a nutting-tyne,
A fishing-wand with hook and line;
With twa auld stools, and a dirt-house,
A jerkenet, scarce worth a louse,
An auld pat, that wants the lug,
A spartle and a sownen mug.

A hempen beekle, and a mell,
A tar-horn, and a weather's bell,
A muck-fork, and an auld peak-creel,
The spakes of our auld spinning-wheel;
A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle,
With our auld brunt and broken laddle,
A whang-bit, and a smiffie-bit:
Cheer up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

A felling-staff, a timmer-spit,
An auld kirk and a hole in it,
Yarn-winnies, and a reel,
A fetter-lock, a trump of steel,
A whistle, and a tup-horn spoon,
Wi' an auld pair o' clouted shoon,
A timmer spade, and a gleg shear,
A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tonge, a broken cradle,
The pinion of an auld car-saddle,
A gullie-knife, and a horse-wand,
A mitten for the left hand,
With an auld broken pan of brass,
With an auld hyeuk for cutting grass,
An auld band, and a hooding-haw,
I hope, my bairns, ye're a' weel now.

Aft have I borne ye on my back,
With a' this riff-raff in my pack;
And it was a' for want of gear,
That gart me steal Mess John's grey mare:
But now, my bairns, what ails ye now,
For ye ha'e naigs enough to plow;
And hose and shoon fit for your feet,
Cheer up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with myself I did advise,
My daddle's gear for to comprise;
Some neighbours I ca'd in to see
What gear my daddy left to me.
They sat three-quarters of a year,
Comprising of my daddy's gear;
And when they had giv'n a' their votes,
'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds Scots.

My Lady's Gown.

[This song was written by Burns in 1788 for Johnson's Museum, but it does not appear in that work till near the close. It is supposed that Burns was indebted for the idea and some of the words of the song to an old licentious ditty. The tune to which the song is sung is a popular strathspey or reel tune, composed by James Gregg, a teacher of dancing in Ayrshire. Gregg was a very ingenious man, and distinguished in particular for his skill in mechanics. He died in 1817.]

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden springs sae rare upon't;
But Jennie's jimps and jerkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane;
But hounds and hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jennie be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassilis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'd.

Out ower yon muir, out ower yon moss,
Where gor-cocks through the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns;
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's dress'd,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O, that's the lass to mak' him blest.

The Wild Glen.

[REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL. Set to music by Peter Macleod.]

WHEN my flocks upon the heathy hill are lying a' at rest,
And the gloamin' spreads its mantle grey, o'er the world's dewy breast,
I'll tak' my plaid and hasten through yon woody dell unseen,
And meet my bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

I'll meet her by the trystin' tree that's stannin' a' alane,
Where I have carved her name upon the little moss-grey stane,
There I will clasp her to my breast, and be mair blest, I ween,
Then a' that are aneath the sky, in the wild glen sae green.

My faldin' plaid shall shield her frae the gloamin's chilly gale
The star o' eve shall mark our joy but shall not tell her tale,
Our simple tale o' tender love that tauld sae aft has been,
To my bonnie bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

Oh! I could wander earth a' owre nor care for aught o' bliss,
If I might share at my return a joy sae pure as this;
And I could spurn a' earthly wealth, a palace and a queen,
For my bonnie bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

The Hawthorn Tree.

[WRITTEN by the Rev. W. HETHERINGTON, A. M., of Torphichen.—TUNE, "There grows a bonnie Brier Bush."]

O SWEET are the blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,
The bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,
When the soft wastlin' wind, as it wanders ower the lea,
Comes laden wi' the breath o' the hawthorn tree.

Lovely is the rose in the dewy month o' June,
And the lily gently bending beneath the sunny noon;
But the dewy rose, nor lily fair, is half sae sweet to me,
As the bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree.

O, blythe at fair and market fu' aften ha'e I been,
And wi' a crony frank and leal some happy hours I've seen;
But the blythest hours I e'er enjoy'd were shar'd, my love, wi' thee,
In the gloamin', 'neath the bonnie bonnie hawthorn tree.

Sweetly sang the blackbird, low in the woody glen,
And fragrance sweet spread on the gale, licht ower the dewy plain;
But thy soft voice and sighing breath were sweeter far to me,
While whispering o' love beneath the hawthorn tree.

Auld time may wave his dusky wing, and chance may cast his die,
And the rainbow-hues o' flattering hope may darken in the sky,
Gay summer pass, and winter stalk stern ower the frozen lee,
Nor leaf nor milky blossom deck the hawthorn tree;

But still maun be the pulse that wakes this glowing heart of mine,
For me nae mair the spring maun bud, nor summer blossoms shine,
And low maun be my hame, sweet maid, ere I be false to thee,
Or forget the vows I breathed beneath the hawthorn tree.

Is your war-pipe asleep.

[WRITTEN by the Rev. GEORGE ALLAN, D. D. Set to music by Peter Macleod, in his "Original Melodies of Scotland."]

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever, M'Crimman?

Is your war pipe asleep, and for ever?

Shall the pibroch that welcomed the foe to Benaer,

Be hush'd when we seek the dark wolf in his lair,

To give back our wrongs to the giver?

To the raid and the onslaught our chieftains have gone,

Like the course of the fire-flaught their clans-men pass'd on;

With the lance and the shield 'gainst the foe they have bound them,

And have ta'en to the field with their vassals around them.

Then raise your wild slogan-cry! On to the foray!

Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and glen!

Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,

Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

Youth of the daring heart, bright be thy doom,

As the bodings which light up thy bold spirit now;

But the fate of M'Crimman is closing in gloom,

And the breath of the grey wraith hath pass'd o'er his brow:

Victorious in joy thou'lt return to Benaer,

And be clasp'd to the hearts of thy best beloved there;

But M'Crimman, M'Crimman, M'Crimman, never, never, never!

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun not, M'Crimman?

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun not?

If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon know,

That the soul of M'Crimman ne'er quail'd, when a foe

Bared his blade in the land he had won not!

Where the light-footed roe leaves the wild breeze behind,

And the red heather bloom gives its sweets to the wind,

There our broad pennon flies, and the keen steeds are prancing,

'Mid the startling war-cries, and the war-weapons glancing.

Then raise your wild slogan-cry! On to the foray!

Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and glen!

Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,

Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again.

Woo'd and married and a'.

[JOANNA BAILLIE.—This admirable version of "Woo'd an' married an' a'" was first published in Mr. George Thomson's collection of National Melodies, and is here printed with his permission.]

THE bride she is winsome and bonnie,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithful and kind is her Johnnie,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause o' her sorrow,
New pearlins and plenshing too;
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado.
Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
And is na she very weel aff
To be woo'd and married and a'?

Her mother then hastily spak':
"The lassie is glaikeet wi' pride;
In my pouches I hadna a plack
The day that I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun,
The gear that is gifted, it never
Will last like the gear that is won.
Woo'd an' married an' a',
Tocher and havings sae sma'
I think ye are very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married an' a',"

"Toot, toot!" quo' the grey-headed father,
"She's less o' a bride than a bairn,
She's ta'en like a cowt frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humour inconstantly leans;
A chiel may be constant and steady
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
'Kerchief to cover so neat,
Locks the winds used to blaw,
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
When I think o' her married at a'."

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies I wien;
"I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blinks o' your bonnie blue een;

I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the craft were my bride,
Wi' purples and pearlins enew.
Dear and dearest of ony,
Ye're woo'd and bookit and a',
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnnie,
And grieve to be married at a'."

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smil'd,
And she lookit sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguil'd,
And she play'd wi' the sleeves o' her gown;
She twirl'd the tag o' her lace,
And she nippet her boddice sae blue,
Synce blinket sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a mawkin she flew.
Woo'd and married and a',
Married and carried awa';
She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married and a'.

The Lass o' Carron side.

[C. J. FINLAYSON.—Here first printed.]

Oh! whar will I gae find a place
To close my sleepless een,
And whar will I gae seek the peace
I witless tint yestreen?
My heart that want to dance as licht
As moonshine o'er the tide,
Now pines in thrall by luckless love
For the lass o' Carron side.

She sat the Goddess of the stream
That murmur'd at her feet,
And aye she sung her artless sang
Wi' a voice unearthly sweet;
Sae sweet,—the birds that want to wae
The morn wi' glee and pride,
Sat mute, to hear the witching strain
O' the lass o' Carron side.

Sair may I rue my reckless haste,
Sair may I ban the hour,
That lur'd me frae my peacefu' cot
Within the Siren's power;
Oh! had she sprung frae humble race
As she's frae ane o' pride,
I might ha'e dreed a better weird
Wi' the lass o' Carron side.

How early I woo'd thee.

[THOMAS DICK.—Here first printed.—Air, "Humours of Glen."]

How early I woo'd thee—how dearly I lo'ed thee—
 How sweet was thy voice, and how lovely thy smile;
 The joy 'twas to see thee—the bliss to be wi' thee—
 I now maun remember, and sigh all the while.
 I gazed on thy beauty, and a' things about thee
 Seem'd too fair for earth, as I bent at thy shrine:
 But fortune and fashion, mair powerfu' than passion,
 Could alter the bosom that seem'd so divine.

Anther may praise thee, may fondle and fraize thee,
 And win thee wi' words when his heart's far awa';
 But oh! when sincerest—when warmest and dearest
 His vows, will my truth be forgot by thee a' ?
 'Mid pleasures and splendour thy fancy may wander,
 But moments o' solitude lik aye maun dree;
 Then feeling will find thee, and mem'ry remind thee
 O' him wha through life gaes heart-broken for thee.

Not the swan on the lake.

[THIS is a translation from a Gaelic song by the author, EWEN MACLACHLAN, A.M., Aberdeen, and is here printed for the first time.]

Nor the swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore,
 Can compare with the charms of the maid I adore:
 Not so white is the new milk that flows o'er the pail,
 Or the snow that is shower'd from the boughs of the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath on the mountain's high brow,
 The locks of my fair one redundantly flow;
 Her cheeks have the tint that the roses display,
 When they glitter with dew on the morning of May.

As the planet of Venus that gleams o'er the grove,
 Her blue-rolling eyes are the symbols of love:
 Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,
 Like the moon, when the stars are bedimm'd with her blaze.

The mavis and lark, when they welcome the dawn,
 Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn:
 But the mavis is tuneless; the lark strives in vain,
 When my beautiful charmer renews her sweet strain.

When summer bespangles the landscape wi' flow'rs,
 While the thrush and the cuckoo sing soft from the bow'rs,
 Through the wood-shaded windings with Bella I'll rove,
 And feast unrestrain'd on the smiles of my love.

The bonnie House o' Airly.

[THE House of Airly is thus described in the old Statistical Account of Scotland: "Airly castle, which gave title to Ogilvy, Earl of Airly, is situated on the north-west corner of this parish (Airly in Forfarshire), at the conflux of the Melgin and Isla. It is built on a promontory formed by these two rivers, and elevated above their bed more than one hundred feet. It has been a very large and strong fortress, seemingly inaccessible on every side but the south, on which it has been secured by a ditch and a draw-bridge, perhaps thirty feet wide, and a wall (the front of the castle) ten feet thick and thirty-five feet high."

—During the great civil war of the seventeenth century, the house of Ogilvie adhered firmly to the royal cause; and in July 1640, the castles of the Earl of Airly were plundered and burnt by the Covenanting party (then dominant,) while the Earl himself was absent in England. Montrose, who did not desert the party of the Covenanters till the year 1641, was first sent to attack the house of Airly, and afterwards Argyle was sent. Spalding gives the following account of the occurrences upon which this song is founded.—

"The Earl of Airly went from home to England, fearing the troubles of the land, and that he should be pressed to subscribe the Covenant, whether he would or not, whilk by seeing the land he resolved to eschew as well as he could, and left his eldest son, the Lord Ogilvie, a brave young nobleman, behind him at home. The estates or tables hearing of his departure, directed the Earls of Montrose and Kinghorn to go to the place of Airly, and to take in the same, and for that effect to carry carts [cannon] with them; who went and summoned the Lord Ogilvie to render the house, (being an impregnable strength by nature, well manned with all sort of munition and provision necessary,) who answered, his father was absent, and he left no such commission with him as to render his house to any subjects, and that he would defend the same to his power, till his father returned from England. There were some shots shot the house, and same from the house; but the assailants finding the place unwinable, by nature of great strength, without great skalth, left the place without meikle loss on either side; then departed therefrae in June. Now the committee of estates finding no contentment in this expedi-

tion, and hearing how their friends of the name of Forbes, and others in the country, were daily injured and oppressed by Highland lymmers, broken out of Lochaber, Clangregor out of Brae of Athol, Brae of Mar, and divers other places, therefore they gave order to the Earl of Argyle to raise men out of his own country, and first to go to Airly and Furtour, two of the Earl of Airly's principal houses, and to take in and destroy the same, and next to go upon thir lymmers and punish them; likeas, conform to his order, he raises an army of about five thousand men, and marches towards Airly; but the Lord Ogilvie hearing of his coming with such irresistible force, resolves to flee and leave the house manless; and so for their own safety they wisely fled; but Argyle most cruelly and inhumanly enters the house of Airly, and beats the same to the ground, and right sua he does to Furtour, syne spoiled all within both houses, and such as could not be carried (away,) they masterfully brake down and destroyed."—There are different readings of this old song. John Finlay was the first to rescue it from oral tradition, and we here follow his version.]

It fell on a day, and a bonnie summer day,
When the corn grew green and yellow,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyle and Airly.

The Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle
To come in the morning early,
An' lead in his men, by the back o' Dunkeld,
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

The lady look'd o'er her window sae his,
And oh! but she look'd weary,
And there she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he
"Come down and kiss me fairly," [says,
Or before the morning clear day light,
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly."

"I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
I wadna kiss thee fairly,
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle, [Airly."
Gin you shouldna leave a standing stane in

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma',
Says, "Lady, where is your drury?"
"It's up and down the bonnie burn side,
Amang the planting of Airly."

They sought it up, they sought it down,
They sought it late and early,
And found it in the bonnie balm-tree,
That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,
And oh! but she grat sairly,
And led her down to yon green bank
Till he plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly.

"O! its I ha'e seven braw sons," she says,
"And the youngest ne'er saw his daddie,
And although I had as mony mae,
I wad gi'e them a' to Charlie.

"But gin my good lord had been at hame,
As this night he is wi' Charlie,
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west
Ha'e plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly."

A Rose-bud.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS in 1787, in compliment to the daughter of his friend William Cruikshank, one of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh. Miss Cruikshank was the "very young lady" to whom the poet addressed the lines, beginning,

"Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay."
She was afterwards married to a Mr. Henderson in Jedburgh. The tune to the present song was composed by "Davie, a brither poet," that is, David Siller, who died at Irvine in 1830. It is called "The Rose-bud."]

A rose-bud by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed baw,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread
And drooping high the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly preest,
The dew sat chill on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanny fair!
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

Tho' we ne'er should meet.

[DUGALD MOORE.]

Yea, though we ne'er again should meet
By summer bower, or sunny sea;
This brain shall burn, this bosom beat,
For ever, and alone, for thee!
For who would bid oblivion roll,
Athwart the sunshine of those hours,
In which we mingled soul with soul,
As the winds mix congenial flowers.

Then, though the hand of distance flings
Long shadows 'twixt thy hearth and mine,
He cannot clip the lightning wings,
Which bear my spirit back to thine!
Though seas their waves between us cast,
And though the star of hope has set,
Yet there's a soul within the past,
A glory I can ne'er forget!

The merry Ploughman.

[THIS fragment Cromek found in Burns's handwriting, and published it in the *Reliques*, as a production of the poet's. Gilbert Burns, however, says, that the verses were popular in Ayrshire long before his brother was born.]

As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring,
I heard a merry ploughman sae sweetly to sing;
And as he was singin' thae words he did say,
There's nae life like the ploughman in the month
o' sweet May.—

The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her
nest,
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast;
And wi' the merry ploughman she'll whistle and
sing;
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

O, were I on Parnassus.

[Burns wrote this impassioned song immediately on settling at Ellisland, in honour of his wife, and as a welcome to her to the new establishment there. It is sung to a plaintive tune by Oswald, called "My love is lost to me." The Rev. Hamilton Paul, in his edition of the poet's works, (Ayr, 1830,) speaks with rapture of the song. "There is nothing," he says, "in the whole circle of lyric poetry, ancient or modern, to be named with it. It bids defiance to comparison." He then quotes the following lines:

"I see thee dancing ower the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth, I love thee!"

"This," continues the reverend critic, "is what may be called the paroxysm of desire. He draws the picture from nature,—he becomes enamoured,—he forgets himself,—he pants for breath,—he is unable to continue the description,—and he gives utterance to his feelings in an oath—

"By heaven and earth, I love thee!"

It may be added, that Mrs. Burns excelled in the accomplishment of dancing, and was remarkable, if not for regular beauty, at least for the exquisite symmetry of her person.]

O, were I on Parnassus Hill,
And had of Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee!
But Nith maun be thy Muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sell,
On Corincon I'll glowr and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay;
For, a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing ower the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth, I love thee!

By night, by day—a-field, at hame—
The thoughts of thee my breast inflame!
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.

Though I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run,
Till then—and then I'll love thee.

A Wife o' my ain.

[ROBERT WHITLEY of Biggar in Lanarkshire.]

FRAE Clyde to the banks o' sweet Earn
I've travell'd fu' mony a mile;
But thoughts o' my dearest lass Ailie
The wearisome hours did beguile.
The happy wae night that we parted,
She vow'd she wad constant remain:
My heart-strings a' dir'd wi' fondness;
I kiss'd and I kiss'd her again.

'Tis not that her cheeks are like roses,
Nor yet for her dark-rowing e'e;
'Tis not for her sweet comely features;
These charms are a' naething to me.
The storms o' this life may soon blast them,
Or sickness may snatch them away,
But virtue, when fix'd in the bosom,
Will flourish and never decay.

Nae langer I'll spend a' my siller;
Nae langer I'll now lie my lane;
Nae langer I'll hunt after lasses;
I'll soon ha'e a wife o' my ain.
For mony a wild foot have I wander'd,
An' mony a night spent in vain,
Wi' drinking, and dancing, and courting;
But I'll soon ha'e a wife o' my ain.

Her mother's aye roaring and flying:
"I rede ye, tak' tent o' that chiel;
He'll no be that canny to leave wi';
He'll ne'er be like dounce Geordie Steele.
He's courtit far ower mony lasses;
To slight them he thinks it gude fun;
He'll mak' but a sober half-marrow;
Ye'd best rue before ye be bun'."

Though Geordie be laird o' a house,
And brags o' his kye and his self,
And warld's gear I be richt scant o';
A fig for't as lang's I've my health!

If ance I were kippled wi' Allie,
She'll seldom ha'e cause to complain;
We'll jog on through life aye right cannie,
When I get a wife o' my ain.

But if that my Allie prove faithless,
And marry before I return,
I'll ne'er, like a coof, greet about her,
Nor yet for ae minute I'll mourn.
Awa' straight to some other beauty
Without loss o' time I will hie,
And shaw to the lasses I'm careless,
Unless they're as willing as I.

Bonnie Lesley.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS in honour of Miss Lesley Baillie of Ayrshire, afterwards Mrs. Cumming of Logie, and sent to Thomson's collection for the tune of "The Collier's Bonnie Lassie." The poet, in a letter to Mrs Dunlop dated August, 1793, thus describes the cause and manner of the composition of this song. "Know that the heart-struck awe, the distant humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coars, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport—such, so delighting and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbour. Mr. Baillie, with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me; on which I took my horse (though God knows I could ill spare the time,) and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them; and riding home, I composed the following ballad."]

O, saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.
To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made another!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we before thee.
Thou art divine, fair Lesley;
The hearts o' men adore thee.
The deil he couldna scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, I canna wrang thee!

The powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune shanna steer thee:
Thou'rt like themselves aye lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we ha'e a lass
There's nane again aye bonnie.

My love she's but a lassie.

[JAMES HOOE.—For the original song of "My love she's but a lassie yet," see page 512.]

My love she's but a lassie yet,
A lightsome lovely lassie yet;
It scarce wad do
To sit an' woo
Down by the stream aye glassy yet.
But there's a braw time coming yet,
When we may gang a-roaming yet;
An' hint wi' glee
O' joys to be,
When fa's the modest gloaming yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gawcy yet;
But just a jinking,
Bonnie blinking,
Hilty-skilty lassie yet.
But O, her artless smile's mair sweet:
Than hinnie or than marmaleite;
An' right or wrang,
Ere it be lang,
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her,
The flowery beds
On which she treads,
Though wae for aye that missees her.

Then O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
For all I see
Are naught to me,
Save her that's but a lassie yet!

Peggy.

[THE heroine of this song was a young girl residing in Kirkoswald, with whom Burns got acquainted while attending a school there, in his eighteenth or nineteenth summer, with the view of learning mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c. His own account of the matter is as follows: "I went on with a high hand with my geometry till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the school, upset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my sines and co-sines for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel.

'Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.'—

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I staid I did nothing but crase the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.—It may be thought prosaic to add, after this high-flown description, that the name of the "charming *fillette*" was Peggy Thomson, and that she afterwards became Mrs. Neilson, and long lived in the town of Ayr, where her children still reside.—The song is one of Burns's very early ones, and appears in the first edition of his poems printed at Kilmarnock in 1786, with the title of "Song composed in August." It is sung to the tune of "I had a horse, I had nae mair," and has also been adapted to an old air called "When the king came o'er the water."]

Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The muircock springs on whirling wings,
Among the blooming heather.

Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright when I rove at
night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
The soaring bern the fountains.
Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportman's joy, the murdering cry,
The fluttering, gory pinion.

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms o' nature,
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly press't,
And swear I love thee dearly.
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

Gloomy winter's come again.

[JAMES ARCHIBOLD, printer, Edinburgh.—Tune,
"Gloomy winter's now awa'."]

GLOOMY winter's come again;
Heavy fa's the sleet and rain;
Flaky snaw decks white the plain,
Where nature bloom'd sae cheerie, O.

Willie Winkie's Testament.

[This curious old inventory of goods and chattels appears, with the above title, in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, but it is not given by Ramsay in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*.]

My daddy left me gear enough :
A couter, and an auld beam-plough,
A nebbed staff, a nutting-tyne,
A fishing-wand with hook and line;
With twa auld stools, and a dirt-house,
A jerkenet, scarce worth a louse,
An auld pat, that wants the lug,
A spurtle and a sowen mug.

A hempen heckle, and a mell,
A tar-horn, and a weather's bell,
A muck-fork, and an auld peak-creel,
The spakes of our auld spinning-wheel;
A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle,
With our auld brunt and broken laddle,
A whang-bit, and a sniffie-bit:
Cheer up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

A felling-staff, a timmer-spit,
An auld kirk and a hole in it,
Yarn-winnies, and a reel,
A fetter-lock, a trump of steel,
A whistle, and a tup-horn spoon,
Wi' an auld pair o' clouted shoon,
A timmer spade, and a gleg shear,
A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tonge, a broken cradle,
The pinion of an auld car-saddle,
A gullie-knife, and a horse-wand,
A mitten for the left hand,
With an auld broken pan of brass,
With an auld hyeuk for cutting grass,
An auld band, and a hooding-haw,
I hope, my bairns, ye're a' weel now.

Aft have I borne ye on my back,
With a' this riff-raff in my pack;
And it was a' for want of gear,
That gart me steal Mess John's grey mare:
But now, my bairns, what ails ye now,
For ye ha'e naigs enough to plow;
And hose and shoon fit for your feet,
Cheer up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with mysel' I did advise,
My daddle's gear for to comprise;
Some neighbours I ca'd in to see
What gear my daddy left to me.
They sat three-quarters of a year,
Comprising of my daddy's gear;
And when they had gien a' their votes,
'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds Scots.

My Lady's Gown.

[This song was written by Burns in 1788 for Johnson's Museum, but it does not appear in that work till near the close. It is supposed that Burns was indebted for the idea and some of the words of the song to an old licentious ditty. The tune to which the song is sung is a popular strathspey or reel tune, composed by James Gregg, a teacher of dancing in Ayrshire. Gregg was a very ingenious man, and distinguished in particular for his skill in mechanics. He died in 1817.]

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden springs sae rare upon't;
But Jennie's jimps and jerkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane;
But hounds and hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jennie be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassill's blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'd.

Out ower yon muir, out ower yon moss,
Where gor-cocks through the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns;
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's dress'd,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O, that's the lass to mak' him blest.

The Wild Glen.

[REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL. Set to music by Peter Macleod.]

WHEN my flocks upon the heathy hill are lying a' at rest,
And the gloamin' spreads its mantle grey, o'er the world's dewy breast,
I'll tak' my plaid and hasten through yon woody dell unseen,
And meet my bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

I'll meet her by the trystin' tree that's stannin' a' alane,
Where I have carved her name upon the little moss-grey stane,
There I will clasp her to my breast, and be mair blest, I ween,
Then a' that are aneath the sky, in the wild glen sae green.

My faldin' plaid shall shield her frae the gloamin's chilly gale
The star o' eve shall mark our joy but shall not tell her tale,
Our simple tale o' tender love that tauld sae aft has been,
To my bonnie bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

Oh! I could wander earth a' owre nor care for aught o' bliss,
If I might share at my return a joy sae pure as this;
And I could spurn a' earthly wealth, a palace and a queen,
For my bonnie bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

The Hawthorn Tree.

[WRITTEN by the REV. W. HETHERINGTON, A. M., of Torphichen.—TUNE, "There grows a bonnie Brier Bush."]

O SWEET are the blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,
The bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,
When the soft wastlin' wind, as it wanders ower the lea,
Comes laden wi' the breath o' the hawthorn tree.

Lovely is the rose in the dewy month o' June,
And the lily gently bending beneath the sunny noon;
But the dewy rose, nor lily fair, is half sae sweet to me,
As the bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree.

O, blythe at fair and market fu' aften ha'e I been,
And wi' a crony frank and leal some happy hours I've seen;
But the blythest hours I e'er enjoy'd were shar'd, my love, wi' thee,
In the gloamin', neath the bonnie bonnie hawthorn tree.

Sweetly sang the blackbird, low in the woody glen,
And fragrance sweet spread on the gale, licht ower the dewy plain;
But thy soft voice and sighing breath were sweeter far to me,
While whispering o' love beneath the hawthorn tree.

Auld time may wave his dusky wing, and chance may cast his die,
And the rainbow-hues o' flattering hope may darken in the sky,
Gay summer pass, and winter stalk stern ower the frozen lea,
Nor leaf nor milky blossom deck the hawthorn tree;

But still maun be the pulse that wakes this glowing heart of mine,
For me nae mair the spring maun bud, nor summer blossoms shine,
And low maun be my hame, sweet maid, ere I be false to thee,
Or forget the vows I breathed beneath the hawthorn tree.

Is your war-pipe asleep.

[WRITTEN by the Rev. GEORGE ALLAN, D. D. Set to music by Peter Macleod, in his "Original Melodies of Scotland."]

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever, M'Crimman?
Is your war pipe asleep, and for ever?
Shall the pibroch that welcomed the foe to Benaer,
Be hush'd when we seek the dark wolf in his lair,
To give back our wrongs to the giver?
To the raid and the onslaught our chieftains have gone,
Like the course of the fire-flaught their clans-men pass'd on;
With the lance and the shield 'gainst the foe they have bound them,
And have ta'en to the field with their vassals around them.
Then raise your wild slogan-cry! On to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and glen!
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

Youth of the daring heart, bright be thy doom,
As the bodings which light up thy bold spirit now;
But the fate of M'Crimman is closing in gloom,
And the breath of the grey wraith hath pass'd o'er his brow:
Victorious in joy thou'lt return to Benaer,
And be clasp'd to the hearts of thy best beloved there;
But M'Crimman, M'Crimman, M'Crimman, never, never, never!

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun not, M'Crimman?
Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun not?
If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon know,
That the soul of M'Crimman ne'er quail'd, when a foe
Bared his blade in the land he had won not!
Where the light-footed roe leaves the wild breeze behind,
And the red heather bloom gives its sweets to the wind,
There our broad pennon flies, and the keen steeds are prancing,
'Mid the startling war-cries, and the war-weapons glancing.
Then raise your wild slogan-cry! On to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and glen!
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again.

Woo'd and married and a'.

[JOANNA BAILLIE.—This admirable version of "Woo'd an' married an' a'" was first published in Mr. George Thomson's collection of National Melodies, and is here printed with his permission.]

The bride she is winsome and bonnie,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithful and kind is her Johnnie,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause o' her sorrow,
New pearlins and plenishing too;
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado.
Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
And is na she very weel aff
To be woo'd and married and a'?

Her mother then hastily spak':
"The lassie is glalket wi' pride;
In my pouches I hadna a plack
The day that I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun,
The gear that is gifted, it never
Will last like the gear that is won.
Woo'd an' married an' a',
Tocher and havings sae sma'
I think ye are very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married an' a',"

"Toot, toot!" quo' the grey-headed father,
"She's less of a bride than a bairn,
She's ta'en like a cowl the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humour inconstantly leans;
A chiel may be constant and steady
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
'Kerchief to cover so neat,
Locks the winds used to blow,
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
When I think o' her married at a'."

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies I ween;
"I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blinks o' your bonnie blue een;

I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the craft were my bride,
Wi' purples and pearlins anew.
Dear and dearest of ony,
Ye're woo'd and bookit and a',
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnnie,
And grieve to be married at a'."

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smil'd,
And she lookit sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguill'd,
And she play'd wi' the sleeves o' her gown;
She twirl'd the tag o' her lace,
And she nipper her boddice sae blue,
Synne blinket sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a mawkin she flew.
Woo'd and married and a',
Married and carried awa';
She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married and a'.

The Lass o' Carron side.

[O. J. FINLAYSON.—Here first printed.]

Oh! whar will I gae find a place
To close my sleepless een,
And whar will I gae seek the peace
I witless tint yestreen?
My heart that want to dance as licht
As moonshine o'er the tide,
Now pines in thrall by luckless love
For the lass o' Carron side.

She sat the Goddess of the stream
That murmur'd at her feet,
And aye she sung her artless sang
Wi' a voice uncarthly sweet;
Sae sweet,—the birds that want to wae
The morn wi' glee and pride,
Sat mute, to hear the witching strain
O' the lass o' Carron side.

Sair may I rue my reckless haste,
Sair may I ban the hour,
That lur'd me frae my peacefu' cot
Within the Siren's power;
Oh! had she sprung frae humble race
As she's frae ane o' pride,
I might ha'e dreed a better weird
Wi' the lass o' Carron side.

How early I woo'd thee.

[THOMAS DICK.—Here first printed.—Air, "Humours of Glen."]]

How early I woo'd thee—how dearly I lo'ed thee—
 How sweet was thy voice, and how lovely thy smile;
 The joy 'twas to see thee—the bliss to be wi' thee—
 I now maun remember, and sigh all the while.
 I gazed on thy beauty, and a' things about thee
 Seem'd too fair for earth, as I bent at thy shrine:
 But fortune and fashion, mair powerfu' than passion,
 Could alter the bosom that seem'd so divine.

Another may praise thee, may fondle and fraise thee,
 And win thee wi' words when his heart's far awa';
 But oh! when sincerest—when warmest and dearest
 His vows, will my truth be forgot by thee a' ?
 'Mid pleasures and splendour thy fancy may wander,
 But moments o' solitude ilk ane maun dree;
 Then feeling will find thee, and mem'ry remind thee
 O' him wha through life gae heart-broken for thee.

Not the swan on the lake.

[This is a translation from a Gaelic song by the author, EWEN MACLACHLAN, A.M., Aberdeen, and is here printed for the first time.]

Nor the swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore,
 Can compare with the charms of the maid I adore:
 Not so white is the new milk that flows o'er the pail,
 Or the snow that is shower'd from the boughs of the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath on the mountain's high brow,
 The locks of my fair one redundantly flow;
 Her cheeks have the tint that the roses display,
 When they glitter with dew on the morning of May.

As the planet of Venus that gleams o'er the grove,
 Her blue-rolling eyes are the symbols of love:
 Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,
 Like the moon, when the stars are bedimm'd with her blaze.

The mavis and lark, when they welcome the dawn,
 Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn:
 But the mavis is tuneless; the lark strives in vain,
 When my beautiful charmer renews her sweet strain.

When summer bespangles the landscape wi' flow'rs,
 While the thrush and the cuckoo sing soft from the bow'rs,
 Through the wood-shaded windings with Bella I'll rove,
 And feast unrestrain'd on the smiles of my love.

The bonnie House o' Airly.

[THE House of Airly is thus described in the old Statistical Account of Scotland: "Airly castle, which gave title to Ogilvy, Earl of Airly, is situated on the north-west corner of this parish (Airly in Forfarshire), at the conflux of the Melgin and Isla. It is built on a promontory formed by these two rivers, and elevated above their bed more than one hundred feet. It has been a very large and strong fortress, seemingly inaccessible on every side but the south, on which it has been secured by a ditch and a draw-bridge, perhaps thirty feet wide, and a wall (the front of the castle) ten feet thick and thirty-five feet high."

—During the great civil war of the seventeenth century, the house of Ogilvie adhered firmly to the royal cause; and in July 1640, the castles of the Earl of Airly were plundered and burnt by the Covenanting party (then dominant), while the Earl himself was absent in England. Montrose, who did not desert the party of the Covenanters till the year 1641, was first sent to attack the house of Airly, and afterwards Argyle was sent. Spalding gives the following account of the occurrences upon which this song is founded.—

"The Earl of Airly went from home to England, fearing the troubles of the land, and that he should be pressed to subscribe the Covenant, whether he would or not, whilk by fleeing the land he resolved to eschew as well as he could, and left his eldest son, the Lord Ogilvie, a brave young nobleman, behind him at home. The estates or tables hearing of his departure, directed the Earls of Montrose and Kinghorn to go to the place of Airly, and to take in the same, and for that effect to carry cartows [cannon] with them; who went and summoned the Lord Ogilvie to render the house, (being an impregnable strength by nature, well manned with all sort of munition and provision necessary,) who answered, his father was absent, and he left no such commission with him as to render his house to any subjects, and that he would defend the same to his power, till his father returned from England. There were some shots shot the house, and came from the house; but the assailants finding the place unwinable, by nature of great strength, without great skalth, left the place without meikle loss on either side; then departed therefrae in June. Now the committee of estates finding no contentment in this expedi-

tion, and hearing how their friends of the name of Forbes, and others in the country, were daily injured and oppress by Highland lymmers, broken out of Lochaber, Clangregor out of Brae of Athol, Brae of Mar, and divers other places, therefore they gave order to the Earl of Argyle to raise men out of his own country, and first to go to Airly and Furtour, two of the Earl of Airly's principal houses, and to take in and destroy the same, and next to go upon thir lymmers and punish them; likeas, conform to his order, he raises an army of about five thousand men, and marches towards Airly; but the Lord Ogilvie hearing of his coming with such irresistible force, resolves to flee and leave the house manless; and so for their own safety they wisely fled; but Argyle most cruelly and inhumanely enters the house of Airly, and beats the same to the ground, and right sue he does to Furtour, syne spoiled all within both houses, and such as could not be carried (away,) they masterfully brake down and destroyed."—There are different readings of this old song. John Finlay was the first to rescue it from oral tradition, and we here follow his version.]

It fell on a day, and a bonnie summer day,
When the corn grew green and yellow,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyle and Airly.

The Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle
To come in the morning early,
An' lead in his men, by the back o' Dunkeld,
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

The lady look'd o'er her window see him,
And oh! but she look'd weary,
And there she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he
"Come down and kiss me fairly," [says,
Or before the morning clear day light,
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly."

"I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
I wadna kiss thee fairly,
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle, [Airly,"
Gin you shouldna leave a standing stane in

He has ta'en her by the middle see sma',
Says, "Lady, where is your drury?"
"It's up and down the bonnie burn side,
Among the planting of Airly."

They sought it up, they sought it down,
They sought it late and early,
And found it in the bonnie balm-tree,
That shines on the bowling-green o' Airlie.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,
And oh! but she grat sairly,
And led her down to yon green bank
Till he plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"O! Its I ha'e seven braw sons," she says,
"And the youngest ne'er saw his daddie,
And although I had as many mae,
I wad gi'e them a' to Charlie."

"But gin my good lord had been at hame,
As this night he is wi' Charlie,
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west
Ha'e plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airlie."

A Rose-bud.

[WRITTEN by BURNS in 1787, in compliment to the daughter of his friend William Cruikshank, one of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh. Miss Cruikshank was the "very young lady" to whom the poet addressed the lines, beginning,

"Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay."

She was afterwards married to a Mr. Henderson in Jedburgh. The tune to the present song was composed by "Davie, a brither poet," that is, David Siller, who died at Irvine in 1830. It is called "The Rose-bud."]

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chillily on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanny fair!
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteously bask upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

Tho' we ne'er should meet.

[DUGALD MOORE.]

YES, though we ne'er again should meet
By summer bower, or sunny sea;
This brain shall burn, this bosom beat,
For ever, and alone, for thee!
For who would bid oblivion roll,
Athwart the sunshine of those hours,
In which we mingled soul with soul,
As the winds mix congenial flowers.

Then, though the hand of distance flings
Long shadows 'twixt thy hearth and mine,
He cannot clip the lightning's wings,
Which bear my spirit back to thine!
Though seas their waves between us cast,
And though the star of hope has set,
Yet there's a soul within the past,
A glory I can ne'er forget!

The merry Ploughman.

[THIS fragment Cromek found in Burns's handwriting, and published it in the *Reliques*, as a production of the poet's. Gilbert Burns, however, says, that the verses were popular in Ayrshire long before his brother was born.]

As I was a wand'ring as morning in spring,
I heard a merry ploughman sae sweetly to sing;
And as he was singin' thae words he did say,
There's nae life like the ploughman in the month
o' sweet May.—

The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her
nest,
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast;
And wi' the merry ploughman she'll whistle and
sing;
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

O, were I on Parnassus.

[Burns wrote this impassioned song immediately on settling at Ellisland, in honour of his wife, and as a welcome to her to the new establishment there. It is sung to a plaintive tune by Oswald, called "My love is lost to me." The Rev. Hamilton Paul, in his edition of the poet's works, (Ayr, 1890,) speaks with rapture of the song. "There is nothing," he says, "in the whole circle of lyric poetry, ancient or modern, to be named with it. It bids defiance to comparison." He then quotes the following lines:

"I see thee dancing ower the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy regulah een—
By heaven and earth, I love thee!"

"This," continues the reverend critic, "is what may be called the paroxysm of desire. He draws the picture from nature,—he becomes enamoured,—he forgets himself,—he pants for breath,—he is unable to continue the description,—and he gives utterance to his feelings in an oath—

"By heaven and earth, I love thee!"

It may be added, that Mrs. Burns excelled in the accomplishment of dancing, and was remarkable, if not for regular beauty, at least for the exquisite symmetry of her person.]

O, were I on Parnassus Hill,
And had of Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee!
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sell,
On Corrincon I'll glower and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay;
For, a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing ower the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy regulah een—
By heaven and earth, I love thee!

By night, by day—a-field, at hame—
The thoughts of thee my breast inflame!
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.

Though I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run,
Till then—and then I'll love thee.

A Wife o' my ain.

[ROBERT WHITLEY of Biggar in Lanarkshire.]

Frae Clyde to the banks o' sweet Earn
I've travell'd fu' mony a mile;
But thoughts o' my dearest lass Ailie
The wearisome hours did beguile.
The happy wae night that we parted,
She vow'd she wad constant remain;
My heart-strings a' dir'd w' fondness;
I kiss'd and I kiss'd her again.

'Tis not that her cheeks are like roses,
Nor yet for her dark-rowing e'e;
'Tis not for her sweet comely features;
These charms are a' naething to me.
The storms o' this life may soon blast them,
Or sickness may snatch them away,
But virtue, when fix'd in the bosom,
Will flourish and never decay.

Nae langer I'll spend a' my siller;
Nae langer I'll now lie my lane;
Nae langer I'll hunt after lasses;
I'll soon ha'e a wife o' my ain.
For mony a wild foot have I wander'd,
An' mony a night spent in vain,
W' drinking, and dancing, and courting;
But I'll soon ha'e a wife o' my ain.

Her mother's aye roaring and fying:
"I rede ye, tak' tent o' that chiel;
He'll no be that canny to leave wi';
He'll ne'er be like dooce Geordie Steele.
He's courtit far ower mony lasses;
To slight them he thinks it gude fun;
He'll mak' but a sober half-marrow;
Ye'd best rue before ye be bun'."

Though Geordie be laird o' a house,
And brags o' his kye and his pelf,
And warld's gear I be richt scant o';
A fig for't as lang's I've my health!

If ance I were kippled wi' Allie,
She'll seldom ha'e cause to complain;
We'll jog on through life aye right cannie,
When I get a wife o' my ain.

But if that my Allie prove faithless,
And marry before I return,
I'll ne'er, like a coof, greet about her,
Nor yet for ae minute I'll mourn.
Awa' straight to some other beauty
Without loss o' time I will hie,
And shaw to the lasses I'm careless,
Unless they're as willing as I.

Bonnie Lesley.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS in honour of Miss Lesley Baillie of Ayrshire, afterwards Mrs. Cumming of Logie, and sent to Thomson's collection for the tune of "The Collier's Bonnie Lassie." The poet, in a letter to Mrs Dunlop dated August, 1792, thus describes the cause and manner of the composition of this song. "Know that the heart-struck awe, the distant humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport—such, so delighting and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbour. Mr. Baillie, with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me; on which I took my horse (though God knows I could ill spare the time,) and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them; and riding home, I composed the following ballad."]

O, saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gae'd o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.
To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made another!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley;
The hearts o' men adore thee.
The deil he coudna scaith thee,
Or ought that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, I canna wrang thee!

The powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune shanna steer thee:
Thou'rt like thyselfsae sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we ha'e a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

My love she's but a lassie.

[JAMES HOOE.—For the original song of "My love she's but a lassie yet," see page 512.]

My love she's but a lassie yet,
A lightome lovely lassie yet;
It scarce wad do
To sit an' woo
Down by the stream sae glassy yet.
But there's a braw time coming yet,
When we may gang a-roaming yet;
An' hint wi' glee
O' joys to be,
When fa's the modest gloaming yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;
But just a jinking,
Bonnie blinking,
Hilly-skilly lassie yet.
But O, her artless smile's mair sweet:
Than hanny or than marmalete;
An' right or wrang,
Ere it be lang,
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her,
The flowery beds
On which she trends,
Though was for aye that misses her.

Then O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
For all I see
Are nought to me,
Save her that's but a lassie yet!

Peggy.

[THE heroine of this song was a young girl residing in Kirkcaldy, with whom Burns got acquainted while attending a school there, in his eighteenth or nineteenth summer, with the view of learning mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c. His own account of the matter is as follows: "I went on with a high hand with my geometry till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my sines and co-sines for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

'Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.'—

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I staid I did nothing but crase the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless."—It may be thought prosaic to add, after this high-flown description, that the name of the "charming *fillette*" was Peggy Thomson, and that she afterwards became Mrs. Neilson, and long lived in the town of Ayr, where her children still reside.—The song is one of Burns's very early ones, and appears in the first edition of his poems printed at Kilmarnock in 1786, with the title of "Song composed in August." It is sung to the tune of "I had a horse, I had nae mair," and has also been adapted to an old air called "When the king came o'er the water.]"

Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The mulrook springs on whirling wings,
Among the blooming heather.

Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright when I rove at
night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fell;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
The soaring bern the fountains.
Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avant, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportman's joy, the murdering cry,
The fluttering, gory plinlon.

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms o' nature,
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly press't,
And swear I love thee dearly.
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

Gloomy winter's come again.

[JAMES AITCHISON, printer, Edinburgh.—Tune,
"Gloomy winter's now awa'.]"

GLOOMY winter's come again;
Heavy fa's the sleet and rain;
Flaky snaw decks white the plain,
Where nature bloom'd sae cheerie, O.

Hoary frost o'erspreads the dell,
 Glazing firm each crystal rill;
 Thy mind me o' thy fickle sel'
 My fair yet faithless Mary, O.
 I lanely tread each trackless way,
 Whare wi' thee, Mary, I did stray,
 My heart's oppress'd wi' grief and wae,
 Thou'rt false, and a' looks drearie, O.

The snaw-clad hills o'ertap the cluds,
 The hares rin tim'rous through the wuds,
 The trees, forsaken by their buds,
 Are emblems o' my Mary, O.
 A' around deserted looks,
 Tangles fringe the barren rocks,
 While bairnies by the ingle nooks,
 Tell tales that mak' them eerie, O.
 Storms may rage, and tempests roar,
 Restless billows beat the shore,
 Joy on earth I'll find no more,
 Unless I'm blest wi' Mary, O.

Sweet Annie.

[THIS is not properly a Scottish song, though admitted into all our Scottish collections, but rather an English imitation, both in words and music, of the Scottish lyrical muse. The tune was composed by Dr. Maurice Greene, and published in Robert's "Callope or English Harmony" in 1739, and afterwards adopted by Oswald in his Pocket Companion, (1742.) The song is said to have been written by Dr. JOHN HODLEY, son of Bishop Hoadley, and, considering that it is the production of an Englishman, its use of the Scottish language is pretty accurately sustained, though here and there, we think, the Doric ear will detect something false in its construction—something which betrays its bastard origin—and proves it to be "not the true Mackie" or "real Simon Pure."]

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beach came,
 Where Jocky speeled the vessel's side.
 Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
 When Jocky's tossed abune the tide!
 Far aff to distant lands he gangs;
 Yet I'll be true, as he has been:
 And when ilk lass about him thrangs,
 He'll think on Annie, his faithfu' ain!

I met our wealthy laird yestreen
 Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me.
 He praised my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag o' what he'd gie.
 What though my Jocky's far awa',
 Tossed up and down the awesome main,
 I'll keep my heart another day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away;
 My Jocky wad be troubled sair,
 To see his friend his love betray.
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow.
 My heart to him shall true remain:
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still!
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
 What though my Jocky's far away;
 Yet he will brow in siller shine;
 I'll keep my heart another day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

Lament for Jamie.

[WRITTEN by ANDREW G. BAIN, Edinburgh, on the death of a young gentleman who was lost on the coast of Ireland in January, 1816.—Tune, "Flowers of the Forest."

SWEET as May morning, the heath hills adorning,
 Decking with pearl the green flowery lea;
 Sweet sing the thrushes among the hawthorn
 bushes,
 But sweeter by far was my Jamie to me.

Dark, dark and drearie, the moment was eerie,
 When the grim tyrant, by fatal decree,
 Snatch'd aff my treasure, my whole care and
 pleasure,
 Wha now sleeps in death 'neath the dark roll-
 ing sea.

Lanely I wander whare burnies meander,
 Blythely the birds sing on ilka green tree;
 Nature looks cheerie—but wae me, I'm weary,
 Joy fled wi' him wha sleeps cauld in the sea.

Nae mair in the gloamin' I'll gaylie be roamin',
To meet wi' my darling beneath the haw tree,
Where kindly he'd press me, and fondly caress
me—

My heart's still wi' him, though he's cauld in
the sea.

Vain are life's pleasures, its beauties and treasures—

Sweet spring the gowans adorning the lea:
Winter comes blasting, no longer they're lasting,
But nipt in the bloom like my Jamie frae me.

Waukin' or sleeping I'm mourning and weeping;
Thinking on Jamie tears gush frae my e'e;
Pleasure forsakes me, and sorrow o'ertakes me;
Death now alone my consoler must be.

Lovelly Polly Stewart.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS for Johnson's Museum to the tune of "You're welcome, Charlie Stewart." This tune was originally called "Miss Stewart's Reel," but about the middle of the last century a Jacobite song was written to it, beginning as above, from which it received its new name. The Jacobite song is scarcely worth giving. Mr. Robert Chambers says, that he was informed that the heroine of this song was so far reduced in her circumstances, as to be obliged in her old age to support herself by washing clothes. In 1838, she resided in the borough of Maxwellton, Dumfries.]

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!

O charming Polly Stewart!

There's na'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art.

The flower that blows, it fades, it fa's,

And art can ne'er renew it;

But worth and truth eternal youth

Will gi'e to Polly Stewart.

May he, whose arms shall fould thy charms,

Possess a leal and true heart;

To him be given to ken the heaven

He grasps in Polly Stewart!

O lovely Polly Stewart!

O charming Polly Stewart!

There's na'er a flower that blooms in May,

That's half so fair as thou art.

Ane-and-twenty, Tam.

[It is said that Burns wrote this charming little song on a real incident. A young girl, possessed of some property which would be at her own disposal when she attained majority, was urged by her relations to accept an old and wealthy suitor. This she refused, as her affections were already placed on one whose youth, if not worldly circumstances, was more in accordance with her own—and the song is supposed to express her own feelings on the subject to her favoured lover, and particularly the ardent desire she entertained to reach that age when she would be mistress of herself, and able to prove the sincerity of her attachment. The song is sung to a lively old tune called "The Moudiewort."]

And oh, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!

And hey, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!

I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,

Gin I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,

And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;

But three short years will soon wheel roun',

And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,

Were left me by my auntie, Tam;

At kith and kin I needna speir,

Gin I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,

Though I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;

But bear'st thou, laddie?—there's my lufe,—

I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!

When she cam' ben.

[IMPROVED BY BURNS for Johnson's Museum from an old but somewhat indelicate ditty. The tune is now more generally known by the name of "The Laird o' Cockpen."]

O WHEN she cam' ben she bobbit fu' law,

O when she cam' ben she bobbit fu' law,

And when she cam' ben, she kis'd Cockpen,

And syne she denied that she did it at a'.

And wasna Cockpen richt saucy witha',
And wasna Cockpen richt saucy witha',
In leaving the dochter of a lord,
And kising a collier lassie an' a'?

O never look down, my lassie, at a',
O never look down, my lassie, at a',
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Though thou ha'e nae silk and holland sae sma',
Though thou ha'e nae silk and holland sae sma',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

Wame.

[By JOHN DOUGAL, formerly of Paisley now of Montreal.]

Oh! tell na me that this is hame,—
It is nae hame to me:
Ilk thing is fremit to my heart,
An' unco to my e'e.

If I could see the bonnie brume
On ilka sandy knowe;
An' the whins in a' their gowden pride,
On green hill sides that grow:

If I could see the primrose blume
In mony a hazel glen,
Whar lilies chirp, and merles sing,
Far frae the step o' men:

If I could see the morning sun
Glint owre the dewy corn,
While a thousan' laverocks in the sky
Are welcoming the morn:

If I could see the gowan spread
Its wee flowers on the lea,
An' the heather blume on the mountain bare,
And the ivy climb the trees:

If I could see the sunny kirk-yard,
Whar my frien's lie side by side,
And think that I could lay my bones
Beside them when I died:—

Then might I think that this was hame
And gladly live and dee,
Nor feel this want at my heart's core,
My native land, for thee.

The Dying Girl's song.

[W. B. SANISTER.—Here first printed.]

FAREWELL, my bonnie yellow hair!
Ye fill in rows o' gowden sheen
Aboon my bosom, lily fair,
An' elung in clusters round my een.

My roun', my rosy cheeks, farewell!—
Ye were my soul's idolatry.
Farewell, sweet mouth!—oh, ruby cell!
Thy pearls a' ha'e dropp'd away!

The light that shot its saften beams
Frae out my een o' bonnie blue
Is gane, and I am lost in dreams
Of what I was—what I am noo!

Days, months and years ha' ewrought and wark
On me, my brother!—do not weep:
I go to God's appointed ark,
To take my rest, an' sleep my sleep!

An' when new visions rise on me,
And life's dark water's gathered in,
I'll land on an eternity
Of life, unweetened by sin.

Farewell, farewell, thou dear loo'd light!—
Ah! much too dear so soon to part:
The clouds o' death's unwelcome night
Are settling dreary round my heart.

Oh, take my hand—oh, kiss my brow—
Oh, brother!—brother, do not weep,
To pain our parting!—let me go
In peace to my appointed sleep!

There are no tears where angels sing
Their tongueless orisons of love;
An' now I fly with gladden'd wing
To meet them in the courts above.

The Land of Cakes.

[WILLIAM KNOX, the author of this patriotic effusion, which is here printed for the first time, was born on the 17th of August, 1769, at Frith, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire; he died on the 15th November, 1826, at No. 9, Navy Street, Leithwalk, Edinburgh, in the 36th year of his age. Knox early evinced a passion for poetry, and during the latter part of his life gave to the world many separate publications, which have been much esteemed. The first was "The Lonely Hearth; and other Poems," published in North Shields in 1818. He successively published in Edinburgh "The Songs of Israel," "The Harp of Zion," and several other productions in prose and verse; and contributed many articles to "The Edinburgh Magazine." In Volume XV. of that work, for the year 1824, he contributed a series of papers under the title of "Walks in Edinburgh, by Dick Peppermint," which the late Dr. Robert Anderson, who thought highly of his abilities, declared were well worthy of separate publication. Knox was a kind and affectionate son, and a most agreeable companion; and his writings will obtain for him a respectable position among the minor poets of our country.]

O BRAVE Caledonians, my brothers, my friends,
Now sorrow is borne on the wings of the winds,
Care sleeps with the sun in the seas of the west,
And courage is lull'd in the warrior's breast:
Here social pleasure enlivens each heart,
And friendship is ready its warmth to impart,
The goblet is fill'd, and each worn-one partakes,
To drink plenty and peace to the dear Land of Cakes.

Though the Bourbon may boast of his vine-cover'd hills,—
Through each bosom the tide of depravity thrills;
Though the Indian may sit in his green orange bowers,—
There slavery's wall counts the wearisome hours:
Though our island is beat by the storms of the north,—
There blaze the bright meteors of valour and worth,
There the loveliest rose-bud of beauty awakes
From that cradle of virtue—the dear Land of Cakes.

O valour! thou guardian of freedom and truth,
Thou stay of old age and thou guidance of youth,
Still, still thy enthusiast transports pervade
The breast that is wrapt in the green tartan plaid:
And ours are the shoulders that never shall bend
To the rod of a tyrant, that scourge of a land,—
Ours the bosoms no terror of death ever shakes,
When called in defence of the dear Land of Cakes!

Shall the ghosts of our fathers, aloft on each cloud—
When the rage of the battle is dreadful and loud—
See us shrink from our standard with fear and dismay,
And leave to our foemen the pride of the day?
No; by heavens! we will stand to our honour and trust,
Till our hearts-blood be shed on our ancestors' dust;—
Till we sink to the slumber no war-trumpet breaks,
Beneath the brown heath of the dear Land of Cakes.

O peace to the ashes of those that have bled
 For the land where the proud thistle raises its head !
 O peace to the ashes of those gave us birth
 In a land freedom renders the boast of the earth !
 Though their lives are extinguish'd, their spirit remains,
 And swells in their blood that still runs in our veins ;—
 Still their deathless achievements our ardour awakes
 For the honour and weal of the dear Land of Cakes.

Ye sons of old Scotia ; ye friends of my heart,
 From our word—from our trust, let us never depart !
 Nor e'er from our foe, till with victory crown'd,
 And the balm of compassion is pour'd in his wound ;
 And still to our bosom be honesty dear,
 And still to our loves and our friendships sincere ;
 And, till heaven's last thunder the firmament shakes,
 May happiness beam on the dear Land of Cakes !

Despairing Mary.

[TANNAHILL.—Set to music by R. A. Smith.—Smith says, "The music published with this song was originally composed to other words, but Tannahill took a fancy to the air, and immediately wrote 'Despairing Mary' for it, which, being the better song, was adopted."]

"MARY, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow ?
 See, a' around you the flowers sweetly blaw ;
 Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,
 Hylthe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw."
 "How can this heart ever mair think of pleasure ?
 Summer may smile, but delight I ha'e nane ;
 Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,
 Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.

"This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,
 Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake !
 I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,
 Hope died with Jamie, and left it to break :
 Sighing for him, I lie down in the e'enin',
 Sighing for him, I awake in the morn ;
 Spent are my days a' in secret repining,
 Peace to this bosom can never return.

"Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,
 Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam,
 Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,
 But fled are these joys like a fleet-passing dream.
 Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,
 Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown !
 Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown !"

Of a' the airts.

[THIS very beautiful song was at one time popular all over the country, and though not now so frequently to be heard, it is still a general favourite.—BURNS wrote the first two verses of it in the summer of 1788, just when he had taken possession of the farm of Ellisland, in Dumfriesshire, and was overseeing the erection of new farm-house and offices, previous to the reception of Jean Armour as his legalized wife. During this period, which he calls his "honeymoon," he seems to have entertained the fondest affection and highest admiration for his "bonnie Jean," and to have contemplated with rapture the prospect of being at last enabled to place her in honourable position under a roof of his own. The song, beginning,

"O were I on Parnassus' hill,"

was written at this time also, and betrays, even more passionately than the present, the depth of his affection towards his recently-wedded wife. It was not till November in the above year that Mrs. Burns was removed to Ellisland, but during the long summer, while the farm-stead was being rebuilt, the poet paid several visits to Ayrshire, and saw her at her father's house in Mauchline. The four concluding stanzas of the song, as here given, were not written by Burns, but were, we believe, added by WILLIAM REID, late bookseller in Glasgow. Other accounts say, that Mr. Reid was author only of the third and fourth stanzas, and that the two concluding ones were written by John Hamilton, bookseller, Edinburgh.—The air of the song was composed by William Marshall, butler to the duke of Gordon, and called "Miss Admiral Gordon's strathspey." It was partly founded on the old tune, "The Lowlands of Holland."]

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best:
Though wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' monie a hill between,
Baith day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'r,
Sae lovely, sweet, and fair;
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air:

There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
The lasses bask them braw;
But when their best they ha'e put on,
My Jeanie dings them a';
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the town;
Baith sage and gay confess it aae,
Though drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be;
She has nae fault, if aie ye ca't,
Except her love for me:
The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
Is like her shining een;
In shape and air, wha can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean?

O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes,
Ha'e past atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gade awa'!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean!

Dear Roger, if pour Jenny.

[FROM RAMSAY'S "Gentle Shepherd."—Tune,
"Fye, gae rub her ower wi' strae."]

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geek,
And answer kindness with a alight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in our vows delight.

But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse; then, be not blate,
Push bauldly on and win the day.

These maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een;
If these agree, and she perlist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Ⓞ, as I was kist.

[THIS fragment is given in Herd's collection, but is of older date. In Johnson's Museum, it is said to have been composed on an amour of John duke of Argyle. This John was *Jeanie Deane's* duke; and as he is said to have been the author of the song beginning "Argyle is my name," probably he wrote this ditty also. From the line in the last verse,

"Up the Gallowgate, down the Green," one might suppose the scene of the song to belong to Glasgow, but there are other localities (Aberdeen for example,) which can boast of "Gallowgates" and "Greens." The tune, "O, as I was kist yestreen," was originally called "Lumps o' Pudding," which name was transferred to another old air, adopted by Gay for the finale in his "Beggars' Opera," "Thus I stand like a Turk," &c. It is well known that one object Gay had in "The Beggar's Opera" was to supplant the Italian opera, by the introduction of good old English and Scottish tunes. An Italian speaking of this, said, with great indignation and scorn, "*Saire, this dam Signor Gay try to pelt my countrymen out of England with 'Lumps of Pudding.'*"

O, as I was kist yestreen!
O, as I was kist yestreen!
I'll never forget till the day that I dee,
Sae mony braw kisses his grace ga'e me!

My father was sleeping, my mother was out,
And I was my lane, and in eam' the duke:
I'll never forget till the day that I dee,
Sae mony braw kisses his grace ga'e me.

Kist yestreen, kist yestreen,
Up the Gallowgate, down the Green;
I'll never forget till the day that I dee,
Sae mony braw kisses his grace ga'e me.

The Lassies a' leugh.

[A12, "Kist yestreen."—The first stanza of this song was a fragment which TANNABILL left: the rest was added by ALEX. BODDIE.]

THE lassies a' leugh, and the carlin fiate,
But Maggie was sitting fu' ourie and blate,
The auld silly gawkie, she couldna contain,
How brawly she was kist yestreen;

Kist yestreen, kist yestreen,
How brawly she was kist yestreen;
She blethered it round to her fae an' her freen,
How brawly she was kist yestreen.

She loosed the white napkin frae 'bout her dun
neck,
An' cried, The big sorrow tak' lang Geordie
Fleck!

D'y'e see what a scart I gat frae a preen,
By his towaling an' kissing at me yestreen;
At me yestreen, at me yestreen,
By his towaling an' kissing at me yestreen;
I canna conceive what the fallow could mean,
By his kissing sae meikle at me yestreen.

Then she pu'd up her sleeve an' showed a blue
mark,
Quo' she, I gat that frae young Davy our clerk,
But the creature had surely forgat himsel' clean,
When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen;
For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen,
When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen;
I wonder what keptit my nails frae his een,
When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen.

Then she held up her cheek, an' cried, Foul fa'
the laird,
Just leuk what I gat wi' his black birnie beard,
The vile filthy body! was e'er the like seen?
To rub me sae sair for a kiss yestreen;
For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen;
To rub me sae sair for a kiss yestreen,
I'm sure that nae woman o' judgment need
green
To be rubbit, like me, for a kiss yestreen.

Syne she tald what grand offers she aften had had,
But wad she tak' a man?—na, she wasna sae mad,
For the hale o' the sex she cared na a preen,
An' she hated the way she was kissed yestreen;

Kist yestreen, kist yestreen,
She hated the way she was kist yestreen;
'Twas a mercy that naithing mair serious had been,
For it's dangerous whiles to be kissed at e'en.

October Winds.

[THE author of this song was JAMES SCADLOCK, a native of the banks of the Lavern in Renfrewshire, and by profession a copper-plate engraver. He was an intimate friend of Tannahill's. After his death, which took place in 1818, a small volume of his poems was printed for the benefit of his family.—Air, "O my love's bonnie."]

OCTOBER winds, wi' biting breath,
Now nip the leaves that's yellow fading;
Nae gowans glint upon the green,
Alas! they're co'er'd wi' winter's cleadings.
As through the woods I musing gang,
Nae birdies cheer me frae the bushes,
Save little Robin's lanely sang,
Wild warbling where the burnie gushes.

The sun is jogging down the brae,
Dimly through the mist he's shining,
And cranreugh hoar creeps o'er the grass,
As day reigns his throne to e'en'ing.
Oft let me walk at twilight grey,
To view the face of dying nature,
Till spring again wi' mantle green,
Delights the heart o' ilka creature.

O'er the muir to Maggy.

[THIS is the name of an old Scottish air. The original words to the tune, however, are scarcely fit for quoting. The following is RAMSAY's version of the song.]

AND I'll owe the muir to Maggy,
Her wit and sweetness call me;
There to my fair I'll show my mind,
Whatever may befall me:

If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing
Or likes the Nine to follow,
I'll lay my lags in Pindus' spring,
And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
I'll sheathe my limbs in armour;
If to the softer dance inclined,
With gayest airs I'll charm her:
If she love grandeur, day and night
I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's sight,
And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
Where wit is corresponding;
And bravest men know best to please,
With complaisance abounding.
My bonnie Maggy's love can turn
Me to what shape she pleases,
If in her breast that flame shall burn,
Which in my bosom bleases.

Mary's Grave.

[T. M. CUNNINGHAM.]

Yn briery bields, where roses blaw!
Ye flow'ry fells, an' sunny braes!
Whase scroggie bosoms foster'd a'
The pleasures o' my youthful days.
Amang your leafy simmer claes,
And blushin' blooms, the zephyr flies,
Syn'e wings awa', and wanton plays
Around the grave where Mary lies.

Nae mair your bonnie blyken bowers,
Your streamlets fair, and woodlands gay,
Can cheer the weary winged hours
As up the glen I joyless stray:
For a' my hopes ha'e flown away,
And when they reach'd their native skies,
Left me, amid the world o' wae,
To weet the grave where Mary lies.

It is na beauty's fairest bloom,
It is na maiden charms consign'd,
And hurried to an early tomb,
That wrings my heart and clouds my mind;

But sparkling wit, and sense refin'd,
And spotless truth without disguise,
Make me with sighs enrich the wind
That fans the grave where Mary lies.

Oh hon a ri.

[JAMES HOOE.—Gaelic Air.]

Oh hon a ri! there's something wantin';
Oh hon a ri! I'm wearie;
Nae young, blythe, and bonnie lad
Comes o'er the knowe to cheer me.
When the day wears away,
Sad I look a' down the valley;
Ilka soun', wi' a stoun',
Sets my heart a thrillin'.

When I see the plover risin',
Or the curlew wheelin',
Then I trow some bonnie lad
Is coming to my sheelin'.
Why should I sit an' sigh,
While the greenwood blooms see bonnie?
Laverocks sing, flow'rets spring,
A' but me are cheery.

My wee cot is blest and happy;
Oh 'tis neat and cleanly!
Sweet the brier that blooms beside it;
Kind the heart that's lanely.
Come away, come away,
Herd, or hind, or boatman laddie,
I ha'e a cow, kid, and ewe,
Gowd and gear, to gain ye.

Lobe at Thirty-nine.

[JOHN NEVAY.—Here first printed.]

O, no! I may not love thee now,
As when thou wert the witching quean
That charm'd my heart, I wot not how,
And I could sing my lovely Jean:—
I may not now so praise thy een,
And say that they the stars outshine;
The love we felt at gay eighteen
Is not like that of Thirty-nine.

Thy matron lip I may not kiss.
As when the cherry ripen'd there;
Nor say, that in thy smile is bliss,
Thy bosom more than lily fair;
Nor play me with thy tressed hair,
And round thy brow sweet roses twine;
Nor with an angel thee compare,
With fading charms at Thirty-nine.

And yet I love thee with a love
That cannot fade or pass away;
And time alone such love can prove,
As orient sunshine proves the day.
Sweet wert thou in thy maiden May!
And all its balmy blooms were mine;
When gently now these flowers decay,
Truth makes us friends at Thirty-nine.

The Dumfries Volunteers.

[THIS admirable patriotic song was written by BURNS in April, 1795, when Britain was threatened with invasion by the French republicans, and should have for ever put to rest any doubts that existed regarding the poet's love of country or loyalty. "Burns enrolled himself in the bands of gentlemen volunteers of Dumfries," says Allan Cunningham, "though not without opposition from some of the haughty Tories who demurred about his principles, which they called democratic. I remember well the appearance of that respectable corps: their odd, but not ungraceful, dress, white kerseymere breeches and waistcoat; short blue coat, faced with red; and round hat surmounted by a bearskin, like the helmets of our horse guards; and I remember the Poet also—his very swarthy face, his very ploughman-stoop, his large dark eyes, and indifferent dexterity in the handling of his arms." The song was originally printed in the Dumfries Journal, and said to be sung to the tune of "Push about the Jorum." It was afterwards set to music by Stephen Clarke, and published as a single sheet song. It for a time enjoyed an extensive popularity.]

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir.

The Nith shall run to Corrincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till slap come in an unco loon,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among ourselves united;
For never but by British hands
Must British wrongs be righted.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fall in't,
But dell a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' blood the kettle bought,
And who would dare to spoil it?
By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that would a tyrant own;
And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who'd set the mob aboon the throne;
May they be damned together!
Who will not sing, "God save the king!"
Shall hing as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, "God save the king!"
We'll ne'er forget the people.

Gudewife, count the lawin.

[BURNS furnished the tune and words of this song to Johnson's Museum. "The chorus," he says, "is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect:

Every day my wife tells me
That ale and brandy will ruin me;
But if gude liquor be my dead,
This shall be written on my head—
O gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
O gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair."]

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night;
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light;
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blind-red wine's the rising sun

Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin,
Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple folk maun fecht and fen;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For lika man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout—
An ye drink but deep, ye'll find him out.

Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin,
Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring's a coggie mair.

He is gone on the mountain.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT.—From "The Lady of the Lake."]

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, re-appearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corral,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

Carle, an the king come.

[This is an old song—at least the burthen of it is as old as the time of the Commonwealth, when the restoration of king Charles II. was so ardently longed for by the loyalists. In 1822, on the occasion of king George the fourth's visit to Scotland, Sir Walter Scott wrote a long ballad, in two parts, to the tune of "Carle, an the king come."]

CARLE, an the king come,
Carle, an the king come,
Thou shalt dance and I will sing,
Carle, an the king come.

An somebody were come again,
Then some body maun cross the main;
And every man shall ha'e his ain,
Carle, an the king come.

I trow we swappit for the worse;
We ga'e the boot and better horse;
And that we'll tell them at the corse,
Carle, an the king come.

When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
And gibbets stand to hang the Whigs,
O, then we'll a' dance Scottish jigs,
Carle, an the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,
As we ha'e done—a dog's propine—
But quaff our draughts o' rosy wine,
Carle, an the king come.

• Cogle, an the king come,
Cogle, an the king come,
I'se be fou' and thou' be toom.
Cogle, an the king come.

Peggy, now the king's come.

[FROM RAMSAY'S "Gentle Shepherd."]

PROOY, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may daunce and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.

Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk.
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

Gilderoy.

[GILDEROY, (a corruption of the Gaelic *gille roy*, "red-haired boy,") was one of the proscribed clan Gregor, and a notorious freebooter, or lifer of cattle, in the highlands of Perthshire for some time before the year 1638. In February of that year, seven of his accomplices were taken, tried, condemned, and executed at Edinburgh. They were apprehended chiefly through the exertions of the Stewarts of Athol, and in revenge Gilderoy burned several houses belonging to the Stewarts. This proved his ruin. A reward of a thousand pounds was offered for his apprehension; and he was ultimately taken, along with five more accomplices, all of whom were hanged at the Gallowies, between Leith and Edinburgh, in the month of July, 1638. As a mark of unenviable distinction, Gilderoy was hung on a gallows higher than the rest. This is alluded to in the ballad. The ballad itself is said to have been originally composed by his mistress, a young woman belonging to the higher ranks of life, who had become attached to this noted freebooter, and was induced to live with him. It is to be found in black-letter broadsides at least as old as 1630. The present version is an amended copy by LADY WARDLAW, in which she has retained some of the old verses, expunged others, and added verses of her own. Lady Wardlaw was the wife of Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie and Balmule, near Dunsfermline, and was authoress of the well-known ballad called "Hardyknute." She was born in 1677, married in 1696, and died in 1737. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Halket, her father being Sir Charles Halket of Pittferran. The name has probably led to the mistake in some collections of attributing the song here given to Sir Alexander Halket. The tune of "Gilderoy" is attached to several Scottish songs.]

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy
Had roses tall his shoon;
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging downe:

It was I ween a comely sight,
To see sae trim a boy;
He was my joy and heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh, sic twa charming een he had,
A breath as sweet's a rose;
He never wore a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes:
He gain'd the love o' ladies gay,
Nane e'er to him was coy:
Ah, wae is me! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in ae town thegither;
We scant were seven years before
We 'gan to love each other.
Our daddies and our mammies, they
Were fill'd with meikle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luvie of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of Holland fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought;
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I received with joy:
Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime
Till we were baith sixteen;
And aft we pass'd the langsome time
Among the leaves sae green.
Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
And sweetly kiss and toy;
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh, that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life!
But, ah, his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife,
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars my heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he took,
The tears they wat mine e'e;
I gave him a love-parting look,
My benison gang wi' thee!

God speed thee weel, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in ilka toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of mony a Lawland loun:
Nane e'er durst meet him hand to hand,
He was sae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was ta'en,
My handsome Gilderoy!

The Queen of Scots possessit noch
That my luvie let me want;
For oow an' ewe he to me brocht,
And e'en when they were scant:
All those did honestly possess,
He never did annoy,
Who never fail'd to pay their coss
To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws
To hang a man for gear!
To reave of life for ox or aae,
For sheep, or horse, or mear!
Had not the laws been made so strict,
I ne'er had lost my joy;
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
He micht have banish'd been;
Ah, what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sic handsome men!
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy!
Nae lady had sae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy!

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,
They bound him meikle strong;
Tall Edinburgh they led him there,
And on a gallows hung.
They hung him high abune the rest,
He was sae trim a boy;
There died the youth whom I loo'd best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away;
Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
I wash'd his comely clay;

And sicker in a grave sae deep
I laid the dear-loo'd boy;
And now for ever mair I weep,
My winsome Gilderoy.

At setting day.

[FROM RANNEY'S "Gentle Shepherd."—Tune,
"The Bush aboon Traquair."]

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst ensfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood, shaw, or fountain;
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unsign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

The heath this night.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT.—From "The Lady of the Lake."]

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warbler's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary?
And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
How blythely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

The Blythesome Lad.

[ALEX. LAING, of Brechin.]

THE blythesome lad o' bonnie Dundee,
Sae young an' fair, sae frank an' free,
Wi' heart sae leal, an' love sae true,
O weel he kens the way to woo;
At kirk an' fair he meets wi' me,
An' aye he's kind as kind can be,
For love is come o' gentle kin,
An' is to keep as weel's to win.

I'm blythe an' happy as aye can be,
The sun wad seem to shine for me—
There's nae may guess, an' nae shall ken,
The blissful hours we spent yestreen.
Though lads should come in scores to woo,
Though monarchs at my feet should bow,
I'll keep my heart an' fancy free,
For the blythesome lad o' bonnie Dundee.

Mary Gray.

[TUNE, "Sally Roy."—This is a hitherto unpublished song by WILLIAM GLEN, the author of
"A wee bird cam' to our ha' door," &c. (see p. 80.)]

ONCE William swore the sacred oath,
That I my love had never weary;
And I gave him my virgin troth,
But now he's turn'd awa' frae Mary.

I thought his heart was link'd to mine,
So firm that it could never stray;
Yet, William, may that peace be thine,
Which thou hast ta'en frae Mary Gray.

I once was happy in his love,
No gloomy prospect made me dreary;
I thought that he would never rove,
But aye be faithfu' to his Mary.
Bright on me shone sweet pleasure's sun,
I sported in its gladdening ray;
But now the evening shades are come,
And soon will close round Mary Gray.

Yet, William, may no gloomy thought
Of my love ever make thee dreary;
I've suffer'd much—'twas dearly bought,—
Peace now has fled frae wretched Mary.—
And when some maid, more loved than me,
Thou lead'st to church on bridal day,
Perhaps the lowly grave you'll see,
Of poor neglected Mary Gray.

The deuks dang o'er.

[The first two stanzas of this song were manufactured by BURNS from an old but somewhat boontious ditty called "The deuks dang o'er my daddie." The two concluding verses are by Dr. GRAHAM of Glasgow. The tune is old, and can be traced at least as far back as Playford's "Dancing Master," 1637.]

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O;
Quo' our gudewife, "Let him lie there,
For he's just a piddling body, O;
He paddles out, and he paddles in,
He paddles late and early, O;
This thirty years I ha'e been his wife,
And comfort comes but sparely, O."

"Now hand your tongue," quo' our gudeman,
"And dinna be sae saucy, O,
I've seen the day, and so ha'e ye,
I was baith young and gaucy, O.
I've seen the day you butter'd my brose,
And cuttered me late and early, O;
But auld age is on me now,
And woe but I fin't richt sairly, O."

"I carena though ye were i' the mools,
Or dookit in a boggle, O;
I kenna the use o' the crazy auld fool,
But just to toom the coggie, O.
Gin the win' were out o' your wha'ling hauze,
I'd marry again and be voggie, O;
Some bonnie young lad would be my lot,
Some rosy cheeked roggie, O."

Quo' our gudeman, "Gi'e me that rung
That's hingin' in the ingle, O;
I'se gar ye hand that sorrowfu' tongue,
Or else your lugs will tingle, O.
Gang to your bed this blessed night,
Or I'll be your undoing, O;"
The cannie auld wife crap out o' sight,—
What think ye o' sic wooing, O?

Mary Shaw.

[PETER M'ARTHUR.—Here first printed.]

WHEN Mary Shaw cam' to our valley,
Sweet and gentle was her form—
A lily blossom drooping palely
'Neath the frown of early storm.

Sad was her smile, but words o' pleasure
Ever left her guileless tongue;
We wonder'd aft that heaven's treasure
Fill'd the heart o' ane sae young.

She wander'd where the violet's blossom
Spent its fragrance in the shade,
Aft she bid it on her bosom
Softly rest its purpled head.

But aye it droop'd in pining sorrow,
And seem'd as if it whispering said,
Dear sister, ere the winter's morrow,
Cold will be our narrow bed.

And when the year was sadly waning,
Ere the rough winds 'gan to rave,
Young Mary faded, uncomplaining,
Wasted to an early grave.

Now o'er her bed the autumn morrow
Strews the wither'd flower and leaf,
And the wind wakes its sighs of sorrow,
In concert with our tears of grief.

The Highland Seer.

[PETER M'ARTHUR.—Here printed for the first time.]

Ys dark rolling clouds, round the brow of Ben Borrow,
 O weep your dark tears to the green vales below;
 Ye winds of the hill, wake your wailings of sorrow,
 No beams of the morning can gladness bestow!
 Arise, ye grey mists, from the loud falling Corrie,
 And shroud from our children the sad sight of wail;
 The warriors that left them high bounding for glory
 Shall never return to the land of the Gael.

Our maidens have twined the wild mountain flowers,
 To crown their young lovers they wait their return;
 Alas, for their fondness! they know not of hours
 When tidings of sorrow shall bid them to mourn.
 I heard the dread howl of the wolf from the mountain,
 I saw the dark death-bird flit over the plain,
 I saw a red stream, and a blood-curdled fountain,
 And the war-horse dash over the breasts of the slain.

The Saxon has swept o'er the plains of Culloden,
 Our heroes have fallen, or wander'd afar
 'Mong dark mountain caves, where the blue mist is shrouding—
 No minstrel awaits their returning from war.
 By yon gloomy pine, on the grey brow of Morra,
 A young prince is wand'ring dejected and lone,
 From his deep-troubled breast come the sad sighs of sorrow
 For chieftains departed, and young virgins gone.

He turns his sad eyes to the land of his fathers,
 Where the banners of welcome once waved on her towers;
 Those honours departed are given to others,
 The tears of regret wander down for those hours.
 I see a white sail through the dim mist of ocean,
 It comes like the beam on the dawning of day;
 Albyn—awake thee to mournful devotion,
 It bears him an exile for ever away.

St. Mungo's Kirk-yard.

[JAMES LEMON.—Here first printed.—The author of this piece (a letter-carrier to the Glasgow Post Office) published in 1840 a small collection of "Original Poems and Songs."]

WHEN the shadows o' midnight fa' dark frae yon fane,
 O'er the graves o' the dead a' sae silent an' lane;
 An' the yellow sere'd leaf wavers in the chill breeze,
 Singin' sadly the dirge o' the dead through the trees:
 O! then, when the moon lightly skims the night blue,
 An' flings o'er a' nature a pale ghastly hue,
 I wander a' lanely, or lean on the sward,
 Makin' main wi' the owl in St. Mungo's Kirk-yard.

Ah! the sad hollow echoes soonin' doon the auld pile,
 Like the voice o' the dead risin' frae the dark aiale,
 To me is mair dear than the mirth-making croud,
 For a' my joy it is wrapt in my Peggy's death-shroud,—
 In my Peggy's death-shroud wi' my wee bairnies three,
 An' there's nought worth the living for, if I could dee;
 But though grey wi' grief I maun dree out my weird,
 Till laid 'mang them a' in St. Mungo's Kirk-yard.

Ye've seen in the lane wild a bonnie wee flower,
 Unconscious o' beauty, the pride o' its bower;
 Sae my Peggy was fair, unassumin', an' meek,
 The gowan's pure red an' white met in her cheek,
 Till death cross'd our hallin an' took our first wean,
 An' broke her sad heart aye sae dotin' an' fain;
 For O! frae the day he was laid in the yird,
 Her bloom it gaed wi' him to St. Mungo's Kirk-yard.

But had the fell spoiler but just stoppit here,
 The floweret, that was noo sae pallid an' sere,
 Wi' a mair sunny season micht bloom'd ance again,
 But affliction, alas! seldom cometh alane;
 For the death rap it knock'd mair than ance at our door,
 An' bairn followed bairn to the dark mystic shore;
 An' Peggy's fond bosom was sae sadly sere'd,
 She followed them soon to St. Mungo's Kirk-yard.

In the dream o' the nicht an' the vision o' day,
 I see her in a' her fond innocence gay,
 Wi' her wee totums fondlin' and makin' sic glee,
 An' O! it's a sweet glimpse o' heaven to me.
 But I wake frae my dream to new sorrows again,
 An' my vision it leaves me like a'ne that's insane,
 For their green grassy graves by the wee cairn I rear'd
 Rushes sad on my sight in St. Mungo's Kirk-yard.

O! the warl' to me is a bleak, dreary waste,
 Without a green spot where a fond hope micht rest;
 An' I stan' 'mid the gloom like a shelterless tree,
 Sair soothed wi' the blast reft my blossoms frae me.
 The rose in its beauty wakes sympathies fain,
 An' the minstrel can soothe wi' his heart-meltin' strain;
 But my peace, like a wee bird, awa' it is scar'd,
 And I look for it here in St. Mungo's Kirk yard.

But hush! my dear Peggy, why should I repine?
 For this pale wasted clay it will soon mix wi' thine—
 It will soon mix wi' thine an' my wee bairnies three,
 For where the heart lingers the body will be.
 An' yet in thy bosom I'll find my lost peace,
 Where the weary frae a' their sad murmurin's cease,
 An' though in the warl' our lot has been hard,
 We'll rise yet wi' joy frae St. Mungo's Kirk-yard.

O, Kenmure's on and awa'.

[PART of this song is old, and part by BURNS, as it went through his hands for Johnson's Museum. In Oromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, some other verses are given as belonging to the old song, but they are interpolations by Allan Cunningham. William Gordon, viscount Kenmure, when the rebellion broke out in the year 1715, left Kenmure, in Galloway, with about 300 horsemen, and joined the Chevalier's forces at Preston in Lancashire. Here he was attacked by General Carpenter and taken prisoner, along with many of his unfortunate followers, to London. The prisoners with their arms pinioned were led on horseback through the principal streets of the metropolis, and were obliged to submit to the hootings and indignities of a London mob. Kenmure was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 24th February, 1716. His fate was much lamented.]

O, KENMURE's on and awa', Willie,
O, Kenmure's on and awa';
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
Success to Kenmure's band!
There's na a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
Here's Kenmure's health in wine!
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O, Kenmure's lads are men!
Their hearts and swords are metal true;
And that their foes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But sune wi' sound and victorie
May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here's him that's far awa', Willie,
Here's him that's far awa';
And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

Donald Macgillivray.

[THIS is given by HOOD, in his "Jacobite Relics," as "a capital old song, and very popular." In a rather caustic criticism of that work, the Edinburgh Review quotes "Donald Macgillivray" as one of the best Jacobite relics in the collection. The Shepherd afterwards avowed it to be a production of his own, and rejoiced in the thought that he had exposed the reviewer's ignorance, without taking into calculation that he had also at the same time exposed his own literary dishonesty.]

DONALD's gane up the hill hard and hungry,
Donald's come down the hill wild and angry;
Donald will clear the gowk's nest cleverly—
Here's to the king and Donald Macgillivray!
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillivray,
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillivray;
Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly—
Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillivray.

Donald's ran ower the hill, but his tether, man,
As he were wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, man;
When he comes back there's some will look merrily—

Here's to king James and Donald Macgillivray!
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillivray,
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillivray;
Pack on your back, and elwand see cleverly,
Gi'e them full measure, my Donald Macgillivray.

Donald has foughten wi' reif and roguery,
Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary;
Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery
Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillivray
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillivray,
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillivray;
Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly—
Here's to king James and Donald Macgillivray!

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness,
Whiggings and priggings, and a' newfangledness;
They maun be gane, he winna be baukit, man;
He maun ha'e justice, or faith he will tak' it, man.

Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillivray,
Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillivray;
Beat them, and bore them, and lingie them cleverly—

Up wi' king James and Donald Macgillivray!

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery,
Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property;
Aries were high, but makings were naething,
man—

Lord, how Donald is syting and fretting, man;
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry;
Skalp them and scand them that proved see un-
britherly—
Up wi' king James and Donald Macgillavry!

Go to him, then.

[ROBERT JAMIESON.]

Go to him, then, if thou canst go;
Waste not a thought on me;
My heart and mind are a' my store;—
They ance were dear to thee.
But there is music in his gold,
(I ne'er saw sweet could sing,)
That finds a chord in every breast,
In unison to ring.

The modest virtues dread the spell;
The honest loves retire;
The finer sympathies of soul
Far other charms require.
The breathings of my plaintive reed
Sink dying in despair;
The still small voice of gratitude,
Even that is heard nae mair.

But, if thy heart can suffer thee,
The powerful cause obey;
And mount the splendid bed that wealth
And pride for thee display.
There gaily bid farewell to a'
Love's trembling hopes and fears;
While I my lonely pillow, here,
Wash with unceasing tears.

Yet, in the fremmit arms of him,
That half thy worth ne'er knew,
O think na on my lang-tried love,
How tender and how true!
For sure 'twould break thy tender heart,
My breaking heart to see,
Wi' a' the wrangs and woes it tholed,
And yet maun thole for thee.

The Harper of Mull.

[TANNAHILL.—Music arranged by R. A. Smith.
—The story of the Harper of Mull is to be found in "The Bee," a periodical edited by Dr. Anderson, and published in Edinburgh towards the close of the last century. It is thus abridged in Mr. P. A. Ramsay's edition of Tannahill's Poems.
"In the island of Mull there lived a harper who was distinguished for his professional skill, and the affectionate simplicity of his manners. He was attached to Rosie, the fairest flower in the island, and soon made her his bride. Not long afterwards, he set out on a visit to some low-country friends, accompanied by his Rosie, and carrying his harp, which had been his companion in all his journeys for many years. Overtaken by the shades of night, in a solitary part of the country, a cold faintness fell upon Rosie, and she sank, almost lifeless, into the harper's arms. He hastily wrapped his plaid around her shivering frame; but to no purpose. Distracted, he hurried from place to place in search of fuel to revive the dying embers of life. None could be found. His harp lay on the grass, its neglected strings vibrating to the blast. The harper loved it as his own life, but he loved his Rosie better than either. His nervous arms were applied to its sides, and ere long it lay crackling and blazing on the heath. Rosie soon revived under its genial influence, and resumed the journey when morning began to purple the east. Passing down the side of a hill, they were met by a hunter, on horseback, who addressed Rosie in the style of an old and familiar friend. The harper, innocent himself, and unsuspecting of others, paced slowly along leaving her in converse with the stranger. Wondering at her delay, he turned round, and beheld the faithless fair seated behind the hunter on his steed, which speedily bore them out of sight. The unhappy harper, transfixed with astonishment, gazed at them. Then, slowly turning his steps homewards, he sighing exclaimed,—*'Fool that I was, to turn my harp for her!'*"—It is said that Tannahill first heard this story told at a convivial meeting, as an instance of the infidelity of the fair sex, whose fidelity he had been strenuously defending, notwithstanding that he himself was disappointed in the only love affair in which he was ever seriously engaged. The impression which the narrative made upon his mind led him to the composition of the song.]

WHEN Rosie was faithful, how happy was I !
Still gladsome as summer the time glided by ;
I play'd my harp cheery, while fondly I sang
Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights
lang :

But now I'm as wae fu' as wae fu' can be,
Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,
For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my
sae soul,
That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane ;
My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,
While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.
Though Rosie is faithless, she's no the less fair,
And the thoughts of her beauty but feeds my
despair ;

With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream ;
I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest,
As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my
breast :

Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er,
Thou wak'dst me to tortures unequal'd before ;
But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall
lull,

And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

Here's to the king, sir.

[JACOBITE song.—Tune, "Hey, tuttle taitie."
—The allusion in the last verse but one to the
king of Sweden proves the song to belong to
about the beginning of the last century, when
Charles XII. of Sweden was expected to espouse
the cause of the Stuarts.]

HERR'S to the king, sir !
Ye ken wha I mean, sir ;
And to every honest man,
That will do't again.

Fill, fill your bumpers high ;
Drain drain your glasses dry ;
Out upon him, fy ! oh fy !
That winna do't again.

Here's to the chieftains
Of the gallant Highland clans !
They ha'e done it mair nor ance,
And will do't again.
Fill, fill, &c.

When you hear the trumpet sound,
Tuttle taitie, to the drums ;
Up wi' swords and down your guns,
An' to the loons again.
Fill, fill, &c.

Here's to the king o' Swede !
Fresh laurels crown his head !
Shame fa' every sneaking blade,
That winna do't again !
Fill, fill, &c.

But to mak' a things right, now,
He that drinks mair fight, too,
To show his heart's upright, too,
And that he'll do't again !
Fill, fill, &c.

Landlady count the lawin.

[TUNE, "Hey, tuttle, taitie."—Altered by Burns
from an old ditty. The last verse of this song
formed originally the first verse of the previous
song.]

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
The day is near the dawin ;
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.
Hey tuttle, taitie,
How tuttle, taitie—
Wha's fou now ?

Cog an' ye were aye fou,
Cog an' ye were aye fou,
I wad sit and sing to you,
If ye were aye fou.

Weel may ye a' be !
Ill may we never see !
God bless the king, boys,
And the companie !
Hey tuttle, taitie,
How tuttle, taitie—
Wha's fou now ?

The Robin's Testament.

[From Herd's Collection, 1776. "Gude day to you, Robin," says Mr. Robert Chambers, "is a song which I have heard sung by old women and nurses in my own young days. It may be localized, from the various allusions, as belonging to Clydesdale; and I should suppose it to have been written some time after 1622, probably not long, as the old bridge of Tay at Perth, built by Robert Bruce, gave way that year, and was not again built till 1772. The mending or re-erection of the bridge of Tay was a matter of agitation during the reign of Charles I.; and that sovereign, when in Scotland in 1641, subscribed an hundred pounds for the purpose. May not the song have been written at that precise era?"]

Gude day now, bonnie Robin,
How lang ha'e ye been here?
I've been a bird about this bush
This mair than twenty year.

But now I am the sickest bird
That ever sat on brier;
And I wad mak' my testament,
Gudeman, if ye wad hear.

Gar tak' this bonnie neb o' mine,
That picks upon the corn;
And gi'e't to the duke o' Hamilton,
To be a hunting-horn.

Gar tak' thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my neb;
And gi'e't to the lady Hamilton,
To fill a feather bed

Gar tak' this gude richt leg o' mine,
And mend the brig o' Tay;
It will be a post and pillar gude,
It will neither bow nor gae.

And tak' this other leg of mine,
And mend the brig o' Weir;
It will be a post and pillar gude,
It will neither bow nor steer.

Gar tak' thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my tail;
And gi'e't to the lads o' Hamilton
To be a barn-dail.

And tak' thae bonnie feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my breast;
And gi'e't them to the bonnie lad,
Will bring to me a priest.

Now in there cam' my lady wren,
Wi' mony a sigh and groan,
O what care I for a' the lads,
If my ain lad be gone!

Then Robin turn'd him round about,
E'en like a little king;
Gae pack ye out at my chamber-door,
Ye little cutty-quean.

The Highland Baloo.

[This is said to be a translation by Burns of a Gaelic nursery song which a Highland lady sung and interpreted to him. It appears to belong to the period when boldness and dexterity in cattle-lifting were accounted virtues.]

Hae, baloo, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Thou'lt be a chief o' a' thy clan,
If thou art spared to be a man.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
An' thou live thou'lt lift a naigie,
Travel the country through and through,
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the Lawlands, near the Border,
Weel, my bairn, may thou furdur;
Herry the loons o' the laigh countrie,
Synne to the Highlands hame to me.

My Wife shall ha'e her will.

[From "The North Countrie Garland," a small collection printed at Edinburgh in 1824, for private distribution.]

If my dear wife should chance to gang,
Wi' me, to Edinburgh town,
Into a shop I will her tak',
And buy her a new gown.

But if my dear wife should hain the charge,
As I expect she will,
And if she says, The auld will do,
By my word she shall ha'e her will.

If my dear wife should wish to gang,
To see a neebor or friend,
A horse or a chair I will provide,
And a servant to attend.
But if my dear wife shall hain the charge,
As I expect she will,
And if she says, I'll walk on foot,
By my word she shall ha'e her will.

If my dear wife shall bring me a son,
As I expect she will,
Cake and wine I will provide,
And a nurse to nurse the child.
But if my dear wife shall hain the charge,
As I expect she will,
And if she says, She'll nurse herseel',
By my word she shall ha'e her will.

Lord Gregory.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS for Thomson's collection.
Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcott) had previously written verses on the same subject for the same collection. Both songs are founded on the fine old ballad called "The Lass of Lochryan."]

Oh, mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempests roar;
A waeifu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonnie Irvine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang lang had denied?

How often didst thou pledge the vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itae! 'sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast!
Thou dart of heaven that flashes by,
Oh, wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see;
But spare and pardon my false love
His wrongs to heaven and me!

Open the door to me.

[WRITTEN or altered by BURNS for Thomson's collection.]

Oh, open the door, some pity shaw
Oh, open the door to me, oh!
Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, oh!

Could is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But cauldier thy love for me, oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!
My true love, she cried, and sunk down by his side,
Never to rise again, oh!

My auld Man.

[GIVEN by Ritson from a common collection the title of which, he says, he had forgot. Allan Cunningham probably took the hint of his song called "The Wanton Wife" (see page 93) from the present one.]

In the land of Fife there lived a wicked wife,
And in the town of Cupar then,
Who sorely did lament, and made her complaint,
Oh when will ye die, my auld man?

In cam' her cousin Kate, when it was growing
late,

She said, What's gude for an' auld man?
O wheit-bred and wine, and a kinnen new slain;
That's gude for an auld man.

Cam' ye in to jeer, or cam' ye in to scorn,
And what for cam' ye in?
For bear-bread and water, I'm sure, is much better—
It's ower gude for an auld man.

Now the auld man's deid, and, without remeid,
Into his cauld grave he's gane;
Lie still wi' my blessing! of thee I ha'e nae miss-
ing;
I'll ne'er mourn for an auld man.

Within a little mair than three quarters of a year,
She was married to a young man then,
Who drank at the wine, and tipped at the beer,
And spent mair gear than he wan.

O black grew her brows, and howe grew her een,
And could grow her pat and her pan:
And now she sighs, and aye she says,
I wish I had my silly auld man!

Go to Berwick, Johnnie.

[THE old tune of "Go to Berwick, Johnnie," is usually sung to a nursery doggerel, beginning,

Go, go, go,
Go to Berwick, Johnnie;
Thou shalt have the horse,
And I shall have the poney.

The following verses are from Johnson's Museum, and are said to have been partly written by JOHN HAMILTON, music-seller, Edinburgh.]

Go to Berwick, Johnnie;
Bring her frae the Border;
Yon sweet bonnie lassie,
Let her ga'e nae farther.
English loons will twine ye
O' the lovely treasure;
But we'll let them ken,
A sword wi' them we'll mensura.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie,
And regain your honour;
Drive them ower the Tweed,
And show our Scottish banner.
I am Rob the king,
And ye are Jock, my brither;
But, before we lose her,
We'll a' there thegither.

The Landart Laird.

[FROM Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs, 1806.]

THOMAS lives a landart laird in Fife,
And he has married a dandily wife;
She wadna shape, nor yet wad she sew,
But sit wi' her cummers, and fill hersel' fu'.

She wadna spin, nor yet wad she card;
But she wad sit and crack wi' the laird.
Sae he is down to the sheep-fauld,
And cleekit a wether by the spauld.

He's whirled aff the gude wether's skin,
And wrapped the dandily lady therein.
"I downa pay you, for your gentle kin;
But weel may I skelp my wether's skin.

Lassie, lie near me.

[OLD words to the tune of "Lassie, lie near me," with the exception of the substitution of "Lassie," for "Laddie."]

LANG ha'e we parted been,
Lassie, my dearie;
Now we are met again,
Lassie, lie near me.
Near me, near me,
Lassie, lie near me.
Lang hast thou lain thy lane;
Lassie, lie near me.

A' that I ha'e endured,
Lassie, my dearie,
Here in thy arms is cured,
Lassie, lie near me.

The Thistle of Scotland.

[THIS song, to the tune of "Black Joke," is given in Hogg's "Jacobite Relics," along with the following commentary:—"This is a modern song, and the only one that is in the volume, to my knowledge. It had no right to be here, for it is a national, not a Jacobite song; but I insert it out of a whim, to vary the theme a little. It is an excellent song, though professedly an imitation; and, when tolerably sung, never misses of having a good effect among a company of Scots people. It has been published as mine in several collections: I wish it were: but I am told that it was written by Mr. SUTHERLAND, land-surveyor, a gentleman of whom I know nothing, save that he is the author of some other popular songs."—We cannot say what reliance is to be placed on this statement of the shepherd's. But knowing his unfortunate disposition to cajollery in matters literary, we are quite prepared to believe, on very slender proof, that the Mr. Sutherland, the land-surveyor, the gentleman of whom he "knows nothing save that he is the author of some other popular songs," is a phantom of his own creating; and that the real author of the present song was the same who wrote "The Pilgrims of the Sun," "The Queen's Wake," and a variety of other Works.]

LET them boast of the country gave Patrick his fame,
Of the land of the ocean, and Anglian name,
With the red-blushing roses, and shamrock so green:
Far dearer to me are the hills of the North,
The land of blue mountains, the birth-place of worth;
Those mountains where freedom has fix'd her abode,
Those wide-spreading glens where no slave ever trode,
Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green.

Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,
And barren the mountains, and cover'd with snows,
Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green;
Yet, for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true,
And for courage so bold which no foe could subdue,
Unmatch'd is our country, unrivall'd our swains,
And lovely and true are the nymphs on our plains,
Where rises the thistle, the thistle so green.

Far-famed are our sires in the battles of yore,
And many the cairnies that rise on our shore,
O'er the foes of the land of the thistle so green;
And many a carnie shall rise on our strand,
Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land.
Let foe come on foe, as wave comes on wave,
We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a grave,
Beneath the red heather and thistle so green.

O, dear to our souls, as the blessings of heaven,
Is the freedom we boast, is the land that we live in,
The land of red heather and thistle so green:
For that land and that freedom our fathers have bled,
And we swear by the blood that our fathers have shed,
No foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their grave;
But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave,
The thistle of Scotland, the thistle so green.

Sweet Robin.

[FROM AN ANONYMOUS SHEET OF MUSIC.]

O WHERE are ye going, sweet Robin?
What makes you sae proud and sae shy?
I once saw the day, little Robin,
My friendship you would not deny.
But winter again is returning,
And weather both stormy and snell;
Gin ye will come back, little Robin,
I'll feed ye wi' moulins mysel'.

When summer comes in, little Robin
Forgets all his friends and his care;
Away to the fields flies sweet Robin,
To wander the groves here and there.
Though you be my debtor, sweet Robin,
On you I will never lay blame;
For I've had as dear friends as Robin,
Who often have served me the same.

I once had a lover like Robin,
Who long for my love did implore;
At last he took flight, just like Robin,
And him I ne'er saw any more.
But should the stern blast of misfortune
Return him, as winter does thee,
Though alighted by both, little Robin,
Yet both of your faults I'll forgie.

The Big-bellied Bottle.

[THIS appears in the first Edinburgh edition of Burns's Poems, 1787. It is adapted to the old tune called "The Lasy Mist."]

No churchman am I, for to rill and to write;
No statesman or soldier, to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business, contriving a snare;
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy—I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are
here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum-per-centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you "the Crown," how it waves in the air!
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the purty old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle, that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts," a maxim laid
down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the
black gown?
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair,
For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of care.

[Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.]

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care.

My Gudeman.

[ALEX. RODGER.—Air, "Loch-Erroch Side."
—The first four lines form the chorus of a very
old song.]

My gudeman says aye to me,
Says aye to me, says aye to me;
My gudeman says aye to me,
Come cuddle in my boole!
Though wearin' auld, he's blyther still
Than mony a swankie youthfu' chiel,
And a' his aim's to see me weel,
And keep me snug and cozie.

For though my cheeks, where roses grew,
Ha'e tint their lively glowing hue,
My Johnnie's just as kind and true
As if I still were rosy.
Our weel-won gear he never drank,
He never lived aboon his rank,
Yet wi' a neebour blythe and frank,
He could be as jocos aye.

We ha'e a hame, gude halesome cheer,
Contentment, peace, a conscience clear,
And rosy bairns to us mair dear
Than treasures o' Potod:
Their minds are formed in virtue's school,
Their fau'ts are check'd wi' temper cool,
For my gudeman mak's this his rule,
To keep frae hasty blows aye.

It ne'er was ailler gart us wed,
Youth, health, and love, were a' we had,
Possess'd o' these, we toll'd fu' glad,
To shun want's bitter throes aye;
We've had our cares, we've had our toils,
We've had our bits o' troubles whilles,
Yet, what o' that? my Johnnie's smiles
Shed joy o'er a' our woes aye.

Wi' mutual aid we've trudged through life,
A kind gudeman, a cheerfu' wife;
And on we'll jog, unvexed by strife,
Towards our journey's close, aye!
And when we're stretch'd upon our bier,
Oh may our souls, see faithfu' here,
Together spring to yonder sphere,
Where love's pure river flows aye.

The Black-e'd Lassie.

[CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY, R. M.—Air, "My only jo and dearie, O."]

Wi' heart sincere, I love thee, Bell—
But dinna ye be saucy, O,
Or a' my love I winna tell
To thee, my black-e'd lassie, O:
It's no thy cheek o' rosy hue,
It's no thy little cherry mou',
It's a' because thy heart's aye true,
My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!

It's no the witch-glance o' thy e'e,
Though few for that surpass ye, O,
That mak's ye aye aye dear to me,
My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!
It's no the whiteness o' thy skin,
It's no love's dimple on thy chin;—
It's a' thy modest worth within,
My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!

Ye smile aye sweet, ye look aye kind,
That a' wish to caress ye, O;
But O! how I admire thy mind,
My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!
I've seen thy sen, like crystal clear,
Shine dimly through saft pity's tear—
These are the charms that mak' thee dear,
To me, my black-e'd lassie, O!

Bonnie Dundee.

[THE tune called "Bonnie Dundee" is of undoubted antiquity, as it is to be found in the Skene MS. collection of music in the library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, a collection made in the reign of James VI., most of it between the years 1615 and 1620, and some of it earlier. It is there entitled "Adew, Dundee," and the ancient version of the tune is pronounced by Mr. Dauney (the editor of the Skene MS.) to be superior to the modern. The old words are lost. The following was the opening of an old song to the tune, but not, it is supposed, the original song, which must have been one of pathos and sentiment:

O, where did ye get that hauber-meal bannock?—
O, silly blind body, O, dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a briak young sodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.

To these four lines Burns added twelve, for Johnson's Museum. In the following version of the song, Burns's twelve lines are retained, viz. the second four and the last eight. We cannot say who wrote the intermediate eight lines. The tune of "Bonnie Dundee" was adopted by Gay for one of his songs in "The Beggar's Opera," beginning "The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met." It is also familiar to modern ears as being the air of Macneill's popular song, "Saw ye my wee thing?"

O WHERE gat ye that bonnie blue bonnet?
O what makes them aye put the question to me?
I gat it frae a bonnie Scots callan,
Atween St. Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
O gin I saw the laddie that ga'e me't!
Aft has he doud'd me upon his knee;
May heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his baby and me.

My heart has nae room when I think on my laddie,
His dear rosy haffets bring tears to my e'e—
But, O! he's awa', and I dinna ken whar he's—
Gin we could ance meet we'll ne'er part till we die.

O light be the breezes around him saft blawin'!
And o'er him sweet simmer still blink bonnie,
And the rich dews o' plenty, around him wide
fa'in,
Prevent a' his fears for my baby and me!

My blessings upon that sweet wee lippie!
My blessings upon that bonnie ee-brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me.
But I'll big a bower on yon green bank sae bonnie,
That's laird by the waters o' Tay wimplin' clear,
And cled thee in tartans, my wee smiling
Johnnie,
And make thee a man like thy daddie dear.

Auld Uncle Watty.

[ARCHIBALD M'KAY of Kilmarnock.—Tune,
"Bonnie Dundee."]

O! WHEE I ha'e mind o' my auld uncle Watty,
When but a bit callan I stood by his knee,
Or clamb the big chair, where at e'enin' he sat aye;
He made us fu' blythe wi' his fun and his glee:
For O! he was knackie, and couthie, and crackie,
Baith humour and lair in his noddle had he—
The youths o' the clachan he'd keep a' a-laughin',
Wi' his queer observations and stories sae slee.

The last Hogmanay that we met in his cottle,
To talk owre the past, and the nappy to pree,
Some auld-farran' sange, that were touchin' and
witty,

He sung, till the bairnies were dancin' wi' glee;
And syne in the dance, like a youngster o' twenty,
He lap and he sang wi' auld Nannie Macfee—
In a' the blythe meeting nae ane was sae catty,
Sae jokin', sae gabby, sae furthy, and free.

And O! had ye seen him that e'enin' when Rory
Was kippled to Maggie o' Riccarton Mill,
Wi' jokes rare and witty he kept up the glory,
Till morning's faint glimmer was seen on the
hill.

O! he was a body, when warm'd wi' the toddy,
Whase wit to ilk bosom enchantment could gie,
For funnin' and daffin', and punnin' and laughin',
Throughout the hale parish nae equal had he.

But worn out at last wi' life's cares and its labours,
He bade an adieu to his frien's a' sae dear,
And sunk in death's sleep, sair bewail'd by his
neebors,
Wha yet speak his praise, and his mem'ry
revere.

Whar slumbers the dust o' my auld auntie Matty,
We dug him a grave wi' the tear in our e'e;
And there laid the banes o' my auld uncle Watty,
To moulder in peace by the big aiken-tree.

Daft Days.

[HUGH AINSLIE.]

"The midnight hour is clinking, lads,
An' the douce an' the decent are winking, lads,
Sae I tell you again,
Be't weel or ill ta'en,
It's time ye were quitting your drinking, lads."

"Gae ben an' mind your gantry, Kate,
Gi'e's mair o' your beer and less bantry, Kate;
For we vow whar we sit,
That afore we shall fit,
We'll be better aequant wi' your pantry, Kate."

"The daft days are but beginning, Kate,
An' we've sworn (wad ye ha'e us be sinnin', Kate?)
By our fith an' our houp,
We shall stick by the stoup
As lang as a barrel keeps rinnin', Kate."

"Thro' spring an' thro' simmer we mool it, Kate,
Through hay an' through harvest we toll it, Kate;
Sae ye ken, when the wheel
Is beginnin' to squeal,
It's time for to grease or to oil it, Kate."

"Then score us another drappy, Kate,
An' gi'e us a cake to our cappy, Kate;
For, by spigot an' pin,
It were mair than a sin
To fit when we're sitting sae happy, Kate."

One star of the morning.

[ROBERT GILFILLAN.—Tune, "One bumper at Parting."]

One star of the morning still lingers
Amid the deep blue of the sky,
O! it waits for the sun and my Mary
To light up the green earth with joy.
Then haste, love, the fair lily's weeping,
The young rose is drooping in dew;
The lark, in its sweet dream, is sleeping,
'Till wakened by nature and you!

There's joy when the soft morning blushes,
And sunbeams on bright streamlets play,
When the deep glen and dark misty mountain
Rejoice at the coming of day:
But not the gay gladness of nature,
When summer and morning are young,
Can equal that rapture of bosom,
When you are the theme of my song.

Yon bright star of morn is departing
To skies of a lovelier hue,
To sparkle on lands that are fairer,
But on maid never fairer than you!
The golden sun now walks in glory,
And gladdens with smiles flower and tree;
Like you who, in joy or in sorrow,
Still gladdens this bleak world to me!

Bonnie Jean mak's muckle.

[DAVID VEDDER.—This song was written for an ancient Scottish air to be found in the Skene collection of tunes, and entitled "Bonnie Jean mak's meikle of me."]

My Lorde Kilspindie's crappe is in,
See hall may skyte, an' rain may pour;
The norlan' blaste frae yont the binne
May skelpe an' dadde fu' snelle an' dour:
I've nought till doe but tende my flour,
As lang as heaven sall health bestow mee;
My life's ane rosie sun-licht hour,
For bonnie Jean mak's muckle o' mee.

Thy bewtie is baith riche an' rare,—
Thy cheeke's the rose, thy teethe's the pearlie;
Love sportes amang thy coal-black hair,
An' in thine eyne, my winesome girdle!
Her voice is musick frae the merle,
Or mavis in the glen below me;—
I'm happier than Kilspindie's Earle,
When bonnie Jean mak's muckle o' mee.

Mess Jhone, our sanctimonious frier,
Screedes frae the altar lika Lente,
That lacks a' were placed here
To practise pennaunce, an' repente;—
But frae sic doctrines I dissent,
An' spurn his cauldride dogmas fro' mee;
This warl's a' wi' flouris besprente,
For bonnie Jean mak's muckle o' mee.

I bous'd an' birl't at the yill,
At bikkeris aye I bure the groe;
The roarin' channel-stane stude still
Upo' the yoe withoutten mee:
But now adieu to flouris-bree,
Whilke frae my balance aft did throw mee,
For I've forsworn it a', ye see,
Since bonnie Jean made muckle o' mee.

Married the Morn.

[EDWARD POLIN.—Here first printed.—Air,
"Woo'd an' married an' a'."]

O Freedom, you're muckle deservin'
A' the sangs that are sung in your praiser,
An' me ye've been servin' an' servin'
A' the blythest an' best o' my days;
But we ne'er prise our pleasures eneuch
Till we see that frae us they'll be torn,
See I'm singing o' freedom the nicht,
For I'm to be married the morn.
Married at last the morn—
Buckled sae fast the morn;
See I'm singing o' freedom the nicht,
For I'm to be married the morn.

But I trow ye I wadna be buckled
Gin I saw it could otherwise be,
For I ken that whan twa folk are coupled
Nor ane nor the ither is free;

But that dell o' a lassie has wiled me—
 She's witched me as sure as I'm born,
 Wi' the glamour o' love she's beguiled me,
 Sae I'm to be married the morn.
 Married at last the morn—
 Buckled sae fast the morn;
 Wi' the glamour o' love she's beguiled me,
 Sae I'm to be married the morn.

Already the lassie can guide me
 To gae or to come at her ca',
 Then what may I guess to betide me
 When she rules wi' baith love an' the law;
 But gudeake! it canna be helpit,
 To mak' her my ain I ha'e sworn—
 At the kirk a' the parish was tellt it,
 Sae I'm to be married the morn.
 Married at last the morn—
 Buckled sae fast the morn;
 At the kirk a' the parish was tellt it,
 Sae I'm to be married the morn.

An' noo sin' it canna be better
 We'll e'en mak' the best o't we can,
 An' sin' for a wife I maun get her,
 She just maun get me for a man;
 We dinna ken what was intended—
 We maybe for this o't were born;
 An' noo, folk, my sang maun be ended,
 For I'm to be married the morn.
 Married at last the morn—
 Buckled sae fast the morn;
 An' noo, folk, my sang maun be ended,
 For I'm to be married the morn.

Jeannie's Bosom.

[This is a brief but emphatic burst of enthusiasm from Burns regarding his "bonnie Jean." It appears in the Museum to an old air communicated by the poet.]

Louis, what reek I by thee,
 Or Geordie on his ocean?—
 D'yvour, beggar loons to me—
 I reign in Jeannie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
 An' in her breast enthroned me:
 Kling and nations—ewith, awa'!
 Beif randies, I disown ye!

Young Jamie.

[Burns.—Tune, "The carlin o' the glen."]

Yours Jamie, pride o' a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain;
 Through a' our lasses he did rove,
 And reign'd restless king of love:
 But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays among the woods and briars;
 Or in the glens and rocky caves,
 His sad complaining dowie raves.

I wha sae late did range and rove,
 And chang'd with every moon my love,
 I little thought the time was near
 Repentance I should buy sae dear:
 The alighted maids my torments see,
 And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
 While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
 Forbids me e'er to see her hair!

As I cam' down.

[Burns says that this song was very popular in Ayrshire. He sent a copy of the words and music to Johnson for insertion in his Museum.]

As I cam' down by yon castle wa',
 And in by yon garden green,
 O there I spied a bonnie, bonnie lass,—
 But the flower borders were us between.

A bonnie, bonnie lassie she was,
 As ever mine eyes did see:
 O five hundred pounds would I give,
 For to have such a pretty bride as thee.

To have such a pretty bride as me,
 Young man, ye are surely mista'en;
 Though ye were king o' fair Scotland,
 I wad disdain to be your queen.

Talk not so very high, bonnie lass,
 O talk not so very, very high:
 The man at the fair that wad sell,
 He maun learn at the man that wad buy.

I trust to climb a far higher tree,
 And harry a far richer nest:
 Tak' this advice o' me, bonnie lass,
 Humility wad set thee best.

20

⑨, wha's that.

[WRITTEN by RAMSAY, who calls it in his Tea Table Miscellany "The Auld Man's best argument." It is sung to the tune of "Widow, are ye wakin'?" the beginning of an old licentious song.]

O wha's that at my chamber-door?
 "Fair widow, are ye wakin'?"
 Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
 Your love lyes a' in tawking.
 Gi'e me the lad that's young and tight,
 Sweet like an April meadow;
 'Tis sic as he can bless the sight,
 And bosom of a widow.

"O widow, wilt thou let me in.
 I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,
 And come of a right gentle kin;
 I'm little more than fifty."
 Daft carle, dit your mouth,
 What signifies how pawky,
 Or gentle born ye be,—bot youth,
 In love ye're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
 That powerfully plead clinkan,
 And if they fail my mouth I'll steak,
 And nae mair love will think on."
 These court indeed, I maun confess,
 I think they make you young, sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection, than your tongue, sir.

The Farewell.

[ADDRESSED by TANNAHILL to a fair one who had forsaken him.—Air, "Lord Gregory."]

Accuse me not, inconstant fair,
 Of being false to thee,
 For I was true, would still been so,
 Had'st thou been true to me:
 But when I knew thy plighted lips
 Once to a rival's preet,
 Love-smother'd independence rose,
 And spurn'd thee from my breast.

The fairest flow'r in nature's field
 Conceals the rankling thorn;
 So thou, sweet flow'r! as false as fair,
 This once kind heart hast torn:
 'Twas mine to prove the fullest pang
 That alighted love can feel;
 'Tis thine to weep that one rash act,
 Which bids this long farewell.

John, come kiss me now.

[THE tune called "John, come kiss me now," is of great antiquity, but the words to which it was originally sung, with the exception of the chorus, seem to be lost. At the Reformation, an endeavour was made by the more zealous of the clergy to give a spiritual meaning to the songs in popular use, and thus to convert profane or licentious rhymes into holy hymns. Among the songs so metamorphosed was "John, come kiss me now;" and we quote a verse of it in its spiritualized garb, to show the daring and unscrupulous lengths which the early reformers could go in combining familiar images with sacred. The effect is startling.

John, cum kiss me now,
 John, cum kiss me now;
 John, cum kiss me by and by,
 And make no more ado.

The Lord thy God I am,
 That John dois thee call;
 John represents man
 By grace celestial, &c.

The following fragment appears in Herd's Collection, and seems to be all that remains of the original song.]

John, come kiss me now, now, now,
 O John come kiss me now,
 John come kiss me by and by,
 And make nae mair ado.

Some will court and compliment,
 And make a great ado,
 Some will make of their goodman,
 And sae will I of you.
 John, come kiss, &c.

The Highland Widow.

[THIS pathetic lamentation was written by Burns in imitation of some Gaelic chant he had heard with the burthen "Ochon, ochon, ochrie." It is inserted in the Museum to a Gaelic air also contributed by Burns. In the Jacobite Relics, Hogg gives it with three additional verses, probably from his own pen. Of these verses, we retain one, which forms the last, except the chorus, in the present song: the other two appear to us to injure the pathos of the piece, and we therefore leave them out.]

Oh, I'm come to the Low Countrie,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me!

For there I had a score o' kye,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And bringing milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest o' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine!
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie he cam' o'er at last,
Sae far, to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanting then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their wae fu' fate what need I tell!
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden-field.

Now I have naucht left me ava,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
But bonnie orphan lad-weans twa,
To seek their bread wi' me.

Ochon, ochon, oh, Donald, oh!
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in this world wide
Sae wretched now as me.

The Auld Gudeman.

[RAMSAY gives this in his Tea Table Miscellany as an old piece in his day. It is also found, words and music, in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1755. "The auld gudeman" means here the first husband.]

LATE in an evening forth I went,
A little before the sun gaed down,
And there I chanced, by accident,
To light on a battle new begun.
A man and his wife were faun in strife;
I canna weel tell how it began;
But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
And cried ever, Alake, my auld gudeman!

Hz.
The auld gudeman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a pair silly vagabond,
And lika ane leuch him to scorn;
For he did spend and mak' an end
Of gear that his forefathers wan;
He gart the puir skip frae the door:
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld gudeman.

SHZ.
My heart, alake, is like to break,
When I think on my winsome John;
His blinking een, and gait sae free,
Was naething like thee, thou dozent drone.
His rosy face and flaxen hair,
And skin as white as ony swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal;
And thou'lt never be like my auld gudeman.

Hz.
Why doest thou pleen? I thee maintain;
For meal and maut thou dinsa want;
But thy wild bees I canna please,
Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant
Of household stuff thou hast enough;
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan,
Of siclike ware he left thee bare:
Sae tell me nae mair of thy auld gudeman.

SHZ.

Yes, I may tell, and fret myself,
 To think on the bythe days I had,
 When he and I thegither lay
 In arms, into a weel-made bed.
 But now I sigh, and may be sad;
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan;
 Thou fauld's thy feet, and fa's asleep:
 And thoult' never be like my auld gudeman.

Then coming was the nicht mae dark,
 And gane was a' the licht of day;
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way;
 I trow the wife the day she wan
 And aye the owerword o' the fray
 Was ever, Alake, my auld gudeman!

The weary pund o' tow.

[THE chorus of this song and the tune are old—the rest was furnished by Burns for the Museum.]

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I thought my wife wad end her life
 Before she span her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
 As good as e'er did grow,
 And a' that she could mak' o' that
 Was ae weary pund o' tow.
 The weary pund, &c.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Ayont the ingle low,
 And aye she took the tither sook,
 To drook the stoury tow.
 The weary pund, &c.

For shame, said I, you dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow:
 She took the roke, and, wi' a knock,
 She brak' it ower my pow.
 The weary pund, &c.

At length her feet—I sang to see it—
 Gae'd foremost ower the knowe;
 And ere I wad another jade
 I'll wallop in a tow.
 The weary pund, &c.

Galloway Tam.

[GALLOWAY TAM is said to have been a stalwart gypsy in Galloway of the name of Thomas Marshall, some of whose descendants can still be traced. We cannot speak as to the age of the song, but in Gordon of Straloch's MS. Lute Book, 1687, "Gallua Tam" occurs as the title of an air. In the "Remains of Nithedale and Galloway Song," two additional verses are given to the present, but they are evidently spurious, and scarcely fit for quoting.]

O, GALLOWAY TAM came here to woo—
 I'd rather we'd gi'en him the bawand cow;
 For our lass Bess may curse and ban
 The wanton wit o' Galloway Tam!

O Galloway Tam came here to shear—
 I'd rather we'd gi'en him the guld gray mare
 He kiss'd the gudewife, and dang the gudeman—
 And that's the tricks o' Galloway Tam!

There dwalt a man.

["I owe whatever is curious and humorous of this ancient song to the kindness of Sir Walter Scott, from whose recitation I wrote it. Whatever is new and dull must be attributed to me, since I ventured to alter the last lines of the second verse, and to add the third."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

THERE dwalt a man into the west,
 And O gin he was cruel,
 For on his bridal night at e'en
 He gat up and grat for gruel.
 They brought to him a gude sheep head,
 A napkin and a towel:
 Gar tak' thae whim-whams far frae me,
 And bring to me my gruel.

But there's nae meal in a' the house,
 What will we do, my jewel?
 Get up the powk and shake it out,
 I winna want my gruel.
 But there's nae milk in a' the house,
 Nor yet a spunk o' fuel:
 Gae warm it in the light o' the moon,
 I winna want my gruel.

O lake-a-day for my first wife,
 Wha was baith white and rosie,
 She cheer'd me aye at e'enin' fa'
 Wi' something warm and cosie:
 Farewell to pleasant draps o' drink,
 To butter brose and gruel;
 And farewell to my first sweet wife,
 My cannie Nancy Newell.

The Banks of Nith.

[Burns.—Tune, "Robie donna Gorack." Mr. Riddell of Glenriddel also composed an air to this song. "The poet," says Allan Cunningham, "imagined himself in a distant land; and recalling the romantic hills and lovely valleys of Nithsdale, as he mused, composed this sweet song. The Comyns 'once had high command' in the district: one of their strong places was at Castle-dykes, immediately below Dumfries; another was at Dalswinton, a spot of great beauty, now the residence of one more than worthy of being its proprietor—James Macalpine Leny, Esq. Part of Comyn's Castle was standing as late as the year 1794. The walls were twelve feet thick, composed of hewn free-stone, and cemented with mortar of such strength that the stones separated any where save at the joints. The castle had evidently been consumed by fire. Opposite Dalswinton stands The Isle, an old tower surrounded by gardens and orchards. Ellisland is farther up the Nith; with Friars-Carse, and Blackwood, the property of William Copland, descended from John Copland who took David Bruce prisoner in the battle of Durham. The house of Blackwood stands on a bend of the stream; behind is a lofty hill studded with fine clumps of natural wood, the relics of the old Caledonian forest; before it the Nith winds along a rich extent of holmland; while towards the north, in the middle of the high road from Glasgow, grows that magnificent oak called the 'Three Brethren.' Three straight, tall shafts spring up at an equal distance from each other, and it is believed that they unite in the ground below: they are of similar girth: the branches of each are perfectly alike; and the peasantry say there is not a bough nor a leaf on one but the same will be found on the other. The three, at a distance, seem one vast tree, of a conical shape."]

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand;
 But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
 Where Cummins once had high command:
 When shall I see that honour'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear!
 Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
 For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
 Where lambskins wanton through the broom!
 Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonnie banks and brags,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days!

The Gallant Weaver.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS for Johnson's Museum, where it appears set to a fine air called "The Weaver's March." The Cart flows through Paisley, celebrated for its productions of the loom; and it is said that "a gallant weaver" there; named Robert Wilson, offered his hand in marriage to Jean Armour, at the time when she was obliged to seek refuge with a relation in that town, to avoid the effects of her father's displeasure. In these days, a weaver was considered superior in station to a husbandman; and Burns was at first deeply jealous of his Paisley rival; but he afterwards, when Jean proved her fidelity, laughed over the subject—and the present song was in all probability suggested by reminiscences of this passage in his life.]

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
 By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,
 He is a gallant weaver.
 Oh, I had woovers aught or nine,
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
 And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
 And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
 To gi'e the lad that has the land;
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And gi'e it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

Ungrateful Nannie.

[THIS was a popular song during the early part of last century, and may be quoted as a favourable specimen of the fashionable pastoral which then prevailed. The author, CHARLES HAMILTON, LORD BUNTING, eldest son of Thomas sixth earl of Haddington, was born in the year 1696, and died at Naples in 1733.]

Did ever swain a nymph adore.
As I ungrateful Nannie do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?
Was ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears; but she
Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nannie call'd, did Robin stay,
Or linger when she bade me run?
She only had a word to say,
And all she ask'd was quickly done.
I always thought on her; but she
Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
When did her heifers ever fast,
If Robin in his yard had hay?
Though to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her.

If Nannie ever lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two.
Did not her lambs in safety sleep,
Within my folds in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nannie still is cold to me.

Where'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
The ripest fruit was kept for Nan:
Oh, how these hands that drown'd her bees
Were stung! I'll ne'er forget the pain:
Sweet were the combs as sweet could be;
But Nannie ne'er look'd sweet on me.

If Nannie to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home;
Her corn I carried to the mill:
My back did bear her sacks; but she
Could never bear the sight o' me.

To Nannie's poultry oats I gave;
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peas at least.
Her little pigeons kiss; but she
Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nannie woo?
And Nannie still on Robin frown?
Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nannie does not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.

I'll never love thee more.

[THIS is generally ascribed to JAMES GRAHAM, "the great marquis of Montrose," who was executed at Edinburgh by the covenanting party, on the 31st May, 1650. It appears in Watson's Choice Collection of Scots Poems, Edinburgh 1711, where is also given what is called a Second Part, consisting of thirteen stanzas, but seemingly written by another hand. Among Cavaliers and Jacobites it was much admired, and used to be sung to the old tune of "Chevy Chase."]

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other way,
But parent monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe:
But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others should pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er were known before;
I'll deck and crown my head with bays,
And love thee evermore.

Sly Widow Skinner.

[THOMAS C. LATTO.—Air, "The Lothian Lassie."]

O THE days when I strutted (to think o't I'm sad)
The heir to a coo' bit mallen,
When a'ly Widow Skinner gat round me, the jaund!
For she thoct my auld daddy was fallin', was
faillin',
For she thoct my auld daddy was fallin'.

I promised to tak' her for better for worse,
Though sma' was my chance to be happy,
For I found she had courted na me but my purse,
What's waur—that she liket a drappy, a drappy,
What's waur that she liket a drappy.

Then ae nicht at a kirk I saw Maggy Hay,
To see her was strait to adore her;
The Widow look'd blue when I pass'd her neist day,
An' waitet na e'en to speer for her, speer for her,
An' waitet na e'en to speer for her.

O pity my case, I was terribly raw,
And she was a terrible Tartar;
She spak about "measures" and "takin' the law,"
And I set mysel' down for a martyr, a martyr,
And I set mysel' down for a martyr.

Weel! I buckled wi' Meg, an' the blythe honey-moon

Scarce was owre when the Widow, I met her,
She girningly whisper'd, "Heck! weel ha'e ye
dane,

But tent me lad I can do better, do better,
But tent me lad I can do better:—

'Gin ye canna get berries put up wi' the hools,"
Her proverb I countit a blether,
But,—widows for ever for hookin' auld fules,—
Neist week she was cryed wi' my feyther, my feyther!

Neist week she was cryed wi' my feyther!

The Braes o' Ballochmyle.

[WRITTEN BY BURNS in 1788, and set to music by his friend Allan Masterton. Ballochmyle, before it came into the hands of Mr. Alexander, was the seat of the Whiteford family, and the song was written as a farewell to the family residence. The Maria mentioned in the song was the eldest daughter of Sir John Whiteford. She afterwards became Mrs. Cranston. Caleb Whiteford, celebrated by Goldsmith in his poem of "The Retaliation," belonged to this family.]

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
Nae law'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Through faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the Braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye burdles dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel, the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

Blackford Hill.

The man wha lues fair nature's charms,
Let him gae to Blackford hill;
And wander there among the craigs,
Or down aside the rill;
That murmuring through the pebbles plays,
And banks whar daisies spring;
While, frae ilk bush and tree, the birds
In sweetest concert sing.

The liltle the sharp treble sound;
The lav'rock tenor plays;
The blackbird and the mavis join
To form a solemn base;
Sweet echo the loud air repeats,
Till a' the valley rings:
While odorou' scents the westlin' wind
Frae thousand wild flowers brings.

The hermitage aside the burn
In shady covert lies,
Frae pride and folly's noisy rounds
Fit refuge for the wise;
Wha there may study as they list,
And pleasures taste at will,
Yet never leave the varied bounds
Of bonnie Blackford hill.

The bloom hath fled.

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.]

The bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
As spring's rath blossoms die,
And sadness hath o'ershadowed now
Thy once bright eye;
But, look on me, the prints of grief
Still deeper lie.
Farewell!

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary,
Thy step is sad and slow,
The morn of gladness hath gone by
Thou erst didst know;
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
For very woe.
Farewell!

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
We were the happiest twain,
When murmured sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,
Discovered my love, and told how loved
I was again.

Farewell!

'Twas not in cold and measured phrase
We gave our passion name;
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our heart's fond flame
And long imprisoned feelings fast
In deep sobs came.

Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love
That merest worldlings know,
When passion's draught to our doomed lips
Turns utter woe,
And our poor dream of happiness
Vanishes so!

Farewell!

But in the wreck of all our hopes,
There's yet some touch of bliss,
Since fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss:
Despair, and love, and madness, meet
In this, in this.

Farewell!

Push about the Glass.

COMRADES, push about the glass,
An' mak' the cheerfu' ingle glow;
Time, a rogue that ne'er knew grace,
Will urge alike his steady pace,
Whether we are blest or no.

Fill thrifty bouts for aye o' his,
Toom ninety glasses for his three;
For a' their saws and prattles, this
The best and beaten road to bliss
Wiser men have fand than we.

If you can be blest the day,
Ne'er defer it till the morn:
Peril still attends delay,
As all fools will find, when they
Have their happy hour forborne.

Comrades, fill your glass wi' me;
 Let us drink, and laugh, and sing:
 Whan ye merry are and ree,
 Fear not to drink out your glee;
 New delights the morn will bring.

My sweet wee laddie.

[ROBERT JAMIESON.]

O BLESSINGS attend my sweet wee laddie,
 That blinks sae bonnily now on my knee;
 And thousands o' blessings attend on his daddie,
 Tho' far awa' now frae his bable and me.

It's aft ha'e I sitten, and sair ha'e I grutten,
 Till blear'd and blinded wi' tears was my e'e;
 And aft I bethought me, how dearly I've bought
 thee;

For dear hast thou been, and dear art thou to
 me.

Yet blessings attend, &c.

O lanely and weary, cauld, friendless, and dreary,
 To me the wide world's a wilderness a';
 Yet still as dear blossom I clasp to my bosom,
 And oh! 'tis sae sweet—like the joy that's awa'!
 And blessings attend, &c.

When thou lyest sleeping I hang o'er thee weep-
 ing,

And bitter the tears that thy slumbers bedew;
 Yet thy innocence smiling, sae sweetly beguiling,
 Half mak's me forget that I sorrow e'er knew.
 And blessings attend, &c.

Then smile, my sweet laddie—O smile like thy
 daddie;

My heart will be light tho' the tear's in my e'e;
 I canna believe he will ever deceive me,
 Sae leal and sae kind as he kythed aye to be.
 And blessings attend, &c.

And O, 'mid my mourning to see him returning!—
 Wi' thee to his arms, when with rapture I fly—
 Come weal or come wae then, nae fear I can ha'e
 then,

And wha'll be sae blest as my bable and I!
 Then blessings attend, &c.

A Lullaby.

[ALEX. A. RITCHIE.]

O SAFELY sleep, my bonnie bairn!
 Rock'd on this breast o' mine;
 The heart that beats sae sair within,
 Will not awaken thine.

Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thoughts!
 That such late watches keep;
 An' if ye break the mother's heart,
 Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn!
 Nor look sae wae on me,
 As if ye felt the bitter tear
 That blin's thy mother's e'e.

Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears,
 Lest on my bairn ye dreep,
 An' break in silence, wae fu' heart,
 An' let my baby sleep.

The Bumper.

[JOHN DONALD CARRICK.]

Some rail against drinking, and say 'tis a sin
 To tippie the juice of the vine;
 But as 'tis allow'd that we all have our faults,
 I wish no other fault may be mine.
 But mark me, good fellows, I don't mean to say,
 That always to tippie is right;
 But 'tis wisdom to drown the dull cares of the
 day,
 In a bowl with old cronies at night.

See yon husbandman labours with care on the
 plain,

Yet his face is lit up with a smile,
 For the whisp'ings of hope tell again and again,
 That harvest rewards all his toil.
 Just so 'tis with us, though we labour with pain,
 Yet we hear with unmingled delight,
 The whisp'ings of hope tell again and again,
 Of a harvest of pleasure at night.

How soothing it is, when we bumper it up,
 To a friend on a far distant shore,
 Or how sweetly it tastes, when we flavour the cup,
 With the name of the maid we adore!
 Then here's to the maid, then, and here's to the
 friend,
 May they always prove true to their plight,
 May their days glide as smooth and as merrily
 round,
 As the bumpers we pledge them to-night.

Thou gloomy Feberwar.

[THE first stanza of this song is a fragment by
 TANNAHILL: the others are by PATRICK BUCHAN.]

Thou couldst gloomy Feberwar,
 Oh! gin thou wert awa'!
 I'm wae to hear thy soughin' winds,
 I'm wae to see thy snaw;
 For my bonnie braw young Hielandman,
 The lad I lo'e sae dear,
 Has vow'd to come and see me,
 In the spring o' the year.

A silken ban' he gae me,
 To bin' my gowden hair;
 A siller brooch and tartan plaid,
 A' for his sake to wear:
 And oh! my heart was like to break,
 (For partin' sorrows sair,)
 As he vow'd to come and see me,
 In the spring o' the year.

Aft, aft as gloaming dims the sky,
 I wander out alane,
 Where buds the bonnie yellow whins,
 Around the trystin' stane:
 'Twas there he press'd me to his heart,
 And kiss'd awa' the tear,
 As he vow'd to come and see me,
 In the spring o' the year.

Ye gentle breezes softly blaw,
 And cleed anew the wude;
 Ye lav'rocks lit your cheery songs,
 Among the fleecy cluds;
 Till Feberwar and a' his train,
 Affrighted disappear—
 I'll hail wi' you the blythsome change,
 The spring-time o' the year.

Julia.

[DUGALD MOORE.]

SHE was a sunbeam in the storm,—
 A star that gently lifted
 Above the dark its beauteous form,
 When the dull tempest shifted.
 She loved—that passion like a spell
 With her young dreams was blended:
 The flowerets from youth's chaplet fell
 Before her spring-time ended.

In yon church-yard, the flowers are fair
 Beneath heaven's blue expansion:—
 But a sweeter gem is lying there,
 In dark oblivion's mansion;
 The bud of promises to all eyes—
 O'er whom the wild wind daubes,—
 But she shall flourish in the skies,
 When stars and worlds are ashes.

The Decetber.

WITH tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
 Young Watty wan my heart;
 A blyther lad ye couldna see,
 All beauty without art.
 His winning tale
 Did soon prevail
 To gain my fond belief;
 But soon the swain
 Gangs o'er the plain,
 And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
 And leaves me full of grief.

Though Colin courts with tuneful sang,
 Yet few regard his mane;
 The laases a' round Watty thrang,
 While Colin's left alane:
 In Aberdeen
 Was never seen
 A lad that gave sic pain;
 He daily wooes,
 And still pursues,
 Till he does all, till he does all,
 Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the bliss,
 Away then does he run,
 And hardly will afford a kiss,
 To silly me undone:
 Bonnie Katy,
 Maggy, Beaty,
 Avoid the roving swain,
 His wily tongue
 Be sure to shun,
 Or you like me, or you like me,
 Like me will be undone.

To Arms.

To arms! to arms! to arms, my lads!
 To arms! to arms! to arms!
 Care, that canker'd loon,
 Is lurking in the town
 To charge us wi' fierce alarms.

To arms! to arms! to arms, my lads!
 To quell his hateful power,
 By way of a shield,
 This bowl we will wield,
 The liquor will soon gar him skour.

Charge, charge, charge, charge, charge him
 home, my lads! [Ree!
 Charge him home, charge him home, see he
 A glass in your hand,
 Care never will stand,
 You may kill him whenever you please.

The month of July.

[FRAGMENT from Herd's Collection.]

There gaed a fair maiden out to walk
 In a sweet morning of July;
 She was gay, bonnie, coy, and young,
 But met wi' a lad unruly.

He took her by the lily-white hand,
 And swore he loo'd her truly;
 The man forgot but the maid thought on;
 O it was in the month of July!

Sweet is the dawn.

[DAVID VEDDER.—From the Edinburgh Literary Gazette.]

SWEET is the dawn of vernal morn,
 And doubly sweet to me
 That moment when the lamp of day
 Emerges from the sea,
 And lightens up the glowing skies
 As erst he lighted paradise.

But sweeter far to view thy face
 Suffused with beauty's glow;
 'Tis like the morning's rosy rays
 Shining on Alpine snow,—
 And, oh! the radiance of those eyes
 To me, is more than paradise.

Oh, sweet the mavis' matin hymn—
 The merle's song at even;
 And sweet the lark's wild melody
 When soaring up to heaven;
 But music sweeter than thy voice
 Was never heard in paradise.

Oh, Mary! let one heavenly ray
 Beam from thy beauteous face,
 'Twill light my clouded spirit up,
 And fill my soul with peace;
 'Twill dissipate my mental gloom,
 And round me paradise shall bloom.

Sanct Mungo.

[ALEX. RODGER.]

SANCT MUNGO wals ane famous sanct,
 And ane cantye carle wals hee,
 He drank o' ye Molendinar burne,
 Quhan bettere hee couldna prie!

Zit quhan he could gette stronger cheere,
 He neuer wals wattere drye,
 Butte dranke o' ye streame o' ye wimpland
 worme,
 And loot ye burne rynne bye.

Sanct Mungo wals ane merry sanct,
 And merry hee sang;
 Quhanseer hee litit uppe hys spryng,
 Ye very Firre Parks rang;
 Butte thoch hee weele culd litit and syng,
 And mak' sweet melodye,
 He chauntit aye ye bauldest straynes,
 Quhan prynd wi' bariye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane godlye sanct,
 Farre-famed for godlye deeds,
 And grete delyte hee daylye took
 Inn countynge owre hys beads;
 Zit I, Sanct Mungo's youngest sonne,
 Can count als walle als hee;
 Butte ye beads quik I like best to count
 Are ye beads o' bariye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane jolly sanct:—
 See weele hee lykit gude til,
 Thatta quhyles hee staynde hys quhyte vesture,
 Wi' dribblands o' ye still;
 Butte I, his maist unwordye sonne,
 Haue gane als farre als hee,
 For ance I tynde my garments skirtis,
 Through lufe o' bariye-bree.

The Quern Lilt.

[ROBERT JAMIESON.]

THE *crowack* stills the dowie heart
 The *ferran* stills the bairnie;
 The music for a hungry wame
 Is grinding o' the querne.
 And loes me o' my little querne!
 Grind the gradden, grind it:
 We'll a' get crowdie when it's done,
 And bannocks steeve to bind it.

The married man his joy may prize;
 The lover prize his aries;
 But gin the querne gangna round,
 They baith will soon be sareless.
 See loes me, &c.

The whisky gars the bark o' life
 Drive merrily and rarely;
 But graddan is the ballast gars
 It steady gang and fairly.
 Then loes me, &c.

Though winter steeks the door wi' drift,
 And o'er the ingle hings us;
 Let but the little querne gae,
 We're blythe, whatever dings us.
 Then loes me, &c.

And how it cheers the herd at e'en,
 And sets his heart-strings dirilin',
 When, comin' frae the hungry hill,
 He hears the querne birlin'!
 Then loes me, &c.

Though sturt and stride wi' young and auld,
 And sytin' but and ben be;
 Let but the querne play, they'll soon
 A' lown and sidgein'-fain be.
 Then loes me, &c.

Sweet May.

[PATRICK MAXWELL.—Air, "Miss Graham of Inchbrachie."]

SWEET May! sweet May! revives again
 The buds and blossoms of the year;
 And, clad anew, each hill and plain
 In emerald green appear.
 How bright the view from yonder bank,
 Of primroses and daisies fair,
 Where high o'er head the joyous lark
 Makes vocal all the air;
 And round and round the spangled mead
 The bounding lambskins friak and play,
 And little rills, like living light,
 Gleam in the sunny ray.

But what were nature's fairest scenes,
 Though graced with a' her gayest flowers,
 Unless we loved, unless we felt,
 One fond, fond heart, were ours!
 Then come, my own dear Mary, come,
 My all on earth I prize most dear;
 And in yon blooming hawthorn shade,
 The glowing landscape near,
 I'll tell to thee my hopes and fears,
 And all my heart to thee confess,
 And if thou giv'at me love for love,
 I'll own no higher bliss.

Braxfield Braes.

[From a collection of the last century.]

Ow Braxfield Braes, among the broom,
How happie ha'e I been !
When June gard a' the meadows blume,
And clad the woods in green.

Owre Gallituddum to the burn
How mirrie did I rove !
My steps by pleasant Clyde to turn,
Or sit in Willie's cove.

To catch the menon or the eel
Wi' artless hook I tried ;
Then owr the heuchs and craigs to speel
Wi' eager haste I hied.

Syne ran the linties nest to see,
Or plaid at penny stane.
Ah, days of youth, how sweet are ye !
But ye ne'er cum again !

Fairest of her Days.

WHOMER beholds my Helen's face,
And says not that good hap has she ;
Who hears her speak, and tents her grace,
Sall think nane ever spake but she.
The short way to resound her praise,
She is the fairest of her days.

Who knows her wit, and not admires,
He maun be deem'd devoid of skill ;
Her virtues kindle strong desires
In them that think upon her still.
The short way, &c.

Her red is like unto the rose
Whase buds are op'ning to the sun,
Her comely colours do disclose
The first degree of ripeness won.
The short way, &c.

And with the red is mixt the white,
Like to the sun and fair moonshine,
That does upon clear waters light,
And makes the colour seem divine.
The short way, &c.

The Mitherless Bairn.

[WILLIAM THOM OF INVERURY.]

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By auntie, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forlorn ?
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn !

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head ;
His wee hackit heellies are hard as the airm,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn !

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hever there,
O' hands that wot kindly to kaim his dark hair !
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn !

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,
Now rests in the mools whare their mammie is
laid ;
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to
earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthillie deal wi' the mitherless bairn !

Oh ! speak him na harahly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile :—
In the dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall
learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn !

Omnia vincit amor.

[From the Tea-Table Miscellany.]

As I went forth to view the spring,
Which Flora had adorned
In raiment fair ; now every thing
The rage of winter scorned ;
I cast mine eye, and did espay
A youth who made great clamour ;
And drawing nigh I heard him cry,
Ah ! Omnia vincit amor.

Upon his breast he lay along,
Hard by a murmur'ing river,
And mournfully his doleful song
With sighs he did deliver;
Ah! Jeany's face was comely grace,
Her locks that shine like lammer,
With burning rays have cut my days;
For Omnia vincit amor.

Her glancy een like comets shewn,
The morning sun outshining,
Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
And makes me die with pining.
Durst I complain, nature's to blame,
So curiously to frame her,
Whose beauties rare make me, with care,
Ory, Omnia vincit amor.

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
Be partners of my mourning,
Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
Condemn her for her scorning;
Let every tree a witness be,
How justly I may blame her;
Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
Ah! Omnia vincit amor.

Had she been kind as she was fair,
She long had been admired,
And been ador'd for virtues rare,
Wh' of life now makes me tired.
Thus said, his breath began to fall,
He could not speak, but stammer;
He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
But Omnia vincit amor.

When I observ'd him near to death,
I run in haste to save him,
But quickly he resign'd his breath,
So deep the wound love gave him.
Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
My tongue shall aye defame her,
While on his hearse I'll write this verse,
Ah! Omnia vincit amor.

Straight I consider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly,
And found, though Cupid he be blind,
He proves in pith most mighty.
For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
And Vulcan with his hammer,
Did ever prove the slaves of love;
For Omnia vincit amor.

Hence we may see the effects of love,
Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bounds remove
Or torments break asunder:
Nor wise nor fool need go to school
To learn this from his grammar:
His heart's the book where he's to look
For Omnia vincit amor.

Poor little Jessie.

[JAMES HOGG.]

O WHAT gart me greet when I partit wi' Willie,
While at his guid fortune ilk ane was see fain?
The neibers upbraidit, and said it was silly,
When I was see soon to see Willie again.

He ga'e me his hand as he gaed to the river,
For oh! he was aye a kind brother to me;
Right sair was my heart frae my Willie to sever,
An' saut was the dew-drop that smartit my e'e.

It wassna the kiss that he ga'e me at parting,
Nor yet the kind aqwees that he ga'e to my hand,

It wassna the tear frae his blue e'e was starting,
As alaw they were shoving the boat frae the land.

The tear that I saw owre his bonnie cheek straying,
It pleased me, indeed, but it doubled my pain;
For something within me was constantly saying,
"Ah, Jessie! ye'll never see Willie again.

The bairn's unco wae to be ta'en frae its mother,
The linnnet laments when bereaved o' its young.
But oh, to be reft of an only kind brother,—
That feeling can neither be paintit nor sung.

I dream'd a' the night that my Willie was wi' me,
Sae kind to his Jessie, at meeting sae fain,
An' just at the dawning a friend cam' to see me,
And tell'd me I never wad see him again.

I ha'e nae body now to look kind and careen me;
I look for a friend, but nae friend can I see;
I dinna ken what's to become o' poor Jessie;
The world has little mair pleasure for me.

It's lang sin' I lost baith my father an' mother,
I'm simple an' poor, an' forlorn on the way;
I had aye that I likit, an' only dear brother,
My Willie—but he's lying cauld i' the clay.

Sandyford Ha'.

[ANDREW PARK.—Air, "Laird o' Cockpen."]

Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford ha',
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford ha';
When summer returns wi' her blossoms aye
braw,
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford ha'.

This dwelling though humble is airy and clean,
Wi' a hale hearty wife baith honest and bien,
An' a big room below for the gentry that ca',—
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford ha'.
A wooden stair leads to the attic aboon,
Whar aye can look out to his friends in the moon,
Or rhyme till saft sleep on his eyelids shall fa',—
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford ha'.

An' when a lang day o' dark care we ha'e closed,
An' our heart wi' the bitter ingredient is dosed,
We'll puff our Havana, on hope we will ca',
An' our chief guest be pleasure at Sandyford ha'.
Ye'll no need to ask me to sing you a sang,
For the wee thochtless birdies lit a' the day lang;
The lintie, the laverock, the blackbird an' a',
Ilk' day ha'e a concert at Sandyford ha'.

There's palace-like mansions at which ye may
stare,
Where Luxury rolls in her saft easy-chair,—
At least puir folks think sae,—their knowledge is
sma',
There's far mair contentment at Sandyford ha'.
There's something romantic about an auld house,
Where the cock lika morning keeps crawling fu'
crouse,
An' the kye in the byre are baith sleekit an' braw,
An' such is the case at blythe Sandyford ha'.

In the garden we'll sit 'neath the big beechen
tree,
As the sun dips his bright-burnish'd face in the
sea,
Till night her grey mantle around us shall draw,
Then we'll a' be fu' cantie in Sandyford ha'.

At morning when music is loud in the sky,
An' dew, like bright pearls, on roses' lips lie,
We'll saunter in joy where the lang shadows fa',
'Mang the sweet-scented groves around Sandy
ford ha'.

The Maid o' Montrose.

[ALEX. LAING.—Air, "O tell me the way for
to woo."—Here first published.]

O sweet is the calm dewy gloaming,
When saftly, by Bonnie-wood-brae,
The merle an' mavis are hymning!
The e'en o' the lang summer's day!
An' sweet are the moments, when o'er the blue
ocean,
The full moon arising in majesty glows;
An' I, breathing o'er ilka tender emotion
Wi' my lovely Mary, the maid o' Montrose.

The fopling aye fine an' aye airy,
Sae fondly in love wi' himsel',
Is proud wi' his ilka new deary,
To shine at the fair an' the ball,
But gi'e me the grove where the broom's yellow
blossom,
Waves o'er the white lily an' red smiling rose
An' ae bonnie lassie to lean on my bosom,
My ain lovely Mary, the maid o' Montrose.

O what is the haill world's treasure,
Gin nae o' its pleasures we prove,
An' where can we taste o' true pleasure
Gin nae wi' the lassie we love.
O sweet are the smiles an' the dimples o' beauty,
Where lurking the loves a' the graces repose,
An' sweet is the form an' the air o' the pretty,
But sweeter is Mary, the maid o' Montrose.

O Mary, 'tis nae for thy beauty,
Though faw are aye bonnie as thee:
O Mary, 'tis nae for thy beauty,
Though handsome as woman can be.
The rose' bloom is gane when the chill autumn's
low'ring;
The aik's stately form when the wild winter
blows:
But the charms o' thy mind are the ties mair en-
during—
These bind me to Mary, the maid o' Montrose

☉ Hast thou forgotten.

[JAMES HOME.—Here first printed.]

O HAST thou forgotten the birk tree's shade,
And this warm true heart of mine, Mary?
O hast thou forgotten the promise made
When so fondly 'twas press'd to thine, Mary?

O hast thou forgotten—what I ne'er can forget—
The hours we have spent together?—
Those hours which, like stars, in my memory yet
Shine on as brightly as ever?

O hast thou forgotten that moment of bliss—
So fraught with the heart's full feeling—
As we clung to each other! the last embrace,
The soul of love revealing?

O hast thou forgotten that sacred spot,
Where the farewell word was spoken?
Is the sigh and the tear and all forgot,—
Is the vow and the promise broken?

Then, for ever farewell, thou false fair one!
Though other arms caress thee,—
Though a fairer youth thy heart should gain,
And a smoother tongue should bless thee;—

Yet never again on thy warm young cheek
Will breathe a soul more warm than mine;
And never again will a lover speak
Of love more pure to thine!

Highland Mother's Lament.

[JOHN STEWART.]

Och! you hafe left us a',
You're teat's a stone now, Dannie;
Ta cauld toor's on your heart,
In ta krafe wi' your krannie.
Och! ish O! Och! ish O!
Sair's ta heart o' your mither,
She would not be so fix
Hat you left put a prither.

Och! prawlie she'll ha'e mint
Whan ye'll ran 'mang ta heather
Ant ta kyes ant ta sheeps
Ye'll prought hame to your mither.
Och! ish O! &c.

Ant no more will you play
"Gillie Gallie" at ta waddin',
Or Shuke Corton's strathspey,
From ta kreen to ta pettin.
Och! ish O! &c.

Yesh! you nefer sait a swear,
Or a curah to your mither;
Ant you ne'er lift your han'
All your tays to your father.
Och! ish O! &c.

Your skin was white's a milk;
Your hair was fine's a moutie;
Your preath was sweeter far
Than smell of puttar't cronie.
Och! ish O! &c.

Put och! noo you are teat—
Nefer more will she sawt you;
Ta cauld toor's on your heat—
Your mither's tarlin' dawtie.
Och! ish O! &c.

Alake for the Lassie.

[WILLIAM LAIDLAW.]

ALAKE for the lassie! she's no right at a',
That lo'es a dear laddie, an' he far awa';
But the lassie has muckle mair cause to complain,
That lo'es a dear lad, when she's no lo'ed again.

The fair was just comin', my heart it grew fain
To see my dear laddie, to see him again;
My heart it grew fain, an' lap tight at the thought
Of milkin' the ewes my dear Jamie wad bught.

The bonnie grey morn scarce had open'd her e'e.
When we set to the gate a' wi' nae little glee;
I was blythe, but my mind oft mags'e me right
sair,

For I hadna seen Jamie for five months an' mair

I' the hirin' right soon my dear Jamie I saw,
I saw nae ane like him, sae bonnie an' braw;
I watch'd an' baid near him, his motion to see,
In hopes aye to catch a kind glance o' his e'e.

He never wad see me in ony ae place:
At length I gaed up an' just smil'd in his face,
I wonder aye yet my heart brackna in twa,—
He just said, "How are ye?" and steppit awa'.

My neebor lads strave to entice me awa';
They roos'd me, an' hecht me ilk thing that was
braw;

But I hatit them a', an' I hatit the fair,
For Jamie's behaviour had wounded me sair.

His heart was sae leal, and his manners sae kind!
He's someway gane wrang, he may alter his mind;
An' sud he do aae, he's be welcome to me;
I'm sure I can never like ony but he.

Mary Dhu.

[D. M. MORR.—Adapted to the music of an ancient Gaelic air.]

SWEET, sweet is the rose-bud

Bathed in dew;

But sweeter art thou

My Mary dhu.

Oh! the skies of night,

With their eyes of light,

Are not so bright

As my Mary dhu.

Whenever thy radiant face I see,
The clouds of sorrow depart from me;

As the shadows fly

From day's bright eye,

Thou lightest life's sky,

My Mary dhu!

Sad, sad is my heart,

When I sigh, Adieu!

Or gaze on thy parting,

My Mary dhu!

Then for thee I mourn,

Till thy steps' return

Bids my bosom burn,—

My Mary dhu.

I think but of thee on the broom-clad hills
I ruse but on thee by the moorland rill:

In the morning light,
In the moonshine bright,
Thou art still in my sight,
My Mary dhu.

Thy voice trembles through me

Like the breeze,

That ruffles, in gladness,

The leafy trees;

'Tis a wafted tone

From heaven's high throne,

Making hearts thine own,

My Mary dhu.

Be the flowers of joy ever round thy feet
With colours glowing, and incense sweet;
And when thou must away,
May life's rose decay
In the west wind's sway—
My Mary dhu!

The Lady of my Heart.

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.]

THE murmur of the merry brook,

As, gushingly and free,

It wimples, with its sun-bright look,

Far down yon shelter'd lea,

Humming to every drowsy flower

A low quaint lullaby,

Speaks to my spirit, at this hour,

Of love and thee.

The music of the gay green wood,

When every leaf and tree

Is coaxed by winds, of gentlest mood

To utter harmony;

And the small birds, that answer make

To the winds' fitful glee,

In me most blissful visions wake,

Of love and thee.

The rose perks up its blushing cheek,

So soon as it can see,

Along the eastern hills, one streak

Of the sun's majesty:

Laden with dewy gems, it gleams

A precious freight to me,

For each pure drop thereon me seems

A type of thee.

And when abroad in summer morn,
I hear the blythe bold bee
Winding aloft his tiny horn,
(An errant knight perdy,
That winged hunter of rare sweets,
O'er many a far country,
To me a lay of love repeats,
Its subject—thee.

And when, in midnight hour, I note
The stars so pensively,
In their mild beauty, onward float
Through heaven's own silent sea:
My heart is in their voyaging
To realms where spirits be,
But its mate, in such wandering,
Is ever thee.

But, oh, the murmur of the brook,
The music of the tree;
The rose with its sweet shamed face look,
The booming of the bee;
The course of each bright voyager,
In heaven's unmeasured sea,
Would not one heart pulse of me stir,
Loved I not thee?

Bleaching her claes.

[GEORGE MURRAY.—Air, "Ballenden Braes."
—Once printed in Upper Canada.]

One morning I dander'd, (I needna say when,)
Whaur a wee bickering burnie rins through a
low glen;
I met a young lassie upon the green braes,
Was herding her lammies and bleaching her claes.

The smile on her cheek had the rose's bright hue,
Her complexion was fair as the fresh fa'in' dew,
Her yellow hair stream'd like the sun's parting
rays,
And her breath was as sweet as her new-water'd
claes.

I said, "Lovely maiden, how caller the air!
The season how pleasant, the morning how fair!
The fields are a' flowery, the flowers are a' dew,
And if earth has aught fairer, sweet girl, it is
you!"

She cried, "Let me be; I maun notice my claes,
And canna mind a' thing that ilka ane says,
My mither aye tauld me—and likely she'll ken—
That there's fouth o' fine tales, but nae faith in
young men."

"O dinna leuk blate, though your mither may
scauld;
Her heart-blood is daiver't, she's doited and auld,
And say, bonnie lassie, what ill ye could dree
Frac the laddie that loves ye, and loves nane but
thee?"

I kiss'd her, I press'd her, mair tender she grew,
And sank in my arms, crying, "Laddie be true!"
Though pride wad ha'e frownit, and art made a
phrase,
The lassie had nane that was bleaching her claes.

I am married.

Now I'll whistle, now I'll sing,
Now I'll caper, now I'll fling,
Now the chairs about I'll ding;
For guess ye, man, I'm married.

The happy day is come at last,
A' my doubts and fears are past,
A' my cares behind me cast,
For fast and firm I'm married.

Oh! how happy I am now,
Happier than a prince, I trow,
When I pree her bonnie mou',
And think that I am married.

The bachelor's a stupid aas,
Pretends he dinna like a lass,
Weary may his moments pass,
Till ance that he gets married.

Oh! the sumph, he dinna ken,
That they're far the happiest men
Wha a bonnie lass ha'e ta'en,
And kiss'd her, and got married.

Never heed the want o' ailler,
Gif her cheek's a rosy colour,
Clap her aye, and whisper till her,
What think ye to be married?

She'll abline say, "Ye're no that blate,
To speak to me at sic a rate;"
But never fear, for sune or late,
Fu' glad they're to be married.

Then ye'll whistle, then ye'll sing,
Then ye'll caper, then ye'll fling,
Woo but it's a happy thing,
When aen gets coosly married!

Mary Lee's Lament.

[FROM "The Gallovidian Dictionary," by T. M'Taggart. This "Lament" is written in the Galloway dialect, and displays much rough strength of thought and expression.]

I DINNA like the Meg-o'-mony-feet,
Nor the brawnnet Conochworm,
Quoth Mary Lee, as she sat and did greet,
A-dadding wi' the storm.
Nowther like I the yellow-wymed ask,
'Neath the root o' yon aik tree,
Nor the hairy adders on the fog that bask;
But waur I like Robin-a-Ree.

Hatefu' it is to hear the whut-throat chark,
Frae out the auld taff-dike;
And wha likes the e'en'ing singing lark,
Or the auld moon-bowing tyke?
I hate them—and the ghaist at e'en
That points at me, puir Mary Lee!
But ten times waur hate I, I ween,
That vile chield, Robin-a-Ree.

Sourer than the green bullister,
Is a kiss o' Robin-a-Ree,
And the milk on the taed's back I wad prefer
To the poison on his lips that be.
Oh! ance I lived happy by yon bonnie burn—
The warld was in love wi' me;
But now I maun sit 'neath the cauld drift
and mourn,
And curse black Robin-a-Ree.

Then whudder awa', thou bitter-biting blast,
And sough through the scruntie tree,
And smoor me up in the snaw fu' fast,
And ne'er let the sun me see!
Oh, never melt awa', thou wreath o' snaw,
That's sae kind in graving me;
But hide me aye frae the scorn and guffaw
O' villains like Robin-a-Ree!

O Tibbie.

[THIS was written by Burns in 1776, when he was only about seventeen years of age. The subject of the song is said to have been Isabella Steven, the daughter of a small laird near Loch-lee.—Tune,—"Invercauld's Reel."]

O TIBBIE! I ha'e seen the day
Ye wadna been sae shy,
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But ne'er a hair care I.
Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stour;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But ne'er a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,
That ye can please me wi' a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow take him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean,
That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If he but want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

But if he ha'e the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wadna gi'e her in her sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousand mark;
Thou needna look sae high.

The Widow sae Young.

[CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY, R. M. Music by G. F. Graham.—Here first printed.]

MAY blessings yet fa' on the widow sae young;
May blessings yet fa' on the widow sae young;
Her hopes ha'e been wither'd—her heart sairly
wring—

Ah! 'tis waesome to look on a widow sae young!

W! a glance o' the e'e her misfortune we trace
 In the cap that enrobes her bonnie sweet face,
 That ance glow'd wi' gladness;—now meek and
 resign'd; [mind.
 Though the shadows of sorrow aft brood o'er her

A few fleeting months saw her blythsome and gay;
 But death left her loved one, for ever away
 O think on the anguish—the agony keen—
 When her grief and his grave turf were baith alike
 green!

Wer't no for her darling, the widow wad dee—
 The bonnie wee bairnie that sits on her knee;
 That smiles in her pale face, and pu's at her hair—
 But, it's sae like its daddy, she canna despair.

Adieu.

[WRITTEN by BURNS as a farewell to the brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton, when the poet contemplated going to the West Indies.—Tune, "Good night an' joy be wi' you a'"]

ADIEU! a heart-warm fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy!
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing fortune's slidry ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful festive night;
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the sons of light;
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
 Strong memory on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'!

May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath the omniscient eye above,
 The glorious architect divine!

That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine—
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear!
 Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To masonry and Scotia dear!
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the bard, that's far awa'.

Good night and joy.

[JAMES HOOE.]

THE year is wearin' to the wane,
 An' day is fadin' west awa',
 Loud raves the torrent an' the rain,
 An' dark the cloud comes down the shaw
 But let the tempest tout an' blaw,
 Upon his loudest winter horn,
 Good night an' joy be wi' you a',
 We'll maybe meet again the morn.

O we ha'e wander'd far an' wide,
 O'er Scotia's land of firth an' fell,
 An' mony a simple flower we've cull'd,
 An' twined them wi' the heather-bell.
 We've ranged the dingle an' the dell,
 The hamlet an' the baron's ha',
 Now let us tak' a kind farewell,
 Good night an' joy be wi' you a'!

Ye ha'e been kind as I was keen,
 An' follow'd where I led the way,
 Till like poet's lore we've seen
 Of this an' mony a former day.
 If e'er I led your steps astray,
 Forgive your minstrel ance for a';
 A tear fa's wi' his parting lay—
 GOOD NIGHT AN' JOY BE WI' YOU A'!

INDEX

TO

THE FIRST LINES OF THE SONGS.

THOSE MARKED THUS † ARE ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
† A bonnie wee lassie I ken, I ken	468	All lovely, on the sultry beach	446
A bonnier lass there never was, the sun ne'er shone	469	Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning	74
the like upon	469	Alone, alone, in the evening beam	310
A canny sang, O, a canny sang	419	Although I be but a country lass	304
A captive maid pined in the tower of Dunmore	164	Among the birks sae blythe an' gay	115
A cock-laird, fu' cadgie	318	† Among the braes aboon Dunoon	304
A cogie o' yill, and a pickle sitmeal	263	Amid Loch Cat'rine's scenery wild	287
A famous man was Robin Hood	338	An auld Hiellan' couple sat lane by the ingle	278
A friend of mine cam' here yestreen	7	An eiry night, a cheerless day	459
A Highland lad my love was born	44	An' O, may I never live single again	60
† A' kin's o' lads an' men I see	513	An' thou wert my ain thing	500
A laddie and a lassie fair	124	And a' that e'er my Jenny had	70
A lass lived down by yon burn brack	124	And are ye sure the news is true	119
A lass that was laddie wi' care	303	And can thy bosom bear the thought	368
A lassie cam' to our gate	107	And fare ye weel, my auld wife	13
A lassie fair—the dell-may-care	273	And I'll owe the muir to Maggie	557
† A leal light heart's ne'er sad, my jo	431	And oh, for ane-and-twenty, I am	551
A rose-bud by my early walk	546	† And thou wilt sing the song, sweet child	429
A sonsie auld carline is Janet Dunbar	234	And ye shall walk in silk attire	532
A southland Jenny, that was right bonnie	537	Argyll is my name, and you may think it strange	223
A steed! a steed of matchless speed	436	† Arise, my faithfu' Phoebe Graeme	139
At the lads o' Thornebank	539	As from a rock past all relief	498
A' the witches langerae were kumpbackit and auld	189	As gloaming was drawing her veil o'er the moun-	
A warlock cam' to our town	418	tains	326
A weary lile is thine, fair maid	539	As I cam' by Loch-Erroch side	241
A wee bird cam' to our ha' door	80	As I cam' down by yon castle wa'	677
A wet sheet and a flowing sea	571	As I cam' down the Cannogate	137
About the cloisin' o' the day	261	As I cam' in by Teviot side	481
Accuse me not, inconstant fair	578	As I came through Glendochart vale	196
Across the riggs we'll wander	383	As I sail'd past green Jura's isle	113
Adieu! a heart-warm fond adieu	596	As I was a-walking ae May morning	555
Adieu, for a while, my native green plains	517	As I was a-wandering ae morning in spring	546
Adieu! romantic banks of Clyde	249	As I was walking up the street	488
Adieu to rock and to waterfall	125	As I went forth to view the spring	589
Admiring nature's simple charms	346	As Jamie Gay gang'd blythe his way	176
Adown winding Nith I did wander	323	As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire	253
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever	428	As late by a soder I happened to pass	517
Ae morn, last ook, as I gned out	110	As Pattie cam' up frae the glen	336
Ae morn of May, when fields were gay	357	As walking forth to view the plain	48
† Ae summer eve o' rosy joy, when a' was quiet and		At gloamin' grey, the close o' day	439
still	453	At Polwarth, on the green	123
Afore the Lammas tide	11	At setting day and rising morn	563
† Again on Myo's lofty brow	435	At the sunset of glory the ev'ning is calm	372
Again rejoicing nature sees	447	At Willie's wedding on the green	219
Again the laverock seeks the sky	530	Auld farran' cantie bodie	297
Ah, Chloris! could I know but sit	16	Auld gudeman, ye're a drucken carle	13
Ah! lassie, I think wi' a sair broken heart	284	Auld Janet Baird, auld Janet Baird	261
Ah, Mary, sweetest maid, farewell	186	† Auld Peter McGowan cam' down the craft	423
Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate	48	Auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen	62
† Ah! where are the days of my earliest youth	429	Auld Rob, the laird o' muckle land	26
Alack, my sad heart! how it throbs wi' its sorrow	301	Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms	121
Alake for the lassie! she's no right at a'	598	Awake, my love! with genial ray	501
All joy was bereft me, the day that you left me	315	Awake, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses	329

	PAGE		PAGE
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing	196	Come, boat me over, come, row me over	491
Ba loo! my bonnie lammie	469	Come, brawly John Barleycorn, lem' me your aid	131
Banners are waving o'er Morven's dark heath	279	† Come—all brimful the inspiring bowl	81
Bannocks o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley	283	Come fill up the bowl, my brave boys	180
Bandly Baird's come again	275	Come, gie's a sang, Montgomery cried	1
† Beechen tree, ye wa' green, green	143	Come hame to your lings, ye ne'er-do-weel loon	315
Behave yourself! before hick	163	Come, let me take thee to my breast	528
Behind you hills, where Logan flows	9	† Come listen now laddies,—it winna be lang	143
Behold the hour, the hour arrive	311	Come, ragged bytethren o' the Nine	137
Beneath a besck's grateful shade	496	Come, under my plaidie, the night's gann to fa'	33
Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain	431	Comin' through the broom at e'en	333
Beneath a hill, 'mang birken bushes	296	Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle	356
Betty, early gone a Maying	516	Coming through the rye, poor body	331
Bird of the wilderness	269	Comrades, push about the glass	594
Dilak o'er the burn, sweet Betty	519	Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair	77
Elythe are we set wi'ither	267	Contented wi' Maggie, how blythe ha'e I been	73
Elythe, blythe, an' happy are we	234	Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar	159
Elythe, blythe, and merry are we	211	Could I be glad or happy yestreen	199
Elythe, blythe, and merry was she	191	Culoden mair, Culoden field	563
Elythe, blythe, around the ashpie	193		
Elythe ha'e I been on yon hill	429	Dark lowers the night o'er the wide stormy main	74
Elythe was the time when he lee'd wi' my father, O	118	† Dear Anny, I've lang been your care	308
Elythe young Bess to Jean did say	17	Dear Doctor, be clever, an' fling aff your beaver	536
Bonnie Clondra, as ye wander	388	Dear land of my birth, of my friends, of my love	16
Bonnie lassie, blythsom lassie	248	Dear Maggie, I'm doubtin' ye're jokin'	332
Bonnie lassie, wi' ye go (two acts)	522	Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck	555
Bonnie Mary Halliday	319	Deil tak' the war that hurried Billie from me	177
Bonnie Mary May, I will h'e thee yet	7	Deluded swain, the pleasure	583
Bonnie was thing, cannie wee thing	434	Did ever swain a symph adown	583
Bright be the bloom of Calder brae	348	Did you e'er see young Myrie Brown	260
† Bright shines the summer's morn	265	Do you weep for the woes of poor wandering Nelly	330
Bring a' your want to me	464	Does haughty Gaul invasion threat	538
Busk and go, busk and go	311	Donald Caird's come again	158
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bride	467	Donald's gane up the hill hard and hungry	566
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride	467	Doon i' the gien by the lown o' the trees	203
But lately seen in gladsome green	511	Down in yon garden sweet and gay	456
By Allan stream I chanted to rove	470	Down in yon meadow a couple did tarry	29
† By Grampian's towering mountains high	420	Down the burn and through the mead	161
By Logan's streams that rin sae deep	94	Down whar the burnie rin wimplin' sae cheery	307
By Ochertyre there grows the alk	191	Draw the sword, Scotland	354
By Pinkie House oft let me walk	502	† Dreigh to me are the hours I'm an sawoo'd maid	484
By pleasure long infected	318	Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie, O	45
By smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining	504	Duncan Gray cam' hers to woo	83
By the banks of the crystal-stream'd Eak	338	Duncan M'Cleary, an' Janet his wife	512
By the delicious warmth of thy mouth	536		
By the light of the moon	430	Each whirl of the wheel	113
By the side o' yon cleugh, whar the burnie rin	347	Earl March look'd on his dying child	110
By the side o' yon river, as Bonnie sat sighing	297	Eh, quo' the tod, it's a brave licht night	402
By yon castle-wa' at the close o' the day	484	Eirich agus tingna, O	26
		Eliza was a bonnie lass	37
		Every day my wife tells me	559
Ca' the yowes to the knowes (two acts)	466		
Caledonia, thou land of the mountain and rock	509	Fair fa' the lasses, O	415
Caledonians, brave and bold	325	Fair in Kinrara blooms the rose	336
Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg	87	Fair modest flower, of matchless worth	400
Can I behave, can I behave	163	† Fair Scotland! dear as life to me	330
Can I bear to part wi' thee	13	Far, far away, in strange country	334
† Can my dearest Henry leave me	219	Far from hope, and lost to pleasure	373
Can ye lo'e me weel, lassie, to this heart then swiftly	289	Far lone among the Highland hills	404
Can ye lo'e, my dear lassie	134	Far over the hills of the heather so green	44
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy	529	Fare thee weel, my bonnie lass	183
Carle, an the king come	560	Fare thee weel, my native cot	402
† Could blaws the wind frae east to west	423	Fare thee weel, thou bonnie river	68
Could blaws the wind frae north to south	423	Farewell to a' our Scottish fame	81
Chanticleer, wi' noisy whistle	323	† Farewell to the burnie	353
Chant no more thy rowelay	356	Farewell ye prisons dark and strong	347
Cheerly, soldier! the gladdening sun	331	† Farewell! and when I'm far away	73
Clavens and his Highlandmen	478	† Farewell, my bonnie yellow hair	523
† Cold, cold's the hand that oft in mine	538	Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth and ye skies	64
Come all ye jolly shepherds	155	Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean	137

PAGE	PAGE
Farewell to the land of the rock and the wildwood 407	Here's a health to fair Scotland 346
Farewell to thee, Scotland 306	Here's a health to them that's awa' 159
† Farewell, ye haunts of joy, farewell 496	Here's health and hail to Goth and Gael 188
Farewell, ye streams, see dear to me 470	Here's to the king, Sir 308
Farewell, ye vales where Avon flows 309	Here's to the year that's awa' 159
First wile Maggie was my care 344	Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie 188
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes 344	Hersell pe suchty years and twa 147
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove 84	Hersell pe Highland shentleman 147
For lack of gold she has left me, O 120	He's a terrible man, John Tod, John Tod 154
For many lang ye ha'e heard frae my gran'fa 197	He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel 314
For the sake of somebody 42	Hey, Donald, howe Donald 27
Forget na, dear lassie, when I'm far frae thee 167	Hey for bobbing John 631
Forforn, my love, no comfort near 346	Hey! for the Hielan heather 364
Frae Caedonia's climes afar 414	Hey, how, my Johanne lad 336
Frae Clyde to the banks o' Ayr 547	Hcy, my bonnie wee lassie 10
From off this sunny mountain's top 384	Hcy the bonnie, how the bonnie 364
From perfect and unclouded day 174	Hcy, the dusty miller 178
From Roalin castle's echoing walls 174	Hie, bonnie lassie, blink over the burn 598
From the village of Lealie with a heart full of glee 179	† Hie to the woodlands, hie 225
From thee, Kilm, I must go 365	High upon Hielands, and high upon Tay 274
Fy let us a' to the bridal 99	How ardently my becom glows 283
	How are ye a' at hame 128
Can bring my gude auld harp ance mair 347	How blythely ilk morn was I to see 34
† Can range the world baith far and near 131	How blythely the pipe thro' Glenlyon was sounding 161
Catherin, gather in, ane an' a', ane an' a' 497	How brightly beams the bonnie moon 357
Get up, guidwife, don on your claes 334	How can my poor heart be glad 146
Gi'e me a lass with a lump o' land 121	How dear to me yon broomy knowe 273
Gilderoy was a bonnie boy 500	How dear to think on former days 296
Gin a body meet a body 333	† How early I woo'd thee, how dearly I lo'd thee 544
Gin e'er I'm in love, it shall be with a lass 337	How early, how dearly 351
Gin I had a wee house, an' a canty wee fire 4	How green the fields, the flowers so fair 298
Gin livin' worth could win my heart 536	How hard's the fate of womankind 308
Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie 389	How happy is the rural clow 458
Gin ye wad gang, lassie, to Garryhorr 498	How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Fow 509
Give the swains of Italy 183	† How sweet was my dream! when the morning did break on't 464
Gloomy winter's come again 549	How sweet the rose blows, it fades, and it fa's 395
Gloomy winter's now awa' 373	How sweet this lone vale, and how sacred to feeling 448
Go fetch to me a pint o' wine 311	How sweet thy modest light to view 330
Go to Berwick, Johanne 571	How sweetly smells the summer green 4
Go to him, then, if thou canst go 567	† Hurrah and hurrah 415
Green Albyn, farewell! though by us never more 486	Hurrah for the highlands! the stern Scottish high-lands 370
Gude day now, bonnie Robin 569	Hurrah for the thistle! the brave Scottish thistle 144
Gu'de'en to you kimmer 30, 31	Husband, husband, cease your strife 41
	Hush, hush, ye rude breezes 309
Had I a cave on some wild distant shore 321	
† Ha'e ye na seen the miller's maid 444	I am a bard of no regard 285
Ha'e ye seen, in the calm dewy morning 300	I am a pair silly auld man 511
Ha'e ye seen in the chill-fa'ny gloamin' 477	I am a young lass in my blossom 323
Hail to the chief who in triumph advances 307	I am my mammy's ae beirn 133
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fa'in wad I be 43	I ance knew content, but its smiles are awa' 135
Happy's the love which meets return 455	I canna like you, gentle sir 134
Hark! yonder eagle lonely walks 151	† I canna sleep a wink, lassie 323
Have ye any pots or pans 126	† I canna smile, I canna sing 297
He is gone on the mountain 569	I coft a stane o' haeck woo 463
Hear me, ye nymphs, and e'ry swain 11	I dinna like the Meg-o'-munn-foot 595
Hear what Highland Nora said 12	I doutna whiles but I could wale 420
Heard ye e'er o' Donald Gunn 363	I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing 60
Hearken and I will tell you how 85	I gaed a waulf's gate yestreen 121
Heather Jock's now awa' 276	† I had a dream o' iither days 78
Hee, baloo, my sweet wee Donald 569	† I had a horse, and I had nae mair 371
Her daddie forbade, her minnie forbade 363	I ha'e a green purse and a wee pickle gowd 377
Her kias was soft and sweet 283	I ha'e laid a herring in saut 335
Her name! come frae 'a hielan' hill 169	I ha'e lost my love, an' I dinna ken how 353
† Her name! oh, her name would't thou have me to tell 78	I ha'e nae kith, I ha'e nae kin 364
Here around the ingle blessing 477	I ha'e seen great anes, and sat in great ha'e 190
Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie 337	I ha'e wander'd mony a night in June 8
Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie 338	† I have listen'd to your sang 349
Here is the glen, and here the bower 345	† I have wander'd alar 'neath stranger skies 97
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear 123	

	PAGE		PAGE
I heard the evening linnet's voice	385	It was at a wedding near Tranent	406
I kenna wha'd come over him	467	It was Dumais, the young and brave	90
I lately liv'd in quiet case	129	It was in and about the Martinmas time	418
† I lo'd thee weel, thou Scotch blue bell	417	It was upon a Lammass night	126
I lo'd we'er a laddie but ane	337	It's dowie in the hint o' hair	134
I mark'd a gunn of peary dew	465	It's I ha'e seven braw new gouns	101
I married with a scolding wife	260	It's no that thou'r't bonnie	168
I met four chaps yon birka amang	60	It's rare to see the morning breeze	396
I met my dear lassie short syne in yon dale	299	† It's true, friend, it's true	97
I neither gat plenishing, sillar, nor land	186	I've been upon the moonlit deep	208
† I pray you, of your courtesy, before we farther move	436	I've heard the liliing, at our yow-milking	368
† King of a land that was famous of yore	537	† I've loved thee, love, lang, I've loved thee, love, deep	471
I wauks g'te my ain wife	184	I've seen the hly of the world	401
I wander'd alone at the break o' the mornin'	141	I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling	368
Was once a weel-tocher'd lass	291	I've spent my time in rioting	346
Watch'd the moon blink ower the hill	233	I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west	50
Will awa' wi' my love	508		
I winna be weel, for I canna be weel	409	Janet Macbean a public keeps	353
Winna gang back to my mammy again	196	Jenny's heart was frank and free	111
Winna lo'e the laddie	306	Jockey fou, Jenny fain	461
Winna sing o' bludy deeds	333	Jockey be cam' here to woo	64
Wish I were where fies lie	227	Jockey met with Jenny fair	441
Would I were the light fern growing	381	Jockey said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou wed	145
If doughty deeds my lady please	18	Jockey's ta'en on the parting kiss	440
If my dear wife should chance to gang	569	John, come kisa me now, now, now	578
If on earth there is enjoyment	268	John Anderson, my jo, John	54
† I'll ane now-a-days brag awa' 'bout his dear	181	John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon	464
† I'll ay'e ca' in by yon toun	102		
† I'll gar our guidman trow	48	Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht head	373
† I'll ha'e my coat o' gude snuff-brown	300	Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer	156
† I'll lo'e thee, Annie, while the dew	161	Keep the country, bonnie lassie	441
† I'll mae't a fire upo' the knowe	379	† Kilsken Glen	146
† I'll ne'er forget yon bonnie glen	317	Know'st thou the land of the hardy green thistle	328
† I'll sing of a suld forbear of my ain	510		
† I'll sing of yon glen o' red heather	156	Land of my fathers! though no mangrove here	406
† I'll tend thy bowen, my bonnie May	495	Landlady, count the lawin	508
† I'll twine a wreath	339	Lang ha'e we parted been	571
† I'll wake it no more	383	Langsyne, beside the woodland burn	381
† I'm jilted, forsaken, outwitted	411	Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me	126
† I'm naeboddy now, though in days that are gane	363	Lasses, lookna sourly meek	313
† I'm now a gude farmer, I've sere'd o' land	94	Lassie, lie near me	371
† I'm wand'ring wide this wintry night	143	Lassie wi' the lint-white locks	339
† I'm wearing awa', Jean	91	Lassie wi' the raven locks	296
† In a cozie white cottage upon a hill side	137	Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen	351
† In a saft simmer glosamin'	384	Last Monday night at sax o'clock	178
† In airy dreams fond fancy flies	404	Late in an evening forth I went	579
† In ancient times as songs rehearse	465	Leaning ower a window, and looking over a mound I'm	119
† In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain	314	Leave kindred and friends, sweet Betty	619
† In coming by the brig o' Dye	539	Let bardies tune the rural strain	343
† In Flora's train the graces wait	339	Let me gae on those mountains	307
† In January last	528	Let me in, my bonnie sweetheart	378
† In life's gay morn'—when hopes beat high	376	† Let sagas tell of orbs so fair	343
† In life's sunny morning, by Eak's winding stream	331	Let the proud Indian boast of his Jesseamine bowers	53
† In Scotland there lived a humble beggar	443	Let them boast of the country gae Patrick his fame	573
† In summer, when the fields were green	376	Let toppers sing in praise of wine	238
† In summer when the hay was mawn	283	Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O	193
† In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome	496	Let us owre to Campsie Glen	349
† In the land of life there lived a wicked wife	570	Lightly the bonnie bride cam' dune	323
† In the Nick o' the Balloch lived Muirland Tam	37	Like bees that suck the morning dew	500
† In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld	91	Life aye has been a weary roon'	396
† In yon garden fine and gay	330	Long have I pined for thee	396
† Is there for honest poverty	234	Look up to Fentland's tow'ring tap	389
† Is your war-pipe asleep and for ever	543	Look where my dear Hamilla smiles	504
† It fell about the Martinmas time	93	Loose the yett, an' let me in	507
† It fell on a day and a bonnie summer day	545	† Loo'st thou the thistle that blooms on the moun- tain	423
† It fell on a morning when we were thrang	18	Loudon's bonnie woods and braes	41
† It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face	490	Louis, what reck I by thee	577
† It stretches o'er the castle-burn, whar three farms march	471	Louisa's but a lassie yet	353

	PAGE
Love is timid, love is shy	196
Love and more shall give me pain	197
Love's goddess, in a myrtle grove	203
Maid of my heart—a long farewell	22
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale	15
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion	177
Mary ance had mony a charm	267
Mary, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow	354
Maxwellton brasses are bonnie (two sets)	438, 439
May blessings yet fa' on the widow see young	396
Mea, muckin' at Gordie's byre	323
Merry may the maid be	178
My belated o' life and my gay days are gane	245
My Bessie, O, but look upon	37
My bonnie wee wife, I'm wae'd' to leave thee	472
My daddy left me gear enough	540
My daddy is a canker carle	35
My dear and only love, I pray	583
My dear little lassie, why, what's a' the matter	486
My father has baith gowd and gear	106
My gudeman says aye to me	573
† My hame! I wadna leav' my hame	79
My Harry was a gallant gay	466
My hawk is tired of perch and hood	397
† My heart, alack! is sair oppress	139
My heart is a breaking, dear tittle	92
My heart is sair—I daurna tell	43
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here	89
† My heartfelt thought, you are leal	437
My heather land, my heather land	419
My heid is like to rend, Willie	153
My Highland home, where tempests blow	8
My Jeanie and I have toid'	317
My laddie is gane far awa' o'er the plain	176
My lady's gown there's gane upon't	540
My lassie is lovely as May-day-dorning	292
My Lorde Kilpatrick's crappe is in	576
My love, come let us wander	386
My love is like my ain countrie	420
My love is like the wee primrose	329
My love she's but a lassie yet (two sets)	512 & 548
My love was born in Aberdeen	44
My love was once a bonnie lad	266
My love's in Germany	406
My Mary is a bonnie lassie	110
My mither men't my auld breuks	166
My mother bide me bind my hair	438
My mother sing a plaintive song	354
My mother's aye glowin' ower me	386
† My mountain hame, my mountain hame	266
My name it is Donald Macdonald	67
My only love I canna rue	448
My own, my true-love Marion	397
My Patie is a lover gay	165
My Peggie is a young thing	27
My Peggie's face, my Peggie's form	181
My Sandy was handsome, good-natur'd and gay	334
My sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep-hook	134
My soger laddie is over the sea	537
My soul is ravish'd with delight	55
My sweetest May, let love incline thee	516
My wife's a wanton wee thing	497
Nae gentle dames, though e'er see fair	341
Nae mair we'll meet again, love	259
Naimel ye Minister Shon M'Nab	148
Naimel she was pörn 'mong the Hielan' hills	150
Nancy's to the greenwood gane	8
Native land! I'll love thee ever	491

	PAGE
'Neath the wave thy lover sleeps	401
Nearer wedding, ever wooing	187
Nine times brak winter's crumple anell	266
Nith, trembling to the reaper's sang	93
No churchman am I, for to rail and to write	573
No more my song shall be, ye swains	526
† Noo, by my troth, ilk brother dear	206
† Not the swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore	544
Now flowery summer comes again	292
Now I'll whistle, now I'll sing	594
Now in her green mantle blyth the Nature arrays	302
Now, Jenny lass, my bonnie bird	379
Now lanelly I sit 'neath the green-spreddin willow	398
Now mony a weary day has pass'd	313
Now Nature haugs her mantle green	383
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers	98
Now Sandy, the winter's canld blasts are awa'	293
Now simmer blinks on flowery braes	523
Now simmer decks the fields wi' flow'rs	163
Now smiling summer's balmy breeze	116
Now spring again, wi' liesome tread	240
Now the sun's gane out o' sight	240
Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm	64
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen	366
Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns	549
Now winter comes, wi' breath sae snell	243
Now winter, wi' his cloudy brow	406

[NOTE.—As the distinction between the interjections "O" and "Oh" is not very well defined, most writers using either indiscriminately, we here, to avoid confusion, place them both together, arranged as if they all commenced with the simple vowel "O," and without reference to the "h."]

O Allister M'Allister	312
O, are ye sleeping, Maggie	242
O, as I was last yestreen	556
O, aye my wife she dang me	530
O, bel! thy looks ha'e kill'd my heart	269
O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray	269
O blessings attend my sweet wee laddie	565
O! blythly shines the bonnie sun	219
O! blythly smiles the moon	130
O bonnie are the hewes	63
† O bonnie's the lily that blooms in the valley	136
† O brave Caledonians, my brothers, my friends	543
O! bright the beaming queen o' night	43
O! brother Sandie, hear ye the waves	510
O, cam' ye have the right to shun	129
† O! carle Time, auld carle Time	300
O cherub Content! at thy moss-cover'd shrine	183
O come awa', come awa'	404
† O come with me, for the queen of night	531
† O! could'st thou for a moment look	475
† O cosy, cosy i' the neuk	353
O! deck thy hair wi' the heather bell	265
O! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee	533
O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gane to leave thee	403
O! dinna think, though we, guidwife	469
† O! ere we part, my heart leaps hie	38
† O fare thee weel, fair Cartha's side	223
† O freedom, you're muckle deervin'	576
O gas to the kye wi' me, Johnnie	364
O Galloway Tam came here to woo	580
Oh, gin I were a baron's heir	430
O gin I were fairly shot o' her	533
O gin I were the balmy sleep	129
O! gin I were where Gadie rins	123
O gin my love were you red rose	489

	PAGE	PAGE	
Oh! gin ye were but mine, lassie	122	O say not—Love will never	374
† O give me the ear that is deaf to the lills	269	O, see that form that faintly gleams	363
Gude ale comes, and gude ale goes	533	O send Lewie Gordon hame	78
† O guess ye wha I met yestreen	467	Oh! sing from thy spray	272
Oh, he's ye seen the Tweed, while the moon shone	269	Oh, sisters, there are midnight dreams	459
bright	269	O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay	326
O happy, happy were the days o' auld langsyne	269	O strike your harp, my Mary	386
O mark the strain that see sweetly is ringin'	231	O sweet are the blossoms o' the hawthorn tree	341
† O hast thou forgotten the birk tree's shade	522	† O sweet is summer's scented breath	591
Oh, Helen, dear! oh, Helen dear	305	† O sweet is the calm dew glowsin'	591
Oh, how a ri! there's something wantin'	558	Oh, take me to yon sunny lake that stands in Forth's	
O, how can I be blythe and glad	117	sea	320
Oh, how could I venture to love one like thee	387	Oh tell me, oh tell me, bonnie young lassie	340
O how shall I, unskilful, try	434	O tell us me of wind and rain	245
O, I ha'e lost my silken snood	333	Oh, tell na me that this is hame	353
Oh, I lo'e'd my lassie weel	577	O that I ne'er had been married	530
O, I maun braid my yellow hair	164	O the days when I strutted, to think o't I'm sad	343
O I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will	164	O the ewe-brightin's bonnie, bairn's e'ning and	
Oh, I've come to the Low Countrie	579	morn	423
† Oh! Jeanie Graham, oh! Jeanie Graham	251	O the glass is no for you	310
Oh, ken ye Meg o' Marley Glen	214	O the sun frae the eastward was peeping	212
O Kenneth's on and awa' Willie	466	Oh, the sunny peaches glow	331
O lassie, art thou sleeping yet	245	O the weary siller	36
O lassie I lo'e dearest	312	Oh, the wild roving years of youth are all flown away	229
O, lassie, wilt thou go	261	Oh, these are not my country's hills	67
Olav thy loof in mine, lassie	530	O, this is no my ain house	413
O leave me not the evening hour	373	O this is no my ain lassie	414
O leave me on my spinning-wheel	311	O this is no my plaid	414
† O leave me on the Glen, that Summer makes her		O, thou hast seen the lily fair	103
Iden ha'	435	Oh, 'tis a heart-stirring sight to view	306
O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide	25	Oh we be to the orders that march'd my love awa'	321
O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird	443	O wake thee, O wake thee, my bonnie bunnie bird	264
† O love delights in sunny bower	208	O waly, waly up the bank	321
O love! thou delights in man's ruin	263	Oh, was not I a weary wight	93
Oh, love will venture in where it daurna weel be seen	431	O wat ye wha cam' here yestreen	493
O lovely Polly Stewart	351	O, wat ye wha's in yon town	103
O, Mary, at thy window be	43	O, we aft ha'e met at e'en, bonnie Peggy, O	284
O, Mary, turn awa'	434	† O wearie fa' that little fairie, our lassie	39
O Mary, ye're be clad in silk	533	† O weary long this lonely night	333
O merry row! O merry row	331	O weary on the toom pouch	103
Oh, mirk, mirk, it is this midnight hour	570	Oh, weel befa' the busy loom	293
Oh, mony a year has come and gane	423	O, weel I ha'e mind o' my auld uncle Watty	373
† O morning time o' happiness	290	O weel I mind the happy days	371
† O mother, tell the laird o't	508	O weel may I mind on the folk at Lindores	317
† O my bonnie lassie's dead	411	O weel may the bonnie row	323
O my lassie, our joy to complete again	29	O we'll be me on my ain man	318
O my love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie	241	O, welcome, dear Scotland, my country, my home	325
O, my love's like a red red rose	35	O welcome winter, wif thy storms	359
Oh Nancy's hair is yellow like gowd	393	O were I able to rehearse	84
O Nature is bonnie and blythesome to see	179	O were I as I ance ha'e been	424
Oh, neighbours! what had I ado for to marry	30	O, were I on Parnassus Hill	547
† O an' I may not love thee now	558	O were I on the heathly hills	328
Oh! not when hopes are brightest	459	O were my love yon lilac fair	429
O, once I loved a bonnie lass	230	O wert thou in the cauld blast	305
Oh, open the door, some pity to show	570	O, wha are ye happy as me and my Janet	327
Oh! pity an auld Highland' piper	201	O wha is he I love sae weel	324
O Puir's head woad is bonnie	429	O wha is she that lo'es me	133
O, puritrich could, and restless love	371	O whar gat ye that bonnie blue bonnet	59
Oh, Rowan tree, oh, Rowan tree	59	Oh, wha ha'e ye been roamin' bonnie Mary Grame	574
O safely sleep, my bonnie bairn	583	Oh whar was ye sae late yestreen	423
O saft is the blink o' thine ee, lassie	409	† Oh, whar will I gae find a place	543
O sair I rue the witless wail	103	O wha's for Scotland and Charlie	327
O sairly may I rue the day	508	O wha's that at my chamber door	373
O Sandy is a braw lad	380	O whar gat me greet when I parted wif Willie	550
O Sandy, why leave thus thy Nelly to mourn	515	O, what will a' the lads do	106
O saw ye bonnie Lesley	545	O when she cam' ben she bobbit fa' low	351
O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mither	427	O where, and O where does your Highland laddie	
O saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing	9	dwell	32
O saw ye the lass wif the bonnie blue een	74	O where are ye going, sweet Robin	573
O saw ye Willie frae the west	334	O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone	573

	PAGE		PAGE
† Oh, where will I gae find a place.....	543	Sae flaxen were her ringlets.....	81
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad (2 sets) 354.....	354	Sair, sair was my heart, when I parted wi' my Jean 90	90
O why do I love thee, Glenarary, O why.....	133	Sanct Mungo wals and famous sanct.....	387
Oh, why left I my name.....	59	Saw ye Johnny comin' quo' she.....	3
O, why should old age so much wound us, O.....	45	Saw ye my Maggie.....	158
O will ye go to yon burn side.....	114	Saw ye nae my Peggie.....	158
O, will ye ha'e ta tartan plaid.....	495	Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure.....	197
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maun't.....	216	Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.....	160
O Willie, weel I mind, I seek you my hand.....	518	See spring her graces well disclose.....	292
O, wilt thou go wi' me.....	31	See, the city enshrouded in pestilent smoke.....	330
Oh! would that the wind that is sweeping now.....	312	See the glow-worm lit's her fairy lamp.....	194
Oh! ye wha here, wi' cheerfu' glee.....	472	See the moon o'er cloudless Jura.....	37
† O years ha'e come, an' years ha'e gane.....	140	She left us when spring time.....	444
Och, hey! Johnnie lad.....	428	She is a winsome wee thing.....	497
Och! you have left us a'.....	592	She was a sunbeam in the storm.....	586
October winds, wi' biting breath.....	557	She whose lang loose unbraided hair.....	819
O'er hill and dale roamin', at daydawn or gloamin' 161	161	She's aff and awa' like the lang summer day.....	215
O'er the braes and o'er the burn.....	337	She's fair and fause that causes my smart.....	272
O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs.....	309	Should auld acquaintance be forgot (two sets) 56, 57	56, 57
O'er the mountain, o'er the lea.....	387	Should old acquaintance be forgot.....	55
O'er the air the wind can blow.....	55	Since all thy vows, false maid.....	320
O'er mighty nature's handyworks.....	438	Since uncle's deae I've laid anew.....	132
Old King Coul was a jolly old soul.....	19	Sing a' ye bards wi' loud acclaim.....	307
On Braefield braes, among the broom.....	589	Sing on, sing on, my bonnie bird.....	31
On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells.....	116	Sing on, thou little bird.....	133
On Ettrick banks, as summer's night.....	3	Sit you down here, my cronies, an' gi' us your crack 367	367
On Ettrick clear there grows a brier.....	192	Sleep 'at thou or wak 'at thou, fairest creature.....	177
On the airy Ben-nevis the wind is awake.....	238	Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires.....	533
On the banks o' the burn while I pensively wander 316	316	Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er.....	233
On the lylthe Bellane, as I went.....	443	Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam.....	430
† On the green banks of Niddpath.....	39	† Some may delight to spend their hours.....	131
On the wild braes of Calder, I found a fairy 348	348	Some rail against drinking, and say 'tis a sin.....	585
On Tuesday gaun out i' the e'enin'.....	403	Some sing of sweet Mally, some sing of fair Nelly 199	199
On Whit Sunday morning I went to the fair.....	315	Son of the mighty and the free.....	153
† On yonder sunny brae we met.....	327	Sons of the mountain glen.....	336
† Once William swore the sacred oath.....	563	Speed, O speed, thou bonnie bark.....	490
One day I heard Mary say, how shall I leave thee 302	302	Speak not of love to one whose breast.....	320
One night as young Colin lay musing in bed.....	460	Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief.....	526
One star of the morning still lingers.....	576	Star, that bringest home the bee.....	114
Our bonnie Scots lads, in their green tartan plaids 407	407	Stay, my Willie—yet believe me.....	533
Our Garry was now thirty-six.....	68	Subdued by misfortune, and bow'd down with pain 384	384
Our gudeman cam' hame at a can.....	46	Surrounded wi' bent and wi' heather.....	94
† Our gudeman's an unclo body.....	480	Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came.....	350
Our gudeman's aye frae hame.....	405	Sweet as May morning, the heath hills adorning.....	550
Our gudewife's awa'.....	31	Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood.....	309
Our May had an e'e to a man.....	270	Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn.....	310
Our native land—our native vale.....	23	Sweet is the dawn of vernal morn.....	587
Our youthfu' days are lang awa'.....	230	† Sweet Jeanie lass, my dearie.....	78
Ours is the land of gallant hearts.....	468	† Sweet May! sweet May! revives again.....	568
Out over the Forth I look'd to the north.....	325	Sweet Sir, for your courtesie.....	40
Pain'd with her alighting Jamie's love.....	305	Sweet the bard, and sweet his strain.....	463
Pardon now the bold outlaw.....	346	Sweet was her look when she smiling sat by my side 473	473
Peggy, now the king's come.....	560	Sweet's the dew-deck'd rose in June.....	257
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.....	157	Symon Brodie had a cow.....	99
Pray came you here the right to shun.....	171	Tak' tent now, Jean,—ye mind yestreen.....	111
Preserve us a'! what shall we do.....	507	Tarry woo, tarry woo.....	496
Queen Willie Waggetail.....	277	Taste life's glad moments.....	187
Quoth Rab to Katie, My sonals dear.....	306	† Tell me, dear, in mercy speak.....	536
Red gleams the sun on yon hill pat.....	257	Tell me, thou soul of her I love.....	36
Rest, lovely babe, on mother's knee.....	287	That life's a fanght there is nae doubt.....	403
Rising o'er the heaving billow.....	336	† The auld folks sit by the fire.....	381
Rob Macgregor's come again.....	275	The auld man's meat's dead (two sets).....	138
Robin is my only jo.....	287	† The autumn leaves fa' fast, dear May.....	300
Robin shure in hairt.....	531	The bairns gat out wi' an unclo about.....	563
Rob's Jack cam' 'at woo our Jenny.....	88	† The birk grows green on Kennel banks.....	425
Row weel, my hostie, row weel.....	316	The bittern's quavering trump on high.....	113
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.....	8	The bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary.....	584
		The blude-red rose at Yule nae blaw.....	501
		The blithesome lad o' bonnie Dundee.....	563

	PAGE		PAGE
The bonnie bricket lassie	370	The moon had climb'd the highest hill	151
The bonnie rowan-bush	396	† The moon has row'd her in a cloud	5
† The breath o' spring is grateful	65	The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae	137
The breeze blows fresh, my gallant mates	461	The morn was fair, soft was the air	454
The bride cam' out o' the byre	65	The morn was fair, the skies were clear	17
The bride she is winsome and bonnie	543	The narrow house, the winding sheet	437
The bright rose o' summer the brier was adornin'	297	The news frae Moldart cam' yestreen	491
† The bright star o' e'enin' peep'd forth frae the sky	106	The night is mirk, and the wind blaws schill	441
† The bright sun had given	490	The night her sable mantle wore	216
The bud on the brier it is bonnie enough	294	The night it dew, the grey cock crew	26
The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho	57	The pawkie auld carle came o'er the lee	359
The carle he cam' o'er the craft	561	The pearl of the fountain, the rose of the valley	339
The carlin spring scarce fear'd her head	83	The ploughman he's a bonnie lad	334
The Catharine woods were yellow ochre	583	The primrose blooms beneath the brae	393
The cauld blasts o' winter blaw chill o'er the plain	291	The primrose blooms by burn and brae	378
† The cauld could winter's game, luvie	468	The red moon is up o'er the moss-covered mountain	238
The Chevalier, being void of fear	479	The Rover o' Lochryan, he's game	491
The cold winter is past and gone	539	† The Scotch blue bell, the Scotch blue bell	317
The collier has a daughter	234	† The setting sun in golden light	377
The corbie wi' his roopy throat	403	The shepherd boy was far away	133
The crowsh stills the dowie heart	111	The silver moon's caum'd o' beam	237
The dark gray o' gloominess	487	The simmer sun now blinks again	249
The day is departed, and round from the cloud	339	The simmer sweetly smiles in Caldonia	47
The day returns, my bosom burns	120	The smiling morn, the breathing spring	153
The deil cam' fiddlin' through the town	440	† The smiling plains, profusely gay	19
† The deil's in the hizzies	583	† The song I'll sing, though lately made, it tells of	14
The e'e o' the dawn, eliza	26	olden days	143
† The evening sun has closed the day	15	† The spring comes back to woo the earth	387
† The evening sun's gane down the west	283	The spring time returns, and clothes the green	355
The gale is high, the bark is light	193	plains	494
† The Glasgow lasses dress fu' braw	328	The standard on the braes o' Mer	185
The glomman' saw as a' sit down	175	The summer hath pass'd o'er the farrow's green	156
The glomny night is gath'ring fast	69	mountains	321
The gowan glitters on the sward	66	The sun had slipp'd ayont the hill	236
The grass had nae freedom o' growin'	380	The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond	134
The green broom was bloomin'	514	The sun look'd through an evening cloud	321
The harist is now owre	229	The sun on the billow	276
The harp of Scotia dear	562	The sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning	137
The heath this night must be my bed	384	The sun rises bright in France	404
The heath-cock craw'd o'er muir and dale	332	The winter sat lang on the spring o' the year	312
The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn	97	† The winter's cauld and cherless blast	312
The hills of my country are mantled with snow	296	The wren scho lyes in care's bed	214
The kind breath o' summer blew softly along	462	The yellow-hair'd maddie sat down on yon brae	281
The kye are rowting in the lune	22	Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon	281
The laddie plague me for a sang	70	There cam' a young man to my daddie's door	353
The laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great	460	There dwell'd a man in Aberdeen	259
The laird of Roslin's daughter	365	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The lamp o' day it radiance threw	354	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The land o' cakes! the land o' cakes	324	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
† The lark and wren are long awake	324	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The lark had left the evening cloud	324	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The lark hath sought his grassy home	324	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The lass o' Patie's mill	372	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The lasses a' leugh, and the carlin dote	294	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The lasses fain wad ha'e frae me	292	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sinkin'	445	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The last, the fatal hour is come	451	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The last time I cam' o'er the muir	353	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The lavender sung at the break o' day	374	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The Laverdon lads think they are fine	329	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The lily of the vale is sweet	312	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The loved of early days	32	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The lovely lass o' Inverness	107	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The luvie that I had chosen	489	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
† The maidens are smiling in rocky Glencoe	584	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The man wha lo'es fair nature's charms	84	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The meal was dear short syne	407	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The midges dance aboon the burn	573	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The midnight hour is clinking, lads	16	There dwell'd a man into the west	157
The Minstrel sleeps! the charm is o'er		There dwell'd a man into the west	157

	PAGE		PAGE
There was a nee a may, an' she loo'd na men	135	Was ever old warrior o' suffering so weary	153
There's auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen	83	We sat beneath the trestlin' tree	416
There's bonnie maids in Auchinblae	492	† We sat upon a grassy knoe	487
There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes	499	We sought the green, the shady grove	405
There's cauld kail in Aberdeen (four sets)	237, 238, 256	† We stood beside the shore	365
There's fouth o' braw Jennies and Jennies	100	Wear fa' you, Duncan Gray	82
There's kames o' hockie 'tween my luv's lips	20	Wee Johnnie, puir man! has nae mammy ava	310
There's meikle bilas in se fond kias	140	Wee Johnnie the hynd o' bighead	400
† There's monie lads and lassies braw	374	Weep not o'er poe's wrong, and bonnie	253
There's nae hard to charm us now	374	Welcome, my Johnnie, beardless and bonnie	459
There's nae covenant now, lassie	109	We'll hap and row	440
There's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean	201	We'll meet beside the dusky glen on yon burnside	369
† There's naething on yirth	366	We've drunk to them that's here about	184
There's ne'er a nook in a' the land	492	Wha is he I hear nae crouse	410
There's none to soothe my soul to rest	286	Wha my kittle now will boil	377
† There's plenty come to woo me	527	Wha the deil ha'e we gotten for a king	530
There's some say that we wan	158	Wha wadna be in love wi' bonnie Maggie Lander	259
There's waulf news in yon town	184	Wha's a' the steer, kimmer	361
They lighted a taper at the dead o' night	58	Whan first I forther'd wi' Peggie	314
They say that Jockie 'll speed weel o't	360	Whar ha'e ye been a' day, my boy, Tammy	274
Thickest night, o'erhang my dwelling	182	Whar live ye, my bonnie lass	225
Thine am I, my faithful fair	214	Wha's at the window, wha, wha	308
This is no mine ain house	413	Wha's this, bidget in tatter'd claes	318
This is the night my Johnny set	243	Wha's this, wi' voice o' music sweet	303
This lone heart is thine, lassie	81	What ails this heart o' mine	105
Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea	327	What ails you now, my dainty Fae	256
Thou could gloomy Febrerwar	586	What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie	429
Thou dark winding Carron once pleasing to see	58	What's a' the steer, kimmer	361
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie	214	When a' their hairies are hush'd to their haams	559
Thou ling'ring star, with less'n'g ray	342	When Abercromby, gallant Scot	403
Thou nameless loveliness, whose mind	343	When autumn has laid her sickle by	211
Thou art gane awa', thou art gane awa'	244	When cities of old days	418
Thou'r't sair alter'd now, May	183	When day declining glids the west	403
Though Boreas bauld, that carle auld	260	When first I came to be a man	75
Though dowie's the winter nae gloomie an' drear	497	When first I saw the witching smiles	350
Though, for seven years and mair, honour should		When first my brave Johnnie lad	319
reave me	506	When first my dear laddie gied to the green hill	314
Though summer smiles on bank and brae	37	When gloamin' o'er the wicket steak	61
Though the winter of age wreathes her snow on		When gowans sprink'd a' the lea	411
his head	285	† When gowd's in the pocket there's a mirth in the ha'	143
Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream	456	When I left thee, bonnie Scotland	425
Thy cheek is o' the roses' hue	5	When I ha'e a saxepe under my thoom	72
Thy fatal shafts unerring move	319	When I rov'd a young Highlander	65
Tibbie has a store o' charms	63	† When I the dreary mountains pass'd	15
Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen	61	When I think on the sweet smiles o' my lassie	344
† Time cannot blot from memory's book	408	When I think on this world's peil	513
† 'Tis no very lang sinnyne	363	When I upon thy bosom lean	391
† 'Tis hims ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean	108	When I was a miller in Pife	343
To arms! to arms! to arms, my lads	587	When I was in my se'enteen year	446
To daunt me, and me, me, me	501	When innocent pastime our pleasures did crown	400
To ha'e a wife and rule a wife	263	When John and me were married	460
Touch once more a sober measure	475	When Katie was scarce out nineteen	534
Trilling harp, come let us sing	363	When larks with little wing	291
Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly	235	When life was gay, an' hope was young	308
Turn again, thou fair Eliza	438	When lightning parts the thunder-cloud	180
† 'Twas at the hour of dark midnight	135	When lonely thou wanderst along by the wild wood	185
† 'Twas at the hour o' gloamin' fa'	354	When Mary and I were acquaint	440
† 'Twas even, — the dew's fields were green	475	† When Mary Shaw cam' to our valley	503
† 'Twas in that season of the year	173	When my socks upon the heathly hill	541
† 'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin	441	When our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird	63
† 'Twas on a Monday morning	33	When Phoebeus bright the azure skies	453
† 'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was		When poortith cauld, and sour disdain	238
fa'in	70	When rosy May comes in wi' flowers	98
† 'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing	136	When silent time, wi' lightly foot	104
† 'Twas summer, and the day was fair	455	When summer comes the swains on Tweed	84
† 'Twas summer tide, the cushat sang	124	When summer's sun shone warm and bright	329
† 'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town	145	When the fair one, and the dear one	514
Up amang yon cliffy rocks	5	When the rough north forgets to howl	51
Upon a summer afternoon	535	† When the shadows o' midnight fa' dark frae yon	564
		fae	

PAGE	PAGE
When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame	204
When the sun goes down	332
When trees did bud, and fields were green	480
When war had broke in on the peace o' an'ld men	118
When we two parted, on thy cheek	396
When we went to the field o' war	170
† When we're parted, think not thou	394
When white was my o'erlay, as foam o' the linn	72
When wild war's headly blast was blaw'n	217
When winter's wind was blawing cauld	441
Whene'er ye come to woo me, Tam	383
Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea	581
Where floated crane, and clam'rous gull	362
Where gang ye, ye silly an'ld carle	486
Where ha'e ye been sae braw, lad	478
Where Kelvin rins to join the Clyde	830
Where Quair rins sweet among the flowers	416
Where the pools are bright and deep	315
Where shall the lover rust	339
Where winding Tair, by broony knowes	596
While fops, in saft Italian verse	98
While frequent on Tweed and on Tay	399
While I behold the moon's pale beam	404
While larks with little wing	321
While some to distant regions sail	316
Whoe'er beholds my Helen's face	689
† Why do you tarry	621
Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow	446
Why weep ye by the tide, lady	32
Wi' heart sincere, I love thee, Bell	574
Wife, come hame, my countrie wee dame	166
Will ye gae to the ewe-buchts, Marion	32
Will ye gang o'er the lea rig	3
Will ye gang wi' me, lassie	509
Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay	29
Will ye go to the Highlan's, my Mary	397
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary	28
Willie was a wanton wag	30
While Wastie dwalt on Tweed	62
Wilt thou be my dearie	241
Wilt thou go, my bonnie lassie	210
With broken words, and downcast eyes	526
With tuneful pipe and hearty glee	586
With waefu' heart, and sorrowing e'e	513
Would you'll knaw me, my name it is Fugal M'Tagger	150
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around	49
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon	87
Ye bonnie haughs and heather braes	367
† Ye bonnie woods o' castle Doon	431
Ye brigs bield, where roses blaw	557
† Ye dark rolling clouds, round the brow of Ben Borrow	564
Ye dark ragged rocks, that recline o'er the deep	447
† Ye fishermen of Scotland	79
Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon	86
Ye gales, that gently wave the ree	502
Ye gallants bright, I rede you right	182
Ye gods! was Stephen's picture blest	286
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear	103
Ye lost companions of distress, adieu	391
† Ye maidens of England, O who can surpass ye	423
Ye rivers so limpid and clear	399
Ye social sons of Caledon	339
Ye watchful guardians of the fair	515
Ye winds which kiss the groves' green tops	438
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandfyrd ha'	591
Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell o' John Mant	154
Ye're my ain, love, ye're my ain	218
Yes, though we ne'er again should meet	546
Yestreen I had a pint o' wine	531
Yestre'en, on Camp's bonnie flood	423
You sun was set, and o'er the sky	306
You may sing o' your Wallace and brag o' your Bruce	254
Young Donald is the blythest lad	186
Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain	577
Young Jocky was the blythest lad	117
† Young lawyer Tom was the pride of the ball	141
Young Peggie blooms our bonniest lass	242
You've surely heard o' famous Neil	240

INDEX OF AUTHORS

*. The figures point out the page of the Book where each Author's song is to be found;—the word [bis], means that two songs by the same writer are to be met with in that page;—[ter] announces that three; and [quater] that four are inserted in the same page.

Adams, Jean, 112.
Ainslie, Hugh, 57, 113, 134 [bis], 391, 396, 575

Aitchison, James, 549.
Alexander, W., 259, 289.
Allau, George, 459, 461, 548.
Allan, Robert, 107, 109 [bis], 248, 249, 256, 402, 400.
Allardice, Rev. Mr., 326.
Anderson, —, 288.
Anderson, John, 363, 533.
Anderson, Thomas, 365.
Anderson, William, 227, 228 [bis], 537.
Argyle, John, Duke of, 223.
Arnot, David, 130.
Atkinson, Thomas, 215.
Austin, Dr., 120.

Baillie, Joanna, 18, 30, 60, 72, 543.
Baillie, Lady Grizel, 135, 433.
Bain, Andrew, G., 550.
Ballantine, James, 166, 179, 409.
Barclay, Rev. John, 171.
Bennie, William, 329.
Bennoch, Francis, 10, 423 [bis], 424, 472, 482.
Binning, Lord, 583.
Birnie, Patrick, 128.
Blacklock, Dr. Thomas, 399, 431, 400.
Blamire, Susanna, 104, 105, 118, 538, 532.
Boewell, Sir Alexander, 15, 60, 186, 187, 219.
Breckinridge, —, 212.
Brown, James, 199.
Brown, Thomas, 343.
Byrne, Rev. Alexander, 47.
Brydson, Rev. Thomas, 467, 469.
Buchan, Patrick, 586.
Buchanan, —, 243.
Buchanan, Alexander, 141, 434.
Burne, Nicol, 453.
Burns, John, 307.

BURNS, ROBERT, 6, 9, 21, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 35, 40, 41, 42, 44, 49 [bis], 51, 54, 56, 63, 62, 64, 77, 83, 85, 86, 87, 89 [bis], 92, 94 [bis], 103, 116, 117 [bis], 120, 121 [bis], 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132 [bis], 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182 [bis], 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218 [ter], 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586.

Burns, Robert, (son of the Poet), 200, 201.

Burt, John, 299, 309, 312 [bis], 483.
Byron, Lord, 65, 369

Cameron, William, 43.
Campbell, Duncan, 239.
Campbell, Thomas, 58, 110, 114, 182, 187, 411, 445.
Cariyle, Alexander, 368, 408.
Carmichael, Robert, 414, 450.
Carnegie, James, 36.
Carrick, John Donald, 585.
Chalmers, William, 123, 208, 394, 361.
Clerk, Sir John, 178.
Clunie, Rev. John, 337.
Cochrane, Archibald, 73.
Cockburn, Mrs., 368, 533.
Conolly, Erskine, 362, 416.
Corbett, Miss, 419.
Couper, Dr., 257.
Crawford, Archibald, 7.
Crawford, G., 310.
Crawford, Robert, 11, 34, 302, 449, 454, 455, 456, 493, 498, 504.
Croes, William, 270, 304, 345.
Cumming, J. G., 353 [bis].
Cunningham, Allan, 20, 31, 33, 43, 93, 115, 137, 264, 271, 319, 366, 438, 485, 486, 517, 525.
Cunningham, John, 437.
Cunningham, T. Mouncey, 318, 368, 470, 557.
Cunningham, Thomas, 115, 116.

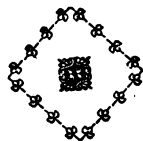
Denovan, J. C., 333.
Dick, Thomas, 544.
Dobie, William, 81.
Dodds, Thomas, 400, 420, 464.
Dougal, John, 393, 552.
Douglas, —, 438.
Douglas, Alex., 296.
Drummond, David, 234.
Dryden, —, 321, 323.
Dudgeon, William, 5.
Dunlop, —, 159, 332.
D'Urvey, Thomas, 145, 177, 317, 522.

Elliot, Miss Jane, 368.
Elliot, Sir Gilbert, 134, 135.
Erskine, Hon. Andrew, 443.
Erskine, Sir Harry, 428.
Ewing, John, 333.

Falconer, William, 152, 391.
Ferguson, Robert, 3, 100.
Ferguson, William, 128, 142 [bis], 300, 416, 495.
Ferrier, Miss, 22.
Finlay, John, 385, 431.

- Fisley, William, 131.
 Fisleyson, C. J., 241, 261, 266, 543.
 Fisher, Alexander, 149.
 Fleming, John, 226.
 Fletcher, A. 226 [bis], 296, 299.
 Forbes, Hon. Duncan, 98.
 Forbes, Peter, 506.
 Fordyce, Dr., 151.
 Foster, W. A., 143, 425, 427.
 Fraser, J., 16, 410, 411.
 Fraser, Robert, 377.
 Freeman, W. H., 246.
 Fullarton, Alexander, 233.
 Gall, Richard, 5, 195, 196 [ter], 197 [bis], 393.
 Geddes, Dr. Alexander, 73, 76.
 Gibson, —, 27, 199, 437.
 Gillian, Robert, 16, 59, 223, 247, 253, 280, 397, 419, 487, 576.
 Gillies, W., 210.
 Glen, William, 80, 307, 351, 330, 372, 562.
 Glover, Jean, 356.
 Goldie, John, 257, 258.
 Gordon, Duke of, 237.
 Graham, Donald, 147.
 Graham of Gartmore, 18.
 Graham, James, Marquis of Montrose, 583.
 Graham, Dr. John, 563.
 Grant, Joseph, 363.
 Grant, Mrs., of Carron, 8.
 Grant, Mrs., of Luggan, 52.
 Gray, Captain Charles, 78, 102, 211 [bis], 230, 260 [bis], 273, 353, 373, 413, 534, 574, 593.
 Gray, Lieut., T. C., 320.
 Gray, William, 366.
 Grieve, John, 124, 125, 292, 401.
 Hallett, George, 443.
 Hailey, W., 414.
 Hamilton, Elizabeth, 120.
 Hamilton, John, 110, 422, 571.
 Hamilton, Robert, 181.
 Hamilton, William, of Bangour, 46, 236, 446, 457.
 Hamilton, William, of Giltfield, 20.
 Hedderwick, James, 253, 268.
 Hetherington, W. M., 380, 541.
 Hewit, Richard, 175.
 Healy, Dr. John, 550.
 Hoag, James, 12, 21, 44, 67, 69, 87, 108, 113, 122, 147, 153, 155 [bis], 192, 291, 214, 215, 299, 298, 325, 363, 366, 388, 395, 402, 507, 508 [bis], 569 [bis], 610 [bis], 550, 557, 548, 558, 566, 590, 596.
 Holmes, William, 127, 139, 405.
 Home, James, 592.
 Honeyman, Rev. James, 298.
 Hume, Alexander, 37 [bis], 140, 365, 405, 410, 471, 521.
 Hunter, Mrs. John, 493, 494 [quater].
 Imlah, John, iii, 7, 183 [bis], 184, 185, 264, 265, 460.
 Jaap, James, 229.
 Jack, John, 273.
 James V., 96.
 Jamieson, Robert, 531, 567, 585, 588.
 Jefferys, C., 17, 430.
 K. Q., 35, 324 [bis].
 Keay, Alexander, 108.
 Keith, Miss Ann, 363.
 Kilpatrick, —, 277.
 Kirby, W., 264, 477.
 Knowles, Sheridan, 218.
 Knox, Adam, 193.
 Knox, Patrick, 444.
 Knox, William, 444, 553.
 Laidlaw, William, 70, 816, 592.
 Laing, Alexander, 36, 80, 111, 126, 184, 268, 267, 284, 358, 408 [bis], 448, 463, 467, 563, 591.
 Lapraik, John, 301.
 Latta, Thos. C., 140, 141, 231, 462, 467, 467, 489, 523, 583.
 Lawson, James, 249.
 Learmont, John, 438.
 Lemon, James, 564.
 Lewis, Stewart, 349, 356.
 Leyden, Dr. John, 330, 406.
 Lindsay, Lady Ann, 204.
 Linley, George, 336.
 Lochore, Robert, 208, 208, 379.
 Lockhart, J. G., 54, 475.
 Lockhart, William, 90.
 Logan, Rev. John, 529, 456, 467, 492.
 Lowe, John, 151, 174.
 Lyle, Thomas, 192, 194 [bis], 195.
 Macarthur, Peter, 563, 564.
 Maccoll, Evan, 132, 133 [bis], 422, 423.
 Macdonachy, Robert, 216.
 Macdonald, John, 468.
 Macdonald, James, 38, 121, 198, 225, 234, 251, 290, 354, 355, 411, 431, 432, 435, 435, 435.
 Macfarren, George, 325.
 Macgilvray, Alexander, 469.
 Macgregor, Joseph, 161, 167.
 Mackay, Archibald, 573.
 Mackay, C., 430.
 MacLachlan, Ewen, 544.
 MacLaggan, Alexander, 138, 139 [bis], 144, 300, 417.
 MacLaren, W., 355.
 Macleod, Rev. Dr. Norman, 26.
 MacLennan, Rev. Murdoch, 183.
 Macneil, Hector, 9, 32, 203, 308, 337, 340, 406, 406, 474.
 Macphail, Daniel, 192, 243, 260.
 Macvicar, —, 526.
 Mallet, David, 47.
 Maxwell, Patrick, 78, 588.
 Mayne, James, 208.
 Mayne, John, 24, 101, 111, 350.
 Mercer, Andrew, 514 [bis].
 Mickle, William Julius, 113, 338.
 Miller, W., 271.
 Miller, Robert, 312, 313.
 Miller, William, 6, 78, 536.
 Milliken, Robert, 249.
 Mitchell, John, 79, 130, 131, 143, 268, 265, 269, 421, 429.
 Mitchell, Joseph, 503, 519.
 Moir, D. M., 523.
 Moore, Dugald, 418, 546, 586.
 Morton, Motherwell, William, 27, 50, 153, 281, 367, 384, 401, 434, 584, 593.
 Moultrie, Rev. Mr., 188.
 Muirhead, James, 17.
 Munro, —, 359.
 Murray, George, 594.
 Murray, James, 39 [bis], 367, 394, 404.
 Nevay, John, 558.
 Nicholson, William, 114 [bis], 394, 397, 398.
 Nicol, Rev. J., 222, 216, 418, 466.
 Nicoll, Robert, 224, 223, 265, 379, 380, 382, 396.
 Norton, Hon. Mrs., 281.

- Pagan, Isabel or Tibbie, 466.
 Park, Andrew, 270, 353, 381, 591.
 Parker, James, 390, 471, 475.
 Parry, John, 351.
 Paul, William, 10, 106, 483.
 Pearson, —, 304.
 Perry, D., 401.
 Picken, Ebenezer, 367, 318.
 Pickering, George, 373.
 Pinkerton, John, 442.
 Planche, J. R., 354.
 Polin, Edward, 97 [bis], 440, 513, 576.
 Pringle, Thomas, 23 [bis], 433, 459.
 Ramsay, Allan, 4, 27, 42, 56, 62, 121, 123, 137, 158, 165, 194, 240, 274, 303, 305, 314 [bis], 339, 363, 370, 372, 386 [bis], 389, 413, 455, 457, 460, 481 [bis], 428, 500, 502, 503 [bis], 505, 515 [bis], 516, 526, [bis], 537, 522, 555, 557, 560, 562, 578.
 Reid, William, 3, 54, 238, 400, 534, 555.
 Riddell, Mrs., 529.
 Riddell, Rev. H. S., 247, 261, 306, 459, 468, 541.
 Ritchie, Alexander, A., 585.
 Robertson, George, 474.
 Robertson, John, 507.
 Rodger, Alexander, 148, 150, 163, 163, 164, 165, 173, 335, 437, 556, 573, 587.
 Ross, Alexander, 360 [bis].
 Ross, Miss, 279.
 Ryan, Richard, 74.
 Ryland, Miss Janet, 496.
 Sangster, W. B., 353, 364, 538, 535, 552.
 Scadlock, James, 557.
 Scott, Andrew, 94 [bis].
 Scott, Charles, 355.
 Scott, Mrs., 66.
 Scott, Sir Walter, 12, 15, 23, 74, 90, 157 [bis], 158, 207, 232, 315, 339, 397, 539, 559, 563.
 Scott, Sir William, 99.
 Sedly, Sir Charles, 16.
 Semple, Francis, 99, 344, 259.
 Shand, W. A. C., 310.
 Sharpe, Andrew, 320, 334.
 Sheriffs, Andrew, 268.
 Sillery Charles Doane, 53.
 Sim, John, 103, 193, 232, 232, 234, 267.
 Simson, Andrew, 309 [bis].
 Skinner, Rev. John, 1, 45, 75, 83, 235, 278.
 Skirling, Adam, 129, 479.
 Sloan, Rev. Edward K., 463.
 Small, Thomas, 423.
 Smart, Alexander, 231, 375, 376.
 Smibert, Thomas, 11, 62, 69, 97.
 Smith, Rev. C. Lessingham, M. A., 430.
 Smollett, Dr., 51, 319.
 Spittal, Dr. R., 269.
 Steele, —, 317.
 Stewart, John, 592.
 Stewart, Mrs. Dugald, 343.
 Stirling, James, 317.
 Stirrat, James, 219, 374 [bis], 376, 377.
 Struthers, John, 216, 345 [ter], 369.
 Sutherland, Mr., 573.
 Tait, John, 136.
 Tannahill, Robert, 15, 27, 41, 58, 103, 103, 110, 118, 156 [bis], 238, 242, 272, 273, 337, 328, 335, 369, 406, 407 [bis], 428, 450, 465, 513, 554, 556, 567, 578, 586.
 Taylor, George, 378 [bis].
 Thom, William, 376, 412, 589.
 Thomson, D., 275.
 Thomson, James, 24, 36.
 Tough, David, 391.
 Train, Joseph, 492.
 Train, William, 468, 468.
 Turner, James, 347.
 Tytler, James, 241, 335, 370.
 Van Dyk, Harry Stoe, 8, 313.
 Vedder, David, 185, 231, 306, 418, 576, 587.
 W. G. B., 14, 78, 181, 342.
 Walkinshaw, William, 40.
 Wallace, William, 445.
 Wardlaw, Lady, 560.
 Watson, Alexander, 63.
 Watson, Walter, 163, 267, 344.
 Watson, —, 322.
 Webster, Alexander, 387 [bis].
 Webster, David, 248, 263.
 Weir, Daniel, 87, 198, 196, 388, 401.
 Westmacott, C. M., 492.
 White, Robert, 68, 390, 436.
 Whitelaw, James T., 384.
 Whitley, Robert, 547.
 Williams, Helen Maria, 533.
 Wilson, —, 319.
 Wilson, Alexander, 74, 179, 180, 447.
 Wilson, Professor, 25.
 Wilson, William, 323, 377.
 Wordsworth, William, 323.
 Yester, Lord, 449.
 Yool, James, 233, 233, 236, 330.







25264.5
The book of Scottish song;
Widener Library 003757483



3 2044 089 060 396